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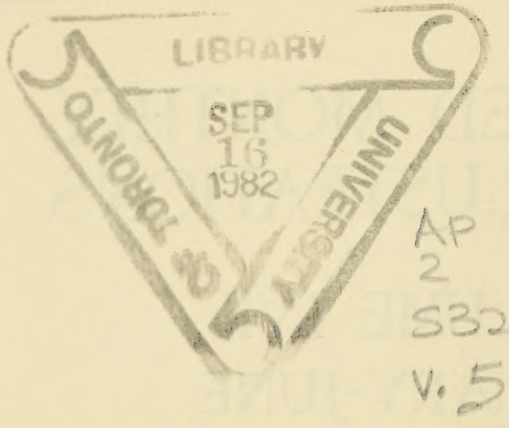
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VOLUME LVII
JANUARY-JUNE



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Drawn by Jessie Wilcox Smith.

WEE WILLIE WINKIE.

"'I am the Colonel Sahib's son, and my order is that you go at once. You black men are frightening the Miss Sahib. . . . And if you do carry us away, I tell you that all my regiment will come up in a day and kill you all without leaving one.'"

—"Kipling's Children," page 48.

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THE FREELANDS

BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

"Liberty's a glorious feast."—*Burns.*

PROLOGUE

ONE early April afternoon, in a Worcestershire field, the only field in that immediate landscape which was not down in grass, a man moved slowly athwart the furrows, sowing—a big man of heavy build, swinging his hairy brown arm with the grace of strength. He wore no coat or hat; a waistcoat, open over a blue-checked cotton shirt, flapped against belted corduroys that were somewhat the color of his square, pale-brown face and dusty hair. His eyes were sad, with the swimming yet fixed stare of epileptics; his mouth heavy-lipped, so that, but for the yearning eyes, the face would have been almost brutal. He looked as if he suffered from silence. The elm-trees bordering the field, though only just in leaf, showed dark against a white sky. A light wind blew, carrying already a scent from the earth and growth pushing up, for the year was early. The green Malvern hills rose in the west; and not far away, shrouded by trees, a long country house of weathered brick faced to the south. Save for the man sowing, and some rooks crossing from elm to elm, no life was visible in all the green land. And it was quiet—with a strange, a brooding tranquillity. The fields and hills seemed to mock the scars of road and ditch and furrow scraped on them, to mock at barriers of hedge and wall—between the green land and white sky was a conspiracy to disregard those small activities. So lonely was it, so plunged in a ground-bass of silence; so much too big and permanent for any figure of man.

Across and across the brown loam the laborer doggedly finished out his task; scattered the few last seeds into a corner, and stood still. Thrushes and blackbirds were just beginning that even-song whose blitheness, as nothing else on earth, seems to promise youth forever to the land. He picked up his coat, slung it on, and heaving a straw bag over his shoulder, walked out on to the grass-bordered road between the elms.

"Tryst! Bob Tryst!"

At the gate of a creepered cottage amongst fruit-trees, high above the road, a youth with black hair and pale-brown face stood beside a girl with frizzy brown hair and cheeks like poppies.

"Have you had that notice?"

The laborer answered slowly:

"Yes, Mr. Derek. If she don't go, I've got to."

"What a d—d shame!"

The laborer moved his head, as though he would have spoken, but no words came.

"Don't do anything, Bob. We'll see about that."

"Evenin', Mr. Derek. Evenin', Miss Sheila," and he moved on.

The two at the wicket gate also turned away. And a black-haired woman dressed in blue came to the wicket-gate in their place. There seemed no purpose in her standing there; it was perhaps an evening custom, some ceremony such as Mos-

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lems observe at the muezzin-call. And any one who saw her would have wondered what on earth she might be seeing, gazing out with her dark glowing eyes above the white, grass-bordered roads stretching empty this way and that between the elm-trees and green fields; while the blackbirds and thrushes shouted out their hearts, calling all to witness how hopeful and young was life in this English countryside. . . .

I

MAYDAY afternoon in Oxford Street, and Felix Freeland, a little late, on his way from Hampstead to his brother John's house in Porchester Gardens. Felix Freeland, author, wearing the very first gray top hat of the season. A compromise, that—like many other things in his life and works—between individuality and the accepted view of things, æstheticism and fashion, the critical sense and authority. After the meeting at John's, to discuss the doings of the family of his brother Morton Freeland—better known as Tod—he would perhaps look in on the caricatures at the English Gallery, and visit one duchess in Mayfair, concerning the George Richard Memorial. And so, not the soft felt hat which really suited authorship, nor the black top hat which obliterated personality to the point of pain, but this gray thing with narrowish black band, very suitable, in truth, to a face of a pale buff color, to a mustache of a deep buff color streaked with a few gray hairs, to a black braided coat cut away from a buff-colored waistcoat, to his neat boots—not patent leather—faintly buffed with Mayday dust. Even his eyes, Freeland gray, were a little buffed over by sedentary habit, and the number of things that he was conscious of. For instance, that the people passing him were distressingly plain, both men and women; plain with the particular plainness of those quite unaware of it. It struck him forcibly, while he went along, how very queer it was that with so many plain people in the country, the population managed to keep up even as well as it did. To his wonderfully keen sense of defect, it seemed little short of marvellous. A shambling, shoddy crew, this crowd of shoppers and labor demonstrators! A conglomeration of hopelessly mediocre visages! What was to be done about it? Ah! what indeed!—since they were evidently not aware of their own dismal mediocrity. Hardly a beautiful or a vivid face, hardly a wicked one, never anything transfigured, passionate, terrible, or grand. Nothing Greek, early Italian, Elizabethan, not even beefy, beery, broad old Georgian. Something clutched-in, and squashed-out about it all—on that collective face something of the look of a man almost comfortably and warmly wrapped round by a snake at the very beginning of its squeeze. It gave Felix Freeland a sort of faint excitement and pleasure to notice this. For it was his business to notice things, and embalm them afterward in ink. And he believed that not many people noticed it, so that it contributed in his mind to his own distinction, which was precious to him. Precious, and encouraged to be so by the press, which—as he well knew—must print his name several thousand times a year. And yet, as a man of culture and of principle, how he despised that kind of fame, and theoretically believed that a man's real distinction lay in his oblivion of the world's opinion, particularly as expressed by that flighty creature, the Fourth Estate. But here again, as in the matter of the gray top hat, he had instinctively compromised, taking in press cuttings which described himself and his works, while he never failed to describe those descriptions—good, bad, and indifferent—as 'that stuff,' and their writers as 'those fellows.'

Not that it was new to him to feel that the country was in a bad way. On the contrary, it was his established belief, and one for which he was prepared to furnish due and proper reasons. In the first place he traced it to the horrible hold Industrialism had in the last hundred years laid on the nation, draining the peasantry from 'the Land'; and in the second place to the influence of a narrow and insidious Officialism, sapping the independence of the People.

This was why, in going to a conclave with his brother John, high in government employ, and his brother Stanley, a captain of industry, possessor of the Morton Plough Works, he was conscious of a cer-

tain superiority in that he, at all events, had no hand in this paralysis which was creeping on the country.

And getting more buff-colored every minute, he threaded his way on, till, past the Marble Arch, he secured the elbow-room of Hyde Park. Here groups of young men, with chivalrous idealism, were jeering at and chivying the broken remnants of a suffrage meeting. Felix debated whether he should oppose his body to their bodies, his tongue to theirs, or whether he should avert his consciousness and hurry on; but, that instinct which moved him to wear the gray top hat prevailing, he did neither, and stood instead, looking at them in silent anger, which quickly provoked endearments—such as: "Take it off," or "Keep it on," or "What cheer, Toppy!" but nothing more acute. And he meditated: Culture! Could culture ever make headway among the blind partisanships, the hand-to-mouth mentality, the cheap excitements of this town life? The faces of these youths, the tone of their voices, the very look of their bowler hats, said: No! You could not culturalize the impermeable texture of their vulgarity. And they were the coming manhood of the nation—this inexpressibly distasteful lot of youths! The country had indeed got too far away from 'the Land.' And this essential towny commonness was not confined to the classes from which these youths were drawn. He had even remarked it among his own son's school and college friends—an impatience of discipline, an insensibility to everything but excitement and having a good time, a permanent mental indigestion due to a permanent diet of tit-bits. What aspiration they possessed seemed devoted to securing for themselves the plums of official or industrial life. His boy Alan, even, was infected, in spite of home influences and the atmosphere of art in which he had been so sedulously soaked. He wished to enter his Uncle Stanley's plough works, seeing in it a 'soft thing.'

But the last of the woman-baiters had passed by now, and, conscious that he was really behind time, Felix hurried on. . . .

In his study—a pleasant room, if rather tidy—John Freeland was standing before the fire smoking a pipe and looking thoughtfully at nothing. He was, in fact, thinking, with that continuity characteristic of a man who at fifty has won for himself a place of permanent importance in the Home Office. Starting life in the Royal Engineers, he still preserved something of a military look about his figure, and his grave visage with its steady eyes and drooping moustache (both a shade grayer than those of Felix), and his forehead bald from justness and knowing where to lay his hand on papers. His face was thinner, his head narrower, than his brother's, and he had acquired a way of making those he looked at doubt themselves and feel the sudden instability of all their facts. He was—as has been said—thinking. His brother Stanley had wired to him that morning: "Am motoring up to-day on business; can you get Felix to come at six o'clock and talk over the position at Tod's." What position at Tod's? He had indeed heard something vague—of those youngsters of Tod's, and some fuss they were making about the laborers down there. He had not liked it. Too much of a piece with the general unrest, and these new democratic ideas that were playing old Harry with the country! For in his opinion the country was in a bad way, partly owing to Industrialism, with its rotting effect upon physique; partly to this modern analytic Intellectualism, with its destructive and anarchic influence on morals. It was difficult to overestimate the mischief of those two factors; and in the approaching conference with his brothers, one of whom was the head of an industrial undertaking, and the other a writer, whose books, extremely modern, he never read, he was perhaps vaguely conscious of his own cleaner hands. Hearing a car come to a halt outside, he went to the window and looked out. Yes, it was Stanley! . . .

Stanley Freeland, who had motored up from Becket—his country place, close to his plough works in Worcestershire—stood a moment on the pavement, stretching his long legs and giving directions to his chauffeur. He had been stopped twice on the road for not exceeding the limit as he believed, and was still a little ruffled. Was it not his invariable principle to be moderate in speed as in all

other things? And his feeling at the moment was stronger even than usual, that the country was in a bad way, eaten up by officialism, with its absurd limitations of speed and the liberty of the subject, and the advanced ideas of these new writers and intellectuals, always talking about the rights and sufferings of the poor. There was no progress along either of those roads. He had it in his heart, as he stood there on the pavement, to say something pretty definite to John about interference with the liberty of the subject, and he wouldn't mind giving old Felix a rap about his precious destructive doctrines, and his continual girding at the upper classes, vested interests, and all the rest of it. If he had something to put in their place that would be another matter. Capital and those who controlled it were the backbone of the country—what there was left of the country, apart from these d—d officials and æsthetic fellows! And with a contraction of his straight eyebrows above his straight gray eyes, straight blunt nose, blunter mustaches, and blunt chin, he kept a tight rein on his blunt tongue, not choosing to give way even to his own anger.

Then, perceiving Felix coming—'in a white topper, by Jove!'—he crossed the pavement to the door; and, tall, square, personable, rang the bell.

II

"Well, what's the matter at Tod's?"

And Felix moved a little forward in his chair, his eyes fixed with interest on Stanley, about to speak.

"It's that wife of his, of course. It was all very well so long as she confined herself to writing, and talk, and that Land Society, or whatever it was she founded, that snuffed out the other day; but now she's getting herself and those two youngsters mixed up in our local broils, and really I think Tod's got to be spoken to."

"It's impossible for a husband to interfere with his wife's principles." So Felix.

"Principles!" The word came from John.

"Certainly! Kirsteen's a woman of great character; revolutionary by temperament. Why should you expect her to act as you would act yourselves?"

When Felix had said that, there was a silence.

Then Stanley muttered: "Poor old Tod!"

Felix sighed, lost for a moment in his last vision of his youngest brother. It was four years ago now, a summer evening—Tod standing between his youngsters Derek and Sheila, in a doorway of his white, black-timbered, creepered cottage, his sunburnt face and blue eyes the serenest things one could see in a day's march!

"Why 'poor'?" he said. "Tod's much happier than we are. You've only to look at him."

"Ah!" said Stanley suddenly. "D'you remember him at father's funeral?—without his hat, and his head in the clouds. Fine-lookin' chap, old Tod—pity he's such a child of Nature."

Felix said quietly:

"If you'd offered him a partnership, Stanley—it would have been the making of him."

"Tod in the plough works? My hat!"

Felix smiled. At sight of that smile, Stanley grew red, and John refilled his pipe. It is always the devil to have a brother more sarcastic than oneself!

"How old are those two?" John said abruptly.

"Sheila's twenty, Derek nineteen."

"I thought the boy was at an agricultural college?"

"Finished."

"What's he like?"

"A black-haired, fiery fellow, not a bit like Tod."

John muttered: "That's her Celtic blood. Her father, old Colonel Moray, was a fine old boy; but by George he was a regular black Highlander. What's the trouble exactly?"

It was Stanley who answered: "That sort of agitation business is all very well until it begins to affect your neighbors; then it's time it stopped. You know the Mallorings who own all the land round Tod's. Well, they've fallen foul of the Mallorings over what they call injustice to some laborers. Questions of morality involved. I don't know all the details. A man's got notice to quit over his deceased wife's sister; and some girl or other in another cottage has kicked over—just

ordinary country incidents. What I want is that Tod should be made to see that his family mustn't quarrel with his nearest neighbors in this way. We know the Mallorings well, they're only seven miles from us at Becket. It doesn't do; sooner or later it plays the devil all round. And the air's full of agitation about the laborers and 'the Land,' and all the rest of it—only wants a spark to make real trouble."

And having finished this oration, Stanley thrust his hands deep into his pockets, and jingled the money that was there.

John said abruptly:

"Felix, you'd better go down."

Felix was sitting back, his eyes for once withdrawn from his brothers' faces.

"Odd," he said, "really odd, that with a perfectly unique person like Tod for a brother, we only see him once in a blue moon."

"It's because he *is* so d—d unique."

Felix got up and gravely extended his hand to Stanley.

"By Jove," he said, "you've spoken truth." And to John he added: "Well, I will go, and let you know the upshot."

When he had departed, the two elder brothers remained for some moments silent, then Stanley said:

"Old Felix is a bit tryin'! With the fuss they make of him in the papers, his head's swelled!"

John did not answer. One could not in so many words resent one's own brother being made a fuss of, and if it had been for something real, such as discovering the source of the Black River, conquering Bechuanaland, curing Blue-mange, or being made a Bishop, he would have been the first and most loyal in his appreciation; but for the sort of thing Felix made up—Fiction, and critical, acid, destructive sort of stuff, pretending to show John Freeland things that he hadn't seen before—as if Felix could!—not at all the jolly old romance which one could read well enough and enjoy till it sent you to sleep after a good day's work. No! that Felix should be made a fuss of for such work as that really almost hurt him. It was not quite decent, violating deep down one's sense of form, one's sense of health, one's traditions. Though he would not have admitted it, he secretly felt, too, that this fuss was dangerous to his own point of view, which was, of course, to him the only real one. And he merely said:

"Will you stay to dinner, Stan?"

III

If John had those sensations about Felix, so—when he was away from John—had Felix about himself. He had never quite grown out of the feeling that to make himself conspicuous in any way was bad form. In common with his three brothers he had been through the mills of gentility—those unique grinding machines of education only found in his native land. Tod, to be sure, had been publicly sacked at the end of his third term, for climbing on to the headmaster's roof and filling up two of his chimneys with football pants, from which he had omitted to remove his name. Felix still remembered the august scene—the horrid thrill of it, the ominous sound of that: "Freeland minimus!" the ominous sight of poor little Tod emerging from his obscurity near the roof of the Speech Room, and descending all those steps. How very small and rosy he had looked, his bright hair standing on end, and his little blue eyes staring up very hard from under a troubled frown. And the august hand holding up those sooty pants, and the august voice: "These appear to be yours, Freeland minimus. Were you so good as to put them down my chimneys?" And the little piping, "Yes, sir."

"May I ask why, Freeland minimus?"

"I don't know, sir."

"You must have had some reason, Freeland minimus?"

"It was the end of term, sir."

"Ah! You must not come back here, Freeland minimus. You are too dangerous, to yourself, and others. Go to your place."

And poor little Tod ascending again all those steps, cheeks more terribly rosy than ever, eyes bluer, from under a still more troubled frown; little mouth hard set; and breathing so that you could hear him six forms off. True, the new head had been goaded by other outrages, the authors of which had not omitted to remove their names; but the want of humor, the amazing want of humor! As if it had not been a sign of first-rate stuff in Tod! And to

this day Felix remembered with delight the little bubbling hiss that he himself had started, squelched at once, but rippling out again along the rows like tiny scattered lines of fire when a conflagration is suppressed. Expulsion had been the salvation of Tod! Or—his damnation? Which? God would know, but Felix was not certain. Having himself been fifteen years acquiring 'Mill' philosophy, and another fifteen years getting rid of it, he had now begun to think that after all there might be something in it. A philosophy that took everything, including itself, at face value, and questioned nothing, was sedative to nerves too highly strung by the continual examination of the insides of oneself and others, with a view to their alteration. Tod, of course, having been sent to Germany after his expulsion, as one naturally would be, and then put to farming, had never properly acquired 'Mill' manner, and never sloughed it off; and yet he was as sedative a man as you could meet.

Emerging from the Tube station at Hampstead, he moved toward home under a sky stranger than one might see in a whole year of evenings. Between the pine-trees on the ridge it was opaque and colored like pinkish stone, and all around violent purple with flames of the young green, and white spring blossom lit against it. Spring had been dull and unimaginative so far, but this evening it was all fire and gathered torrents; Felix wondered at the waiting passion of that sky.

He reached home just as those torrents began to fall.

The old house, beyond the Spaniard's Road, save for mice and a faint underlying savor of wood-rot in two rooms, well satisfied the æsthetic sense. Felix often stood in his hall, study, bedroom, and other apartments, admiring the rich and simple glow of them—admiring the rarity and look of studied negligence about the stuffs, the flowers, the books, the furniture, the china; and then quite suddenly the feeling would sweep over him: "By George, do I really own all this, when my ideal is 'bread and water, and on feast days a little bit of cheese'?" True, he was not to blame for the niceness of his things—Flora did it; but still—there they were, a little hard to swallow for an epicurean. It might, of course, have been worse, for if Flora had a passion for collecting, it was a very chaste one, and though what she collected cost no little money, it always looked as if it had been inherited, and—as everybody knows—what has been inherited must be put up with, whether it be a coronet or a cruet-stand.

To collect old things, and write poetry! It was a career; one would not have one's wife otherwise. She might, for instance, have been like Stanley's wife, Clara, whose career was wealth and station; or John's wife, Anne, whose career had been cut short; or even Tod's wife, Kirsteen, whose career was revolution. No—a wife who had two, and only two children, and treated them with affectionate surprise, who was never out of temper, never in a hurry, knew the points of a book or play, could cut your hair at a pinch; whose hand was dry, figure still good, verse tolerable, and—above all—who wished for no better fate than Fate had given her—was a wife not to be sneezed at. And Felix never had. He had depicted so many sneezing wives and husbands in his books, and knew the value of a happy marriage better perhaps than any one in England. He had laid marriage low a dozen times, wrecked it on all sorts of rocks, and had the greater veneration for his own. It had begun early, manifested every symptom of ending late, and in the meantime walked down the years holding hands fast, and by no means forgetting to touch lips.

Hanging up the gray top hat, he went in search of her. He found her in his dressing-room, surrounded by a number of little bottles, which she was examining vaguely, and putting one by one into an 'inherited' waste-paper basket. Having watched her for a little while with a certain pleasure, he said:

"Yes, my dear?"

Noticing his presence, and continuing to put bottles into the basket, she answered:

"I thought I must—they're what your mother's given us."

There they lay—little bottles filled with white and brown fluids, white and blue and brown powders; green and brown and yellow ointments; black lozenges;

buff plasters; blue and pink and purple pills. All beautifully labelled and corked.

And he said in a rather faltering voice:

"Bless her! How she does give her things away! Haven't we used *any?*"

"Not one. And they have to be cleared away before they're stale, for fear we might take one by mistake."

"Poor mother!"

"My dear, she's found something newer than them all by now."

Felix sighed.

"The nomadic spirit. I have it, too!"

And a sudden vision came to him of his mother's carved ivory face, kept free of wrinkles by sheer will-power, its firm chin, slightly aquiline nose, and measured brows; its eyes that saw everything so quickly, so fastidiously, its compressed mouth that smiled sweetly, with a resolute but pathetic acceptation. Of the piece of fine lace, sometimes black, sometimes white, over her gray hair. Of her hands, so thin now, always moving a little, as if all the composure and care not to offend any eye by allowing Time to ravage her face, were avenging themselves in that constant movement. Of her figure, that was short but did not seem so, still quick-moving, still alert, and always dressed in black or gray. A vision of that exact, fastidious, wandering spirit called Frances Fleeming Freeland—that spirit strangely compounded of domination and humility, of acceptation and cynicism; precise and actual to the point of desert dryness; generous to a point that caused her family to despair; and always, beyond all things, brave.

Flora dropped the last little bottle, and sitting on the edge of the bath let her eyebrows rise. How pleasant was that impersonal humor which made her superior to other wives!

"You—nomadic? How?"

"Mother travels unceasingly from place to place, person to person, thing to thing. I travel unceasingly from motive to motive, mind to mind; my native air is also desert air—hence the sterility of my work."

Flora rose, but her eyebrows descended.

"Your work," she said, "is not sterile."

"That, my dear," said Felix, "is prejudice." And perceiving that she was going to kiss him, he waited without annoyance. For a woman of forty-two, with two children and three books of poems—and not knowing which had taken least out of her—with hazel-gray eyes, wavy eyebrows darker than they should have been, a glint of red in her hair; wavy figure and lips; quaint, half-humorous indolence, quaint, half-humorous warmth—was she not as satisfactory a woman as a man could possibly have married!

"I have got to go down and see Tod," he said. "I like that wife of his; but she has no sense of humor. How much better principles are in theory than in practice!"

Flora repeated softly, as if to herself:

"I'm glad I have none." She was at the window, leaning out, and Felix took his place beside her. The air was full of scent from wet leaves, alive with the song of birds thanking the sky. Suddenly he felt her arm round his ribs; either it or they—which, he could not at the moment tell—seemed extraordinarily soft. . . .

Between Felix and his young daughter, Nedda, there existed the only kind of love, except a mother's, which has much permanence—love based on mutual admiration. Though why Nedda, with her starry innocence, should admire him, Felix could never understand, not realizing that she read his books, and even analyzed them for herself in the diary which she kept religiously, writing it when she ought to have been asleep. He had therefore no knowledge of the way his written thoughts stimulated the ceaseless questioning that was always going on within her; the thirst to know why this was and that was not. Why, for instance, her heart ached so some days and felt light and eager other days? Why, when people wrote and talked of God, they seemed to know what He was, and she never did? Why people had to suffer; and the world be black to so many millions? Why one could not love more than one man at a time? Why—a thousand things? Felix's books supplied no answers to these questions, but they were comforting; for her real need as yet was not for answers, but ever for more questions, as a young bird's need is for opening its beak without quite knowing what is coming out or going in. When she and her father walked,

or sat, or went to concerts together, their talk was neither particularly intimate nor particularly voluble; they made to each other no great confidences. Yet each was certain that the other was not bored—a great thing; and they squeezed each other's little fingers a good deal—very warming. Now with his son Alan, Felix had a continual sensation of having to keep up to a mark and never succeeding—a feeling, as in his favorite nightmare, of trying to pass an examination for which he had neglected to prepare; of having to preserve, in fact, form proper to the father of Alan Freeland. With Nedda he had a sense of refreshment; the delight one has on a spring day, watching a clear stream, a bank of flowers, birds flying. And Nedda with her father—what feeling had she? To be with him was like a long stroking with a touch of tickle in it; to read his books, a long tickle with a nice touch of stroking now and then when one was not expecting it.

That night after dinner, when Alan had gone out and Flora into a dream, she snuggled up alongside her father, got hold of his little finger, and whispered:

"Come into the garden, Dad; I'll put on goloshes. It's an awfully nice moon."

The moon indeed was palest gold behind the pines, so that its radiance was a mere shower of pollen, just a brushing of white moth-down over the reeds of their little dark pond, and the black blur of the flowering currant bushes. And the young lime-trees, not yet in full leaf, quivered ecstatically in that moon-witchery, still letting fall raindrops of the past spring torrent, with soft hissing sounds. A real sense in the garden, of God holding his breath in the presence of his own youth swelling, growing, trembling toward perfection! Somewhere a bird—a thrush, they thought—mixed in its little mind as to night and day, was queerly chirruping. And Felix and his daughter went along the dark wet paths, holding each other's arms, not talking much. For, in him, very responsive to the moods of nature, there was a flattered feeling, with that young arm in his, of Spring having chosen to confide in him this whispering, rustling hour. And in Nedda was so much of that night's unutterable youth—no wonder she was silent! Then, somehow—neither responsible—they stood motionless. How quiet it was, but for a distant dog or two, and the stilly shivering-down of the water drops, and the far vibration of the million-voiced city! How quiet and soft and fresh! Then Nedda spoke:

"Dad, I do so want to know everything."

Not rousing even a smile, with its sublime immodesty, that aspiration seemed to Felix infinitely touching. What less could youth want in the very heart of spring? And, watching her face put up to the night, her parted lips, and the moon-gleam fingering her white throat, he answered:

"It'll all come soon enough, my pretty!"

To think that she must come to an end like the rest, having found out almost nothing, having discovered just herself, and the particle of God that was within her! But he could not, of course, say this.

"I want to *feel*. Can't I begin?"

How many millions of young creatures all the world over were sending up that white prayer to climb and twine toward the stars, and—fall to earth again! And nothing to be answered, but:

"Time enough, Nedda!"

"But, Dad, there are such heaps of things, such heaps of people, and reasons, and—and life; and I know nothing. Dreams are the only times, it seems to me, that one finds out anything."

"As for that, my child, I am exactly in your case. What's to be done for us?"

She slid her hand through his arm again.

"Don't laugh at me!"

"Heaven forbid! I meant it. You're finding out much quicker than I. It's all folk-music to you still; to me Strauss and the rest of the tired stuff. The variations my mind spins—wouldn't I just swap them for the tunes your mind is making?"

"I don't seem making tunes at all. I don't seem to have anything to make them of. Take me down to see 'the Tods,' Dad!"

Why not? And yet—! Just as in this spring night Felix felt so much, so very much, lying out there behind the still and moony dark, such marvellous holding of breath and waiting sentiency, so behind this innocent petition, he could not help

the feeling of a lurking fatefulness. That was absurd. And he said: "If you wish it, by all means. You'll like your Uncle Tod; as to the others, I can't say, but your aunt is an experience, and experiences are what you want, it seems."

Fervently, without speech, Nedda squeezed his arm.

IV

Stanley Freeland's country house, Becket, was almost a show place. It stood in its park and pastures two miles from the little town of Transham and the Morton Plough Works; close to the ancestral home of the Moretons, his mother's family—that home burned down by Roundheads in the Civil War. The site—certain vagaries in the ground—Mrs. Stanley had caused to be walled round, and consecrated so to speak with a stone medallion on which were engraved the aged Moreton arms—arrows and crescent moons in proper juxtaposition. Peacocks, too—that bird 'parlant,' from the old Moreton crest—were encouraged to dwell there and utter their cries, as of passionate souls lost in too comfortable surroundings.

By one of those freaks of which Nature is so prodigal, Stanley—owner of this native Moreton soil—least of all four Freeland brothers, had the Moreton cast of mind and body. That was why he made so much more money than the other three put together, and had been able, with the aid of Clara's undoubted genius for rank and station, to restore a strain of Moreton blood to its rightful position among the county families of Worcestershire. Bluff and without sentiment, he himself set little store by that, smiling up his sleeve—for he was both kindly and prudent—at his wife who had been a Tomson. It was not in Stanley to appreciate the peculiar flavor of the Moretons, that something which in spite of their naïveté and narrowness, had really been rather fine. To him, such Moretons as were left were 'dry enough sticks, clean out of it.' They were of a breed that was already gone, the simplest of all country gentlemen, dating back to the Conquest, without one solitary conspicuous ancestor, save the one who had been physician to a king and perished without issue—marrying from generation to generation exactly their own equals; living simple, pious, parochial lives; never in trade, never making money, having a tradition and a practice of gentility more punctilious than the so-called aristocracy; constitutionally paternal and maternal to their dependents, constitutionally so convinced that those dependents and all indeed who were not 'gentry,' were of different clay, that they were entirely simple and entirely without arrogance, carrying with them even now a sort of early atmosphere of archery and home-made cordials, lavender and love of clergy, together with frequent use of the word 'nice,' a peculiar regularity of feature, and a complexion that was rather parchmenty. High Church people and Tories, naturally, to a man and woman, by sheer inbred absence of ideas, and sheer inbred conviction that nothing else was nice; but withal very considerate of others, really plucky in bearing their own ills; not greedy, and not wasteful.

Of Becket, as it now was, they would not have approved at all. By what chance Edmund Moreton (Stanley's mother's grandfather) in the middle of the eighteenth century, had suddenly diverged from family feeling and ideals, and taken that 'not quite nice' resolution to make ploughs and money, would never now be known. The fact remained, together with the plough works. A man apparently of curious energy and character, considering his origin, he had dropped the *e* from his name, and—though he continued the family tradition so far as to marry a Fleeming of Worcestershire, to be paternal to his workmen, to be known as Squire, and to bring his children up in the older Moreton 'niceness'—he had yet managed to make his ploughs quite celebrated, to found a little town, and die still handsome and clean-shaved at the age of sixty-six. Of his four sons, only two could be found sufficiently without the *e* to go on making ploughs. Stanley's grandfather, Stuart Morton, indeed, had tried hard, but in the end had reverted to the congenital instinct for being just a Moreton. An extremely amiable man, he took to wandering with his family, and died in France, leaving one daughter—Frances, Stanley's mother—and three sons, one of whom, absorbed in horses,

wandered to Australia and was killed by falling from them; one of whom, a soldier, wandered to India, and the embraces of a snake; and one of whom wandered into the embraces of the Holy Roman Church.

The Morton Plough Works were dry and dwindling when Stanley's father, seeking an opening for his son, put him and money into them. From that moment they had never looked back, and now brought Stanley, the sole proprietor, an income of full fifteen thousand pounds a year. He wanted it. For Clara, his wife, had that energy of aspiration which before now has raised women to positions of importance in the counties which are not their own, and caused, incidentally, many acres to go out of cultivation. Not one plough was used on the whole of Becket, not even a Morton plough—these indeed were unsuitable to English soil and were all sent abroad. It was the corner-stone of his success that Stanley had completely seen through the talked-of revival of English agriculture, and sedulously cultivated the foreign market. This was why the Becket dining-room could contain without straining itself large quantities of local magnates and celebrities from London, all deploring the condition of 'the Land,' and discussing without end the regrettable position of the agricultural laborer. Except for literary men and painters, present in small quantities to leaven the lump, Becket was, in fact, a rallying point for the advanced spirits of Land Reform—one of those places where they were sure of being well done at week-ends, and of congenial and even stimulating talk about the undoubted need for doing something, and the designs which were being entertained upon 'the Land' by either party. This very heart of English country that the old Moretons in their paternal way had so religiously farmed, making out of its lush grass and waving corn a simple and by no means selfish or ungenerous subsistence, was now entirely lawns, park, coverts, and private golf course, together with enough grass to support the kine which yielded that continual stream of milk necessary to Clara's entertainments and children, all female, save little Francis, and still of tender years. Of gardeners, keepers, cow-men, chauffeurs, footmen, stablemen—full twenty were supported on those fifteen hundred acres that formed the little Becket demesne. Of agricultural laborers proper—that vexed individual so much in the air, so reluctant to stay on 'the Land,' and so difficult to house when he was there, there were fortunately none, so that it was possible for Stanley, whose wife meant him to 'put up' for the Division, and his guests, who were frequently in Parliament, to hold entirely unbiassed and impersonal views upon the whole question so long as they were at Becket.

It was beautiful there, too, with the bright open fields hedged with great elms, and that ever-rich serenity of its grass and trees. The white house timbered with dark beams in true Worcestershire fashion, and added-to from time to time, had preserved, thanks to a fine architect, an old-fashioned air of spacious presidency above its gardens and lawns. On the long artificial lake, with innumerable rushy nooks and water-lilies and coverture of leaves floating flat and bright in the sun, the half-tame wild duck and shy water-hens had remote little worlds, and flew and splashed when all Becket was abed, quite as if the human spirit with its monkey-tricks and its little divine flame, had not yet been born.

Under the shade of a copper-beech, just where the drive cut through into its circle before the house, an old lady was sitting that afternoon on a camp-stool. She was dressed in gray alpaca, light and cool, and had on her iron-gray hair a piece of black lace. A number of *Hearth and Home*, and a little pair of scissors suspended by an inexpensive chain from her waist, rested on her knee, for she had been meaning to cut out for dear Felix a certain recipe for keeping the head cool; but, as a fact, she sat without doing so, very still, save that, now and then, she compressed her pale fine lips, and continually moved her pale fine hands. She was evidently waiting for something that promised excitement, even pleasure, for a little rose-leaf flush had quavered up into a face that was colored like parchment; and her gray eyes under regular, and still-dark brows, very far apart, between which there was no semblance of a wrinkle, seemed noting little definite things present about her, almost unwillingly, as an Arab's or a Red Indian's eyes will continue to note things

in the present, however their minds may be set on the future. So sat Frances Fleeming Freeland (*née* Morton) waiting for the arrival of her son Felix and her grandchildren Alan and Nedda.

She marked presently an old man limping slowly on a stick toward where the drive debouched, and thought at once: "He oughtn't to be coming this way. I expect he doesn't know the way round to the back. Poor man, he's very lame. He looks respectable, too." She got up and went toward him, noting that his face with nice gray mustaches was wonderfully regular, almost like a gentleman's, and that he touched his dusty hat with quite old-fashioned courtesy. And smiling—her smile was sweet but critical—she said: "You'll find the best way is to go back to that little path, and past the greenhouses. Have you hurt your leg?"

"My leg's been like that, m'm, fifteen year come Michaelmas."

"How did it happen?"

"Ploughin'. The bone was injured; an' now they say the muscle's dried up in a manner of speakin'."

"What do you do for it? The very best thing is this."

From the recesses of a deep pocket, placed where no one else wore such a thing, she brought out a little pot.

"You must let me give it you. Put it on when you go to bed, and rub it well in; you'll find it act splendidly."

The old man took the little pot with dubious reverence.

"Yes, m'm," he said; "thank you, m'm."

"What is your name?"

"Gaunt."

"And where do you live?"

"Over to Joyfields, m'm."

"Joyfields—another of my sons lives there—Mr. Morton Freeland. But it's seven miles."

"I got a lift half-way."

"And have you business at the house?"

The old man was silent; the downcast, rather cynical look of his lined face deepened. And Frances Freeland thought: 'He's overtired. They must give him some tea and an egg. What can he want, coming all this way? He's evidently not a beggar.'

The old man who was not a beggar spoke suddenly:

"I know the Mr. Freelands at Joyfields. He's a good gentleman, too."

"Yes, he is. I wonder I don't know you."

"I'm not much about, owin' to my leg. It's my grand-daughter in service here, I come to see."

"Oh yes! What is her name?"

"Gaunt her name is."

"I shouldn't know her by her surname."

"Alice."

"Ah! in the kitchen; a nice, pretty girl. I hope you're not in trouble."

Again the old man was silent, and again spoke suddenly:

"That's as you look at it, m'm," he said. "I've got a matter of a few words to have with her about the family. Her father he couldn't come, so I come instead."

"And how are you going to get back?"

"I'll have to walk, I expect, without I can pick up with a cart."

Frances Freeland compressed her lips. "With that leg you should have come by train."

The old man smiled.

"I hadn't the fare like," he said. "I only gets five shillin's a week, from the council, and two o' that I pays over to my son."

Frances Freeland thrust her hand once more into that deep pocket, and as she did so she noticed that the old man's left boot was flapping open, and that there were two buttons off his coat. Her mind was swiftly calculating: "It is more than seven weeks to quarter day. Of course I can't afford it, but I must just give him a sovereign."

She withdrew her hand from the recesses of her pocket and looked at the old man's nose. It was finely chiselled, and the same yellow as his face. "It looks nice, and quite sober," she thought. In her hand was her purse and a boot-lace. She took out a sovereign.

"Now, if I give you this," she said, "you must promise me not to spend any of it in the public-house. And this is for your boot. And you must go back by train. And get those buttons sewn on your coat. And tell cook, from me please, to give you some tea and an egg." And

noticing that he took the sovereign and the boot-lace very respectfully, and seemed altogether very respectable, and not at all coarse or beery-looking, she said:

"Good-bye; don't forget to rub what I gave you into your leg every night and every morning," and went back to her camp-stool. Sitting down on it with the scissors in her hand she still did not cut out that recipe, but remained as before, taking in small, definite things, and feeling with an inner trembling that dear Felix and Alan and Nedda would soon be here; and the little flush rose again in her cheeks, and again her lips and hands moved, expressing and compressing what was in her heart. And close behind her, a peacock straying from the foundations of the old Moreton house, uttered a cry, and moved slowly, spreading its tail under the low-hanging boughs of the copper-beeches, as though it knew those dark burnished leaves were the proper setting for its 'parlant' magnificence.

V

The day after the little conference at John's, Felix had indeed received the following note:

"Dear Felix:

"When you go down to see old Tod, why not put up with us at Becket? Any time will suit, and the car can take you over to Joyfields when you like. Give the pen a rest. Clara joins in hoping you'll come, and mother is still here. No use, I suppose, to ask Flora.

"Yours ever,

"Stanley."

During the twenty years of his brother's sojourn there Felix had been down to Becket perhaps once a year, and latterly alone, for Flora, having accompanied him the first few times, had taken a firm stand.

"My dear," she said, "I feel all body there."

Felix had rejoined:

"No bad thing, once in a way."

But Flora had remained firm. Life was too short! She did not get on well with Clara. Neither did Felix feel too happy in his sister-in-law's presence; but the gray top-hat instinct had kept him going there, for one ought to keep in touch with one's brothers.

He replied to Stanley:

"Dear Stanley:

"Delighted; if I may bring my two youngsters. We'll arrive to-morrow at four-fifty.

"Yours affectionately,

"Felix."

Travelling with Nedda was always jolly; one could watch her eyes noting, inquiring, and when occasion served, have one's little finger hooked in and squeezed. Travelling with Alan was convenient, the young man having a way with railways which Felix himself had long despaired of acquiring. Neither of the children had ever been at Becket, and though Alan was never curious, and Nedda too curious about everything to be specially so about this, yet Felix experienced in their company the sensations of a new adventure.

Arrived at Transham, that little town upon a hill which the Morton Plough Works had created, they were soon in Stanley's car, whirling into the sleepy peace of a Worcestershire afternoon. Would this young bird nestling up against him echo Flora's verdict: 'I feel all body there!' or would she take to its fatted luxury as a duck to water? And he said: "By the way, your aunt's 'Bigwigs' set in on a Saturday. Are you for staying and seeing the lions feed, or do we cut back?"

From Alan he got the answer he expected:

"If there's golf or something, I suppose we can make out all right." From Nedda: "What sort of Bigwigs are they, Dad?"

"A sort you've never seen, my dear."

"Then I should like to stay. Only, about dresses?"

"What war paint have you?"

"Only two white evenings. And Mums gave me her Mechlin."

"'Twill serve."

To Felix, Nedda in white 'evenings' was starry and all that man could desire.

"Only, Dad, do tell me about them, beforehand."

"My dear, I will. And God be with you. This is where Becket begins."

The car had swerved into a long drive between trees not yet full-grown, but de-

corously trying to look more than their twenty years. To the right, about a group of older elms, rooks were in commotion, for Stanley's three keepers' wives had just baked their annual rook pies, and the birds were not yet happy again. Those elms had stood there when the old Moretons walked past them through corn-fields to church of a Sunday. Away on the left above the lake, the little walled mound had come in view. Something in Felix always stirred at sight of it, and, squeezing Nedda's arm, he said:

"See that silly wall? Behind there Granny's ancients lived. Gone now—new house—new lake—new trees—new everything."

But he saw from his little daughter's calm eyes that the sentiment in him was not in her.

"I like the lake," she said. "There's Granny—oh, and a peacock!"

His mother's embrace, with its frail energy, and the pressure of her soft, dry lips, filled Felix always with remorse. Why could he not give the simple and direct expression to his feeling that she gave to hers? He watched those lips transferred to Nedda, heard her say: "Oh, my darling, how lovely to see you! Do you know this for midge-bites?" A hand, diving deep into a pocket, returned with a little silver-coated stick having a bluish end. Felix saw it rise and hover about Nedda's forehead, and descend with two little swift dabs. "It takes them away at once."

"Oh, but Granny, they're not midge-bites; they're only from my hat!"

"It doesn't matter, darling; it takes away anything like that."

And he thought: 'Mother is really wonderful!'

At the house the car had already disgorged their luggage. Only one man, but he absolutely the butler, awaited them, and they entered, at once conscious of Clara's special pot-pourri. Its fragrance steamed from blue china, in every nook and crevice, a sort of baptism into luxury. Clara herself, in the outer morning-room, smelled a little of it. Quick and dark of eye, capable, comely, perfectly buttoned, one of those women who know exactly how not to be superior to the general taste of the period. Besides that great quality she was endowed with a fine nose, an instinct for co-ordination not to be excelled, and a genuine love of making people comfortable; so that it was no wonder that she had risen in the ranks of hostesses, till her house was celebrated for its ease, even among those who at their week-ends liked to feel all body. In regard to that characteristic of Becket, not even Felix in his ironies had ever stood up to Clara; the matter was too delicate. Frances Freeland, indeed—not because she had any philosophic preconceptions on the matter, but because it was 'not nice, dear, to be wasteful' even if it were only of rose-leaves, or to 'have too much decoration,' such as Japanese prints in places where they hum—sometimes told her daughter-in-law frankly what was wrong, without, however, making the faintest impression upon Clara, for she was not sensitive, and as she said to Stanley, it was 'only mother.'

When they had drunk that special Chinese tea, all the rage, but which no one really liked, in the inner morning, or afternoon room—for the drawing-rooms were too large to be comfortable except as week-ends—they went to see the children, a special blend of Stanley and Clara, save the little Francis, who did not seem to be quite all body. Then Clara took them to their rooms. She lingered kindly in Nedda's, feeling that the girl could not yet feel quite at home, and looking in the soap-dish lest she might not have the right verbena, and about the dressing-table to see that she had pins and scent, and plenty of 'pot-pourri,' and thinking: 'The child is pretty—a nice girl, not like her mother.' Explaining carefully how, because of the approaching week-end, she had been obliged to put her in 'a very simple room' where she would be compelled to cross the corridor to her bath, she asked her if she had a quilted dressing-gown, and finding that she had not, left her saying she would send one—and could she do her frocks up, or should Sirrett come?

Abandoned, the girl stood in the middle of the room, so far more 'simple' than she had ever slept in, with its warm fragrance of rose-leaves and verbena, its Aubusson carpet, white silk-quilted bed, sofa, cushioned window-seat, dainty curtains, and little nickel box of biscuits on little spindly table. There she stood and sniffed,

stretched herself, and thought: 'It's jolly —only, it smells too much!' and she went up to the pictures, one by one. They seemed to go splendidly with the room, and suddenly she felt homesick. Ridiculous, of course! Yet, if she had known where her father's room was, she would have run out to it; but her memory was too tangled up with stairs and corridors— to find her way down to the hall again was all she could have done.

A maid came in now with a blue silk gown very thick and soft. Could she do anything for Miss Freeland? No, thanks, she could not; only, did she know where Mr. Freeland's room was?

"Which Mr. Freeland, miss, the young or the old?"

"Oh, the old!" Having said which, Nedda felt unhappy; her Dad was not old! "No, miss; but I'll find out. It'll be in the walnut wing!" But with a little flutter at the thought of thus setting people to run about wings, Nedda murmured: "Oh! thanks, no; it doesn't matter."

She settled down now on the cushion of the window-seat, to look out and take it all in, right away to that line of hills gone blue in the haze of the warm evening. That would be Malvern; and there, farther to the south, the 'Tods' lived. 'Joyfields!' A pretty name! And it was lovely country all round; green and peaceful, with its white, timbered houses and cottages. People must be very happy, living here—happy and quiet like the stars and the birds; not like the crowds in London thronging streets and shops and Hampstead Heath; not like the people in all those disgruntled suburbs that led out for miles where London ought to have stopped but had not; not like the thousands and thousands of those poor creatures in Bethnal Green, where her slum work lay. The natives here must surely be happy. Only, were there any natives? She had not seen any. Away to the right below her window were the first trees of the fruit garden; for many of them spring was over, but the apple-trees had just come into blossom, and the low sun shining through a gap in some far elms was slanting on their creamy pink, christening them—Nedda thought—with drops of light; and lovely the blackbirds' singing sounded in the perfect hush! How wonderful to be a bird, going where you would, and from high up in the air seeing everything; flying down a sunbeam, drinking a raindrop, sitting on the very top of a tall tree, running in grass so high that you were hidden, laying little perfect blue-green eggs, or pure-gray speckly ones; never changing your dress, yet always beautiful. Surely the spirit of the world was in the birds and the clouds, roaming, floating, and in the flowers and trees that never smelled anything but sweet, never looked anything but lovely, and were never restless. Why was one restless, wanting things that did not come—wanting to feel and know, wanting to love, and be loved? And at that thought which had come to her so unexpectedly—a thought never before shaped so definitely —Nedda planted her arms on the window-sill, with sleeves fallen down, and let her hands meet cup-shaped beneath her chin. Love! To have somebody with whom she could share everything—someone to whom and for whom she could give up— someone she could protect and comfort— someone who would bring her peace. Peace, rest—from what? Ah! that she could not make clear, even to herself. Love! What would love be like? Her father loved her, and she loved him. It was not that. She loved her mother; and Alan on the whole was jolly to her—it was not that. What was it—where was it —when would it come and wake her, and kiss her to sleep, all in one? Come and fill her as with the warmth and color, the freshness, light, and shadow of this beautiful May evening, flood her as with the singing of those birds, and the warm light sunning the apple blossoms. And she sighed. Then—as with all young things whose attention after all is but as the hovering of a butterfly—her speculation was attracted to a thin, high-shouldered figure limping on a stick, away from the house, down one of the paths among the apple-trees. He wavered, not knowing, it seemed, his way. And Nedda thought: 'Poor old man, how lame he is!' She saw him stoop, screened, as he evidently thought, from sight, and take something very small from his pocket. He gazed, rubbed it, put it back; what it was she could not see. Then pressing his hand

down, he smoothed and stretched his leg. His eyes seemed closed. So a stone man might have stood! Till very slowly he limped on, passing out of sight. And turning from the window, Nedda began hurrying into her evening things.

When she was ready she took a long time to decide whether to wear her mother's lace or keep it for the Bigwigs. But it was so nice and creamy that she simply could not take it off, and stood turning and turning before the glass. To stand before a glass was silly and old-fashioned; but Nedda could never help it, wanting so badly to be nicer to look at than she was, because of that something that some day was coming!

She was, in fact, pretty, but not merely pretty—there was in her face something alive and sweet, something clear and swift. She had still that way of a child raising its eyes very quickly and looking straight at you with an eager innocence that hides everything by its very wonder; and when those eyes looked down they seemed closed—their dark lashes were so long. Her eyebrows were wide apart, arching with a slight angle, and slanting a little down toward her nose. Her forehead under its burnt-brown hair was candid; her firm little chin just dimpled. Altogether, a face difficult to take one's eyes off. But Nedda was far from vain, and her face seemed to her too short and broad, her eyes too dark and indeterminate, neither gray nor brown. The straightness of her nose was certainly comforting, but it, too, was short. Being creamy in the throat and browning easily, she would have liked to be marble-white, with blue dreamy eyes and fair hair, or else like a Madonna. And was she tall enough? Only five foot five. And her arms were too thin. The only things that gave her perfect satisfaction were her legs, which, of course, she could not at the moment see; they really *were* rather jolly! Then, in a panic, fearing to be late, she turned and ran out, fluttering into the maze of stairs and corridors.

(To be continued.)

MAGDALEN TO CHRIST

By Amalia Josephine Burr

MASTER, what work hast thou for me—
For me, who turn aside for shame
Before the eyes of mine own blame?
Thou seest, Lord—

I see.
That shame for me thou shalt endure
That thou mayst succor souls afraid,
Who would not dare to seek for aid
The mercilessly pure.

But must my heart forever show
These scars of unforgotten pain?
May it be never whole again?
Thou knowest, Lord—

I know.
Those scars I leave thee for a sign
That bleeding hearts may creep to rest
As on a mother's sheltering breast,
On that scarred heart of thine.

WAR AND THE ARTIST

By Rufus Fairchild Zogbaum

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PAINTINGS

BORN in the strife for sheer existence, uncounted years ago, the primitive instinct to fight still remains, undying, deep in the nature of all mankind. In all history wars have marked the advance of civilization; have been the final appeal to force in the cause of justice and liberty, and have brought in their paths progress and enlightenment. In all history the annals of the nations chronicle the cruelty and oppression of conquest, the enslavement of peoples, the hideous trail of death and devastation which lies in the wake of the storm of war. Patriotism and treason, sublimest courage and most abject cowardice, noble self-sacrifice and selfish ambition, love and hatred, compassion and cruelty, stand in strong contrast in its lurid light, giving story and picture comparable, in the power of their appeal to the emotions, only to the strength of passions aroused in the human heart of love of man for woman, of parent for child, or by blind religious faith, in the name of which the call to arms has so often sounded.

From the earliest days of history war has given inspiration to the artist, and the work of his hands comes down to us on the walls of ancient Egypt, worn with the passing of thousands of years; from the ruined temples of antique Greece built centuries before the Christian era. The picture-writing of primitive and savage peoples describes exploits of war; many archaic war pictures, brought to view after ages of burial under desert sands, bear much similarity to Indian drawings of our own near time and land. Once, years ago, away up on the Poplar River in Montana, I bought—bartered for, I suppose I should say, as the purchase was made mainly by the medium of tea, tobacco, and sugar—a "painted" robe right off the back of the war-chief of a band of Yanktonais-Sioux our troops had "rounded up" and brought into the agency. The skin was a fine "Black-Bull," tanned on the under side to the softness of the finest chamois leather and decorated with naïve pictorial representations of the deeds of war of old Kill-them-in-a-hole—as the soldiers translated the name given the chief, from some episode in his murderous career—which in color, in grace, and firmness of line were curiously like pictures from the pencil of some artist of the Egypt of old.

The glory of war is the theme; the exaltation of the sovereign, the conqueror, forms the chief motive of the war picture of antiquity. The monarch was the hero before whose terrible sword all foes gave way, to whom victory came through his personal might and prowess. The warriors of the Greeks are shown as models of virile strength and grace; their attitudes in the fury of combat lost nothing of artistic beauty in the realism of the rendering. The influence of the Greek masters of their art is evident in battle pictures of a time twoscore and more centuries later.

In the various epochs of European art the war picture is prominent; hundreds of paintings of combats and sieges in apotheosis of princes and potentates, some of them from the brushes of great masters, are spread on the walls of the palaces and galleries of Europe. Yet among the depicters of war in the seventeenth century there was one sturdy soul who rose in revolt against pictorial military sophisms. An engraver and etcher, Jacques Callot, "Noble Lorrain," made his pictures of war to show war as it was actually waged; represented the soldier, the real fighting man, as he knew him, without fear or favor. In his scenes of battle and beleaguerment his intelligent understanding of military science does not detract from but enhances the true artistic feeling in



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The Siege of Constantine.

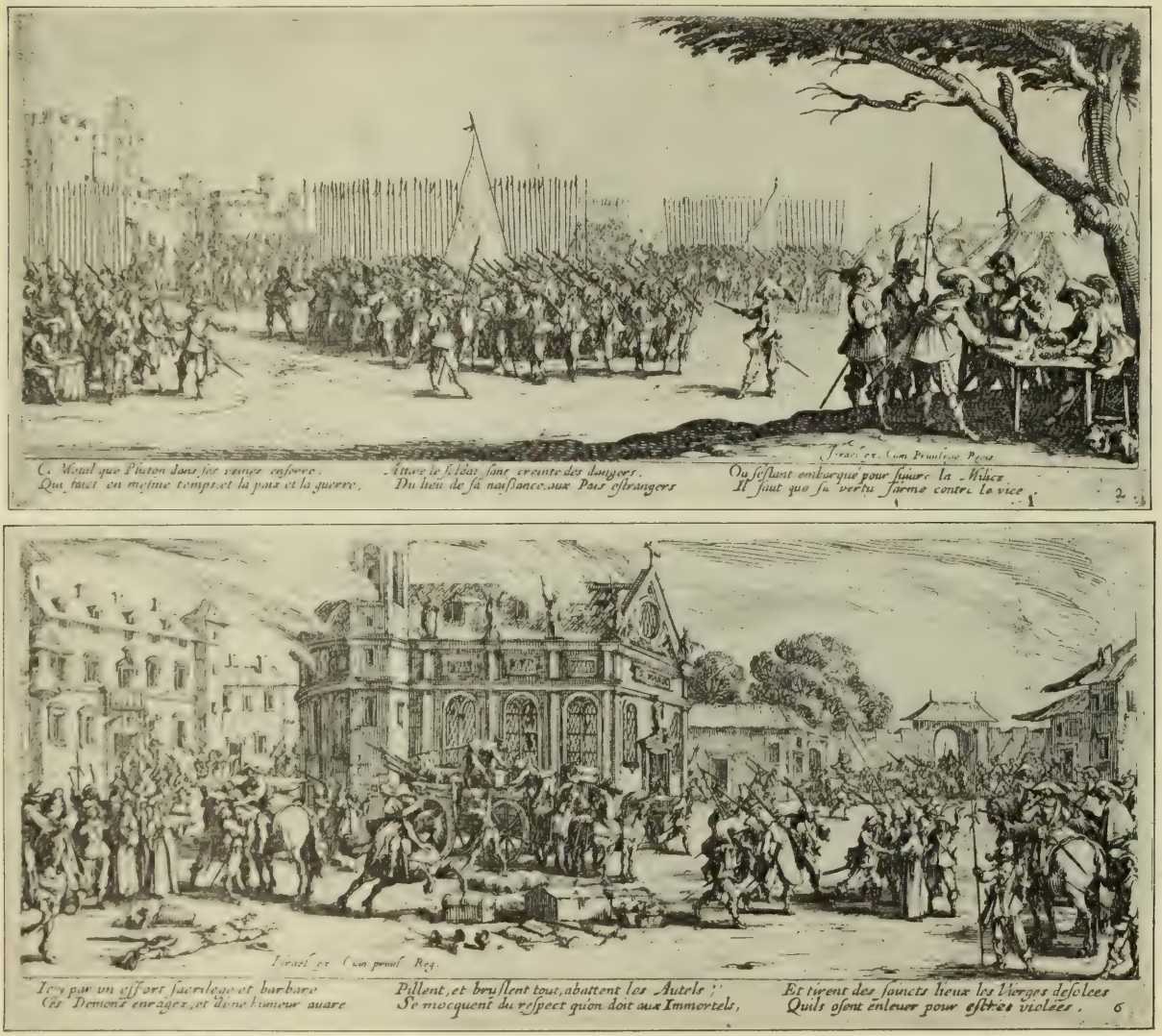
From the painting by Horace Vernet.

which they are conceived. Callot's series of plates on the horrors of war—*Les Misères et Malheurs de la Guerre*—handle the subject without gloves. All the brutality and cruelty of armed strife; the savage excesses of conquering soldiery—incendiarism, plunder, torture of victims, rape, and abduction—are portrayed with unrestrained candor; in sarcastic contrast one plate shows the orderly parade and muster of troops and the hiring of mercenaries, another the distribution of honors and decorations to the gallant victors!

The height of the glamour of the war picture, the pictural exaltation of the royal or imperial soldier, is reached in the galleries of the palace of Versailles. On huge canvases the monarch is shown—Louis XIV, Napoleon, what-not—surrounded by officers in brilliant parade uniforms, no anachronism, for the soldier of those days, and indeed in Europe of a much later period, fought his battles in much of the full-dress panoply of war. Always the most conspicuous figure, either by majesty and dignity of mien and gesture and the magnificence of his dress, or, in contrast, by the simplicity of his uniform, the great personage, the star actor in the drama, occupies the centre of the stage, as it were, boldly standing out against the background of a drop-scene of battle. The influence of classical ideals is seen in bat-

tle pictures as in other works of art, where the subjects are of a different nature. In purely fanciful scenes of battle, studio dreams of artists who know nothing of the truth of war or of its phases, save such as, like children, they draw from their imagination, the absurdities shown may be condoned, particularly where strong decorative and color sense prevails. But many of the painters of the Versailles pictures—Van der Meulen, J. B. Martin (*Martin des battailles*), Gros, not to mention others—had accompanied armies in the field; had been with troops in active service and must have been familiar with all sides of military life in war, yet they draw their heroes in Greek vase attitudes, which no flesh-and-blood soldier ever could have taken even before the day when the smoke of "villainous saltpetre" first drifted across the field of battle.

However, a gradual reaction was to come; to attempt to convey to the beholder the impression of the real drama was to be the function of the war painter, the impelling motive of the picture he produced. In Horace Vernet's canvases one sees the beginning of the change from the bonds of classicism to a more free expression of the facts of military life. Technically hard and dry as Vernet's work may perhaps be considered by some, yet his pictures bear the mark of sincerity in representation and in the study, close at hand, of his subject. He had served France with distinction in the ranks of her defenders in the last days of the empire; he knew the soldier of his time and saw war from the standpoint of the rank



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Reproductions from the series of engravings depicting the Miseries of War.

"*Les Misères et Malheurs de la Guerre*," by Jacques Callot.



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The Passage of the Rhine, June 12, 1672.

From the painting by A. Meulen.

and file of armies; his pictures and those of his contemporaries—Raffet, for instance, who presents lithograph drawings of war scenes, of the shock of masses of troops in battle, of character studies of individual soldiers which are marvellous in spirit and action—blazing the way, as mêlée of battle he produced but few—indeed, as I write I cannot recall any—where the carnage of war is prominently manifested; but in his pictures of "The Napoleon Cycle" he sees those warful days in the perspective of time illuminated by the light of history, and tries truthfully—



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The Battle of Lawfeld, July 2, 1747.
From the painting by L. Couder.

it were, like axe-marked trees on a forest trail, toward the fidelity of conception and execution of the works of the modern masters of the battle-painter's art.

The cataclysm of war which swept over Europe from the time of the French Revolution to the final fall of the empire furnished fuel in abundance for the fire of the genius of the battle-painter; in the art of all Europe for half a century afterward the conflicts of the nations stimulated the production of numberless canvases. Highly conspicuous among these some of the works of Meissonier stand out from the mass. Of scenes of the actual and I think successfully—to bring to the vision of the present epoch-making episodes of the past. In his "1807," where the cuirassiers of the Emperor rush past him to the charge with the shout of "Vive l'empereur!" the salute of "those who are about to die" in his service, the pride and splendor of war prevail. In his "1814" the Great Emperor, no longer the vanquisher but with the shadow of defeat looming heavily over him, rides along the muddy road at the head of his staff, gazing with gloomy eyes toward the horizon before him, where behind the gray mist of the sky his star is setting.



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Cromwell at Dunbar.

From the painting by A. C. Gow.



The Battle of Bunker Hill.

From the painting by Howard Pyle.



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The Fight for the Colors, Battle of Heilsberg, 1807.

From the painting by Adalbert von Kossak.



"Attention! The Emperor has his eyes upon us."

From a lithograph by Raffet.



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The Return to the Palace Petrowsky, Moscow, Russian Campaign.

From the painting by W. Verestchagin.



Reproduced from the engraving by Jules Jacquet, by courtesy of Kennedy & Co.

"1814."

From the painting by Meissonier.



From the engraving by F. Stapoole.

Quatre Bras, 1815.

From the painting by Elizabeth Thompson.



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Rezonville.

From the painting by Aimé Morot.



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The Fusilier Regiment No. 39 at Gravelotte, August 18, 1870.

From the painting by Emil Hünten.



Reproduced from the photogravure by Goupil & Co.

Le Bourget, October 30, 1870.

From the painting by A. de Neuville.



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The Reconnoissance.

From the painting by Edouard Detaille.



Copyright by Frederic Remington.

General Forsyth's Fight on the Republican River, the Sioux Campaign of 1868–69.

From the painting by Frederic Remington.

Two men, Frenchmen again—Alphonse de Neuville, Edouard Detaille—stand, to my mind, head and shoulders above all other painters of war, not on account of superiority as masters of the painter's art—although both possess technical skill of high order, differing radically in style—but because of the tremendous dramatic force, the splendid quality of imagination, and, above all, the truth with which their pictures present the life and action of war. Of the two, Detaille was the painter-historian, analyzing and depicting action and character of friend and foe with philosophical impartiality. No doubt the sway of the genius of his master, Meissonier, is felt in his work, but his passion for detail does not detract from the artistic presentation of his scenes of war. This is certainly the case in his two canvases, "En Retraite" and "La Reconnaissance," pictures, studies if you like, of episodes in the war of 1870. The first-mentioned painting is that of a rear-guard action of artillery covering a retreat at the close of a winter day. "La Reconnaissance" shows the advance of an infantry column into a village from which the enemy's cavalry outposts have just been driven. It is through pictures such as these that Detaille's name will live as a faithful *raconteur*, a great painter of anecdotes of war. They are mentioned here specifically because the artist himself refers to them in a letter to a friend and pupil in which he explains his aims to be: "To take the impression of the diverse circumstances of war; to communicate to the spectator the emotion he would feel if he found himself an actor in a reconnoissance, a retreat, or an alarm; to take up again the great characteristic traits of our military epoch; to be, in a word, the synthesis of that which every one has seen or might have seen."

If in the presentation of his war tales Detaille is the historian, De Neuville is the dramatist; he, too, seeks the episode, paints it with passionate imaginative force. The fire of patriotism glows on his canvases: the obscure fighter, the man of the people in the ranks; the devoted, brave regular soldier, trained by experience, who nurses his ammunition to the "Last Cartridge," resists to the last gap, as at "Le Bourget," are the heroes of his stage. France will long honor the memory of these men who, by their work, plucked for her a laurel branch of glory out of the ashes of defeat.

That in the last six or seven decades—say from the Crimean war to the present time—the illustrated press, comprising journals and magazines, notably those of England and America, has had strong influence toward reality—by which I do not mean realism as opposed to the romantic or ideal, but the dealing with actual conditions instead of the fanciful and pretentious—in the portrayal of scenes of war I think there can be no doubt. "Our special artist in the field" was no mythical personage. Often nameless, as far as public recognition was concerned, like the obscure soldier of the armies he followed, whose privations and dangers he shared, if ever man studied war at first hand it was this modest wielder of pen and pencil. "My sketch is very rough, as it was made amid flying sand and earth, and I had to keep dodging pretty briskly," writes one unnamed artist-correspondent of the *Illustrated London News*, sending back his drawing from the front of Sebastopol. In another unsigned sketch of the same period "our artist" appears riding merrily along with the staff of Marshal Canrobert during an attack on the Russian lines. He was bound to get recognition of a sort, that chap, even if it had to be secured anonymously. It was not long, however, before the work of these men won well-deserved prestige for the individual; many of them gained reputation and honor. Early in the Crimean war we find "our special artist, Mr. Simpson," mentioned in the *Illustrated London News*. W. Simpson, as his drawings are signed, was one of the pioneers, if not *the* pioneer, of the war illustrators of the press, and for many years every war of any importance was recorded by his pencil. He used his pen with ability also, and the comments and stories accompanying his illustrations make interesting reading. In fact, this is the case with many artist-correspondents—Frederic Villiers, Frank Millet, Remington, and a score of others. Most men who have learned how to see can describe what they see in more ways than one. Frederic Villiers is a veteran still in active service, so to speak. He has seen more war and come out of it unscathed, "by the skin

of his teeth," than most soldiers. I understand he is "at the front" somewhere even now. No doubt he is suffering from the restraints put upon all of his guild in the terrible war now waging in Europe, but if by any legitimate or proper means he can get to the firing-line, he will be there, and in the thick of the mess, too! In gathering his material the seasoned war artist, like his brother the correspondent, takes his life in his hand as a matter of course. The only time I ever met Seppings-Wright, another veteran Englishman, was in a skirmish—a trifling affair; nobody hurt on our side, but warm enough for a few minutes—off the Cuban coast, where the United States ship *New York* exchanged shots with a force of Spaniards on the shore. Going on deck at the alarm, I saw a civilian, a stranger, seated on the anchor shaft forward, scratching away on a pad, apparently as oblivious of the zipping of Mauser bullets in the air about him as he would have been at the buzzing of so many flies. It was Seppings-Wright. How and when he came aboard I do not remember, but within a few minutes after the firing he was below in the cabin of the admiral, Sampson, of whom he had asked the privilege of making a sketch. That evening Wright put off on a torpedo-boat in an attempt to get in touch with the insurgents. I never saw him again.

While many of the pictorial representations of battle in the illustrated press during our Civil War were born of the fancy of hack draughtsmen of no particular talent and with little knowledge of the actualities of war they were supposed to represent, by far the greater part of them were based on the field work of artists with the armies. In the collection of the New York Public Library there are numerous original sketches, some of them rough and hurried, some carefully studied, by William Waud, Arthur Lumly, and others which are most interesting, not from their artistic quality but as pictured observations of events in the conflict between the States, made literally on the spot. Unfortunately, in their rendition by other hands, through crude, hastily made wood-cuts, but little of their spirit was left. Considering the magnitude of the Civil War and the unquestionably picturesque quality of its episodes, the result in pictures, that is to say, in important paintings, was not great. The time was not yet ripe in American art, although Julian Scott, himself a soldier, made some conscientiously studied pictures of the scenes he had witnessed. Unfortunately, they were generally painted with some medium which in time so darkened their surfaces as practically to destroy them. Winslow Homer, who followed the Federal armies as "special artist" for *Harper's Weekly*, afterward produced some admirable genre pictures of the war, but his genius led him to other ways. Here and there throughout the country sporadic efforts to perpetuate the prowess of American soldiers have been made; in the governor's reception-room of the capitol at Saint Paul there are four panels in commemoration of the battles of Minnesota troops painted by Frank Millet, Howard Pyle, Douglas Volk, and myself. The bulk of the pictured incidents of the war between the States have been produced in the form of illustrations, as in the etchings by Forbes and Thulstrup's carefully studied plates in color of battles of the Civil War. It was in the field of illustration that Frederic Remington and other painters of American military life of a later date first made their mark.

The maker of war pictures is first and always an illustrator; in fact, all great pictures are illustrative of something, have some motive or thought in their conception beyond the aim to decorate or the display only of artistic skill or beauty. I do not think there is much beauty in the canvases of the Russian painter Verestchagin, but no one can deny the strength and power of his merciless handling of the savage and unhappy side of war. Like that of the artist of the press, his work deals in actualities. He saw only the seamy side of war, represented it with a brutality akin to that of war itself. It is said that when his pictures were exhibited in Berlin—in 1882, I think, but time and date do not matter—the old Kaiser objected to the attendance of the exhibition by his soldiers because the artist represented war as "disgusting, not honorable." Like the artist of the press, Verestchagin lived in war to study war, perishing on the bridge of the *Petropavlosk* off Port Arthur, "an old man with a white beard," as he is described by one of the few men of the crew who survived the

disaster. Frederic Remington was an admirer of Verestchagin, but was too original in his own way to betray much feeling of influence of the Russian's work.

In the dreadful catastrophe overwhelming Europe war is war, now as it has always been. Those making it are governed by the same passions as in ages past—the circumstances, conditions, and tools of war are different, that is all. Patriotism and treason, courage and cowardice, self-sacrifice and ambition, love and hatred stand in the same contrast, give the same story and picture of human passion and emotion as in the past. I have spoken of the tendency toward reality in the modern war picture. The real may have romance in it; what men really do and dare and suffer may be instigated by ideals, by sentiment. In war all this may be found.

IN WAR TIMES

BY MARY KING WADDINGTON



DÉPARTEMENT
DE LA SARTHE

ARRONDISSEMENT
DE MAMERS

CANTON
De La Fresnaye-sur-Chédouet

MAIRIE
DES AULNEAUX

OBJET

Les Aulneaux, le ..... *1914.*

Dimanche 6 Septembre

I LEAVE the mairie paper, dear; by that you may see where we are. It all seems an awful dream. The sudden decision to leave Paris (I don't know now if we did right), and the long tiring journey; the emotion at meeting soldiers all along the route—these going to the front, cheering and laughing, promising German bullets and sword-belts to the women who crowded around the trains; the young recruits, just twenty, of the class of this year called out, some of them looking mere children—they too gay, with one or two exceptions—but I must begin at the beginning.

H——* did not want to leave Paris—dreaded the journey, and is convinced the Germans will never get into Paris (and I think she is right), nor ever near enough to make life difficult; however, all our friends were going. Every day we saw the official order that after Friday no one could leave Paris by auto, nor perhaps by train. Henry Outrey, who is working with one of the generals in Paris and also at the Rouge Croix, advised us to leave when we could; he would arrange for tickets, places, etc.

I can't say our lives had changed very much since the declaration of war. The market was just as good; we could get everything we wanted and no dearer than in ordinary times, in fact, fruit and certain vegetables cheaper, as the "maraîchers" (market-gardeners) wanted to sell at any price. We had made no extra provisions. The street was gloomy at nights; no more lights, and hardly any one in the houses, we the only people left in ours. It was rather sad looking down from our balcony on the perfectly dark street—empty—no sounds of life. I haven't heard a laugh for weeks, and it was a relief to hear the hoofs of the horses of the cavalry patrol which passes every night in the rue François Ier. I went on Wednesday to ask Ambassador Herrick for a pass for a friend of mine, M. M——, who wanted to get his auto out of Paris, and he advised us to go to the Invalides, where the military governor of Paris lives, and show his card. M—— came for me and

* Madame Waddington's sister.

it was most interesting to see the Esplanade des Invalides; at one end rows of autos drawn up which are being requisitioned for the army, quantities of officers in every direction looking very busy, but perfectly cheerful, notwithstanding the reports that we had heard in the morning that the Pontoise bridge was blown up by the Germans, and the Sèvres bridge by the French.

We waited some time in spite of the ambassador's letter and my Red Cross badge, but were finally received by the officer in charge. We explained that we wished to go out of Paris that afternoon in the auto. "In what direction, madame?" "Chartres." "Then go as quickly as possible." "You really think that?" "I have no doubt of it and beg you will go at once."

M. M—— had already made his arrangements to leave. He had chartered two drays of one horse each for himself and his family (they were four) and his luggage, from which he would not separate himself, as he was going to America and hoped to get down to the coast eventually. He wanted us to take his auto, but it had not been going very well lately. He had a new chauffeur whom he knew nothing about. I didn't dare venture, we three women alone, H—— hardly walking; so, most reluctantly, they started without us. We decided to leave Friday at 2 o'clock by special train for this place, stopping the night at Conches or Laigle. We had no baggage, only what we could carry. H—— was very plucky—didn't want to leave Paris—but I was nervous. I went out to our *ouvroir* late Thursday afternoon to give certain last instructions to the woman Mrs. M—— and I left in charge, telling her to send the garments which were already made to one or two ambulances where we had promised them and left her some money to go on with the work. After dinner I went to the embassy to say good-by to the Herricks in case they should leave before we got back. There were a good many people there coming and going. Mr. Bacon just arrived to give us what help he can in our dark days. Mr. Warren remains too, having sent his wife and children home. The Americans have all been so sympathetic to France since the war began. It must be a most disagreeable surprise for the Kaiser, one of the many, I think, that are in store for him. Mr. Herrick is wonderful, quite cool, thinking of everybody, and not sparing himself in the least, working as hard and as late as any of his secretaries. Neither French nor Americans will ever forget what he has done here, and, of course, his remaining in Paris has reassured people very much.

We started Friday at 12 o'clock from the house (the train started at 2.15 from the Gare St. Lazare). Henry came to take us to the station, and I really think our bags and valises were very creditable for ladies accustomed to travel with everything they wanted. We took as little as possible, but, of course, had to provide for the possibility of never seeing our trunks again. They—two small ones—were sent by Grande Vitesse, with Red Cross labels, as all Red Cross baggage goes first. The Gare St. Lazare was a curiosity, crowded with people, quantities of children, and the most remarkable collection of bags, bundles, and household goods possible. We found already six people in our carriage and a child. Marie was obliged to take a place in a second-class carriage (she had a first-class ticket) to be near us. It is a long pull down the platform to the train. H—— was very nervous, but got along pretty well, sitting down whenever she could. We hoped to get to Laigle or Conches about 7 o'clock but telegraphed for rooms at both places. Henry recommended us warmly to the people who were already in the carriage. There were two parties—father, mother, and son going to Brittany, and a young mother, child, and two grandparents bound for Houlgate.

We started at 2.15, having been in the train since 12.30, and remained in it till 8 the next morning. It was an awful journey. We changed our direction many times, backing, turning (at one time we went back nearly to Versailles), and waiting at the stations to let pass the military trains. We met a great many—sometimes soldiers going to the front, sometimes wounded, and always refugees at all the stations, and we stopped at every one. There were crowds of people sitting on their valises, or on the floor, clamoring for seats. I was afraid we would have many

more people standing (all the seats were taken) in our compartment, but we managed to keep them out. At Mantes we crossed a train of English troops, and very well and fresh and young they looked in their khakis. They fraternized instantly with the French soldiers, and ran across the track to speak to us. I asked them where they came from: from the frontier, on their way to Rouen for provisions and ammunition. There were great cheers and waving of caps and handkerchiefs when the train started. As the evening went on it became most evident that we could not get to Conches or Laigle at any possible hour, and we all made up our minds that we must stay the night in the train. The chefs de gare looked anxious and overworked wherever we stopped, but were perfectly good-humored, as was everybody, answering civilly and as well as they could to all the questions. All the gares were occupied by soldiers, and the line guarded. We got to Dreux about 1 in the morning, and backed and stopped and were shunted for more than an hour. Some distracted English pursued the chef de gare with questions. "Monsieur, quand arriverons-nous à Caen?" "Ah, madame, si vous pouviez me le dire!" They told us the town was full of people, no room anywhere, people sleeping in the gare and outside on the platforms. The station was as animated as if it were 1 o'clock in the afternoon. Everybody got out, even the twenty-months-old baby, who played about and was wide-awake and perfectly good. Happily it was a beautiful, warm summer night, with a full golden September moon, the harvest moon. That makes me think of one of the numerous prophecies which encourage the people in these awful days:

"Les hommes commenceront la moisson, les femmes la finiront; les femmes commenceront les vendanges, les hommes les finiront." ("The men will begin the harvest, the women will finish it; the women will begin the vintage, the men will finish it.")

They are getting in the harvest quickly. All along the route women and children are working in the fields. The weather is so beautiful, warm and dry and bright, that they can work long hours and not have too much time to think of the mournings that surely are coming to some of them.

We got through our night well. The baby was perfectly good, slept all night in its grandmother's arms. She could hardly move her arm in the morning. The poor woman was so warmly dressed she was most uncomfortable. Like all the rest of us, she too had started suddenly and could take no baggage, so she had two extra petticoats and another cloth skirt under her ordinary dress and petticoat; she said the weight was awful. Everybody shared whatever she had, water, biscuits, chocolate, but none of us were hungry. At Evreux, where we waited a long time, a train went off with soldiers to the front, all singing the "Marseillaise," and laughing and cheering. Some of the Red Cross nurses were on the quai, but there were no wounded while we were there. They told us a train of wounded had passed in the night. H—— was as plucky as possible; I was worried to death about her. She is kept so carefully and watched over so at home that I didn't see how she could stand all those hours sitting bolt upright in the carriage, but she did, and is none the worse for it.

We got to Laigle at 9 Saturday morning; walked over to the hotel opposite the gare and got a nice clean room with hot water, where we could arrange ourselves a little. We had very good café au lait and pain de ménage on the terrace, with soldiers, refugees, and people leaving Paris. Everybody talked to everybody, but no one knew any more of the war than we did. We left H—— sitting on a very hard stone bench with her knitting, and Marie and I went for a stroll. It is a pretty little town with a fine market-place, and a modern château standing in a wood at the top. In the eleventh century there was a fine château-fort built by the first Marquis de Laigle, which was destroyed by the English in 1419. This one is built on the site of the old one. The park has been cut up, but some of the old trees remain and are splendid, and we had charming glimpses of the river in the distance. There are handsome, colored-glass windows in the church of St. Martin. We didn't see many soldiers, though they told us they had four hundred to five hun-

dred wounded, but we met many Belgian refugees, looking so sad and weary, with a pathetic, half-dazed expression in their blue eyes. They try to give both men and women work in the fields.

While we were at the gare after breakfast, trying to get some information about our train, we heard the drum, the "générale," which means something serious. In an instant the little place was black with people. All one's nerves are on edge, and we saw instantly bands of Uhlans in the distance. However, the announcement was not tragic, though significant: "Défense de porter le pain dans la ville." ("Carrying bread in the city forbidden.") It tells that one is put upon war rations and everybody must go and get his bread, which, in the big cities, means standing for hours in the crowd at the baker's door.

We started at 4 for Mortague, where, in ordinary times, one arrives in two hours, but we only got there at 8. We were told we could get good accommodation there for the night. Again a great crowd at the station—whole families of women and children, and travellers sitting on their bags; military trains and long provision and forage trains passing in rapid succession, everything making way for them. It is curious to travel when the country is under martial law. Most of the employees of the railways are with the army, their places taken by soldiers who guard the stations. We had a number of young recruits on board—the class of 1914, which, properly, should only have been called to the colors this October. At all the stations we picked up others, their fathers and mothers and families generally coming to wish them good-by and good luck, all the boys as gay and lively as if they were going off to a country fair; all manner of jokes about "Guillaume" and promises to bring back buttons and cartouches from Germany. One young fellow came into our compartment. He looked refined and delicate (I shouldn't think he could stand much hard work), of good birth and manners, and evidently didn't care for the rough jokes of his companions. He told us he was just twenty, a Parisian, only child of his parents, had nine first cousins in the war. One saw he was accustomed to the good things of the world. He made a very good meal from a nice basket he had with him, winding up with bonbons and a large piece of cake. He helped us to take down our bags when we arrived at Mortague and looked perfectly miserable when we shook hands and hoped he would get along all right. Poor child! I am sure he cried a little when he was alone in the carriage. If we think twenty is young, what must the German mothers feel whose sons are called out at sixteen?

There were just the same scenes when we arrived at Mortague—people everywhere, not a room to be had at any hotel or any house in the town. I must confess to a moment of profound discouragement when Marie and one of the soldier-porters went off to see what they could find. H—— and I remained at the station, she seated on a baggage-truck in the middle of the bags. We waited some time, nobody reappearing, and I saw the moment when I must ask the chef de gare to let us sleep in a first-class carriage in the station. When they finally came back, Marie and the two men, they said there was nothing to be had in the town, but the men knew a lady—une brave dame—who kept a small pension for the railway employees; they thought she could take us in, but it was at a little distance from the town.

Then came the difficulty of transporting H——. There were no carriages of any kind; she couldn't walk. It was late, 9.30; perfectly dark; a "petit bout de chemin" might mean anything, from one kilometre to three. However, somebody had a brilliant idea. The men said they would get another porter who would carry our baggage, and they would wheel H—— on the truck. She didn't like it much, poor dear, but they promised to go carefully, so we started, one porter in front, carrying a lantern, another alongside with all our bags, the third wheeling the truck, Marie and I on each side, so that H—— couldn't fall off. It was a wonderful procession. We crossed the track, followed the road for a short time, and then began to go down a steep, rough path, the man asking both me and Marie to hold the truck back. It was such a ridiculous plight that we couldn't take it tragically, but I was thankful when we stopped.

At the end of the path we came to a

garden and a nice house with open windows and lights which looked friendly. A nice-looking, gray-haired woman, attired in a black-and-white dressing-gown, opened the door and showed us into a small room where a man was supping. She said she could only give us one little room, as her best one was given to two wounded soldiers she had taken in, but she would give us two clean beds and find something—a mattress on the floor perhaps—for the maid, and would give us something to eat. We had a good omelet, bread and butter and cider, and talked to the man, who was an inspector of telegraphs. The poor old lady was very worried at the very little she could give us, but Marie reassured her, and after hearing a great noise of moving furniture over our heads she reappeared with nice clean linen sheets and Marie went up-stairs with her to help make the beds. We consulted the porter who wheeled H—— down about the way of getting to Le Mêle the next day (one train was at 4.30 in the morning, another at 9 at night, arriving Heaven knows when). He advised taking an auto; knew the patron of one very well; would go at once and ask him if he would take us direct to Les Aulneaux, and would come back with the answer. He returned before we went up-stairs, saying the man would come for us the next morning at 10 o'clock.

I was so tired I was asleep, sitting up in a straight-backed chair. H—— and I had a very nice clean room, a lovely garden smell coming in from the open window, and not a sound except trains moving all night. We slept perfectly well. Marie had a mattress on two chairs in the corridor just outside our room, with her dog, a wise little fox-terrier, to take care of her. I was up early and had very good café au lait, a fresh egg and bread and butter, and talked a little to the man of the telegraph, who was most hopeful about the war—said wherever he went in any class, there was the same spirit of dogged resistance to the Germans; they would fight to the last man and woman.

When he had gone the old lady appeared with many apologies for the poor accommodation she had given us; she would like to present her two "blessés" to us, so as soon as H—— appeared she brought them—two fine, good-looking young fellows, "fantassins" (infantry), about twenty-six and thirty. One married just six months ago. They had been wounded in the Ardennes, not very badly, each in the arm, and were dying to go back. The younger one can soon go; the other's case was more serious. They had just come from the hospital at Rheims (which is near Mareuil), as the hospital had been evacuated. We asked them if they had plenty to eat when they were fighting. They said always plenty and very good, and wherever they passed on their way back everybody was good to them, bringing them wine, cigarettes, flowers. They told us a funny story about one of their comrades here, in one of the Algerian regiments. He appeared after the fight slightly wounded, but with a very good bicycle, explaining in his funny French: "Moi tué quatre Prussiens, puis pris bicyclette." He was in great request with his bicyclette as he got better. He had been wounded in the head; "petit chose" he said, but was able to go about the country and do errands. I walked about the garden while we were waiting for the auto, and when I saw by daylight the steep, stony path we had taken last night I really wondered how H—— and her truck ever got down and how she ever stayed on it.

The auto with the patron himself driving came at 10 o'clock and we went first to the town to lay in some provisions. Fernande had not answered any of her mother's letters, and this is such an out-of-the-way place that it would not have been safe to arrive without certain precautions. The main street was full of soldiers; there are six hundred, wounded and walking about with arms in slings and bandaged legs and heads, all most cheerful. We met the two of our house, who waved to us in the most friendly fashion. We had a charming drive, about an hour to this little place, through lovely country—all green fields, hedges, and fine trees; few villages, almost all farms and grazing country—cows, horses, and colts in the fields. We arrived about 11.30 just as the congregation was coming out of church, and you can imagine the sensation we made in the auto, crammed with bags and parcels of every description. Fernande was

quite bewildered, as she had received none of her mother's letters, and three extra people in a small house is a serious thing.

Monday, 7th September.

It is an enchanting summer day. We all seem living in a dream. Fernande is the daughter of H——'s Marie, who has been with her for over nineteen years. She is a schoolmistress here and is adjointe to the maire, and lives in the mairie. It is a very nice house, with three big rooms, a courtyard, and a garden, and a high airy class-room which we use as a salon. All day yesterday they were arranging two rooms for us. Everybody in the village, from the curé, who lent a fauteuil, to the mayor, who lent a bed, contributing something. A farmer's wife brought a bottle of fresh milk, and everybody gave a helping hand. Fernande went to the nearest big town, Mamers, yesterday with a long list—two straw armchairs, portmanteaux to hang up our skirts and hats (if ever we see our trunks again and have anything to hang up), and some stuff to cover tables (boxes! standing up on one end), etc. In all my experiences, which have been many and varied, I have never lived before in two rooms in a mairie, but I think we shall be perfectly comfortable and so quiet. There isn't a sound, except the angelus which rings twice a day, and makes us stop for a moment in what we are doing to think and pray for all our men in the thick of the fight.

Wednesday, 9th September.

It is a most primitive little hamlet, about fourteen houses, a church, mairie, and schoolhouse, one shop, just off the highroad to Mamers, the big town of the neighborhood about ten kilometres away, almost hidden on the great stretches of fields and orchards which open out in all directions. It is a great grazing country; there are plenty of cows, horses, and long-legged colts in all the fields, and even the smallest farmer has eight or ten beasts. They sell the horses very well—one thousand five hundred or two thousand francs, which makes them a very good income, independent of what the farm brings. Now, of course, there are no men anywhere. The women and old men do all the work.

I went to see the curé this afternoon. He has a nice house with a big garden and orchard next the church. He opened the door for me and asked me to come in—into the kitchen, where a bright wood fire was burning and a nice-looking woman sitting sewing at the window, whom he introduced as his aunt. He is tall, slight, a gentleman in manner; had on an old soutane, with a blue gardener's apron over it. He excused himself for receiving me in such dress but he was working in his garden. I sat there about ten minutes telling him all I knew, which wasn't much, but my news from Paris was more recent than anything he had heard. I asked him if I might play on the harmonium; he said as much as I liked, but he was afraid a "Parisienne" would not find it very good. It had been seventeen years in the church and a good deal knocked about by people who did not know how to use it. I thanked him for the fauteuil, and he asked me if I would like to have a sofa; he had one in his salon, which we went to see, but I don't think I shall indulge in such a luxury as a red-velvet sofa in my room. Another time he will show me his house and garden and orchard. The house looks large and roomy. It seems he has four very good rooms up-stairs which he would let, but there is no furniture; we would have to hire it from Mamers, which wouldn't be worth while if we only stay to the end of the month, which I hope. Besides, we should be less free staying at the Presbytère. Here we are perfectly comfortable with three women to look after us—Marie, Fernande, and a cousin from Belfort—an "Inspectrice d'Ecoles," such a nice woman, obliged to leave Belfort, which was threatened at one time—her husband with the army. However, I don't think the Germans will tackle Belfort this time. They know quite well how strongly it is fortified, and they need all their troops to stand the desperate resistance they will meet before Paris. We talked a little, of course, of the state of France and how this awful war had been sprung upon her, the curé saying she deserved it as a chastisement for the wickedness and immorality of the country. I didn't pursue that conversation, as it seems hard to visit the iniquities of the big towns which have always existed upon the thousands of brave,

honest men, good husbands and fathers, leaving all they have in the world and fighting bravely and cheerfully for their country.

Friday, September 11th.

We are settling down to our life in this quiet little corner of France. If only we had more communication with Paris and the rest of France. I get a walk every morning and already know all the village. I stopped to talk to a nice-looking girl the other day who had a baby in her arms, its father, her brother, at the front. She invited me to come in and I found a nice, clean peasant's house; her father and mother very respectable, speaking quite intelligibly. Sometimes their French—not exactly a patois, but with a curious accent—is hard to understand. They knew all about us; had seen us arrive at the schoolhouse in the automobile, and were most curious for news from Paris. They offered me a drink—wine, milk, or cider—but I excused myself on the plea of its being early in the morning. The country is lovely, like walking through an English park; no fences anywhere; green banks, high hedges, and splendid pasture fields. I don't see much cultivation; I fancy horses and farm products are the principal resources. H—— and I go every day about 6 o'clock to the church, which we have to ourselves, and have arranged a little service. I play and sing some hymns or bits of Beethoven. The harmonium isn't bad, only I have so little the habit of playing an organ that I forget the pedals sometimes, and then the music stops with a sort of wheeze. I always finish with the evening hymn: "Sun of My Soul, Thou Saviour Dear," "God Save the King," and the Russian hymn. I don't dare play the "Marseillaise" in the church. It would upset the curé dreadfully, and yet it is too bad not to play sometimes for our soldiers. The next time any one goes to Mamers I will ask them to bring me back the famous marche of "Sambre et Meuse," which our troops love to march to.

We had a good mail this morning: letters a little old, and papers the second day from Paris; also a telegram from Charlotte, from Cherbourg, where she has joined Francis.* She is trying to find a small house there—says the boys are highly excited seeing their father in uniform. The war news is good, the Germans retreating. For the moment they seem to have given up their march on Paris; I wonder why.

Sunday, 13th September.

Yesterday was rather a wild day, raining and blowing. However, I got out between the showers. Still nothing of our trunks which were sent off two days after us (just a week ago). We manage pretty well. Our next-door neighbor washes our linen and our serge dresses hold out. We each had an extra blouse in our bags. We hear all sorts of reports. In a letter to-day from Anne Morgan, written from her convent in England, she says: "The great event in our quiet lives has been the passing of the Cosaques at our little station at Norton bridge. I am sorry I could not go and see them; all the countryside was much excited." They are a wild lot, particularly the red Cosaques. They are dressed in red, have long red lances, and ride small, red bay horses. We saw them in Moscow at the coronation of Alexander III. They patrolled the streets to keep the crowd back—such a patient, long-suffering crowd. Sometimes they backed their horses vigorously into the mass of people; no one seemed to mind; the ranks thinned out a little but formed again instantly. Sometimes they charged down the street full gallop, brandishing their lances and yelling in the most awful way. Even in times of peace it was enough to strike terror into the stoutest heart. The Russians seem to have annihilated the Austrians, who certainly have not proved themselves a very formidable foe. I don't think they will find it so easy with the Germans, who will certainly make a desperate resistance before Berlin. For some reason we don't know, the Germans are not advancing on Paris and are retreating steadily toward the southeast—sixty kilometres—pursued by the French and English, who have taken cannon and prisoners. The fighting must have been awful, day after day, and even the very meagre official reports say there were great losses on both sides. It is heartbreaking to think of the mournings there will be in France when the lists are pub-

* Madame Waddington's son.

lished. A whole generation in the flower of their strength and youth cut down on account of one man's wicked ambition.

The mayor, who comes to see us every night, brought a report yesterday that two of the Emperor's sons were terribly wounded and the Empress gone out of her mind. If it is true, as many people say, that *she* wanted the war and arranged it all with the crown prince while the Emperor was cruising, her punishment has come quickly.

This morning I went to church, a simple country service; more men than I expected to see. The melodeon was played by a small boy with one finger, but he did sound the notes. The "chantre," having gone to the war, was replaced by an elderly gentleman who did his best, but wasn't always of the same key as the instrument. Then the curé intervened and brought him back to the right note. The congregation looked respectable and well-to-do. Fernande says there are no poor in the village. All the little girls had their hair neatly braided in pigtails down their backs, tied with a blue or white ribbon. All the women wear the "coiffe" of the country, a white muslin cap with a very full crown falling low at the back of the neck, a bow of muslin on the top. Some of the rich farmers' wives have four or five in their trousseau, which last all their lives and go to their daughters after them. When they are hand-embroidered they are quite expensive. A young woman came to see Marie the other day with a very pretty one which was given to her when she married and which cost seventy-five francs. Marie asked her if she wouldn't like to wear a hat, but she said not at all, and that her husband wouldn't let her. "Une fermière doit porter la coiffe du pays." The girls wear hats but simple ones, not so many flowers and feathers as our girls in Mareuil. Some of the farmers are very rich. One of them married his daughter some time ago and gave her a trousseau, linen sheets and table linen, and beasts, which would have been a fortune in Paris. The wedding festivities went on for a week, all the countryside feasting at the farm. He is said to have spent five thousand francs on the entertainment.

Thursday, 17th September.

We are having beautiful, golden September days, but the evenings are chilly. I walk about in the mornings. All the women come to the doors of their cottages and ask me to come in. It is curious to see no men except very, very old ones, the women doing all the work. Every morning I meet a girl about twelve years old mounted astride on a big farm-horse, a little later she appears on another, evidently takes the horses to the field, which the women plough. It is only in the country that one realizes the war and the difficulty of transport and provisions. The farmers are afraid even their poor old horses will be taken away; all the best ones have already gone.

Our trunks have arrived and we are more comfortable. Until they came we didn't like to go out in the rain, as, if we got our skirts wet, we had nothing to change. We are rather short in books. I read so much to H—— that we are very dependent upon books and papers. Fernande has put the "Bibliothèque Scolaire" at our disposition, and that may keep us on a little. I have found a history of France by Lavisse, much abridged and simplified. Still it will put the main facts back in our heads and I shall be able to answer the boys' questions when we all of us get back to Paris again. I was very embarrassed when they were beginning their Bible history to find how little I remembered about the misfortunes of Tobit and various Kings of Judah. There is also in the library a translation of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and the "Last of the Mohicans," so you see we are not very modern in this quiet little corner of France. The happy days in Mareuil seem so far off. We have had such beautiful September days there, the men shooting partridges all day, we women joining them at tea-time in the keeper's cottage, and the lovely walk home across the fields, the soft evening light making everything a picture—a peasant woman crossing the field, her baby tied in a red shawl on the back, the man ploughing, his white oxen standing out against the sky-line, and always in the distance the purple line of the Villers-Cotterets forest.

In a letter from Tours from Madame Sallandroye received this morning she

spoke of the constant passage of wounded soldiers, both French and English, at the station. All the ladies take them fruit, wine, cigarettes, and above all postcards. Both Renée and Madeleine speak English well and they say the poor men were so grateful to have postcards sent to their families. One young fellow said most respectfully to Madeleine: "Might I kiss you, mademoiselle?" She instantly gave him her cheek. One regiment had been to Laferté-Milon and Mareuil the night of the 31st (the day Charlotte and her family left) pursuing German cavalry who also passed through. As the Germans were retreating they probably didn't have time to stop and pillage or burn our house; however, we know nothing. Francis may have some news perhaps but his letters are very rare, postal communication is very long, and the soldiers are forbidden to give any details about anything.

Sunday, 20th September.

We get through our days as well as we can, but it is terrible to have so little news. They are fighting hard over all parts of the country—Germans perfect barbarians, burning, pillaging, shooting perfectly innocent people. There will be a fearful reckoning when the time comes. At church this morning the curé read us the bishop's letter announcing the election of the new Pope, Benoit XV, and ending with the prayer that he might be the means of restoring peace among nations. The service is the most primitive I have ever seen. The poor little boy who plays the harmonium with one finger got nervous this morning, lost his place completely. Every one waited—the curé turning round, saying, "Try the Alleluia," but no sound was forthcoming. The curé and the chantre had it all their own way—and a very curious "plein chant" it was. The chantre also made the "quête." He had neither plate nor bag—held out his hand and every one put the offering in the hollow of the palm.

It has been a beautiful day, a gorgeous sunset, but the evenings are decidedly chilly. I am getting a little nervous about staying much longer with H——. If it begins to rain or we have a series of foggy days—already a mist rises in the fields after sunset—this little house would be very damp—besides, I seem to get more news, such as it is, in Paris. Little things always leak out, and the few diplomatists who are left keep us well informed.

Monday, 21st September.

To-day Marie and I made an excursion to Mamers, the nearest big town, where there is a Sous-Prefecture, big hospital, and famous market. Monsieur le Maire drove us in his dog-cart, a most primitive little country equipage, with very high, broad wheels, and rather narrow seats. However, it was only twelve kilometres and he had a good little mare (just over two years old, too young to be requisitioned—all his good farm-horses being taken). He took us along at a fair rate. We picked up a friend, a nice-looking peasant woman, on the road; she was trudging along to market carrying a heavy basket in each hand—eggs in one, and pots of fresh yellow butter in the other. The route was charming, bordered on each side by high green banks and hedges. We ran for some time along M. d'Allières's property (the man who stood against Caillaux in the last elections), in fact through his property, as he owned the land on each side. We went through fine oak woods, growing very thick, a clearing every now and then giving a beautiful far view over the plains. The mayor is a shrewd little man; talked a great deal; told me all he knew and I told him all I knew (with certain limitations). One of his remarks rather astonished me. We were talking, of course, about the war, and how Germany had been preparing quietly and mobilizing for months, while France, apparently, was quite unprepared. *That*, he remarked, was the fault of our ambassador in Berlin, who ought to have known what was going on—that was what ambassadors were sent to foreign countries for.

Mamers is a pretty little country town, most animated to-day, market-day, and a most tempting market it looked, all the women busy and energetic-looking, so nice with their clean stiff white "coiffes," standing guard over their stalls. I never saw so many eggs and tubs of fresh yellow butter before in my life. There were quantities of soldiers everywhere, one regiment of chasseurs passing through

on their way to the Marne, and some of the wounded walking about with heads and arms bandaged. The hospital is full; if there are any English wounded I will go and see them. We made various purchases and then went on to the gare—quite a walk—to ask about trains and the possibility of getting back to Paris. In the main street, just out of the market I saw an "Infirmière" of the Croix Rouge in uniform. I went to speak to her to ask if there are any English at the hospital. She was rather an attractive-looking woman, a pretty smile and nice blue eyes. She was very civil, said there were no English at this moment but that they were expecting a convoi. She would let me know if I would tell her where I was. I said it wasn't worth while, I was not at Mamers, but at a little village some distance—Les Aulneaux. She said that would make no difference, she could easily send word. I gave my name and we parted. The mayor said to me: "Madame sait à qui elle a parlé?" "Non, pas du tout." "C'est Madame Caillaux, madame." I was rather annoyed. All that affair was so disgraceful. One felt ashamed of being a Frenchwoman. However, the conversation was of the briefest and most impersonal description. It was curious to come upon the lady the one day I was at Mamers. We walked through the Place de la République on our way to the station, a broad, handsome avenue, with fine trees, good houses with gardens at the roadside, and quite an imposing "Sous-Préfecture," with iron gates and good entrance. The station looked deserted—no sign of traffic, but the chef de gare told us that the trains ran regularly twice a day to and from Paris. He advised us to go at night. We would certainly have no trouble about seats, and it would be better to arrive in Paris at 6 or 7 in the morning than at 12:30 or perhaps later at night, so I think we shall do that and leave Sunday. We went back to the market to pick up our bundles and found everybody reading the Paris papers, and half-mad with rage. The Germans have bombarded and reduced to ruins the Cathedral of Rheims; there were explosions of indignation everywhere. Their conduct is inexplicable, to destroy for the pleasure of destroying and putting the whole civilized world against them. One can't imagine Rheims without that splendid old cathedral, so full of beauty and mystery and the old traditions of France—all her history. The mayor and one of his military friends with whom we took coffee before starting back, in a café filled with soldiers and small farmers, were furious, and suggested that we would do well to burn the Cologne Cathedral when our troops get into Germany. One can't quite do that, but one might destroy the Royal Palace in Berlin and a few others of the hideous buildings which adorn the city.

There was no special news from the war zone, but one serious measure—all the men up to forty-eight years old have been called out. Certainly life is made up of contrasts here. As I was jogging along very contentedly with the mayor, talking about the relative merits of oaks, which he knew about, and poplars, which I knew about, as a source of income, I asked myself if it could have been I who drove into the Kremlin in a gala carriage attired in "a white satin gown, all finished off, with a golden crown," as the old song says.

Tuesday, 22nd September.

Another beautiful day. One ought to be so happy merely to live in such weather, and when one thinks of all those who will never see their homes and woods and fields again, it is heartrending. We have had a very good mail to-day, all the papers, of course, full of the bombardment of Rheims, the English and Americans most outspoken. I shouldn't think von Bernstorff's position in America was a very enviable one. I have a nice letter from Charlotte from Octeville, where she has found a nice little farmhouse, very clean, with four rooms, kitchen, sitting-room, and two bedrooms; orchards, big garden—potager—a cow, chickens, and all sorts of vegetables. It is close to the "cantonnement," so that Francis can come to dine and sleep every night. She is so happy, poor child, to be with Francis again. She has also found a nice, strong, country girl to do the cooking and general work. Says the boys are quite well and happy, playing all day in the fields and gardens. She has friends and relations at

Cherbourg—twenty minutes' walk, and curiously enough it was at Cherbourg that she made Francis's acquaintance, when her father, Admiral Sallandreuze, commanded the Atlantic squadron and was stationed at Cherbourg. She and Nanna are going to work regularly at the Cherbourg hospital.

I left off as I heard the "boulangère's corne." She generally has news, and stops at the gate for a little talk. She hadn't any news, but gave her customers a disagreeable piece of information—she must raise her prices, and ask in the future twenty-four sous instead of twenty-three for the long loaf of bread which she supplies. The women protested, but she said her bags of flour had increased in price and diminished in size. She couldn't make both ends meet if she didn't ask more for her bread. She is mistress of the situation, as there is no other baker in the neighborhood. I suppose at the big farms they do make bread, but there would be no way of getting it; the men are all away, and the women too busy to go and get it. Every day women come to the mairie to ask for news of their husbands and sons. One poor young thing with four small children is quite hopeless. Her husband was in all the fighting in Belgium; wrote or sent messages at first; since three weeks she has heard nothing. The nights are beautiful, the sky as blue almost as in the day, and myriads of stars. I wonder what horrors they look down upon.

Wednesday, 23rd September.

To-day Marie and I and the maire have been to the other big town, Le Mêle; just the same lovely country, but more farms and fields than towards Mamers. I should think there was more culture. We passed one big farm where there were quantities of stacks of wheat; the mayor said they had been there for a long time; there was no one to take them in; each man had as much as he could do to work his own farm. A sign of the times was the women carting. We saw certainly three or four heavy carts drawn by two old horses, filled with bags of flour or potatoes, with women walking alongside with their long whips, just like the men. Le Mêle is a pretty little town, the river Sarthe flowing through it. Just at the entrance there is a picturesque old house, now a mill, with courtyard and towers; it had been a château. Usually they did a most flourishing business, the mayor told me, but to-day it was almost deserted—a few old men and boys staggering along with heavy bags on their shoulders. It was market-day and the town was full, but evidently a great many strangers—"des Parisiens," one woman told us. Le Mêle is on the highroad from Paris to Brest, and hundreds of people passed through at the time of the panic (when the Germans were near Paris), on their way to some quiet little place in Brittany. For two days, the patronne of our little hotel told us, two hundred autos a day filled with women, children, and baggage passed through the town. There are no soldiers, no wounded, there now. The only two doctors had gone to the front; no traces of war—a busy little country town. When I went into a shop to ask for a pattern of "caleçon militaire," the woman said to me, seeing my Red Cross badge, "Ah, madame is come to open a hospital." All the women in the shop were making garments for the soldiers, some of them knitting stockings as they walked along the streets. There were several autos with nice-looking people in them standing about. The market was crowded—always the same nice-looking women, so active and alert, standing at their stalls, their arms akimbo, smiling and eager and so intelligent in understanding what one wanted. I always say Frenchwomen of all classes are the best business women in the world. There was just the same tempting array of eggs, cheeses, chickens, and butter as at Mamers, but we get all these from the farms. We wanted some meat, which we only get once a week from the butcher. The great feature was fat little pink pigs, really quite pretty—their long hair, carefully combed, like silk. The mayor told us they were much in demand, cost forty francs apiece. I shall become an expert in farms and woods. I always said I ought to have lived in the country and have managed a model farm. It was really more my vocation than the life I have led in courts and embassies, though that had its charm too.

The poor mayor was rather worried when we got home. He found despatches advising him of the passage of a certain *black* automobile, filled with men dressed

as women, flying at top-speed over the country—spies certainly—who must be arrested. Such extraordinary rumors get about. He was going to communicate with the gendarmes, as he alone—he is a little man—could do nothing. Usually nothing passes—some children, a few carts and wagons, and a great many geese, who are as good as watch-dogs. It seems they hate strangers, fly at the children sometimes, and always cackle and flap their wings when any one passes. They are enormous in this country, as big as swans. It really is a lovely view I have out of my window when I open the shutters wide early in the morning and look straight across the narrow country road to a high green bank and hedge, behind it pear and apple trees loaded with fruit; just around the corner a little white house with a red roof, with a small garden in front, where a red-cheeked, white-haired old woman sits all day in the sun, and invites one in to pick some of her flowers. They make their cider here much more with pears than apples, and very good it is, though very strong; I add a great deal of water.

Friday, 25th September.

Still beautiful, bright days. We sit out all day; take our meals (except dinner) in the garden. Yesterday I went with Marie to one of the famous farms near here. The "fermière" came for us in her little trap—a clean, energetic little woman, dressed like all the peasants in a short black skirt, and wide, blue-and-white check apron, which hid her dress entirely, but no coiffe, her hair very neatly done. She has eight children—seven boys, three at the war, and one girl, and now they do all the farm work themselves, as they can't get any laborers. The court looked very clean and sunny, all the buildings in good order. We saw everything conscientiously. It was amusing when the boys drove in the brood mares (which have just begun to work a little). They let out the colts, who all galloped madly to their mothers. The farm is very well known. They got the second prize for the best-kept farm, and would have had the first, if there hadn't been a bottle of "cornichons" in the dairy, which the judges said was not in its proper place. She gave us milk, cider, everything she had, and we carried home a pot of thick yellow cream.

This afternoon's mail has brought us bad news from Mareuil. I was sure it would come, but it has distressed me very much. One of our friends, M. Pernolet, was "en tournée" in our part of the country and stopped at Mareuil to give us news. This is what he writes: "The 1st of September the English arrived and did a little harm, but they only passed through. Then came the Germans, who stayed eight days. They have entirely demolished the inside of the house, stolen linen, dresses, all the 'batterie de cuisine,' twenty-nine lamps, the silver broken, and spoilt all the furniture. In the 'cabinet' stolen medals, arms, ransacked and thrown about all the papers; all the bedding spoilt; one new automobile taken; an old one left; the outside is intact."

I don't think we could have prevented it. I could not leave Charlotte there alone with her boys to face these savages, and even if I could have left H—— I don't think I could have prevented anything, a woman alone, but it is awful to think of our house ruined and so much of value taken. All my husband's papers were there, locked and padlocked in a case, but that, of course, was easily smashed. I must get back to Paris and then down to Mareuil. I have written to our woman down there who went away with all the rest when they were told to "évacuer," and also to the curé, but I must get there. It would have been a miracle if we had escaped, as our place is directly on the highroad from Meaux to Rheims. We had also a letter from Comtesse Gyldenstolpe (née Norah Plunkett), wife of the Swedish minister, from Bordeaux. She says: "I shall never forget our hurried departure from Paris that night, that endless train, crowded with people of all nationalities, from a small Chinese baby up to the most important ambassador, everybody divided up by countries. I never knew we had so many colleagues before. As we travelled through the night we passed one train militaire after the other, crowds both of soldiers and evident refugees all along the line, so many wounded too. I shall never forget it; everybody so anxious and preoccupied, and at the same time each one asking for his baggage and wondering how he could 'caser' himself

when one got there. The heat too; there are no words to describe what it was; no words either to describe the crowd, soldiers, political people, diplomats, stray foreigners, who really had nothing to do here, and anxious relatives, who wished to be at headquarters to obtain news. . . ."

I think the crowd has diminished a little now, but, of course, as long as the government is at Bordeaux it will always be the great centre. We have been up to the church for the last time, and I went to say good-by to M. le curé. He received me in his salon this time—really quite a nice room, with a red-velvet sofa and armchairs, a bookcase, and a big window opening on a pretty garden. I told him if I had been more familiar with the chants of his church I would have offered to play for him. He said he hadn't dared ask me. He was much interested in all I told him about Mareuil and how our house had been "saccagé." It was a beautiful evening, soft, pink, sunset clouds; the yellow moon just rising over the trees; not a sound in the quiet little place until the evening angelus. I shall miss the bells; they seem to speak of peace and hope.

PARIS, *Monday*, 28th September.

We arrived this morning after a long night in the train, the carriage full. However, we had no adventures. We left Les Aulneaux looking quite charming in the sunshine about 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon. I had sent for a carriage from Mamers for H——, as I was afraid she would appreciate neither the mayor's conveyance nor his conversation, but his trap followed with our luggage and the two women. The drive was charming; our old horse went quite fast enough. The harness was a little casual; the driver got down once or twice to arrange something, finally asked Marie if she had a pair of scissors and a piece of string. She produced both, and he mended whatever was wrong, and we got to Mamers without any adventure. The town was full of soldiers —many wounded, a group of Turcos sitting in the sun. Two of them looked badly, stretched out on couvertures; they couldn't speak—just smiled when we talked to them. These fierce fighters that caused such havoc with the Germans, and are such a wild, formidable enemy, had good simple faces, almost childlike. We stopped at the Hôtel du Cygne on the Place de la République, and sat on the terrace till nearly 9 o'clock, much interested in all that was going on. There was evidently a general or superior officer staying in the house, as orderlies were going and coming all the time with despatches. I asked a nice-looking old colonel if there was any news. "Cela va bien, madame; nous n'avons qu'attendre; nous attendrons." ("All is going well; we have only to wait. We will wait.") The dinner was good, served by women; was entirely military—one long room filled with sous-officiers, the other reserved for the officers and the few passing travellers. There was a great jingle of spurs and sabres when they all trooped in—and a very good-looking lot of officers they were—and then a flow of conversation; all were most cheerful. We had a little table at one end of the room, too far to hear any of the talk, which I was sorry for. Some of them were evidently just from the front, some very smart chasseurs with their light-blue tunics and red trousers, which showed distinct signs of wear. I caught every now and then the names of familiar places in my part of the country: La Ferté Milon —Villers-Cotterets. They might perhaps have given me news of Mareuil, but I didn't like to ask. Our carriage came a little before 8 to take us to the station, where there was again a great crowd—as many people apparently wanting to get into Paris now as there were who wanted to get out three weeks ago. We took a little country train to Connerets and there got the "rapide de Brest" for Paris. Any illusion we had had of a carriage to ourselves—or even a comfortable seat—was quickly dispelled. The train stopped for a very short time; we were hurried into the first-class carriage (there were only two on the train) and found one seat (we were four) for H——. I began my night sitting on my valise in the couloir, but after a little while the people in the carriage where H—— was made room for me, and I got through the night fairly comfortably, though it is years since I have sat up straight all night in a crowded carriage. I was thankful when we arrived at 7:30 at the Gare Montparnasse, and I hope I won't have to take another railway journey while the country is under martial law.

KIPLING'S CHILDREN

FOUR DRAWINGS BY

JESSIE WILLCOX SMITH

WEE WILLIE WINKIE

"'I am the Colonel Sahib's son, and my order is that you go at once'" . . . . . *Frontispiece for this number*

BAA BAA, BLACK SHEEP

"There was no trace of Papa and Mamma, not even of a ship upon the waters"

THE BRUSHWOOD BOY

"He and she explored the dark-purple downs as far inland from the brushwood-pile as they dared"

"THEY"

"I was forming some apology when she lifted up her head and I saw that she was blind"



BAA BAA, BLACK SHEEP.

"They climbed another dune, and came upon the great gray sea at low tide. . . . but there was no trace of Papa and Mamma, not even of a skip upon the waters."



THE BRUSHWOOD BOY.

"He would find himself sliding into dreamland by the same road. . . . First, shadowy under closing eyelids, would come the outline of the brushwood-pile; next the white sand of the beach-road, almost overhanging the black, changeful sea; then the turn inland and up-hill to the single light. . . . He and she explored the dark-purple downs as far inland from the brushwood-pile as they dared, but that was always a dangerous matter."



"THEY."

"The garden door—heavy oak sunk deep in the thickness of the wall—opened further: a woman in a big garden hat set her foot slowly on the time-hollowed stone step and as slowly walked across the turf. I was forming some apology when she lifted up her head and I saw that she was blind."



Drawn by Alonzo Kimball.

The audience was caught off its feet; the Celtic dash and charm of the girl made her words inflammable.
—Page 54.

COALS OF FIRE

By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ALONZO KIMBALL

IN the middle of a sentence the speaker stopped short. It was as if the crowded auditorium held its breath. In the tense stillness one heard sounds of the city outside; above all, one heard newsboys calling extras, every moment that wailing cry of high young voices:

"Extra! Extra! All about——"

The words trailed off into tones only. But everybody in the hall knew what it was "all about." Everybody knew that this sudden sea of extra editions shouted in the streets of London meant a battle of the new war. Somewhere, by land or sea, men, Englishmen likely, were dead and dying at that second. A childish voice ringing distantly through the sudden stillness was a sound to strike terror. The speaker held up her hand.

"You hear!" she said, and the intimate inflection of the two words said more. It said: "That is the thought claiming us. How can I make a speech on politics when every brain here is racing after the vague cries out there!"

Then she put the thought into words. She was a little girl, not over twenty-five, delicately built and fair, with a gentle voice, yet a voice which people listened for, and heard.

"You hear the boys calling extras?" she asked. "You can't help listening. I can't, any more. Less, perhaps, for as I came here to-night the children in the street selling the evening papers put an idea into my mind which hasn't got shaken out. I haven't had time to think about it, to see if it is sane or quite mad. May I tell it to you, this scheme which grew like a mushroom, like a flame, in my brain as I came to talk to you?"

There was no question that they wished to hear the scheme. When the clapping had died down the girl, flushed a bit at her evident power, winning of manner, responsive to the friendliness which she always drew forth, faced them silently a moment. Her blue eyes shone down into the crowd with a growing light. Then she tossed up a hand sharply and the thrill which had caught her went through the audience.

"I must believe in it," she cried. "It has come to me from beyond myself. It has come to me," she said clearly, "that in this national crisis the women of England who believe themselves worthy of equal responsibilities with men have an opportunity. Suppose all the woman's suffrage organizations of the country should lay aside their cause for the duration of the war; that all who can volunteer for service in the field should at once go into training; that the treasuries should be turned over to the work; that we should, as an organized body, for the men of England who are refusing us our hearts' desire, pour out our strength, our money, and our lives—" She stopped, her look flashing, considering. Then—"I think that's all," she finished.

There was a gasping moment when no one of the six thousand people seemed to blink as all the twelve thousand eyes stared. Then a voice somewhere repeated "That's all!" and at once the great place broke into a ripple, a wave, a sea of laughter. The girl on the platform, in a flash a mere girl and not a speech-making agitator, laughed with them. Till the merriment died. And then into its last echoes she spoke.

"I'm Irish, you know," she spoke. "It's quite natural for me to make a bull." Her face was swiftly intense. "There's a kind of laugh which kills a question," she said. "This isn't that kind. This means, not that the question is absurd, but that my making little of it, as I seemed to do, was absurd. Wasn't that it?"

And left-over laughter all through the house answered her friendlily. With that

she was again the flaming bit of humanity which had proved itself many times a valuable asset. "I think the question is not absurd," she went on. "I think it's serious. I've heard it in words now, and I believe—I believe—" she hesitated; her hesitations were among the most telling points of her speeches, for they enlisted an audience on the side of the small thing struggling to get to its good will. "I believe"—she flew at her sentence then —"that it would be the grandest heap of coals of fire that anybody ever did heap on the heads of a lot of stubborn gentlemen. We mustn't lose our identity; we must go as suffragists, united and wholehearted, and show what we will do for our men, for the men who won't do the thing we ask for us. Coals of fire!" she repeated. "We'll scorch them into reason; we'll burn our way to their brains with our suffering and our generosity and our courage. Coals of fire—coals of fire!" The mystical blue eyes flamed, as if deep in them burned already the glorious coals.

The audience was caught off its feet; the Celtic dash and charm of the girl made her words inflammable; every creature there was already tinder, easy to light with the scratch of a match which had to do with the war. She stampeded the house; with a roar it rose to its feet, men and women; they shouted and waved and pounded. Till at last she held up her hand.

"Give me a chance," she threw into the tumult, and laughed. "It's a grand idea —it is. Isn't it?" She nodded confidently at the ocean of faces down in front. "I know it is if I did do it myself. But give me a chance. I want to make a motion." And the house was suddenly still. She stood there silent a second, thoughtful. She had been making speeches for two years now, and audiences had been kind to her. She was not afraid of them, or conscious with them. This one watched, silent, as a person might watch an attractive child, for a long half-minute. Then she lifted her eyes in a blue flash. "Doesn't anybody want to be saying anything?"

From a back seat a woman shot up, a fresh-colored, strong woman, with a hawk face. "Yes. I do," she said. "I'm a trained nurse. I went through the South African war. I'm at the head of a nursing home now. I'll go. I'll take classes to train."

Across the aisle another woman rose, a woman in smart clothes and jewels. "I can't give as much as—my sister." She smiled at the nurse in her plain dark clothes, the "sister" whom she had never before seen. "I can't give myself. I can't go. I'm too old, and I'm ill. But I'll start a subscription for the training. I'll subscribe five thousand pounds." She turned again to the nurse. "It's far less than your gift," she said, and sat down.

With that a gray-haired woman, beautiful once, with a face still chiselled and proud and a look which was like ice over a volcano, was standing; some one else sprang up in front; another and another; there were five trying to speak. The chairman of the meeting looked at the woman with the cold face, standing in her lilac dress, dainty, feminine. "Mrs. Illingworth," she said; the last time the chairman had seen Mrs. Illingworth she had been in prison.

She began to talk; the incisive, tired tones carried everywhere. "This is not a thing to hurry. We have toiled and undergone for what we have got—" and with that there was a murmur about her, a beginning of applause, for many knew her and what Ellen Illingworth had herself undergone. But she hushed the murmur. "I want to say something," she spoke. "We have a large organization; we have work doing; we have money; we have given years and strength to get these things. We should be quite sure of what we wish before we draw it all out for a cause not—our own." She sat down; a chill seemed to fall upon the excited audience. But at once a young woman was on her feet, a rosy-cheeked young Englishwoman.

"Not our own!" she cried. "England! Aren't we all English before we're anything else?"

"No. I'm a woman first," the tired voice answered quietly, and again a chill came upon the house. Slowly Mrs. Illingworth stood up once more. "I'm older than most of you," she spoke. "I have seen and I have—suffered." The audience, turned this way and that to face toward her, listened. Every one knew who

she was now, every one knew her record, for the press had thundered at this small, gray-haired lady who stood there in her gay, lilac, feminine frock, with old lace at her worn throat. People were likely to listen to Ellen Illingworth, out of curiosity if for no other reason. The measured voice went on. "Consider if we should do as Miss O'Hara suggests. The edifice which we suffragists have built through patient years would be gone in a year; many young lives would be gone; our sinews of war would be gone; we should come back to the weary battle at the beginning, worn out. As for the men—" The lined, proud face smiled a sarcastic smile. "I have learned things about men. There is here and there a man who may be trusted not to abuse power; men —never! There would be no gratitude; no question of fair play toward mere women; no thought that we had won consideration in serious questions. You talk of coals of fire!" The woman's clinched fist was raised in air and her face was torn with bitter feeling. "It might be so toward other men, toward savages, toward dogs—but not toward women. Women—their age-long slaves and dolls—what should they ask better than sacrifice? Haven't women always taken the pain without the gain? Why should that time-honored formula change? I tell you that if the suffragists of England adopt this mad scheme, and if English armies come home victorious, it will be the old story. For the men, honor, glory, fame; for the women, suffering, sacrifice, silence. Coals of fire! Our Englishmen would brush them irritably off their thick skulls and order us back to the dish-washing, as they have done and will do till we force them by the only reasoning they can understand—by violence and destruction and, perhaps, bloodshed—to give us what we will have." Trembling, Ellen Illingworth sat down and, bowed together, hid her face in her hands.

The house was breathlessly still for one moment. Then a manner of unrest, a low murmur, from this side and that, arose. The Irish girl, the speaker of the evening, stepped forward to the edge of the platform, her hand up in an eager gesture. But before the uneasy audience had come to her whip, before she had spoken, something happened. From the row of notables at the back of the platform a figure detached itself, a very old, bent, tall woman, bright-faced, serene, leaning on a cane. As she took the first quick, bird-like step forward, feeling the way with her cane, every one in the hall saw that the brilliant black eyes were blind. A man moved quickly to her, but she pushed him away, smiling. She would go alone. Aileen O'Hara, facing the house, was conscious of a stir; she turned, sprang back to the side of the blind woman, and together they came forward, helpless old age, glowing youth. The audience waited with a shock of interest in this new drama of a dramatic evening, and then the little young girl, on tiptoe, whispered a word, and the tall woman, bent as she was, bent more to catch it.

"Why, yes, my dear," people heard her answer.

"Ladies and gentlemen," Aileen O'Hara said clearly, "I'm not feeling any necessity to introduce the next speaker, beyond telling you that this lady is Evelyn Erskine."

Perhaps only a few persons in Great Britain could have been found who did not know the name of the oldest woman-suffragist in the kingdom, the friend in her girlhood of John Stuart Mill, a power yet, in age and blindness, in the councils of the movement. She stood, very old, bowed, sightless, with her sunny, gentle face turned vaguely, smilingly, toward the great, full auditorium, while they greeted her, clapping, cheering, calling her name. And when they stopped a tremulous voice came quite suddenly into the stillness.

"Friends," she spoke, "since women have lived on earth, the banner over them has been Love."

The quavering voice halted, and in one long peal the auditorium broke into applause, but stopped suddenly as the smiling, blind face turned toward the girl, and the lips spoke a word and the girl held up her hand.

"Wait," Miss O'Hara said, "till she has finished; you must not take her strength." And the house was still as death.

The old voice went on. "Love. That is still the word on the banner. Not less because we are constrained to-day to

write two or three other words beneath it. We must write them. Freedom is the greatest one. Opportunity, vision, light" —the eyes which had no vision or light smiled out over the house—"those come out of freedom. We have had to do hard things in freedom's name; it is so always. Yet we want it because the love which we must give will be in that way more worth while, wiser, stronger." She labored a bit with the speaking but she went on bravely. "Then why, when love is the greatest of our watchwords, should we do our work with bitterness? Men and women are the two halves of humanity. Divided we fall. That is why some day men must give us what we must have. That is why when women fight for freedom, to death, if need be, it should be without malice, with kindness. If there is any bitterness leave it to those who oppose us. But if we keep our own hearts kind there will be, after a while, not any bitterness. Do not let us lose courage if we fail again and again. Do not let us lose faith if men fail us again and again. The day will come—I think it is coming fast—when courage and faith will sweep down the barriers as the waters cover the sea. This child"—her hand went out to Aileen O'Hara's responsive one—"has shown a way—I never dreamed of so big and beautiful a way—to act as the angels might act, to spend all for love, never counting the cost. Is there any doubt that we should take this heaven-sent opportunity? I think none. Englishwomen will show themselves in England's trial great enough to drop all questions, however large, of their own gain, and throw heart and soul into England's safety. With our wide organization we can do much. It is our dear men who are going to bleed and die out there; it is our men, dear even as opponents, who have denied us what we must some day have. It is on those beloved thick skulls, as Mrs. Illingworth says truly, that we should heap our coals of fire. Let us do that. Let us, as swiftly as possible, put our strength at the government's disposal and work now, not for womanhood, but humanity." A tremulous arm stretched toward the upturned sea of stirred faces, and the smile on the wrinkled face was a benediction. "I say to you, as a very old saint once said—from the height of my years I say to you all: 'Little children, love one another.'"

When Aileen O'Hara had led her back to her seat and had come forward again, and when the tumult of applause was still, the Irish girl, her blue eyes blurred as if tears were close, spoke a sentence. "I was forgetting to tell you beforehand," she said, "that the suffragists have taken on a very small number of angels out of heaven to back them up. The last speaker is one." And men and women in the house wiped away tears as they laughed.

She turned to the chairman. "I move," she said, "that the woman's suffrage societies of Great Britain and Ireland be advised by this meeting to change and adjust their organizations so as to form a relief corps for service in the care of the wounded during the war now beginning; that they apply the money in the treasuries to that object; that subscription lists be opened for further funds; that training classes for service at the front be formed."

She stopped. The chairman, looking at her, repeated the motion to the house. A man in the body of the hall, with a short speech of approval of the scheme as essentially in woman's domain, a speech which showed him an anti-suffragist, seconded the motion, and it was carried at once almost unanimously. There were questions, suggestions, a subscription list of many signatures, and at the end of everything little Aileen O'Hara, who had turned her evening's address to such revolutionary purpose, came once more to the edge of the platform.

"Dear people," she said, in the confident tone which came rightly from her, "I want to thank you for this meeting. Also for not thinking me mad—only inspired. For it's inspired the idea was—it's none of mine. From beyond somewhere it lighted, and it used my lips only because they came convenient. Before I stop talking I've a few words to repeat that were written by a man for men. You all know them. I'm using them now because to me they have seemed always to be written for the express comfort and help of us. I hope they will go home with all of us, for it's we that can use them if we will."

The very blue eyes flashed this way and

that till she seemed to have gathered up the crowded place in the palm of her hand, and then, her fair head thrown back, her gaze out beyond, in the cruel places, perhaps, to which she was leading her host of following women, she began to repeat Kipling's "If":

"If you can keep your head when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you."

Line after line slid out, each with its distinct touch of alluring brogue. She came to the second half of the second stanza:

"If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken,"

repeated little Aileen O'Hara very slowly—

"Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,
And stoop, and build 'em up with worn-out tools—"

And then:

"If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
To serve your turn long after they are gone,
And so hold on when there is nothing in you
Except the Will which says to you: 'Hold on'—"

She stopped. "It's that has got to be done. We've got to learn, we women who are going into this war, to do exactly that thing—to hold on when there's nothing in us at all, at all, except that dogged thing that doesn't stop saying 'Hold on.' Doesn't stop it till we die of it, sometimes. You who are enlisting for this work, do you know we'll have to drop in our tracks, many of us, and just plain die? We're to face that. It comes to me to say one other thing and then I'll promise to stop talking. It's this: If this goes, the spirit in which the suffragists carry it through is going to mean more to suffrage than fifty years of agitation. We've got to be not only as brave, as self-forgetting, as devoted, as other nurses; we've got to be more so, because we're labelled as unwomanly, and this is our chance to prove that hearts and heads are no enemies. Every woman going into this crusade should vow herself to it like a knight of old; she should make up her mind that no fatigue, no danger, shall weigh against service; that every service is to count as a joy, and that the hardest and most repulsive duty must be so flooded with that word on Mrs. Erskine's banner that every suffering man shall be our brother and we shall love them all."

In the street, as she came out of the hall, stood a tall man whose carriage instantly affected one with a sense of incongruity that he was not in uniform.

"Aileen!" He stepped forward.

Lady Whitcomb, she who had subscribed five thousand pounds, who was going to drive the girl home, swept on to her car.

"Walk," he begged. "I'm ordered off to-morrow. It's my last chance."

And Lady Whitcomb nodded to the girl's half-dozen words and understood. The girl was excited.

"I've been at it again, as you say," she threw at the man as they swung down the dim street. "Why don't you scold? Why don't you tell me I'm unfeminine, and men dislike strong-minded females." A loose lock of her hair blew against his shoulder as she smiled up at him, so close, on the narrow walk, that his pulse quickened.

He answered gloomily: "You know how I hate you to do it."

"Were you in there?" inquired Aileen.

"No. I've never heard you speak. I couldn't stand it."

"The audience stood it well, I'd have you know. If you please, Captain MacLeod, I had applause to-night and the audience did exactly as I wished. They did that." She nodded her head exultantly. "There was a big idea which came to me from"— she waved her hand cheerfully toward the stars—"from somewhere. I don't know where. Witches, angels—something beyond me put it into my head. And it went, Duncan, it went like wildfire. They're going to do it. And it's a big scheme——"

The man interrupted. "Aileen, you don't know what you're doing. You're using your charm and your—your brains to light fires that you can't put out. Here's the country in the grip of a war, with her hands full of danger to the limit, and you're seizing this time for a mad scheme to make more trouble."

The girl watched him as he talked, ad-

miring, amused, buoyant. "It's that, is it?" she said. "And is there a war? Oh! Well, maybe you'll know better some day what I've done to-night."

The man turned suddenly under a dark arcade and caught her in his arms. "Never mind what you've done to-night," he said. "My regiment's off to-morrow; there's no telling—Will you do this? Will you say that if I come back you'll marry me and give up this suffrage nonsense? What will you want of a vote when you're my dear wife? I'll never let rough things come near you—I'll guard you like a queen. Our home shall be your kingdom. You will have such love, such honor, that you will remember these days with wonder. Won't you, my darling—won't you? Come with me to-night—now—to my uncle the bishop—and be married. Will you?"

The girl, quiet in his arms, listened. When the deep, whispering voice had stopped she looked at him with her face brimful of sudden laughter but brimful of another look as well. "The old song of the serpent," she said. "The song that has charmed the birds all these thousands of years. And it *is* sweet. Because—because you're you. That seems to be such a reason. But the birds somehow are changing a little, Duncan darling. They—they can't flutter into your grasp and be satisfied nowadays. They—we're getting to be human beings, dear, and you'll like us much better when we're done. We're not going to be like men—don't worry. Am I a ruffian?" and the eyes, soft with strong feeling, danced at him. "We're the old eternal feminine, and we'll never lose it, and we never want to. But oh, Duncan—would you honor me if I gave up what I believe, if I deserted my flag to be happy?"

"I don't ask you to do a thing except marry me," the man said.

"No. But if I married you and every fibre of you revolted every time I made a speech—wouldn't I have to desert my flag or desert you? You'd drive me quite mad, Duncan, in a week."

"Then you won't marry me unless I come over to your flag? Is that it?"

The girl's little fists beat on his coat as she faced him. "Duncan! I'd not have you at any price if you gave up your principles for love of me. I wouldn't have it."

"Well, what in Heaven's name would you have, Aileen? I only want you. But you're confusing me with split hairs till—till I'm desperate."

She broke into laughter; then, swiftly, her voice was all sadness. "My dear," she said, "that's the tragedy. It's a deadlock. I won't have you under my colors unless you believe in them. I can't come under yours. And if I married you as things are I couldn't bear it. You'd resent it that I couldn't be influenced; I'd resent it that you should try to influence the most vital thing in me. We couldn't be happy. Some people are. It's only a difference of political creed. But we take it too hard, we two. We can't—can we?"

"I can," the man persisted doggedly. "Once you're my wife I'd make you so happy you wouldn't need——"

"Oh!" the girl flew at him. "Do you think I want to be that kind—a doll, a chicken? Don't you see? Wouldn't you despise me if I gave up the burden and heat of the day, left it to my comrades—turned to the easy ways to be happy? Please say you'd despise me, Duncan! I can't stand it to have you treat me—like a toy kitten!"

"I see how you feel," the man admitted reluctantly, honestly. And then: "So it's hopeless!"

The bright face flashed to him. "The whole world seems full of hope," she said. "Somehow it's going to come right. Will you let me tell you what happened to-night?"

"No," he answered roughly. "I can't. I'm going to the front. I may not come back. You won't marry me. How can I listen quietly to a tale about what's keeping you from me?"

They were at her door. He stood in the shadowy entrance, holding her two hands in a desperate grip, staring at her, miserable, helpless.

"At least give me a word to go off with. Tell me once that you love me."

As she gazed up at him in the half-light she looked suddenly very pale and tired. "I'm going off, too," she said. And then: "Go. Fight for England and—for me."

The door opened and shut; he stood alone on the dark steps, dazed, somehow happy.

Beyond the hollow where the first-aid station stood sheltered, a mile away across level fields, a straight canal glittered. The sunset shone back from its quiet surface. Two rows of poplars shivered above it, blurring the reflection; a road ran near the water. It was like a peaceful picture by Hobbema.

"I'd forgotten there was anything green and quiet," the girl said to the woman next her.

The woman caught her arm, stared up. "Look!"

Two or three miles distant an object like a gigantic cigar crossing the clouds swam, high above village spire and windmills, toward the intrenchments behind whose far-extended lines the group of nurses stood.

"A dirigible," the girl spoke. "How bold they are getting to come so close to the advance! There's another—see!"

Behind each regiment of the brigade to which these women were assigned was a small first-aid station—as close as might be—four stations, for the brigade was a full one. Back of these, farther from the fighting, were again four hospital tents, equipped with all completeness possible. Still more to the rear, at the junction of two roads, was the large field-hospital. To the nearest of these islands of hope came orderlies with stretchers, running out of the hopelessness and horror, carrying things that had been men an hour before. And there nurses in glowing orange-red uniforms, the "Coals of Fire," as they called themselves, as they had come to be known through the armies, waited to do their grisly work, which was yet work of angels.

There had been battle upon battle—many battles in one; lines of armed men stretched for more than two hundred miles along a peaceful countryside. Blazing villages marked the advance of a nation of soldiers; dazed peasants, who wondered what the war was about, suffered and died along that red line; starved cattle, ruined fields, horrible heaps of bodies lay across it, ghastly, indecent; old, quiet cities, which had long ago lived through fiery baptisms, agonized innocently in a new horror; modern civilization had brought a power to make war titanic. Yet it had brought also something which was good. Those stations back of a brigade stood for a spirit, not strong enough yet, it seemed, to prevent bloodshed, but yet eager, if bloodshed must be, to soften its cruelty. It seemed a core of gentleness and hope which the large band of women known as "Coals of Fire" had established in the centre of the grimness called battle. Many a time a wounded man, lifting his head above groaning heaps, gazed about eagerly for a glimpse of the conspicuous, flame-colored, rough dresses, and when he saw them fell back relieved.

"They'll find us," many and many a time such a man cried, out of his pain. "The 'Coals of Fire' don't miss anybody."

"And they'll follow a chap in trouble to the gates of hell," a comrade on the bloody field would add. For the nurses there was no spot too dangerous and they stretched their orders to the breaking-point in search for "chaps in trouble." Their courage was a proverb. Over and over the wounded under their hands, looking up to their faces, had said:

"What makes you so good to us? I thought suffrage women were cold-blooded and masculine"—for over England, over the world, it was known who the "Coals of Fire" were and what they had done. There had come to be a formula for answering this sort of speech, so often was it made. "We're just the old-time women," they said cheerfully, "and you're all our brothers, and we love you all."

So that not the least seed of controversy was allowed in their new work, and, as old Evelyn Erskine had said: "The banner over them was" still "love." There was no talk of their cause. Yet again and again a wounded soldier smiled as they toiled over him and said: "Sister, if the 'Coals of Fire' want to vote when we get back to old England, we'll help. We know now."

There were a few slips from their war bibles which soldiers found lying about where they had been. "Never talk about your cause and never forget it," was one. And "Anybody you can help is your best-beloved." And "Plant gentleness and

grow justice." And over and over "Coals of Fire—Coals of Fire. Heap them higher and higher."

Some, of course, broke down under the stress, but more developed an unguessed force. The out-of-doors air, the joy of pouring out all the time healing and hope to those desperately needing it, the necessity of strength, seemed to strengthen them like a miracle. It was a life of fearful strain yet of tremendous vitality.

Aileen O'Hara suddenly heard anew, off down at the front, a sullen boom, a sharp rattling of machine guns, the singing of shot, sounds which she had come to know and distinguish. She listened a moment, alert; then she groaned aloud. The fighting was on again.

"Futile; oh, so futile!" she cried. "To take those splendid boys, every one of them some woman's boy, and mangle them, and send them back to us to help a little if we can—so often just to make us watch them die."

For the thousandth time in her three months of service she was seized with a desperate revolt against the pitiful unreasonableness of the great shambles. "When women help rule, women who know the price of a life, there will be no wars"; the thought had formed in her mind over and over, but she had not spoken it, even to the other women—now was not a time for discussion; now was the time for action.

And with that here were orderlies coming up to the dressing-station, with a stretcher and something quiet lying on it, something whose brown khaki was stained and wet and dark. The hospital-corps tag, affixed on the line of battle, told her trained eye that this patient was unable to walk; that he was also wounded in the head. Swiftly she was at work; the surgeon flung at her, as she handled the now familiar tools of the trade, brief syllables. She obeyed, turned with things needed to where the surgeon stood. The cap was over the face of the wounded man; the surgeon lifted it and the girl's pulse gave a leap and stopped. She had thought of this possibility; she had tried to be prepared; all that was nothing; the end of the world had come. He was lying before her, wounded, perhaps dead. She rocked a bit on her feet; everything seemed a long way off; it stabbed at her that now, now at this test moment, she was going to faint. Then, all at once, the strength that is not in us or of us, which has come at time of need in the experience of many, poured into this girl. When the surgeon, cutting away clothes, examining with swift gentleness, looked up at her from MacLeod he found her steady, quick, as always.

The bearers were coming in with more litters; the surgeons were all at work; there were patients waiting. "You can finish this; it's not likely to be fatal; get him to the ambulance station as soon as you can."

The surgeon was gone to the next case, and it was her fingers that were giving the vital first help to Duncan MacLeod. Steadily she worked, holding down emotion with a grip, using hands and eyes and brain as tools, disconnecting them from her personality. Only so might she do her absolute best, and no weakness must prevent that best from being done. The wound in the head, where a bit of bursting shell had stunned him, was dressed, and she was bending by the torn knee left by the surgeon ready to bandage when suddenly her eyes were drawn from her work, drawn as if by physical force to gray eyes that opened wide.

"You," he whispered. And then: "Is it you?"

The skilful fingers stopped a second. She looked at him, gasped, stared, and swiftly fell to bandaging again.

"Won't you—speak to me?"

The fingers with the white following bandage flew back and forth, back and forth.

"I don't give a hang to get well, if you don't care," the deep voice went on, a bit breathless. It was hard to talk. And then: "You don't care—or you'd speak. I'm just—one of the procession. You don't care."

The bandaging was finished. The big, war-blackened fingers, limp along the battered leg, were suddenly aware that they were held close. In the swinging half-light of the station no one of the busy gruesome scene saw or cared. "I didn't —dare speak—till I'd done the bandage. I might have g-gone to pieces. Duncan—quick—listen. I'm caring this way: if I could empty my life into a cup and give it to you I'd pour it out this minute. I'm



Drawn by Alonzo Kimball.

"I didn't—dare speak—till I'd done the bandage."—Page 60.

caring that way." In a flash she bent, and the kiss that she had never given him was on his lips. Then she was gone, and he was being carried again by men in hospital uniform back to the ambulance which would take him to the field-hospital.

An hour later the great battle-field was quiet. But across its length and breadth went another army, an army of mercy. Everywhere one saw through velvet darkness a flash of little electric torches, as hospital corps and nurses searched for the wounded.

"It's thim angels," a sorely hurt Irishman cried out as he saw Aileen O'Hara bending over him, signalling to the bearers to bring a litter. "The saints bless ye, sister"; and then, lifted gently to the stretcher, "It's like a baby I'm feelin', wishin' I'd me mother to hold me hand," and a sob broke from the exhausted body and soul.

A warm hand folded around his. "Let me be your mother, dear man," little Aileen O'Hara's voice spoke out of the darkness. "I'll hold your hand all the way, and all the way you're to be thinking how soon you'll be well again and going to the real mother in old Ireland."

The man was quiet as they made their way through the grisly place, but just before they got to the dressing-station his head turned and the girl felt hot tears on her hand that held his, and he put his lips to it as he might to the hem of the Virgin's dress.

"Somebody must be lovin' ye hard, ye little angel of a 'Coal of Fire,'" the Irishman spoke.

And the girl whispered back out of the night. "I'm thinking somebody is," she said.

It was almost to the day a year from the date of the meeting now known as "Coals-of-Fire night," when there was a meeting again in London. The war was over. The army was not all home yet, but the nurses were back; yet not all, for some had gone down in the storm, as Aileen O'Hara had prophesied. They wore, those home again, the marks of that year of life given out by handfuls; many young heads had gone gray, many fresh faces lost their color; yet they had lived and helped. Is there anything yet discovered better to do with a life than to give it away? No regret had been heard from any one of those who had enlisted in the extraordinary movement called the "Coals of Fire," only thankfulness to have been of a great experience. And now that they were disbanded as nurses they gathered to the reorganization of the old cause.

The entire great hall engaged for their first public meeting had been sold out long before the date. There was an overflow meeting in a hall near by; there were speakers in the streets; everywhere a crowd appeared if it was only said that a "Coals-of-Fire" nurse was to be heard. And everywhere, everywhere, they were heard with respectful silence, which held itself in leash till it might break in mad enthusiasm, for what these women had done had pierced to the heart of the nation. The old jeers were quiet; the jeerers, the rowdies who had once howled down the women's voices, led the applause. There was no question now that, whatever the heads of the government might believe, the hearts of the populace were with the women.

Aileen O'Hara felt this, as every good speaker must feel the temper of an audience, and it exhilarated her as she walked down the platform. She stood there a second, facing the people massed to the walls; she was still fair-haired and little, but her face was worn and thin, and the vivid blue eyes had a look not there a year ago, the look of one who has gone through deep waters.

"Ladies and gentlemen," she said, and at the three words the place was pandemonium. Her voice, the memory of what she had done and endured, was a match to a powder magazine. They stood up, the thousands and thousands of them, and waved their hats and their handkerchiefs, and shouted her name over and over, "Miss O'Hara—Aileen O'Hara," and "Coals of Fire—Coals of Fire," and sent up cheer upon cheer. And little Aileen O'Hara, astonished, in the sight of all of them, suddenly began to cry. She felt it coming; she tried hard to stop it, but it was as inevitable as taxes.

"Golf balls," she whispered to herself; "Stilton cheese; hairpins." It was

a formula she had known to be efficient in stopping tears.

But it was of no use now. Everybody, everybody saw her eyes fill and tears roll down the pale cheeks. Then, suddenly, her face was in her hands and she had turned and fled precipitately. And with that half the auditorium, men as well as women, were crying, too. The hearts of the people were soft; almost every one there was in mourning; this little girl who had gone through ice and flame to nurse their soldier boys came close to them; they all knew what memories had broken down her self-control at the sound of their applause; no words could have spoken as eloquently as those unwelcome tears and that sudden retreat.

In two minutes she was back, laughing, apologetic. "You'll have to forgive me," she cried with the old air of sure friendliness. "I wasn't dreaming I could be such a—such a baby. But you came right into my heart, and it wasn't—big enough." Her voice faltered; she went on quickly. "I'm not going to talk now—I can't. I'll wait till afterward and—get steady. But I'm thanking you for that welcome—" She wheeled and hurried back and sat down.

A practical speech followed from a well-known leader, proposing plans for a campaign. There was discussion, there were questions from the audience, and a few words of warm praise from a man about the work of the nurses and the changed status it had given suffragists throughout the country. Then Mrs. Illingworth, sitting on the platform, rose and came forward.

"I want to point out," she said in her deliberate tones, "that practical questions are now our affair. A large experiment has been tried. Our resources are exhausted. I was against the experiment; I believe now that no permanent good will come of it. I don't deny that there is a wide-spread emotional excitement in our favor. We are for the moment a fad. But it is emotional; it will prove temporary. The plain facts are that we have come out of this war with treasuries emptied, organizations broken up, many of our best workers dead or incapacitated, and, on the other side—what? An irresponsible sentiment which will last till the next sensation. I have no trust in a feeling aroused by the play of actors in the lime-light of war; I have no belief in the gratitude of men; as through the ages they will take our heart's blood and push us back into the harness; they will talk of guarding sacred womanhood, while the mother of a month-old baby scrubs their floors and cleans their shoes. Yes, and they will dismiss her mercilessly too, if she does it ill. Wait and see; wait till this wave of cheap enthusiasm is past; see if the men at the helm do not tell us that while the 'Coals-of-Fire' movement was a beautiful conception it had nothing to do with giving women the vote. They will be quite right; it had nothing to do with it. We've given all and gained nothing. Now we must begin at the beginning again, and the sooner we put aside sentiment and hope of result from a side issue, the sooner we get to work on the foundations of our wasted efforts, the better it will be."

As always, the seething volcano within had burned through the icy crust of Ellen Illingworth's manner long before she finished. As always, when she stopped she was shaking and trembling with the violence of her feeling. As she walked slowly back to her chair the audience was still; one remembered that this woman had been six times in prison; one realized that she, if any one on earth, had an excuse for resentment; pity was the first response to this soul in the torment of a relentless hatred.

With that the light figure of Aileen O'Hara sprang forward again and she was talking eagerly. Instantly the buoyant, brave personality caught the audience into a brighter atmosphere. There was that about her flashing, friendly manner, her unexpected inflections, her mischief and her intensity and her beauty and the charm of her Irish speech, which few listeners could resist.

"I'm looking to be stood in the corner with my face to the wall," she began gayly, "because I'm going to contradict Mrs. Illingworth. I've got to contradict her."

And the audience, for something in the voice and manner, laughed consumedly.

"Much that she said was only too true —we all know it. But—" She paused and the delicate face seemed slowiy to

flame like a transparent flower with a lighted lantern back of it. "What if we haven't any money and everything's broken up and"—the clear voice lowered —"and if some of us have laid down our lives as we knew some of us must? What of that? We bought something with that price. We've given—that's the big thing. We've given that to the country which can't be forgotten; nobody can take the joy of it from us. I'm believing it's we that can

'Watch the thing we gave our lives to, broken
And stoop and build it up with worn-out tools.'

We're big enough—the thing is big enough for that. Is there any one here who can't feel in his pulses what it would be to lead a forlorn hope—the glory and the sure destruction—for an ideal? It was something like that with the 'Coals of Fire.' We did it not so much hoping to get anything as to vindicate the greatness, the unselfishness of our cause. We did it not as Englishwomen, or as mere human women, but in a body as the women who believe in women's freedom. And everybody recognized it. Not a poor, wounded soldier who chaffed us in his friendly, rough way but showed by that chaffing that he knew us for soldiers, too, under our flag of freedom. And they loved us; we conquered their affection. I'm not believing it's temporary and emotional. Those men whose lives we had the joy of saving, they're home, or coming home, and they're going to tell their families, and all"—her arms spread out to take in tens of thousands—"all those families of soldiers are going to be our friends. Why—they said so."

She wheeled and went back to her place. When people got their breath from the sudden stop they began to laugh first and then to applaud. This was certainly the spoiled child of audiences. Then "Come back," they cried, and "Hear, hear!" and "Come back and finish." With that one was gradually aware of a tall young officer in the uniform of a cavalry colonel who, standing in the pit, was patiently insisting on speaking. By degrees, as it quieted, the entire place was facing toward the big, soldierly figure with its determined air of something that must be said.

"I'm just back to-night from the front," the deep voice began.

Instantly there was a roar, and the officer's brown face went two shades darker up to his forehead.

"I—I wasn't bidding for that," he explained, as they quieted again. "I was explaining my uniform. I came straight from Paddington Station, don't you see?" He went on: "I'm no talker, but I can't hear this question as to the feeling in the army about the 'Coals of Fire' and not give evidence. Miss O'Hara's right. There's never been anything seen like the devotion to the red angels, as the men call them. Every ignorant private knows what they did—gave over the great fight they were putting up against the government, and in the hour of need threw their whole strength to help the government. That's patriotism, don't you know? It's more; it's Christianity. And the army realized it. I've heard my men talking and I've heard what other officers had to say—it's all the same story. It was quite understood that they were acting as a body, and it made their flag, as Miss O'Hara calls it, conspicuous at a moment when the men had time to think about it, when they were lying wounded. Many came to the long days of the hospital straight from the hands of the nurses; they naturally got thinking about those women—I did. I"—he hesitated, went on with an effort—"I got back to my command later, but I thank God for the shell that wounded me."

He stopped, and only one of those who heard him knew why.

Then he went on: "While I was laid up I thought. I'd been a keen anti-feminist, I suppose you'd call it. But it came to me, lying there, that three-fourths of my opposition was because it was pleasant to believe that, in some mysterious way, I was better fitted than a woman to choose between Jones, Liberal, and Smith, Conservative. I realized that I'd poohpoohed the whole thing and that it wasn't fair play.

"I hadn't thought of applying fair play to women. Chivalry and devotion, of course, but it was rather a shock to have it come to me that men didn't give their dearest—as a rule—a common chance to their own say. It came to me that if wom-

en are fitted to be prime ministers they ought to have the chance. If they're not, they won't make good. Wouldn't I be indignant to be limited to a fixed set of things on the women's say-so? Well, rather. Why shouldn't a high-spirited woman feel the same? I've got to think, now, that to everything living is due the chance to develop in every way it is capable of developing. That's justice. The best sort, men or women, prefer justice to indulgence. And women get too much of the second and too little of the first. Look at the war nurses! They risk their lives; you all know that. Often they're under fire; always they're overworked; plenty of them drop in their tracks; they face death every day. In spite of limitations, the 'Coals of Fire' managed to distinguish themselves for conspicuous bravery. Also there's one precious thing which they inevitably gave up in going to the front—no nurse who has been through that is ever young again. But did they have the spur of military pageantry which means so much with an army? Not at all. No drum or fife or brass band or bagpipes, no splendid marching in battle array. No help of that sort to keep up their spirits. Just the dead and dying to tend; the hardship and the drudgery. That's unjust. Too often it's been that way through history; it's really wonderful that a couple of thousand years hasn't taken all initiative out of women. Why, it seems to me that the fact that many are anti-suffragists is one of the most pathetic facts in the affair. It's like prisoners we've heard of who, released after twenty or thirty years, wander back next day to their prisons and beg to be put in. They're frightened at daylight; they don't know how to move without their chains."

The tall officer seemed suddenly aware that a large audience was listening to him rather breathlessly.

"I'm talking too long," he said, and flushed as cries of "No, no," answered him. "I meant only to put in my testimony about the 'Coals of Fire.' I believe that their war action has swung much of the nation into sympathy with their political ideals; I do not believe it will be temporary; the government will be forced to recognize a popular demand. In fact, there are rumors now that the government is impressed. For my own part, I gave serious attention for the first time to the question of suffrage on account of this movement, with the result that I am a convert. I know that the same thing happened to other men. I believe that it happened to thousands. It seems to me that, serious attention being granted, it's got to happen to everybody."

The strong, candid young face, lit by the fire of a generous sentiment, became in a flash all shocked surprise. The man had his watch in his hand.

"Oh! I beg a thousand pardons," he said. "I didn't know I was talking a bookful. You must be bored. Thanks awfully for listening. So sorry." He sat down.

Half an hour later, as the car slid away down the dim street—"Not for me?" she demanded. "It wasn't for me?"

"Not one word," he threw back. "I'd have had to say it if you'd never lived."

She gave a sigh of contentment.

"But," the man went on, and his arm was around her and her two hands close in one of his, "but I did know that—it would make a difference. I've come under your colors; I'm beaten; I give you my sword. What are you going to give me?"

In the darkness of the car, with the flash-lights of London streets coming and going, she put a hand up and drew his face down to the face that was on his shoulder. "Everything," she whispered. "Everything."

ON THE CHOICE OF A PROFESSION

BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

THE original manuscript of this essay lay for years in a bundle of old papers, and was always assumed to be the "Letter to a Young Gentleman Who Proposes to Embrace the Career of Art." Recently, however, a closer examination revealed it to be a hitherto unpublished piece of work, and for a while I was greatly mystified as to its origin and the reason for its suppression. Its general character, the peculiar quality of the paper, even the handwriting itself—all went to show it was composed in Saranac in the winter of 1887–88. But why had it been suppressed?

Then in the dim, halting way things recur to one, I began to recall its history. It had been adjudged too cynical, too sombre, in tone, too out of keeping with the helpful philosophy always associated with R. L. S. Instead of assisting the Young Gentleman it was thought to be only too likely to discourage and depress him. Thus it was laid aside in favor of the other essay on the Career of Art. Whether we are right in publishing it now is for the public to decide. We seem to be going against the wishes of the author, who had evidently been content to leave it in oblivion; yet on the other hand it appears wrong to keep so fine an effort, and one so brilliant and grimly humorous from the many who would find pleasure in it. After all, there are others to be considered besides Young Gentlemen; and perhaps with these warned away we shall incur no reproach from the general lovers of literature, but on the contrary gain their support and commendation in the course we have taken.

LLOYD OSBOURNE.

YOU write to me, my dear sir, requesting advice at one of the most momentous epochs in a young man's life. You are about to choose a profession; and with a diffidence highly pleasing at your age, you would be glad, you say, of some guidance in the choice. There is nothing more becoming than for youth to seek counsel; nothing more becoming to age than to be able to give it; and in a civilisation, old and complicated like ours, where practical persons boast a kind of practical philosophy superior to all others, you would very naturally expect to find all such questions systematically answered. For the dicta of the Practical Philosophy, you come to me. What, you ask, are the principles usually followed by the wise in the like critical junctures? There, I confess, you pose me on the threshold. I have examined my own recollections; I have interrogated others; and with all the will in the world to serve you better, I fear I can only tell you that the wise, in these circumstances, act upon no principles whatever. This is disappointing to you; it was painful to myself; but if I am to declare the truth as I see it, I must repeat that wisdom has nothing to do with the choice of a profession.

We all know what people say, and very foolish it usually is. The question is to get inside of these flourishes, and discover what it is they think and ought to say: to perform, in short, the Socratic Operation.—The more ready-made answers there are to any question, the more abstruse it becomes; for those of whom we make the enquiry have the less need of consideration before they reply. The world being more or less beset with Anxious Enquirers of the Socratic persuasion, it is the object of a Liberal Education to equip people with a proper number of these answers by way of passport; so they can pass swimmingly to and fro on their affairs without the trouble of thinking. How should a banker know his own mind? It takes him all his time to manage his bank. If you saw a company of pilgrims, walking as if for a wager, each with his teeth set; and if you happened to ask

them one after another: Whither they were going? and from each you were to receive the same answer: that positively they were all in such a hurry, they had never found leisure to enquire into the nature of their errand:—confess, my dear sir, you would be startled at the indifference they exhibited. Am I going too far, if I say that this is the condition of the large majority of our fellow men and almost all our fellow women?

I stop a banker.

"My good fellow," I say, "give me a moment."

"I have not a moment to spare," says he.

"Why?" I enquire.

"I must be banking," he replies. "I am so busily engaged in banking all day long that I have hardly leisure for my meals."

"And what," I continue my interrogatory, "is banking?"

"Sir," says he, "it is my business."

"Your business?" I repeat. "And what is a man's business?"

"Why," cries the banker, "a man's business is his duty." And with that he breaks away from me, and I see him skimming to his avocations.

But this is a sort of answer that provokes reflection. Is a man's business his duty? Or perhaps should not his duty be his business? If it is not my duty to conduct a bank (and I contend that it is not) is it the duty of my friend the banker? Who told him it was? Is it in the Bible? Is he sure that banks are a good thing? Might it not have been his duty to stand aside, and let some one else conduct the bank? Or perhaps ought he not to have been a ship-captain instead? All these perplexing queries may be summed up under one head: the grave problem which my friend offers to the world: Why is he a Banker?

Well, why is it? There is one principal reason, I conceive: that the man was trapped. Education, as practised, is a form of harnessing with the friendliest intentions. The fellow was hardly in trousers before they whipped him into school; hardly done with school before they smuggled him into an office; it is ten to one they have had him married into the bargain; and all this before he has had time so much as to imagine that there may be any other practicable course. Drum, drum, drum; you must be in time for school; you must do your Cornelius Nepos; you must keep your hands clean; you must go to parties—a young man should make friends; and, finally—you must take this opening in a bank. He has been used to caper to this sort of piping from the first; and he joins the regiment of bank clerks for precisely the same reason as he used to go to the nursery at the stroke of eight. Then at last, rubbing his hands with a complacent smile, the parent lays his conjuring pipe aside. The trick is performed, ladies and gentlemen; the wild ass's colt is broken in; and now sits diligently scribing. Thus it is, that, out of men, we make bankers.

You have doubtless been present at the washing of sheep, which is a brisk, high-handed piece of manœuvring, in its way; but what is it, as a subject of contemplation, to the case of the poor young animal, Man, turned loose into this roaring world, herded by robustious guardians, taken with the panic before he has wit enough to apprehend its cause, and soon flying with all his heels in the van of the general stampede? It may be that in after years, he shall fall upon a train of reflection, and begin narrowly to scrutinize the reasons that decided his path and his continued mad activity in that direction. And perhaps he may be very well pleased at the retrospect, and see fifty things that might have been worse, for one that would have been better; and even supposing him to take the other cue, bitterly to deplore the circumstances in which he is placed and bitterly to reprobate the jockeying that got him into them, the fact is, it is too late to indulge such whims. It is too late, after the train has started, to debate the needfulness of this particular journey: the door is locked, the express goes tearing overland at sixty miles an hour; he had better betake himself to sleep or the daily paper, and discourage unavailing thought. He sees many pleasant places out of the window: cottages in a garden, angles by the riverside, balloons voyaging the sky; but as for him, he is booked for all his natural days, and must remain a banker to the end.

If the juggling only began with school-

time, if even the domineering friends and counsellors had made a choice of their own, there might still be some pretension to philosophy in the affair. But no. They too were trapped; they are but tame elephants unwittingly ensnaring others, and were themselves ensnared by tame elephants of an older domestication. We have all learned our tricks in captivity, to the spiriting of Mrs. Grundy and a system of rewards and punishments. The crack of the whip and the trough of fodder: the cut direct and an invitation to dinner: the gallows and the Shorter Catechism: a pat upon the head and a stinging lash on the reverse: these are the elements of education and the principles of the Practical Philosophy. Sir Thomas Browne, in the earlier part of the Seventeenth Century, had already apprehended the staggering fact that geography is a considerable part of orthodoxy; and that a man who, when born in London, makes a conscientious Protestant, would have made an equally conscientious Hindu if he had first seen daylight in Benares. This is but a small part, however important, of the things that are settled for us by our place of birth. An Englishman drinks beer and tastes his liquor in the throat; a Frenchman drinks wine and tastes it in the front of the mouth. Hence, a single beverage lasts the Frenchman all afternoon; and the Englishman cannot spend above a very short time in a café, but he must swallow half a bucket. The Englishman takes a cold tub every morning in his bedroom; the Frenchman has an occasional hot bath. The Englishman has an unlimited family and will die in harness; the Frenchman retires upon a competency with three children at the outside. So this imperative national tendency follows us through all the privacies of life, dictates our thoughts and attends us to the grave. We do nothing, we say nothing, we wear nothing, but it is stamped with the Queen's Arms. We are English down to our boots and into our digestions. There is not a dogma of all those by which we lead young men, but we get it ourselves, between sleep and waking, between death and life, in a complete abeyance of the reasoning part.

"But how, sir," (you will ask) "is there then no wisdom in the world? And when my admirable father was this day urging me, with the most affecting expressions, to decide on an industrious, honest and lucrative employment—?" Enough, sir; I follow your thoughts, and will answer them to the utmost of my ability. Your father, for whom I entertain a singular esteem, is I am proud to believe a professing Christian: the Gospel, therefore, is or ought to be his rule of conduct. Now, I am of course ignorant of the terms employed by your father; but I quote here from a very urgent letter, written by another parent, who was a man of sense, integrity, great energy and a Christian persuasion, and who has perhaps set forth the common view with a certain innocent openness of his own:

"You are now come to that time of life," he writes to his son, "and have reason within yourself to consider the absolute necessity of making provision for the time when it will be asked Who is this man? Is he doing any good in the world? Has he the means of being 'One of us'? I beseech you," he goes on, rising in emotion, and appealing to his son by name, "I beseech you do not trifle with this till it actually comes upon you. Bethink yourself and bestir yourself as a man. This is the time—" and so forth. This gentleman has candor; he is perspicacious, and has to deal apparently with a perspicacious pick-logic of a son; and hence the startling perspicacity of the document. But, my dear sir, what a principle of life! To "do good in the world" is to be received into a society, apart from personal affection. I could name many forms of evil vastly more exhilarating whether in prospect or enjoyment. If I scraped money, believe me, it should be for some more cordial purpose. And then, scraping money? It seems to me as if he had forgotten the Gospel. This is a view of life not quite the same as the Christian, which the old gentleman professed and sincerely studied to practise. But upon this point, I dare dilate no further. Suffice it to say, that looking round me on the manifestations of this Christian society of ours, I have been often tempted to exclaim: What, then, is Antichrist?

A wisdom, at least, which professes one set of propositions and yet acts upon another, can be no very entire or rational ground of conduct. Doubtless, there is

much in this question of money; and for my part, I believe no young man ought to be at peace till he is self-supporting, and has an open, clear life of it on his own foundation. But here a consideration occurs to me of, as I must consider, startling originality. It is this: That there are two sides to this question as well as to so many others. Make more?—Aye, or spend less? There is no absolute call upon a man to make any specific income, unless, indeed, he has set his immortal soul on being "One of us."

A thoroughly respectable income is as much as a man spends. A luxurious income, or true opulence, is something more than a man spends. Raise the income, lower the expenditure, and, my dear sir, surprising as it seems, we have the same result. But I hear you remind me, with pursed lips, of privations—of hardships. Alas! sir, there are privations upon either side; the banker has to sit all day in his bank, a serious privation; can you not conceive that the landscape painter, whom I take to be the meanest and most lost among contemporary men, truly and deliberately *prefers* the privations upon his side—to wear no gloves, to drink beer, to live on chops or even on potatoes, and lastly, not to be "One of us"—truly and deliberately prefers his privations to those of the banker? I can. Yes, sir, I repeat the words; I can. Believe me, there are Rivers in Bohemia!—but there is nothing so hard to get people to understand as this: That they *pay for their money;* and nothing so difficult to make them remember as this: That money, when they have it, is, for most of them at least, only a cheque to purchase pleasure with. How then if a man gets pleasure in following an art? He might gain more cheques by following another; but then, although there is a difference in cheques, the amount of pleasure is the same. He gets some of his directly; unlike the bank clerk, he is having his fortnight's holiday, and doing what delights him, all the year.

All these patent truisms have a very strange air, when written down. But that, my dear sir, is no fault of mine or of the truisms. There they are. I beseech you do not trifle with them. Bethink yourself like a man. This is the time.

But, you say, all this is very well; it does not help me to a choice. Once more, sir, you have me; it does not. What shall I say? A choice, let us remember, is almost more of a negative than a positive. You embrace one thing; but you refuse a thousand. The most liberal profession imprisons many energies and starves many affections. If you are in a bank, you cannot be much upon the sea. You cannot be both a firstrate violinist and a firstrate painter: you must lose in the one art if you persist in following both. If you are sure of your preference, follow it. If not—nay, my dear sir, it is not for me or any man, to go beyond this point. God made you; not I. I cannot even make you over again. I have heard of a schoolmaster, whose specialty it was to elicit the bent of each pupil: poor schoolmaster, poor pupils! As for me, if you have nothing indigenous in your own heart, no living preference, no fine, human scorn, I leave you to the tide; it will sweep you somewhere. Have you but a grain of inclination, I will help you. If you wish to be a costermonger, be it, shame the devil; and I will stand the donkey. If you wish to be nothing, once more I leave you to the tide.

I regret profoundly, my dear young sir, not only for you, in whom I see such a lively promise of the future, but for the sake of your admirable and truly worthy father and your no less excellent mamma, that my remarks should seem no more conclusive. I can give myself this praise, that I have kept back nothing; but this, alas! is a subject on which there is little to put forward. It will probably not much matter what you decide upon doing; for most men seem to sink at length to the degree of stupor necessary for contentment in their different estates. Yes, sir, this is what I have observed. Most men are happy, and most men dishonest. Their mind sinks to the proper level; their honour easily accepts the custom of the trade. I wish you may find degeneration no more painful than your neighbours, soon sink into apathy, and be long spared in a state of respectable somnambulism, from the grave to which we haste.

R. L. S.

RHEIMS DURING THE BOMBARDMENT

BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

WE left Paris with the idea of watching from a point south of Soissons the battle then in progress on the Aisne. Our going to Rheims was an afterthought. Ashmead-Bartlett, of the *London Daily Telegraph*, Captain Granville Fortescue, of the Hearst newspapers, Gerald Morgan, of the same syndicate, and I shared the automobile. To Morgan any map is an open book; so we had left it to him to plan our route. He arranged one which, while apparently not intended to lead us to any particular place, would keep us away from Villers-Cotterets.

"Veal cutlets," as the Tommies had christened it, was our dead-line. The officers of the English General Staff had made it their headquarters, and had they been afflicted with leprosy, smallpox, and bubonic plague, we could not have feared them more. Against war correspondents they had declared war to the death. Unless the setting sun did not show a line of correspondents in chains, they considered that day wasted. During that week they had "bagged" thirteen, and the day before we had seen John Reed and Robert Dunn, who had ventured hat in hand into the presence of General Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien, fast in his net, and on their way to the prison at Tours. So, with the English army, although we much desired to follow it, we were taking no chances. Any man in khaki filled us with terror. If we met even a stray Tommie, trying to find his way back to his regiment, the chauffeur turned the car and fled.

So, in avoiding Villers-Cotterets, we found ourselves on the hills above the Vesle River, and below us, mounting from the plain like a great fortress, the cathedral of Rheims. From what I had seen of the destruction of Louvain, I did not believe the Germans could for two weeks occupy Rheims and leave the cathedral intact; and I urged that in America there would be more interest in any affront put upon Rheims cathedral than in the result of that day's battle. The others disagreed, but as in the automobile I was a fourth owner, it was arranged that that fourth should go to Rheims and later accompany the other three-fourths to Soissons. What we saw in the cathedral kept us in Rheims. This was on the 18th of September, before the roof caught fire, when the greatest damage the cathedral had suffered was the destruction of her windows, and when it was being used as a hospital for German wounded. On the two towers Red Cross flags were flying.

The wounded lay in the western end of the building, which opens on the square. The praying-chairs that once had filled the nave had been pushed aside and the stone floor was piled knee-deep with loose straw. On this lay the men to the number of sixty. With them was a young lieutenant who was shot through the eyes, and an elderly major, a reservist, who looked less a soldier than a professor. With his back to a stone pillar he sat half-buried in the straw with one hand pressing tight a shattered arm. To protect the privacy of the wounded all the doors had been closed, and the light came only from the windows; and as they are high above the floor, the lower half of the cathedral was in twilight.

To the east were the carved screens, the chapels, tapestries, altars, the brass and silver candlesticks, the statues of the holy family, of saints and angels, of Joan of Arc. To the west was the yellow straw in which lay the gray ghosts nursing bloody bandages. Impartially upon the sacred symbols of the church, and upon the dirt and blood-stained men battered near to death by their fellow men, the famous windows of Rheims shone like vast jewels. For, in spite of the shells, parts of the stained glass still remained, and into the gray shadows cast pointing rays of blue and crimson. But the perfect glory of the glass was gone. Shrapnel and flying bits of masonry had cut through the expanses of deep blue, a blue which is as pure and

cold as the blue of a winter sky by moonlight, and in them torn great gashes. Through these wounds you saw the dull sky and the falling rain. In one place in the wall a shell had made a breach so large that through it might have passed a taxicab. In spite of the nature of the building, in spite of the Red Cross flags, the shell had come shrieking into this by-path of the war, and aimed by Germans had killed two of the German wounded. With their toes pointing stiffly, they lay under little mounds of straw, their gray, wax-like hands folded in peace.

We were escorted through the cathedral by the curé doyen of the church of Saint Jacques, Chanoine A. Frézet. His own church up to that time had not greatly suffered; nor was he one of the staff of the cathedral, but, like every other man, woman, and child in Rheims, he felt as though the stained-glass windows belonged to him. He spoke of the loss of them as of the dead.

"Except at Chartres and at Burgos, in Spain," he said, "there was in all the world no glass so beautiful. It was seven hundred years old; and the glass is gone, and the secret of it is gone."

When we saw the havoc caused by the howitzers we had planned at once to carry the story of the desecration of the cathedral back to Paris. But while we still were in the cathedral two French batteries of field-guns from the outskirts of Rheims opened on the German positions across the river, and the Germans again began to bombard the city. As this still further threatened the cathedral, we decided, until we knew the result of the bombardment, to wait. We told our chauffeur to make his headquarters in the square in front of the cathedral. We chose that spot because from every part of Rheims the two towers were visible, and to find our way back appeared easy. We did not then suppose the Germans would make the cathedral their chief target. We walked to the outskirts of the town to watch the French artillery, but the end of each street was blocked with barricades, and through these the French officers would not allow us to pass. To view the work of the German batteries it was not necessary to leave the city. In it the six-inch howitzer shells were now falling fast. They followed each other with the regularity of trolley-cars, and the people were closing the shutters and taking refuge in their cellars, or in the caves of the champagne companies, or through the streets were flying toward the road to Paris. When the shells struck in the street, the heavy stones gave them greater power.

At the battle of Soissons we had watched them fall in the fields, where they had thrown out black fumes and ploughed up the turnips. In the soft soil they were less destructive than picturesque. But, just as it is easier to "line out" a swift ball than a slow one, so, in Rheims, when the shells struck the stone pavements and the brick and stucco houses, their resistance aided the explosive power of the shells and the result was great excavations in the streets and the wiping out of entire buildings. These latter in one second the shells lifted, shook, and deposited in rubbish in the cellar. In other bombardments I have watched a house lose its roof much as a hat is snatched off by the wind, a cornice carried away, windows punched out, and finally the whole structure battered to its knees.

It took time, and you saw the wall, or fort, or house disintegrate. But these six-inch German howitzer shells do not dismember; they destroy. It was like a gigantic conjuring trick. Over your head an invisible express train swept through space; in front of you a house disappeared. Except for those who were escaping, and the infantry who guarded the town, the streets were empty. The infantry told us they had just returned from Belgium. They were lean, tanned, clear-eyed. In spite of their long "hike" they were neither footsore nor weary. Instead, they were extremely fit and cheerful. They disregarded the shells entirely; and were moving from house to house inquiring anxiously for any cigarettes the Germans might have overlooked.

The shells had been falling near the cathedral; and when we returned to the square we did not expect to find our chauffeur. And, as it turned out, save for the statue of Joan of Arc, the square was empty. A sentry ran from one of the portals of the church and told us the chauffeur had arranged with himself to meet us outside the gate to Paris. He had waited, the sentry explained, until two houses within a hundred yards of

him had vanished, then he, too, had vanished. In the rue de Vesle we joined the stream of people making toward the city gate. They formed only a small part of the population. The rest of Rheims was standing in the doors, or on the sidewalk, watching those who fled. Those who had elected to remain did not appear disturbed. Young people, arm in arm, were parading the street, searching the sky for air-ships, pointing eagerly when a column of black smoke or powdered cement marked where a shell had burst.

At the gate of the city we asked if any one had seen our car. A man in a blouse had not seen it; but he knew how we could find it. We had only to accompany him to the general staff, who were occupying the gendarmerie. If there were any people we were less anxious to meet than the general staff it was the gendarmes. We tried to escape from the man in the blouse.

Whether he was a secret agent who thought we were spies, or the village pest, we could not tell; but he would not leave us. We whispered to each other and in the crowd lost ourselves. But the man in the blouse, accompanied by a policeman, pursued. The captain of gendarmes desired to speak with us. We knew what *that* meant. It meant showing our papers, which would disclose the damning fact that we were correspondents, and that meant Tours.

And Tours is a "long, long way from Tipperary. It's a long way to go."

The captain of gendarmes regarded us sternly.

"Is your car a limousine with a gray body?" he asked. We admitted that it was. "You will find it a mile farther up this road," he said. He will never know why we thanked him so extravagantly. Probably he still thinks, so anxious were we to escape, that only a car could take us away fast enough. The chauffeur was sure he could sleep just as well outside of Rheims as in it, and on foot we returned to the city. It had now grown dark, and, as though eager to make use of the light still remaining, the salvos from the French artillery and the return fire of the Germans had quickened. Many of those we met were now panic-stricken, and, as they ran, stumbled and tripped. Women were weeping, praying aloud, and crossing themselves, and, when the shells burst, screaming in terror.

The streets and sidewalks were strewn an inch deep with the broken glass of the window-panes, and under the hurrying feet of the refugees this carpet gave out sharp, metallic echoes. With the whistling and grinding of the shells, and the crash of the falling masonry, is always associated in my mind this tinkling, musical accompaniment. Seeking a lodging for the night, and pounding on the closed doors, we walked over half the city. But no one invited us, and we were preparing to sleep in the car when we stumbled upon the Hôtel du Nord.

We found it running smoothly, and except for one man who made the beds, run by a staff composed entirely of women. That French women are capable is a bromide, but these women, under trying conditions, were especially so. They were acting as clerks, cooks, butlers, waiters, and, when their duties permitted, were industriously knitting. Their guests also were women. But they were refugees, and having no responsibility they were not capable. They sat in the pretty garden, their poodle-dogs and handbags on their knees; and each time the guns spoke, each would duck. At eight o'clock the firing had sunk to a low growl like the passing of a summer thunder-storm; and until four in the morning, when the bombardment again shook the city, there was silence. We thought what we had seen of the destruction of the cathedral required us to get our story at once on the wire; and we returned to Paris. But our judgment was at fault; we should have remained where we were. The next morning in Paris the eleven-o'clock communiqué told that the cathedral was in flames, and again we started toward Rheims. It was a most difficult, and, with constantly before us the chance of arrest, a most anxious journey. A turning movement on a big scale was going forward and every foot of the way was blocked with troops. The roads could not hold them and across country they were making short cuts, the wheels of the artillery and of the motor-trucks ploughing deep furrows in the wheat-fields. We were smothered with soldiers; they clung to the running-boards of the car, were silhouetted against the sky-line, like lakes of blue they spread across the val-



From a photograph, copyright by International News Service.

The sculptor's studio on top of the south tower.

Reading from right to left: French aviators, Abbé Chinot, Gerald Morgan, E. Ashmead-Bartlett, Richard Harding Davis. At the time Captain Granville Fortescue made this photograph the cathedral was being shelled.

leys, and, as though performing a gigantic snake dance, across the hills their red trousers in columns a mile long twisted and turned. Whence they came, or where they were going, we did not know. Certainly we did not ask. Into the secrets of the General Staff we had no desire to pry. We wanted only to reach Rheims and the cathedral that was in flames. For hours, purring with displeasure, the car crept through miles of infantry, cavalry, artillery, mounted gendarmes, zouaves, Turcos' ambulances, Algerian tirailleurs. In the villages they swamped the narrow streets; against the shadows of the forests their camp-fires twinkled; in the grass-gutters



From a photograph, copyright by International News Service.

The chapel of the cathedral and robing-room of the kings.

On the right is the Palace of the Archbishop, completely gutted. Stretching beyond the chapel, the city for one square half-mile was destroyed. The photograph was taken by E. Ashmead-Bartlett from the tower of the cathedral. The ledge of the tower shows in the foreground.

by the side of the road, in the fields around the stacks of grain, doubled forward or lying heavily upon their backs, they stole a moment's sleep. From a hilltop, distant six miles from Rheims, we saw the cathedral. For seven hundred years, just as for several years the flatiron building dominated New York City, it had dominated the countryside, and like a rock of Gibraltar it still rose above the plain; but now, in a heavy pall, smoke rose above it; the roof was gone, part of the left tower had disappeared.



From a photograph, copyright by International News Service.

Left portal, looking out from nave of cathedral.

The statues surrounding this door were not placed in the niches they occupied, but were a part of the stone arch. Only one other such door exists.

With the goal in sight those last six miles of our journey tried our souls. We now knew that the official communiqué had told only the truth; and in pressing forward we had no more evil intent than to tell newspaper readers in the United States and Great Britain of one of the gravest crimes in history. In doing this we thought we were serving France, and by reporting the facts might possibly help in preventing further outrages. But the General Staff did not look at it in that way. To the General Staff we were potential spies; and among the thousands of soldiers we passed any one of them was justified in arresting us and in aiding in sending us to Tours. In all France there were no other six miles so long.

The cathedral had been one of the most magnificent examples of early Gothic architecture. Fergusson called it "perhaps the most beautiful structure produced in the Middle Ages." It was a structure noble in its proportions, beautiful in its exquisite detail. We found the structure still standing, still noble, but the beauty was destroyed. It was like the carved statue of a saint from which some one in a drunken frenzy, with a mallet and chisel, had chopped away the features. The west façade had held five hundred and thirty statues; they were figures of the Virgin, saints, confessors, martyrs, apostles, angels. They were all mutilated, chipped, battered, dismembered. Where, the day before, pieces of the precious glass were missing, now whole windows, glass, lead, sash, and frame of carved stone, had been torn out, and in the wall was a ragged hole. We picked our way among the broken arms, hands, wings, halos of statues that for hundreds of years, to the glory of God, had faced the elements; our feet trod upon bits of glass more beautiful than jewels. What the shells had failed to batter down, the heat of the fire, started by the shells, had des-

troyed. With your hands you could crumble a statue into powder; when we walked on the upper galleries above the flying buttresses, and a piece of masonry seemed unsafe, a kick would send it crashing into the street below.

The origin of the fire is now well known. Lit by a shell, it started among the scaffolding that surrounded the left tower. From the scaffolding it spread to the arched roof of oak and lead that surmounted the lower curved roof of stone. The sparks and the molten lead fell on the straw in the nave where lay the wounded.

The abbé Chinot, a young, athletic, manly priest, and the venerable Archbishop Landreux called for volunteers, and aided by the Red Cross nurses and doctors dragged the unhappy wounded out of the burning building and through the north door. There a new danger threatened them. They were confronted by a mob. Maddened by the sight of their beloved church in flames, by the bombardment of their homes, by the death from the shells of five hundred of their townsmen, the gray uniforms drove the people of Rheims to a frenzy. They called for the death of the "barbarians." What followed cannot be too often told. The aged archbishop and the young abbé Chinot placed themselves between the mob and the wounded. With splendid indignation, with perfect courage, they faced the raised rifles. "If you kill them," they cried, "you must first kill us." And the mob, recognizing their bravery and the self-sacrifice, permitted the wounded to be carried to a place of safety. We are told that greater love hath no man than that for another he should lay down his life. If that other be his enemy, his sacrifice leads him very near to the company of the saints. The story of the young priest and the venerable archbishop, with their cathedral burning behind them, with the Germans they hated clinging to them for safety while they protected them and, in their behalf, from their own people invited death, will always live in the records of this war and of the church. It will be told in histories and in songs, and each spring will be reproduced upon the walls of the salon. With their shells the Germans hammered the nave where Joan of Arc once stood, where the monarchs of France were crowned, and destroyed the palace of the archbishop. But the spirit of the church, which is the spirit of Christ, the shells could not destroy. The two French priests proved that. With such men to keep alive the spirit, France is



From a photograph, copyright by International News Service.

The middle portal in west façade, showing effects of the fire.

consoled for the loss of carved statues and rose windows.

The Germans say they fired on the cathedral because it was being used by the French for purposes of observation. I thought that would be their excuse, and the first question I asked the abbé Chinot was whether he had permitted the French officers to occupy the towers. I explained why the question was important, and why the facts were important. He told me most vehemently and earnestly that at no time had any officers been permitted to make use of the church for military purposes. For two nights, to protect the non-combatants of the city from air-ships, he had permitted the soldiers to place a search-light in the tower. But, fearing this would be construed by the Germans as a hostile act, he had ordered the search-light removed. And it was not until five nights after it had been removed that the Germans began to bombard. Abbé Chinot pointed out that had it been the search-light to which the Germans took exception they would have shelled the tower while the light was shining, not five days after it had disappeared. During the absence of the archbishop Landreux at Rome the abbé Chinot had been in complete authority. And, as a priest, he gave me his solemn assurance that without his permission and knowledge no one could have entered or left the cathedral, and that by no officer or soldier had it been occupied. The other excuse of the Germans, that the French artillery was so placed that to fire at it without striking the cathedral was impossible, is so trifling as to be insolent. The cathedral was not in the line of fire between the French battery and the German battery. It was between the two French batteries.



From a photograph, copyright by International News Service.

Abbé Chinot and French officer standing on stone roof of cathedral.

The outer roof of lead and oak that was destroyed by shells and fire rested on the arches and rose to the peak shown in the background.

I was in the cathedral while the Germans were shelling it. Some of their shells burst within twenty-five yards of us, and at the exact time those shells were falling I could hear the French guns to the north and south; one, a mile from us, the other, two miles. The Germans claim they were firing at those guns. To accept that, we must believe that continuously for four days they aimed at a battery and, two miles from it, hit the cathedral of Rheims.

[Note.—While returning from Rheims Mr. Davis and his fellow correspondents were arrested by General Asibert, and by gendarmes taken to Paris, where they were placed in the Cherche-Midi prison. Through the good offices of the American ambassador and on their giving their parole that for eight days they would not write of what they had seen along the Aisne, they were given their liberty.]

BREWSTER BLOOD

By Katharine Holland Brown

Illustrations by May Wilson Preston

A VERY little boy, dressed in long, tight, flounced trousers of yellow nankeen, and a skin-tight, brass-buttoned jacket of deep and lurid blue, sat stiffly on a tall chair in Grandsir Adoniram Brewster's front parlor. His tow hair was brushed high in a shiny roach, after the fashion, at once naïve and ferocious, of the year of our Lord 1833; his blue eyes snapped; his chubby face was so flushed with anger and chagrin that the cinnamon freckles on his plump little nose fairly stood out in relief.

Grandsir Brewster's parlor, high-ceiled, white-panelled, dim with a mortuary gloom, was crowded like Aladdin's cave with dusk strange splendors. At little Henry's elbow stood an ebony cabinet, inlaid with swarms of bees in mother-o'-pearl, crammed to its iridescent doors with ivory elephants and lumps of amber, and squat grinning gods in malachite and chrysoprase. That cabinet Great-grandsir Brewster had snatched from a Barbary pirate's sybarite cruiser in the roaring days of 1810. Close by, a pedestal of teak upheld the *Belisarius*, the stately Indiaman which three Brewsters had sailed as captain, her hull and masts cut from a solid wedge of ivory, her ropes of fraying silk, her blocks of jade. Swung high in his perch of beaten silver, a great sulphur cockatoo glared down with fiery orange eyes. But none of these things moved Henry. Fat fists clenched, plucky blue eyes ablaze, he sat like a spunky little martyr before the grave inquisitorial council of his kin.

Seven years before, Cap'n Richard Brewster, Henry's bold, handsome young father, had been lost at sea. Till to-day Henry and his girl-mother had lived in Scotland with her own people, the Carmichaels of Balgonie. Well enough folk, the Carmichaels, great landowners and lordly gentlemen; but in Grandsir Adoniram's eyes a blustering, hard-riding crew, ill stock for a sober Salem Brewster to choose. At length Grandsir had summoned his son's wife and his son's child to Salem, their proper home. To-day all Henry's relatives were gathered to meet him and his pretty scared mother for the first time. And with the fine unwitting savagery of grown-ups, they were talking over little Henry, right before his scorching little face.

"He has no Brewster look." Second-cousin Levina stroked her puce flounces and gazed solemnly down her long yellow nose. Under its beetling turban, her gaunt yellow face looked like a big cross bird's face, thought Henry. He had a sacrilegious longing to feel her large nose and make sure whether it was flesh or beak. "No Brewster was ever linty-headed. 'Black as a Brewster,' that was the saying in my day."

"There may ha' been linty-head Brewsters before your day, Levina." Uncle Lysander snorted and flourished his ear-trumpet. "But the child is no Brewster. Short-legged men the Brewsters were. Short, swinging steps they took, a true sailor's gait. But Henry, he straddles it off like a grenadier. And never a Brewster but narrowed his eyes against the sun. Squint they all did, from old Brimstone Brewster down. But little Henry stares against the sun, like he's got the eyes of a sea-gull."

Little Henry blinked miserably, and turned to peep past the great brocade curtains. Then he sighed for delight. Under the window lay a deep sunny garden. Beyond, a wide white beach, a tossing blue harbor. Straight out across the low-tide shoals stretched a narrow white causeway, perhaps half a mile long, linking a tiny sugar-loaf island to the mainland. On the island stood a columnar pile of gray rock: a ruined lighthouse. And

back and forth on the causeway raced and frolicked a handful of children. Little Henry's mouth grew dry with yearning. Would the relations never let him go?

Then he jumped and turned back. For Grandsir Adoniram himself, exalted patriarch of all the Brewsters, was speaking now.

"I don't hold with you, Levina. Nor you neither, Lysander. You cannot judge Henry by looks or actions. A Brewster is a Brewster, be his hair what color it pleases the Lord to make it. But what plagues me"—his harsh old jaw thrust suddenly; his grizzled brows lowered over gray hawk eyes: "What plagues me—Harkee, Henry. What do ye aim to do when ye're man-grown?"

Henry's heart gave a wild thump. He looked across at his pretty, pale mother, shrouded in her rigid crape. He stood up and drew a resolute breath.

"I aim to be a laird, sir. Like my grandfather."

There fell a curious hush. The ranks of Brewsters stared, bewildered. Above, the ranks of dead-and-gone Brewsters on the high, dim walls stared down with level scornful eyes.

"A laird, hey? Like your grandfather?" Grandsir's bristling head thrust forward. His deep voice rasped. "But I am your grandfather. And I was a sea-captain all my days."

"I mean a laird like my Scotch grandfather. Grandfather Carmichael."

"Your grandfather Carmichael, hey? H'm-m-m."

The hush deepened. It was an outraged hush now.

"But you are a Brewster. You are the only son of the Brewsters." Grandsir's voice rang, challenging. "Of course you will follow the sea. Your father was captain of a grand ship. So was I. So was your great-grandsir, and his father before him. You will be the ablest captain of us all."

Henry's spine stiffened under that challenge.

"But I don't like the ocean, sir."

"You don't like the ocean!"

Henry glanced toward that tossing, illimitable blue.

"I like the ocean to-day. But I don't like it when it's stormy. So I'm going to be a laird like grandfather, and have lots of dogs and horses, and be a soldier and fight. But I don't want to go to sea. Because it makes me afraid."

"Afraid!"

The word dropped like a plummet through that well of silence.

"Afraid! But then you are no Brewster. Never yet was there a Brewster that was a coward. *Afraid!*"

Henry did not flinch. But his mother sprang to her feet.

"Coward is not a word to use to my son, Grandsir!" Her cheeks flamed, her little fair hands shook. "My Henry is, as he says, a Carmichael. No braver clan you'll find in all braid Scotland!" Her gentle voice rose shrill.

"There, my daughter." The old man put her courteously back in her chair. His rugged old face was rather pale. "Be sure I would not miscall our son——"

"But Henry is my son, my own! And I've always been terrified of the sea, and all my folk before me. They tell it of Derek Carmichael, the first earl—" she stopped short. How could she tell that tale of roistering old Derek, with its black, unearthly climax, to this hard-lipped, cold-eyed Puritan? She wilted back in her chair.

"Do not stir yourself so, Diana." Very gently Grandsir laid his big, gaunt hand on her arm. "But—" his shrewd old face grew dulled with heavy question: "But there's never yet Brewster born that did not love the sea. Afraid of the sea!" His hand shook on her arm. "He can't be a Brewster. It—it's not believable!"

The great room echoed with that iron clang of verdict. Cold, hostile eyes stared at the wretched pair. Diana's fair head drooped. Henry set his solid little jaws. His blue eyes focussed on his brand-new morocco boots, and there clung.

Now, out of all that assembly, one Brewster had not yet spoken judgment.

Throned in a great carved blackwood chair before the fire sat Great-grandaunt Joanna Billings Brewster, a tiny, brittle old lady in a plum-colored satin gown. Her small hickory-nut face, crisscrossed by the million wrinkles of ninety years, was framed in a high daunting helmet of frilled Mechlin. Her veiny little hands grasped her tortoise-shell snuff-box as if it were a sceptre. Thin eyelids half-closed, small satin foot meditatively tap-



He had a sacrilegious longing to feel her large nose and make sure whether it was flesh or beak.—Page 77.

ping the cross-stitch cat, she had listened in silence. But now she raised her voice. And her household, even to Grandsir Adoniram himself, gave ear as to an oracle.

"I've sat by and harked to your gibble-gabble quite long enough." Her little cracked voice cheeped high like the last katydid of fall. "And I wash my hands of the whole blethering troop of you. You, Levina, and you, Lysander, and you, too, Adoniram!" She levelled her snuff-box at Grandsir with a menacing click. "Coward, indeed! Brewster blood is Brewster blood. Not one drop ever turned coward, nor ever will. So do ye all stop picking on little Henry. Let me hear no more of this folderol. Brewster blood is Brewster blood, I say. Mind my words. When his time comes, little Henry will not fail."

Uncle Lysander fiddled with his ear-trumpet. Cousin Levina sat back, quenched. Grandsir's iron mouth twitched; his grim eyes smouldered. But Aunt Joanna's word was law and gospel. Not another word did he speak.

The Brewster clan not only ceased their blether, but proceeded to treat Henry and his mother most kindly and hospitably—from a Brewster standpoint. None the less, that first year with his father's people spelled for little Henry misery long drawn out. Eight years old is quite old enough to know torments of self-consciousness, hours of lonely shame. Cousin Levina forever stopped him on the stairs to rap his linty head with a commiserating knuckle. Uncle Lysander growled unceasingly to see him stride down the pebbled walk, his steady blue eyes unwinking against the sun. With impish divination, even his small mates at Miss Chandler's school took up the cry. "Cowardy, cowardy Carmichael!" they yelped after him. And little Henry, who feared noth-

ing against which he could raise his fists, came home time and again with soundly blacked eyes and disgracefully torn trousers. But Grandsir Adoniram made life harder still. The harsh, silent old man, bereaved of the young captain, his idolized only son, was hungry to his soul for the comradeship of his son's child. Always he longed to wake the sea-love and the sea-lore that must lie hid in the nature of every true Brewster. Clumsy, patient, he made endless overtures. Of Saturday half-holidays he would lead him down Derby Street, stopping into quaint dark shops full of coils of tarry rope and cases of hardtack and heaped sou'-westers and murderous whaling gear; then on to India Wharf, to watch an imperial three-master make port, and hear the ancient mariners assembled pass judgment on her lines and speed. Later, he would march him through the great crowded warehouses, fragrant with casks of wine and oils and bales of spices and heaps of rich-scented woods, the very stuff and incense of magic. Shrewdly he would stop a bronzed, keen sailing-master and draw out curt enthralling references to white squalls, and water-spouts, and strange, gay ports where scarlet domes rose above sands yellow as the thick gold of Grandsir's watch-chain. Else he would stop into the warm gloom of the East India Marine Society, and read aloud from musty old log-books, and tell Henry long, tangled stories. Stories of mutinies, of gray typhoons that lifted the face of the sea round the *Belisarius* in a green solid wall, of flying pirate raids, of riot and blood and treasure. Henry, pugnacious little tyke, gave eager ear to fight and broil. But to tales of the sea he listened in a terror that chilled his little bones. The sea-fear of all the Carmichaels ran in his veins. No magic and mystery of the sea for Henry! Past even those glorious blood-stained decks he saw all the old eerie pictures of kelpie and blind sea-snake and demon painted from babyhood on his little brain. And, always smiting his memory, the tale of Derek Carmichael, the old earl, flown with insolence and wine, who, standing at the head of his table on a wild March night, had laid a wager to drink a toast with the de'il himself at midnight, off Craggie Reef. And the shuddering legend told how, all night long, his men-at-arms had gathered on the cliff and watched Craggie Reef, far out to sea, blaze with a still and awful fire. There, standing on the topmost steep, old Derek, arm in arm with a black flickering Shape, drank and drank at his impious toast, then would have stepped into his coble and rowed ashore. But that up from the sea rose spectre hands uncounted and dragged him down, down into fathomless deeps, without a sound or cry. But Henry could not tell his fears to Grandsir. And Grandsir could never have understood. To old Adoniram the sea was the sea, comrade, servant, friend. To his great anxious love, it was past enduring that his son's child should be cut off from an ocean life. Life ashore was no life at all, merely an ignoble crawling on the edge of things. Little Henry must learn that. Unhappily, little Henry seemed doomed never to learn.



"Coward is not a word to use to my son, Grandsir!" —Page 78.

"How any Brewster can be such a

landlubber! Such a—a coward!" Grandsir spoke the hateful word between shut teeth. He watched Henry trudge down the path to meet Persis Stedman and carry her books. "If he had half that child's spirit! But the Stedmans are seafarers, all. No cringing Scotch blood in them."

Henry's friendship with Persis was approved by all the Brewsters. To grown-up eyes, Persis was as saintly a damsel as ever trotted by in pantalets. But, in truth, no more merciless little tease ever breathed. Henry, poor little pig-headed male, tagged her like a fat adoring puppy, and the more he tagged the more the little witch led him on, only to torment him at the end. "Cowardy, cowardy Carmichael!" From the other children that taunting streel cut deep. But from Persis's rosy mouth it stabbed.

The year wore on to Indian summer, then hung in that golden balance week on week. Thanksgiving passed without a touch of frost. No such fall was ever known on Cape Ann, declared the wise elders. "A weather-breeder," Grandsir called each luminous morning. But now it was late December, and still the sun shone pale as through tinted glass, the marshes over Lynn way were veiled in smoky blue, the silver sky hung close above a dim and silver sea.

"Come, let's us and Davy run down the causeway and play shipwreck," sang out Persis, skipping down the path, just too



Cousin Levina forever stopped him on the stairs to rap his linty head with a commiserating knuckle.—Page 79.

far ahead for Henry to catch up with dignity. In furry gray pelisse and squirrel cap Persis was elfin; and elfin mischief snapped in her hazel eyes.

"Naw. I got to go home. 'Sides, it's high tide at sunset." Henry scowled. He did not like to play on the causeway. It was round a flooded causeway that old Derek had rowed to meet his doom.

"Phoo, we could run clear to the lighthouse and back before the tide catches us. Scare-cat!"

Henry reddened to his ears. He stalked dumbly ahead.

"We're going to have a Christmas-tree to our house," Persis chanted on.

"Huh, so are we. Bigger'n yours, too. See if it ain't."

"*You* have a Christmas-tree!" Persis's voice pealed with mockery. "*Your* folkses won't never give you a tree. Nor presents neither."

"Will, too!" bragged Henry hotly. "Wait an' see!"

"Won't neither. 'Cause you aren't a real Brewster. 'Cause you're afraid to go to sea. Cowardy, cowardy Carmichael!"

Henry swallowed hard. A red mist flared before his eyes. His fists shot out, but Persis, an adept in what a later generation would call footwork, flashed past reach. Laughing like a silver chime, she seized her little brother Davy's pudgy paw. The two romped defiantly away down the causeway.

Henry stamped up Grandsir's front steps. If Persis were only a boy, wouldn't he trounce her, though! He banged down the long hall and pushed furiously into the shadowy parlor.

"Mother, I am *too* going to have a Christmas-tree! Ain't I?"

He stopped, startled. Round the fireplace sat the entire Brewster clan. Scarlet-eared, he hastened to make his manners. Uncle Lysander grunted. Cousin Levina tapped his head with a bony finger.

"What's all this touse about a Christmas-tree? We never heard of such trumpery in my day."

"Hey? What? A Christmas-tree?" Uncle Lysander brought his ear-trumpet to bear. "Hoity-toity! Popery. Rank popery. Come New Year's, mebby, I'll have a fire-new shilling for ye. But Christmas—tut, tut!"

"B-but—" Henry swallowed hard again. His small chest swelled.

"Here, in your own country, it is not the custom to observe Christmas, my son." Grandsir Adoniram spoke the final austere decree. "Your own people have never sanctioned such light-minded pastimes."

Henry's mother drooped her fair head. But Henry was past all bounds.

"In my own country we always keep Christmas. My own grandfather always gives a great dinner to everybody, and he gives me presents, and money, and a tree, too. We Carmichaels——"

"Henry!"

At that panic-stricken whisper Henry stopped. But the mischief was done.

"Pray listen, Henry." Grandsir leaned forward on his cane. Under thatched brows his eyes gleamed like live coals. "Understand now, once for all, that you are no longer a Scotsman. Neither are you a Carmichael, save by accident of birth. You are a Brewster. We expect you to comport yourself as Brewsters have always done. Now you may go."

Choking, blistered with mortification, Henry blundered out. It was a pity that he did not pause outside the door. Stiffly erect in her tall chair, needles snapping, beady eyes glittering, Aunt Joanna spoke out her candid mind.

"Passel of hypocrites you are! Pretending to Henry that he dassen't even hope for a stick of Christmas candy! When you, Levina, have been knitting him a silk nuby for Sabbath-school; and you, Lysander, ha' got him the finest Barlow knife that money can buy; and you, Adoniram! you've hid away a pair of skates and a double-eagle, days ago!"

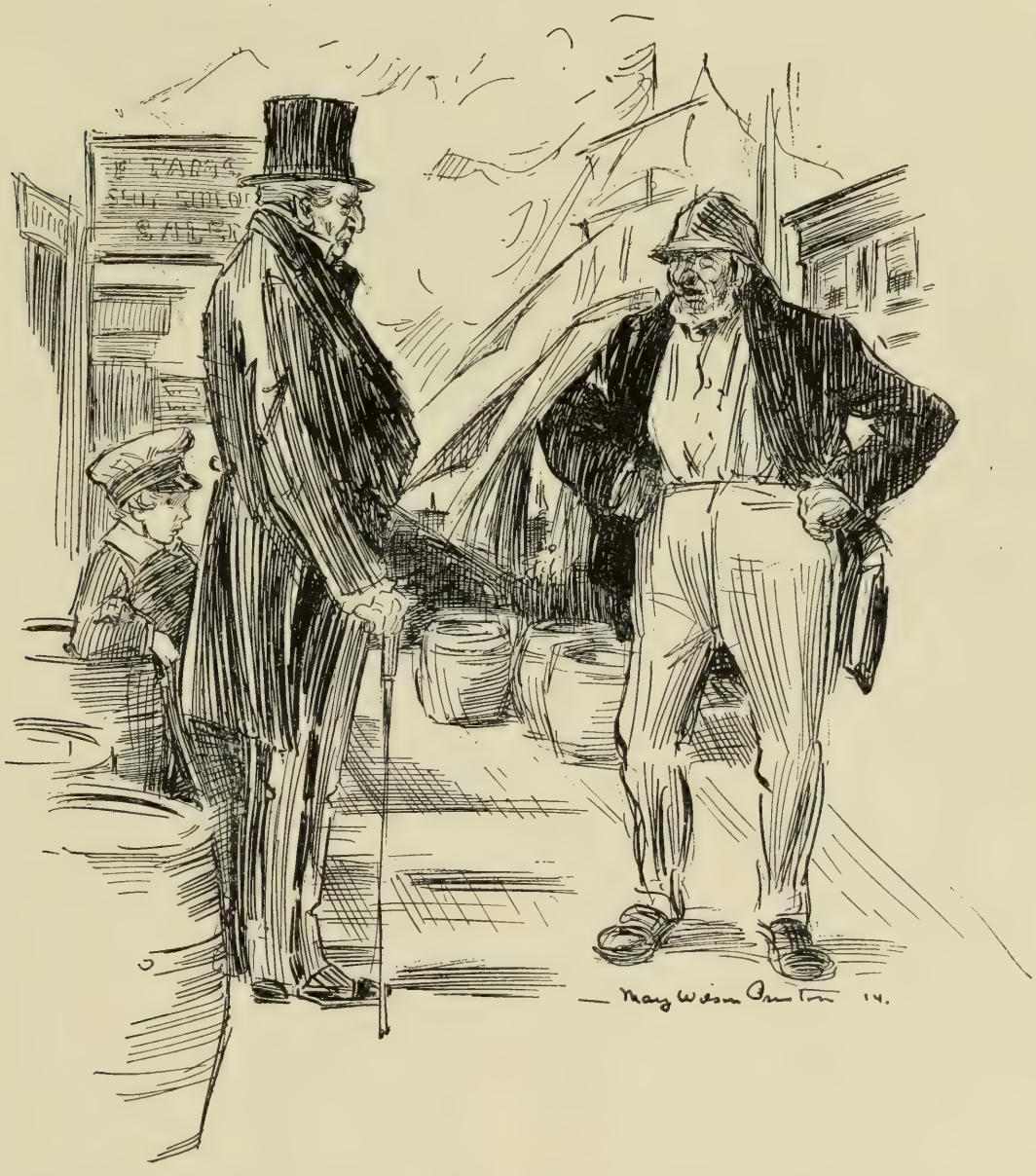
Had Henry seen those crestfallen faces he would have forgotten both resentment and awe, and hugged them every one on the spot. Instead, he stood on the doorstep and ground both fat fists into his eyes. Away to the east, a thickening skein of mist dulled the blue of the sky. Up from the headlands came a faint, low moan; the warning call of the bell-buoy. Down the causeway raced Persis, four-year-old David bumping at her heels. She waved a derisive red-mittened hand.

"Come along! Dare you! Cowardy, cowardy Carmichael!"

Henry's fists balled hard as pebbles.

He wheeled on the great lion knocker with a menacing glare. It was as if he hurled his small anathema against all the ranks of Brewsters, past, present, and to come.

sea more leaden. Soon a black wall piled looming to the zenith. Then the north wind awoke. Shrieking, it whipped the slow incoming tide into white-topped



Shrewdly he would stop a bronzed, keen sailing-master and draw out curt enthralling references to white squalls.—Page 80.

"Doggone 'em!" choked Henry's filling throat. "First I'll show Persis. Then I'll show *you!*"

And setting his teeth against the terror that always shook him when he ventured near the sea, he raced off down the causeway.

Grandsir was right at last. This golden autumn was just a weather-breeder. Minute by minute that silken skein of fog crept closer, closer inshore. Minute by minute the sky grew more overcast, the rollers that leaped and raced and thundered. And night and storm shut down on Salem together.

Henry had been given leave to play with his small neighbors till supper-time. Consequently no one missed him till past dusk. The elder Brewsters were just filing out to their sombre tea, when there came a clang at the knocker, then a sharp, anxious voice. Mrs. Stedman's voice.

"Samuel! Ask your master— Oh, my little daughter, Persis! Is she here,

playing with your Henry, captain? And David, my baby! But of course they are here. Although they had no permission to come."

"Persis? David? But Henry is upstairs with his mother, I believe. Learning his catechism."

A flying young step on the stairs. A quick, startled reply.

"No, Grandsir. Henry is not with me. I thought him playing with Persis—Henry!" The scared mother-voice rose piercingly. "Henry, my little son! Hark to the wind! Grandsir! Where can the little fellow be?"

Blandly amused at Henry's unreasoning parent, Grandsir condescended to send his black man servant in search. A few minutes after, still blandly, he himself put on greatcoat and clogs, took a lantern, and set forth. An hour later, very wet and cold, with both blandness and condescension thoroughly drenched and pounded out of him, he stumbled up the steps and into the hall.

"We—we will have the boy back shortly, Diana, my dear," he announced in a rather uneven voice. "The town is being carefully searched. Diana, my dear daughter! Where are you, child?"

"Diana rushed from the house directly you were gone." Cousin Levina put her hand on his arm. In the candle-light her long yellow face showed a curious ashy pallor. "Most foolish! But we could not stop her. She fled away like a mad woman, crying that the sea had stolen little Henry—that the sea had always hated the Carmichaels, and now the storm had come to snatch away her little son—" Cousin Levina stopped, panting.

"Folly!" Grandsir shrugged off his dripping coat. His hard, wind-beaten face was paler than Cousin Levina's. "As if the boy had not wits to stay out of the surf!"

"But where is he, Adoniram?"

Grandsir looked at her.

"God knows!" he cried in a loud, strange, tearing voice. And coatless, his white head bare, he plunged away into the night.

Eighty years ago. Yet up Salem way you will find more than one aged man who has heard tell of the great storm of '33. No more fearful nor'easter ever swept the New England coast. Hour after hour the wind went screaming, rain and sleet beat down like whips, the great waves crashed and thundered along the shore. The seas swept every boat in the harbor away. Anchors, ropes, ballast—so many playthings in that tempest's clutch. Three great schooners went ashore at Burkesson Reef, pounded to splinters against those cruel rocks. Not even Salem men—and none braver nor more sea-wise—dared go to their rescue. In that hell of smother, a life-boat could not live a moment. All night long men and women worked side by side to keep great signal fires ablaze along the shore. All night long all Salem, gentlefolk and factory hands, servants and fishermen, searched for the three lost children. Dour and capable, old Jotham Coleman, mayor of Salem, took the lead. He divided the searchers into squads, and gave each a district of the town. For all the wild night, the confusion, the terror, that search was conducted with grim New England gumption. But two seekers refused to obey orders, and went instead their own stubborn way. One was a white-faced girl, in torn and trailing black. Up and down the narrow dark streets she sped, never once hearing the pitying calls that begged her to stop and wait under shelter, that cried to her assuringly that her boy would surely be found. Always her voice rang high above the storm, piteous, imploring: "Henry! Henry, my precious! Come back to mother, darling! Come back to mother, little son!"

The other searcher was an old man, by far too aged and frail to face that battering wind. But not a man dared question him. Not one dared urge him cease his search. Back and forth on the beach he paced, hour on hour, bare-headed, the unlit lantern swinging in his numbed hands. Never once did he glance toward town. Always he stared out to the black tumult that was the sea.

Lamps burned in every room in the Brewster mansion that night. Down in the kitchen the servants gathered, an awed huddle. In the long hall Uncle Lysander paced stumbling up and down. His bony old knees shook under him. His face was chalky and drawn. Now and then he opened the front door and put his trumpet to his dull old ear, as if through the roaring wind he would catch a beloved



Henry, pugnacious little tyke, gave eager ear to fight and broil.—Page 80.

little voice. Before the parlor fire crouched Cousin Levina. Sternly practical, Cousin Levina had made all ready: blankets, brandy, camphor, hot sand-bags. Now there was nothing left for her hands to do. So she crouched on the tiger-skin before the hearth, her lean hands locked on her lean old breast. And she tried to pray for little Henry's life. But her lips could only whisper, over and over: "Richard's son! Richard's son! Oh, poor Adoniram! Oh, his poor mother! His poor mother!"

In all the great house only one person sat silent and unmoved. Throned in her carved chair, her hands locked on her snuff-box, her small face shut up tight as a sandalwood puzzle, Aunt Joanna sat staring into the fire. Never once did she move. Even when, at midnight, the storm tore the solid oak shutters from the window and sent the whole sash crashing on the floor, she did not stir.

Just before dawn Cousin Levina, creeping restlessly down the hall, saw a gleam of light away at the end of the garden.

"Lysander! Who can be down at the carriage-house?"

No reply. Puzzled, a weak pulse of hope in her veins, she threw on Grandsir's coat and started out. The wind nearly took her off her feet, but she struggled on. At the cedar windbreak, she stopped, appalled. There stood Uncle Lysander, axe in hand, hacking away at a tiny evergreen with all his might.

"Lysander! Have you gone clean cracked? What in time are you doing?"

Lysander grunted. In the gray icy light he turned a sheepish red.

"Needn't come spyin' on me, Levina. Struck me that if—if little Henry comes back—we might's well have a Christmas-tree for him. Seeing he's so set on it——"

"To be sure," Levina choked. Then, sternly capable, she grasped the top of the tree. "Hoist the other end, Lysander. I'll help you carry it in."

An hour later the daylight had gained and the tide was out, although great seas still foamed over the causeway. A burly sailor stood sighting out toward the ruined lighthouse. Then he held brief confab with the mayor. After which he hailed two of his mates. The three lashed themselves together and started for the lighthouse. Sliding, lunging, step by step, they pushed on through icy knee-deep water till the spindrift blotted them from sight.

The searchers gathered, staring. Wind and hail lashed their faces. The hard spray stung their eyeballs like flakes of fire.

"It is all madness," the mayor shouted in Grandsir's ear. "The children would never run out there to play. But we have searched every hole and corner in Salem. There is no other place left to search."

"Madness indeed," agreed Grandsir. His gray head sagged on his breast. His bloodshot old eyes quivered shut. No, the children would never have gone to play on the causeway. At least, not Henry. For Henry—once more that barbed thought struck deep into Grandsir's sore heart—for little Henry was afraid of the sea.

The minutes dragged on. Not even the keenest sight could make out the lighthouse. For the tide was turning now. Great currents were beating in. Wave on wave broke across the causeway in a blinding wall of foam. Yet, peering against the welter, the weary crowd waited, waited on.

Suddenly the mayor's hand grasped Grandsir's arm.

"They are coming back, captain. Look!"

A roaring wave broke over the causeway, flinging high a curtain of spray. As it fell they glimpsed the foremost sailor, a reeling, stumbling wraith. On swept another great wave. But not until Grandsir had seen.

"Yes, they are coming back. Coleman! In God's name tell me! I can see no longer. They are carrying—what are they carrying?"

They laid little Henry on the deep settle before the fire, and wrapped his stiff, clay-cold little body in roasting-hot blankets, and forced hot spirits drop by drop between his rigid little jaws. Cousin Levina, gray-lipped, her breath coming in gasps, scurried about with hot bottles and flannel-wrapped flatirons. Uncle Lysander squatted on his creaky old knees and rubbed Henry's icy hands. Grandsir Adoniram tried to help; but, pushed aside by the others, he dragged himself to a corner and huddled there, his hands clenched, his stern mouth set, his eyes bent imploringly on Henry's mother, as if he put all his trust in her frail might. But little Henry's mother never looked his way. Whiter than the little unconscious face on the pillow, she crouched by the settle, holding his small cold feet tight against her breast. Her blue eyes stared straight ahead, blank as blue ice; her beautiful mouth was wrenched awry. Not once in that endless hour, while all the others worked and wailed and clamored, did she speak one word. Only she pressed the little feet closer, closer, as if her burning heart of anguish could warm them back to life.

Now, in the year of our Lord 1833, even as to-day, a small boy was a being compact of steel wire and whipcord. After a long hideous eternity, a faint red began to warm little Henry's ash-white cheeks. Half an hour more and he could sit up weakly, his head on his mother's shoulder. And blessedly soon he was sipping hot mulled wine, and answering proud, tearful questions with true Brewster unconcern.

"And so our little Henry saved Persis's life. And Davy's, too," wept Cousin Levina behind her hand-screen. "But the sailors say that they found you all high in the tower, clean above the waves. How could you climb the lighthouse rock? 'Tis smooth as glass."

"I shinned up, marm."

"But how could you drag the other children up, sonny?" quavered Uncle Lysander. "'Tis steep as a wall!"

"First I h'isted Persis. Then we pulled Davy up between us."

"I dare say. But harkee, Henry."



"Cowardy, cowardy Carmichael!" From the other children that taunting streel cut deep. But from Persis's rosy mouth it stabbed.—Page 81.

Grandsir Adoniram laid his hand on the little boy's shoulder. His voice was rather hoarse. "First, you put the other children into a safe corner; then you dragged two heavy doors over your hiding-place, so that you were sheltered from the great wind. How were you able to do that?"

"I'd just got to," said Henry patiently. His tired eyes dropped shut. The vain repetitions of his elders were almost past enduring. But Answer up Polite and Speak When You're Spoken To.

However, at that moment Uncle Lysander hobbled importantly from the room, then limped beaming back, dragging the little tree. And with a sharp breath of delight little Henry suddenly sat up.

"It isn't a Christmas-tree, uncle?"

Indeed it was a Christmas-tree, all hastened to assure him. In a trembling fluster Cousin Levina and Uncle Lysander propped the little pine in a great Chinese jar.

"And I've knit you a nuby, and Grandsir's bought you a pair of skates, and you have a parcel of other presents, too. We'll hang them on to-night. And I'll string cranberries and pop-corn, and make rock-candy ropes, and you shall have candles on it, besides!"

Little Henry leaned back with ineffable calm. He was too tired to say much. But such is the unsanctified nature of man that deep in his heart there kindled a warm triumphant glow. A whole tree, all to himself! Wouldn't he crow over Persis to-morrow, though! He smiled gratefully on his assembled serfs. But the three old people hardly dared to look at him. Their old mouths trembled on the words they spoke. Their old hearts were thrashing in their breasts. For this their son, their darling, this treasure unspeakable which was lost to them, was found. This, the hope of their hearts, their one precious torch of life, was lit anew, that they might warm their weary old souls at its dear fire.

Then Henry glanced across the room.

Prim and sedate in her tall chair, moveless as a little ivory empress, sat his great-grandaunt, silent as she had sat the long night through. Her leaf-brown hands were folded. Her tiny face was inscrutable. But, as she looked across at her small kinsman, in her beady eyes there lit a queer keen flame.

Grandsir Adoniram turned again to Henry. His arm shut covetously round the child.

"You deserve your tree, my son. You have always been afraid of the sea. You did a noble act in risking your life to save a little girl."

Henry eyed him straight and fair. Brewster blood plus Carmichael blood makes for brutal truth.

"No, sir, I never. I didn't run down the causey to save Persis."

"But you knew she was in peril."

"No, sir, I never. But she'd called me names. And I went after her to slap her face for her, good. But she said she was just funning, so I—I didn't. I stayed, and we played pirate. And then the tide came in so quick we didn't dare cross the causey. And that's all."

There was a murmur of disappointment. But out spoke Cousin Levina.

"No matter why you went, Henry, 'twas a brave act. You, so afraid of the sea——"

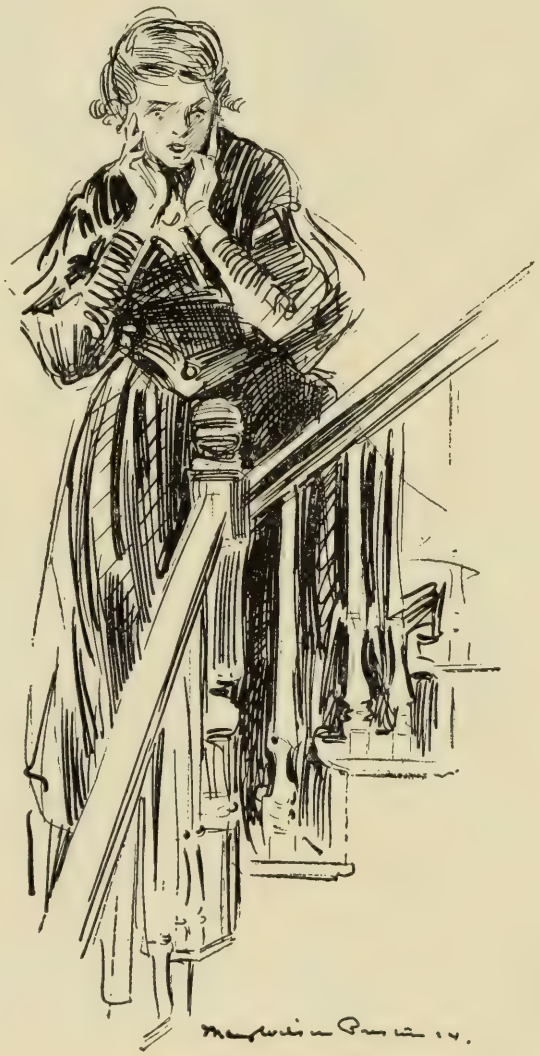
"*Levina!*"

Cousin Levina jumped as if a bomb had exploded under her chair.

On her high throne Grandaunt Joanna sat rigid. But two tiny red spots glowed on her nutcracker cheeks, and her beady eyes were ablaze. She shook a contemptuous finger at Cousin Levina. Clear, scornful, her piercing voice chirped high.

"Hark, you children. Let us have no more of this gabble. Such a palaver over Henry! Brewster blood, I tell you. Brewster blood did it all. Not a drop of our blood ever turned traitor. Nor ever will. Hear that?"

A sigh of agreement breezed through the room. Aunt Joanna was right, of course. Aunt Joanna, their oracle, was always right. What a superb tribute to little Henry! Proudly their eyes sought his face. Proudly Grandsir patted the small roached head. But, inexplicably, Henry was not responding to that tribute with the respectful gratitude which would become a Brewster. Instead, an angry light kindled in his blue eyes; his face reddened to his hair. He drew a little closer to his mother, that ignoble alien. Then—incredible! Out spoke little Henry, arrogant, unabashed, and sassed Aunt Joanna to her reverend face!



A flying young step on the stairs. A quick, startled reply.—Page 84.

"Brewster blood, nothin'," said blasphemous little Henry. "If I done anything brave, it's 'cause I had Carmichael blood in me. 'Cause I'm my mother's folks, not because I'm a Brewster. There, now!"

There fell the hush that follows cataclysm. Staring, dumb, the Brewsters confronted each other, shocked and wan. But Aunt Joanna did not turn an eyelash. A long minute she looked at Henry. Then, very deliberately, snuff-box in hand, she teetered across the room, her silken gown whispering behind. She bent above the settle and looked hard into that stern, hot, belligerent little face. Then, with a smart click, she brought her snuff-box down on his obstinate little shoulder. And over her wrinkled face came a gleam of purest proud delight.

"So Carmichael blood helped you face the sea all night, little Henry? Um. Mebby. Mebby so. But mark my words, Henry, mark my words. *'Twas only Brewster blood that gave you the pluck to tell me so!*"

And so did Henry Carmichael Brewster receive his accolade.

THIS WAR

By Olive Tilford Dargan

I

Now seres the planet like a leaf
  On burnt and shaken Ygsdrasil.
  What voice have we for this wide ill?
How shall we mourn when God in grief
  Bows for a world he made and lost
    At love's eternal cost?

'Tis not that brides shall turn to stone,
  And mothers bend with bitter cry
  Cursing the day they did not die
When daring death they bore a son,
  And waifs shall lift their thin hands up
    For famine's empty cup;

'Tis not that piled in bleeding mounds
  These fathers, sons, and brothers moan,
  Or torn upon the seas go down
Glad that the waves may hide their wounds;
  Not that the lips that knew our kiss
    Are parched and black, but this:

That thou must pause, O vaulting Mind,
  Untrammelled leaper in the sun;
  Pause, stricken by the spear of one,
The savage thou hadst left behind;
  Fall, gibber, fade, and final pass,
    Less than returning grass:

That Hate shall end what Love began,
  And strip from Life her human boast,—
  The Maker's whitest dream be lost,
The dream he trusted to the Man,
  The Man who upright rose and stared
    Farther than eagle dared:

That now the red lust blinds the eye
  That bore the vision, held the star;
  And where Life's fossil recreants are
Another bone and skull shall lie,
  While she to dust must stoop again
    To build her more than men.

II

But as the blackest marble 's lit
  With struggle of a birthless dawn,—
  Nay, as behind her door undrawn

Hell forges key that opens it,
And souls that troop to light and breath
Cast habit then of death;

Our dark, this dark, wears still a gleam.
O God, thou wilt not turn thine eyes
For comfort to thine other skies,—
Some other star that saved thy dream,—
Until, her gory fiends fordone,
Night wrestles to the sun!

Canst find no cheer in this, that o'er
Our moaning, reeking battle dews,
And redder than the blood we lose,
More hot and swift, in surge before
War's shriek and smoke, goes up as flame
The scarlet of our shame?

Stripped and unchristianed in a day,
Made naked by one blast of war,
Bare as the beast we know we are,
Not less shame marks the man, and they
Who wear with blush the fang and claw
May yet make love their law.

For "honor" lift we dripping hands.
For "home" we loose the storm of steel
Till over earth Thy homeless reel.
For "country!"—Thine are all the lands.
We pray, but thou hast seen our dead
Who knew not why they bled.

So warm were they, with destinies
Like straining stars that lustrously
Bore Goethes, Newtons not to be.
("Long live the king!") So warm were these
That dropped, and the cold moon alone
May count them, stone by stone.

Ah, Courage, what slain dreams of men
Thy blind, brave eyes here shut upon!
Let reckoners to come outrun
This unstanched loss. Dumb until then,
We wet Eternity with tears;
The aching score is hers.

III

O, BROTHERS of the lyre and reed,
Lend not a note to this wild fray,
Where Christ still cries in agony
"They know not, Father, *thou* dost bleed!"
Cast here no song, like flower prest
To Slaughter's seething breast.

But be the minstrel breath of Peace;
For her alone lift up your lyre,
Mad with the old celestial fire,
Or on our earth let music cease,
While keep we day and night the long
Dumb funeral of song.

And if among ye one should rise,
Blind garlander of armored crime,
Trailing the jungle in a rhyme,
Let him be set 'neath blackened skies
By mourning doors, and there begin
The last chant of our sin.

Long gone the warrior's dancing plume
That played o'er battle's early day;
Now must his song be laid away,
Child-relic, that was glory's bloom;
And Man who cannot sing his scars,
Is he not done with wars?

Ay, hearts deny the feet of haste,
And as they muster, oh, they break!
Hate's loudest fife no more can wake
In them the lust to kill and waste,
And madly perish, fool on fool,
That Might, the brute, may rule.

We hope! Love walks thee yet, O Earth!
Through thy untunable days she glows
A bowed but yet untrampled rose,
Wearing the fearless flush of birth,—
Yea, in our songless shame doth see
Thyself her harp to be!

Ye ages turning men to mould,
The past be thine, the future ours!
God hear us! There are infant powers
Stronger than giant sins of old!
To all the hells that are and were
Man rises challenger.

Tho' now at final Autumn seem
Our world with blood and ashes wound,
Unfaltering Spring shall choose her ground;
Man shall rebuild with bolder dream,
The god astir in every limb,
And earth be green for him.

And Peace shall cast afar her seed,
Shall set the fields where skulls have lain
With altar herb for every pain,
With myrtle and with tunèd reed,
Till stars that watch have sign to sing
A sister's flowering.

THE TAKING OF ANTWERP

BY E. ALEXANDER POWELL, F.R.G.S.

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THINGS were looking very black for Antwerp on the afternoon of the 2d of October. The forts comprising the Lierre-Waelhem sector of the outer line of defences had been hammered to pieces by the German siege-guns; pushing through the breach thus made, a German army corps had forced a passage across the Néthe in the face of desperate opposition; after a fortnight of continuous fighting the Belgian troops were in a state of complete exhaustion; the already overcrowded hospitals were swamped by the stream of wounded which was pouring in; a cloud of despondency overhung the city, for the people, though unaware of the extreme gravity of the situation, were oppressed with a sense of impending disaster.

When I returned that evening to the Hôtel St. Antoine from the battle-front, which was then barely a dozen miles outside the city, the manager stopped me as I was entering the elevator.

"Are you leaving with the others, Mr. Powell?" he whispered.

"Leaving for where? With what others?" I asked sharply.

"Hadn't you heard?" he answered in some confusion. "The members of the government and the diplomatic corps are leaving for Ostend by special steamer at seven in the morning. It has just been decided at a cabinet meeting. But for heaven's sake don't mention it to a soul. No one is to know of it until they are gone."

I remember that as I continued to my room the corridors smelled of smoke, and upon inquiring its cause I learned that Sir Francis Villiers, the British minister, and his secretaries were burning papers in the rooms occupied by the British legation. The Russian minister, who was standing in the hall superintending the packing of his trunks, stopped me to say good-by. So I was considerably astonished upon going down to breakfast the following morning, to meet Count Goblet d'Alviella, vice-president of the Senate and a minister of state, leaving the dining-room.

"Why, count!" I exclaimed, "I had thought of you as being well on your way to Ostend by this time!"

"We had expected to be," explained the venerable statesman, "but at four o'clock this morning the British minister sent us word that Winston Churchill had left London for Antwerp, and begged us to wait and hear what he had to say."

At one o'clock that afternoon (October 3) a big gray motor-car filled with British naval officers tore up to the hotel. Before the car had stopped the door was thrown violently open and out sprang a smooth-shaven, sandy-haired, stoop-shouldered, youthful-looking man in the undress uniform of a lord of the admiralty. It was Winston Churchill. As he darted into the lobby, which was crowded with Belgian, French, and British officers, diplomatists, and cabinet ministers, it reminded me for all the world of that scene in the melodrama where, at the eleventh hour and fifty-ninth minute, the hero dashes up, dust-covered and bareheaded, on a foam-flecked horse, and saves the heroine, or the old homestead, or the beleaguered garrison, as the case might be.

While Churchill was lunching with Sir Francis Villiers and the staff of the British legation, two English correspondents approached and asked him for an interview.

"I will not talk to you," he almost shouted, smashing his fist down upon the table. "You have no business to be in Belgium at this time. Get out of here at once!"

My table was so near that I could not help but overhear the request and the response, and I remember remarking to

the friends who were lunching with me: "Had Mr. Churchill said that to me, I should have answered him: 'I have as much business in Belgium at this time, sir, as you had in Cuba during the Spanish-American War!'"

Half an hour later I was standing in the lobby chatting with M. de Vos, the burgomaster of Antwerp, M. Louis Franck, the Antwerp representative in the Chamber of Deputies, and the American consul-general, Mr. Diederich, when Churchill rushed past us on his way to his room. Intercepting him, the burgomaster introduced himself and expressed his anxiety as to the fate of the city. Before he had finished Churchill was half-way up the stairs.

"I think everything will be all right now, Mr. Burgomaster," he called, in a voice which could be heard throughout the lobby. "You needn't worry. We're going to save the city."

Whereupon most of the civilians present drew a sigh of relief. They felt that a real sailor had taken the wheel. Yet for some reason the words of this energetic, impetuous young man did not entirely reassure me. Perhaps it was because from the windows of my room I could hear the grumble of the German guns quite plainly. Since morning they had come appreciably nearer.

That afternoon and the three succeeding days Mr. Churchill spent in inspecting the Belgian position. He repeatedly exposed himself upon the firing-line, and on one occasion, near Waelhem, had a rather narrow escape, a shell bursting in his immediate vicinity. Perhaps it was because his high spirits were in such marked contrast to the gloom which prevailed among those around him, but he gave me the impression of having, in the words of that distinguished American whose mannerisms he seems to have taken for his own, a perfectly bully time.

Had it not been for the promise of reinforcements which Mr. Churchill gave to the King and cabinet, there is no doubt that the government would have moved immediately to Ostend, as had been planned, and that the inhabitants of Antwerp, thus warned of the extreme gravity of the situation, would have been enabled to leave the city with a semblance of comfort and order, for the railways to Ghent and to the Dutch frontier were still in operation.

The first of the promised reinforcements arrived on Sunday evening, October 4, by special train from Ostend. They consisted of a brigade of marines, about two thousand strong, seasoned and well-equipped men. They were rushed to the southern front and immediately sent into the trenches to relieve the worn-out Belgians. On Monday and Tuesday the balance of the British expeditionary force, consisting of six thousand volunteer naval reservists, arrived from the coast, their supplies and ammunition being brought by road in fifty or more London motor-buses. When this procession of lumbering vehicles, bearing the signs "Bank," "Holborn," "Piccadilly," "Shepherd's Bush," "Strand," and placarded with advertisements of teas, soaps, tobaccoes, whiskeys, and current theatrical attractions, rumbled through the streets of Antwerp, the inhabitants went mad. The British had come at last! The city was saved! *Vive les Anglais! Vive Tommy Atkins!*

I witnessed the detrainment of the naval brigades at Vieux Dieu, and accompanied them to the trenches north of Lierre. As they tramped down the tree-bordered, cobble-paved highroad we heard, for the first time in Belgium, the lilting refrain of that music-hall ballad which has become the British soldier's fighting-song:

"It's a long way to Tipperary,
It's a long way to go;
It's a long way to Tipperary—
To the sweetest girl I know!
Good-by, Piccadilly!
Farewell, Leicester Square!
It's a long, long way to Tipperary;
But my heart's right there!"

And many and many a one of the light-hearted lads with whom I marched down the Lierre road on that October afternoon was destined never again to feel beneath his feet the flags of Piccadilly, was never more to lounge in Leicester Square.

They were a body of as clean-limbed, frank-faced, wholesome-looking young Englishmen as you would find anywhere, but to any one with military experience it was evident that they were not "first-class fighting men." By this I do not

mean to imply that they were wanting in courage and determination, but rather that they were lacking in training and experience. Moreover, their equipment left much to be desired, only a very small proportion, for example, having pouches to carry the regulation one hundred and fifty rounds. They were, in fact, equipped about as haphazardly as some of our militia regiments in the days before the reorganization of the National Guard. Even their officers—those, at least, with whom I talked—seemed to be as lacking in field experience as their men. That these naval reservists were insufficiently drilled and improperly equipped for the task in hand has since been admitted by the British Admiralty. Yet these raw troops were rushed to Antwerp on an almost hopeless hope, were placed in open trenches, and, though unsupported by effective artillery and raked by a terrific shrapnel fire, held those trenches for three days and then fell back in perfect order. What the losses of the naval division were in this mad adventure I do not know. In Antwerp their casualties were reported and generally believed to be in the neighborhood of two thousand, upward of three hundred wounded being treated in one hospital alone, while it was officially announced by the admiralty that four thousand were forced across the frontier and interned in Holland.

By Tuesday night a boy scout could have seen that the position of Antwerp was hopeless. The Austrian forty-two-centimetre siege-guns, from their concrete emplacements behind the Malines-Louvain railway-embankment, had smashed and silenced the chain of supposedly impregnable forts to the south of the city with the same businesslike despatch with which they had smashed and silenced those other supposedly impregnable forts at Liège and Namur. Through this opening a German army corps had been hurled against the second line of defence. This second line of defence was formed by the Rupel and the Néthe, which, together with the Scheldt, form a great natural moat sweeping in a huge semicircle around three sides of the city. Across the Néthe, under cover of a terrific artillery fire, the Germans threw their pontoon bridges and when the first bridge was swept away by the Belgian guns they built others, and when these were destroyed in turn they tried again, and at the third attempt they got across. With the spiked helmets across the Néthe, it was all over but the shouting. Yet the Belgians, reinforced by the little handful of English, battled on. Their forts pounded to pieces by guns which they could not answer, their trenches raked by shell fire, the men heavy-eyed and heavy-footed from lack of sleep, their ammunition almost gone, the horses staggering from exhaustion, the hospitals and surgeons unable to cope with the flood of wounded, the fields and ditches strewn with dead and dying, their line, though slowly pressed back by sheer weight of numbers, held unbroken against the onset of the German legions.

On Tuesday evening General de Guise, the military governor, informed the government that the position of the garrison was fast becoming untenable, and on Wednesday morning the capital of Belgium was transferred from Antwerp to Ostend, the members of the cabinet and the diplomatic corps leaving at daybreak by steamer, while Winston Churchill departed for the coast by automobile under convoy of an armored motor-car. Before leaving he gave orders that the condensers of the German steamers in the harbor be destroyed, in retaliation for which the Germans demanded an indemnity of twenty million francs.

As late as Wednesday morning the great majority of the inhabitants of Antwerp were still in profound ignorance of the real situation. Morning after morning the *Matin* and the *Métropole* had published official *communiqués* categorically denying that any of the forts had been silenced, and asserting in the most positive terms that the enemy was being held in check or being repulsed all along the line. As a result of this policy of denial and deception, the people of Antwerp went to sleep on Tuesday night calmly confident that in a few days the Germans would raise the siege from sheer discouragement. Imagine what happened, then, when they awoke on Wednesday morning, October 7, to learn that the government had fled during the night, and that the field army was in full retreat, and to find staring at them from every wall and hoard-

ing proclamations signed by the military governor, announcing that the bombardment of the city was imminent, urging all who were able to depart immediately, and advising those who remained to shelter themselves behind sand-bags in their cellars. It was like waiting until the entire ground floor of a crowded tenement was in flames, and the means of escape almost cut off, before shouting "Fire!"

No one who witnessed the flight from Antwerp will ever be able to erase it from his memory. No words can describe its pathos, its miseries, and its horrors. It was not a flight; it was a stampede. The sober, slow-thinking, slow-moving Flemish townspeople were suddenly transformed into a herd of terror-stricken cattle. So complete was the German enveloping movement that only three avenues of escape remained open: westward, by the St. Nicholas-Lokeren road, to Ghent and Bruges; northeastward into Holland; and down the Scheldt toward Flushing. Of the four hundred thousand fugitives—for the exodus was not confined to the people of Antwerp, but included the entire population of the countryside for thirty miles around—probably a quarter of a million escaped by river. Everything that could float was pressed into service: merchant steamers, dredgers, ferry-boats, barges, canal-boats, tugs, fishing-smacks, yachts, scows, row-boats, launches, even extemporized rafts. There was no attempt at maintaining discipline or order. The fear-frantic people piled aboard until there was not even standing-room upon the vessels' decks. They were as packed with humanity as are the New York subway trains on a Saturday noon. Of all the thousands who fled by river, but an insignificant proportion were supplied with food, or with warm clothing, or had space in which to lie down. Yet through two nights and two days they huddled together on the open decks, while the great guns tore to pieces the city they had left behind them. As my launch threaded its way up the crowded river after the first night's bombardment, we seemed to pass through a wave of sound—a great moan of mingled anguish and misery and fatigue and hunger from the homeless thousands adrift upon the waters.

The scenes along the highways leading toward Ghent and to the Dutch frontier were even more appalling, for here the soldiers of the retreating field army and the fugitive civilians were mixed in inextricable confusion. By mid-afternoon on Wednesday the main highway from Antwerp to Ghent was jammed from ditch to ditch with a solid stream of hastening humanity, and the same was true of every road, every lane, every foot-path leading away from the advancing Germans.

I doubt if the world has ever seen so pathetic, so heart-breaking, so terrible, a procession. It seemed as though no wheeled vehicle had been left in Antwerp. There were people in motor-cars, with others standing on the running-boards and clinging to the hoods and mud-guards; there were people in carriages, in delivery-wagons, in moving-vans, in farm-carts, in omnibuses, in carts drawn by dogs, on bicycles, on horseback, and thousands upon tens of thousands afoot. I saw men pushing their wives and children in wheelbarrows piled high with bedding. I saw sturdy young peasants carrying their aged parents in their arms. I saw monks in woollen robes and sandals bearing wounded men on stretchers. I saw white-faced nuns urging forward groups of war-orphaned children who had been confided to their care. I saw mothers, so weak and ill that they could scarcely totter forward, with week-old babies in their arms. I saw priests assisting the feeble and the wounded. I saw women of fashion, in fur coats and high-heeled shoes, staggering under the weight of the belongings they were carrying in sheet-wrapped bundles upon their backs. I saw white-haired men and women grasping the harness of the gun-teams or the stirrup-leathers of the troopers, who, themselves exhausted from days of fighting, slept in their saddles as they rode. I saw springless farm-wagons filled with wounded soldiers, with bandaged heads and arms, and with piteous white faces, and through the straw beneath them the blood dripped . . . dripped . . . dripped, leaving a crimson trail along the road.

The confusion was beyond all imagination, the clamor deafening: the rattle and clank of batteries, the trample of hoofs, the cracking of whips, the throb of motor-cars, the curses of the drivers, the moans

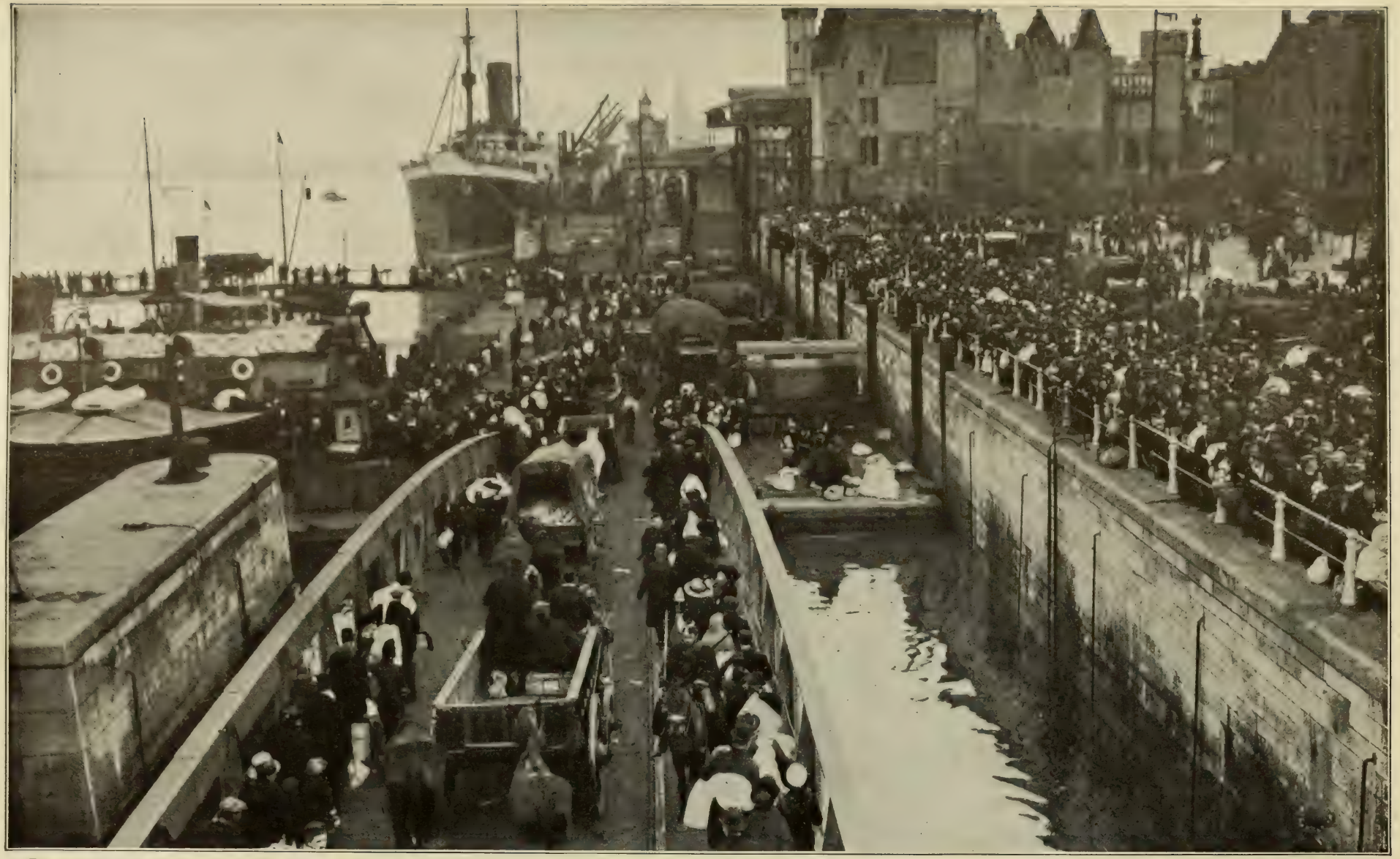
of the wounded, the cries of women, the whimpering of frightened children, threats, pleadings, oaths, screams, imprecations—and the shuffle, shuffle, shuffle of countless feet. And the fields and ditches between which these processions of disaster passed were strewn with the prostrate forms of those who, from sheer exhaustion, could go no farther. Within a few hours after the exodus began, the countryside for miles around was as bare of food as the Sahara is of grass. By this I do not mean that there was a scarcity of food; I mean that there was literally *nothing* to eat. Near Capellen a well-to-do resident of Antwerp eagerly exchanged his five-thousand-dollar motor-car for food for his starving family. Time after time I saw famished fugitives pause at farmhouses and offer all of their pitifully few possessions for a loaf of bread, and the country people, with tears streaming down their cheeks, could only shake their heads. I saw prosperous-looking men and smartly gowned women, and wounded soldiers, pull up turnips from the fields, and devour them raw—for there was nothing else. It will probably never be known how many people perished during that awful flight from hunger and exposure and exhaustion; many more, certainly, than lost their lives during the bombardment. Near one small town on the Dutch frontier twenty children were born during the night, in the open fields, the mothers being without beds, without shelter, and without medical attendance.

The bombardment of Antwerp began about ten o'clock on Wednesday evening. The first shell to fall within the city struck a house in the Berchem district, killing a fourteen-year-old boy and wounding his mother and his little sister. The second decapitated a street-sweeper as he was running for shelter. Throughout the night the rain of death continued, the shells falling at the rate of five a minute. The streets were absolutely deserted. Not a living being was to be seen. The few who had remained in the city were cowering in their cellars. Though the gas and the electric lights were out, the streets were illuminated by the glare from the blazing oil-tanks at Hoboken, which had been set on fire by the Belgians. The racket was deafening. The pavements trembled. The buildings seemed to rock and sway. The very air vibrated to the incessant concussions. It was indeed a City of Dreadful Night. There would come the whistling shriek of a shell passing low over the housetops, followed, an instant later, by a shattering, rending crash, and the whole façade of the house where it had struck would come toppling into the street in a cascade of brick and plaster. It was not until Thursday night, however, that the Germans brought their famous forty-two-centimetre guns into action. The destruction wrought by these monster cannon was appalling. The projectiles they rained upon the city weighed a ton apiece, and had the destructive properties of that much nitroglycerine. So terrific was the noise of their discharge that it seemed at first as though the German batteries were firing salvos. We heard them as they came. We heard the roar in the air which they caused, sounding at first like an approaching express-train, but rapidly increasing in volume until the atmosphere quivered as before a howling cyclone. Then came an explosion which seemed to split the very earth. Huge geysers of dust and smoke shot high into the air above the shivering city. When one of these projectiles struck a building it did not merely tear away its upper stories or blow a gaping aperture in its walls: the whole building collapsed in utter ruin as though flattened by a mighty hand. When they exploded in the open streets, they tore out yawning pits as large as the cellar of a good-sized house and wrecked every building within a radius of two hundred yards. The preceding shell-fire seemed insignificant and harmless. It seemed as though in another moment the whole city would come down about our ears. The thickest masonry was crumpled up like so much cardboard. Buildings of solid stone were levelled as a child levels the structure which it erects with building-blocks. It was hell with the lid off—and I am not using the expression lightly, either. By Thursday noon there was scarcely a street in the southern portion of the city which was not obstructed by heaps of fallen masonry; the only quarter which escaped being that containing the handsome residences of wealthy Germans. The side-

walks were slippery with glass. The streets were littered with tangled telephone and lighting wires, with shattered poles and lamp-posts and with fallen trees. Upward of two thousand houses were struck by shells and of these more than three hundred were totally destroyed. By Friday morning Antwerp looked as though it had been visited by an earthquake, a cyclone, and a conflagration.

The evacuation of Antwerp by the garrison began on Thursday and, everything considered, was carried out in excellent order, the troops being gradually withdrawn from the outer line of defences, marched through the city and across the pontoon bridge which the Belgian engineers had thrown across the Scheldt at the beginning of the war, and thence down the road to Saint Nicholas to join the retreating field-army. Early on Friday morning General de Guise ordered the destruction of the pontoon bridge, so that when, a few hours later, the last Belgian troops came pouring down to the water-front they discovered that this avenue of escape was no longer open. When it was found that the bridge had been destroyed, scenes of the wildest confusion ensued, the soldiers, suddenly falling victims to a blind, unreasoning panic, rushing frantically aboard such few vessels as still remained at the wharves, or opening fire with their rifles on those already in mid-stream which failed to obey their signals to return. I wish to emphasize the fact, however, that these were but isolated incidents; that these men were exhausted in mind and body from many days of continuous fighting; and that, as a whole, the Belgian troops bore themselves, in this desperate situation, with a courage and coolness deserving of the highest admiration. I have heard it said by British officers that the naval division was sent to Antwerp "to stiffen the Belgians." The Belgians needed no stiffening. They did everything that any other troops could have done under the same circumstances—and then some. Nor did the men of the naval division, as has been frequently asserted in England, cover the Belgian retreat. The last troops to leave the trenches were Belgians, the last shots were fired by Belgians, and the Belgians were the last to cross the river.

On Monday morning all telegraphic communication with Antwerp abruptly ended. Now, a war correspondent who is unable to get his despatches on the wire is as valueless to the newspaper he represents as a soldier who has been taken prisoner is to his country, so I started in my car for Ghent, where the telegraph was still uninterrupted, at noon on Wednesday. I had filed my despatches and was on the point of starting back to Antwerp when Mr. Johnson, the American consul, who was at Ostend, called me by telephone. He informed me that the Belgian Government had turned over to him the keys of the stores and dwellings in Antwerp belonging to German residents who had been expelled at the beginning of the war, with the request that they be forwarded immediately to the German military authorities in order to obviate the breaking of doors, which might quite conceivably lead to a sacking of the city by the German soldiery. Mr. Johnson asked if I would wait until he could bring the keys through by automobile from Ostend, and if I would undertake to deliver them to the German commander, to which I, of course, assented. Owing to the crowded condition of the roads it was early on Thursday morning before Mr. Johnson, who had travelled through a greater portion of the night, reached Ghent and handed me the bulky package bearing the red seals of the Bureau des Réquisitions. By this time the main road from Ghent to Antwerp was literally choked with the troops of the retiring field-army and with demoralized fugitives, and to have driven a car through that panic-stricken mob would have been as impossible as to paddle a canoe up the rapids at Niagara. By taking a roundabout course to the north, however, I succeeded in reaching Doel, which is a fishing-village on the Scheldt ten miles or so below Antwerp, by noon. By means of alternate bribes and threats, Roos, my soldier-driver—before the war he had been one of the *jeunesse dorée* of Brussels—succeeded in persuading a boatman to take us up to Antwerp in a small launch. The river was as crowded with vessels of every description, their decks black with refugees, as Fifth Avenue is with vehicles on a pleasant afternoon in winter. Our little



From a photograph, copyright by Leslie-Judge Co.

Belgian refugees leaving Antwerp.

The Steen can be seen in the background of this and the plate on opposite page.



From a photograph, copyright by Donald Thompson.

German artillery on the water-front soon after their arrival in Antwerp.

craft, with a small American flag flying from its stern, was the only one going upstream. As we picked our way through the refugee flotilla we were greeted with a chorus of shouted warnings: "Go back! You'll be captured by the Germans! The city is burning! Shells are falling in the river! The Germans will shoot you!" which, well-meant though they were, were scarcely calculated to have a reassuring effect upon our already quaking boatman. It was well into the afternoon, and the bombardment was at its height, when, swinging around a bend in the river, the gray-blue spire of the cathedral rose, in all its lace-like beauty, before us. From its highest pinnacle the red, yellow, and black banner of Belgium still defiantly floated. The city was overhung by an ominous pall of smoke from the burning oil-tanks at Hoboken, shells were bursting with ear-splitting crashes every few seconds; the air reverberated as to a continuous roll of thunder. As we ran alongside the deserted Red Star quays, over which floated the Stars and Stripes, a shell burst with a terrific explosion in an adjacent street. That was all that was needed to complete the boatman's panic and, before I realized what he was doing, he had reversed his engine and was backing into the middle of the river. Roos drew his automatic and covered the terrified man.

"Go ahead!" he commanded. "Run up to the quay and let us land." Before the grim menace of the pistol the man sullenly obeyed.

"I've a wife and family at Doel," he muttered. "If I'm killed there'll be no one to look after them."

"I've a wife and family in America," I retorted. "You're taking no more chances than I am."

I am perfectly willing to confess, however, that as we ran alongside the wharf and clambered up the iron ladder, I would quite willingly have been back on Broadway again. In the first place, a great city which has been suddenly deserted is the most depressing place one can well imagine. Not a living human being was to be seen anywhere, though a few yards down the street the body of a man was sprawling, face down, in a pool of crimson. Shells yowled overhead, and, falling in the river, threw up hundred-foot-high jets of water. Every now and then there would come a shattering explosion from somewhere behind the line of buildings that screened the water-front, followed by the crash of falling masonry. Just about that time I would quite willingly have given all I possessed for a convenient cellar—but it did not seem to be a propitious moment to go out and hunt for one. After all, as I tried to argue to myself, there was really an exceedingly small chance of a shell picking out the particular spot on which I happened to be standing, and even if it did it seemed more dignified, as it were, to be blown to pieces in the open than to be killed in a cellar like a cornered rat. Nevertheless, I wouldn't have disdained the cellar had I known where to find one.

About ten in the evening the bombardment slackened for a time, and the denizens of Antwerp's underworld began to creep out from their hiding-places and slip like ghosts along the quays in search of food. The great supplies of provisions, which had been taken from the German vessels which were in port at the outbreak of the war, had been stored in temporary warehouses upon the quays, and it was not long before the rabble had forced an entrance and was looting. As a man staggered past under a load of wine-bottles and tinned provisions, our boatman, who by this time had become reconciled to remaining, approached and inquired wistfully if he might do a little looting, too. "We've no food to eat down the river," he explained, "for the refugees have eaten everything, and I might just as well get some of these provisions for my family as to let the Germans have them." I agreed with him, whereupon he disappeared into the darkness of the warehouse with a hand-truck. He was not the sort who did his stealing by halves, was that boatman. By midnight Roos and I were shivering as though with fever, for the autumn nights on the Scheldt are damp and chilly, and we had had nothing to eat, save chocolate, since early morning.

"I'm going to do a little looting on my own account," I announced, finally. "We're almost frozen, and I haven't the least doubt that over in that warehouse there is something that would warm us up. I'm going to have a look." Roos declined

to accompany me, because, as he explained, being a soldier and in uniform, it was not etiquette for him to engage in looting. "But you might see if you could find a bottle of whiskey," he added, with a shiver. Groping my way into the pitch-black warehouse, I struck a match. The first thing I saw by its flickering light was a case filled with bottles packed in straw. Just as my fingers closed around one a shell burst directly overhead. At least it seemed as though it had burst overhead, the concussion was so deafening, though, as I learned afterward, it had exploded fully a hundred yards away. I thought for a moment that the roof was coming down on top of me. Clinging to the bottle, I sprinted down the quay for my life. "At any rate, I've found something to drink," I remarked to Roos when my heart had ceased its pounding, and, slipping off the straw casing, I struck a match to see the result of my maiden effort at looting. It was a bottle of pepsin bitters!



From a photograph, copyright by Donald Thompson.

Ruins in Antwerp showing the effect of the German bombardment.

At daybreak we started down the river again for Doel, where we had left the car, it being my plan to motor to La Clinge, a Dutch frontier hamlet, where I had been told that there was a telegraph-station, file my despatches, race back to Doel, and return in the launch to Antwerp. But at La Clinge I found that the nearest telegraph-station was at Hulst, eight miles away, and the Dutch frontier-patrol refused to let me enter Holland with the car, which bore a military number. Fortune continued to be kind, however, for a Belgian priest volunteered to walk the eight miles to Hulst and file the despatches. Thanks to that little man, in his black cassock and shovel-hat, the American people were enabled to read the story of the bombardment of Antwerp at their breakfast-tables the next morning. But when we got back to Doel the launch was gone. The boatman had decamped without even waiting for the money which was still due him. For a time it looked as though I might as well attempt to get to the moon as to get back to Antwerp. The stories told by the thousands of refugees who were pouring in had so terrified the boatmen that they would not even listen to the offers I made them. Then I remembered the keys, which were still in my possession, as I had been unable to deliver

them. It was a fortunate inspiration. Hunting up the *commandant de place*, who was an energetic young infantry officer, I explained the situation and the necessity of my getting back to Antwerp, and, as a conclusive argument, displayed the package, with its impressive seals and the imprint of the Belgian War Office. That was all that was needed. "I will place the quarantine-launch at your disposal," said the commandant, and began shouting orders like the captain of a Jersey City ferry-boat in a fog. Ten minutes later I was sitting in lonely state on the after-deck of a trim black launch—for I had ordered Roos to make his way to Ostend with the car while there was still a chance of getting through—and we were streaking it up the river at twenty miles an hour. By way of precaution, in case the Germans should already be in possession of the city and should open fire upon us, I had taken the two American flags from the car and had hoisted them on the launch, one at the masthead and the other at the taffrail. It is a certain satisfaction to know that the only craft that went the wrong way of the river during the bombardment of Antwerp flew the Stars and Stripes. As we came within sight of the city, the bombardment, which had become desultory, broke out afresh, and it required alternate threats and bribes to induce the crew to run in and land me at the quay. An hour after I landed the city surrendered.

At half past two on the afternoon of Friday, October 9, half a dozen motor-cars filled with armed men in gray uniforms and spiked helmets entered Antwerp through the Porte de Malines, sped down the broad, tree-shaded boulevards which led to the centre of the city, and drew up before the Hôtel de Ville. In response to the repeated knocks of a young officer in a voluminous gray cloak, the door was cautiously opened by a servant in the blue-and-silver livery of the municipality.

"I have a message to deliver to the communal council," said the young man pleasantly.

"The communal councillors are at dinner and cannot be disturbed," was the firm reply. "But perhaps monsieur will have the kindness to take a seat and wait until they have finished."

So the young man in the spiked helmet seated himself on a wooden bench, and the other men in spiked helmets ranged themselves in a row along the wall and leaned stolidly upon their rifles.

After a quarter of an hour's delay the door of the dining-room opened and a portly councillor appeared, wiping his mustache.

"You have a message you wish to deliver?" he inquired, pompously. "Well, what is it?"

"The message I am instructed to give you, sir," said the young man, clicking his heels together and bowing from the waist, "is that Antwerp is now a German city, and you are requested by the general commanding his Imperial Majesty's forces so to inform your townspeople, and to assure them that they will not be molested so long as they display no hostility toward our troops."

While this dramatic little scene was being enacted in the Hôtel de Ville, the burgomaster, unaware that the enemy was already within the city gates, had motored out under a flag of truce for a conference with the German commander, who informed him that if the outlying forts immediately surrendered no money indemnity would be demanded from the city, though all merchandise in its warehouses would be considered as legitimate spoils of war. The burgomaster was accompanied on his mission by Deputy Louis Franck, Councillor Ryckmans, and the Spanish consul. It was expected that the American consul-general, Henry Diederich, to whom had been turned over the British interests in Antwerp, would also accompany the delegation, but upon inquiring for him, it was learned that he had left the city with the entire consular staff on Thursday morning. He did not return until four days later.

The first troops to enter were a few score cyclists, who, advancing cautiously from street to street and from square to square, quickly formed a network of scouts spreading over all the city. After them came a brigade of infantry, and hard on the heels of the infantry clattered half a dozen batteries of horse-artillery. These passed through the city to the water-front at a spanking trot, unlimbered on the quays, and opened fire with shrapnel on

the last of the retreating Belgians, who had already reached the opposite side of the river. Meanwhile a company of infantry started at the double across the pontoon bridge, only to find that the middle spans had been destroyed. Without an instant's hesitation two soldiers plunged into the river, swam across the gap, clambered up onto the other portion of the bridge, and dashed forward to reconnoitre. It is for such deeds that the Iron Cross is bestowed. Within an hour after reaching the water-front the Germans had brought up their engineers, the bridge had been repaired, and troops were pouring across it in a steady stream in an effort to overtake the Belgian rear-guard. The grumble of field-guns, which continued throughout the night, told us that they had succeeded.

Though the bombardment ended early on Friday afternoon, Friday night was by no means lacking in horrors, for early in the evening fires, owing their origin to shells, broke out in various portions of the city. By far the most serious one was in the narrow, winding thoroughfare known as the Marche aux Souliers, which runs from the Place Verte to the Place de Meir. By eight o'clock the entire western side of this street was a roaring furnace. The only spectators were scattered groups of German soldiers, who watched the threatened destruction of the city with complete indifference, and a few companies of firemen, who stood helplessly beside their lines of empty hose, for there was no water. I firmly believe that the saving of a large part of Antwerp, including the cathedral, was due to an American resident, Mr. Charles Whithoff, who, recognizing the extreme peril in which the city stood, hurried to the Hôtel de Ville and suggested to the German military authorities that prompt steps be taken to check the spread of the flames by dynamiting the adjacent buildings. Acting on this suggestion, a telephone message was sent to Brussels, and four hours later several automobiles loaded with hand-grenades came tearing into Antwerp. A squad of soldiers was placed under Mr. Whithoff's orders and, following his directions, a cordon of buildings was blown up and the flames effectually arrested. I shall not soon forget the picture of this young American, in bedroom slippers and smoking-jacket, coolly instructing German soldiers in the most approved methods of fire-fighting.

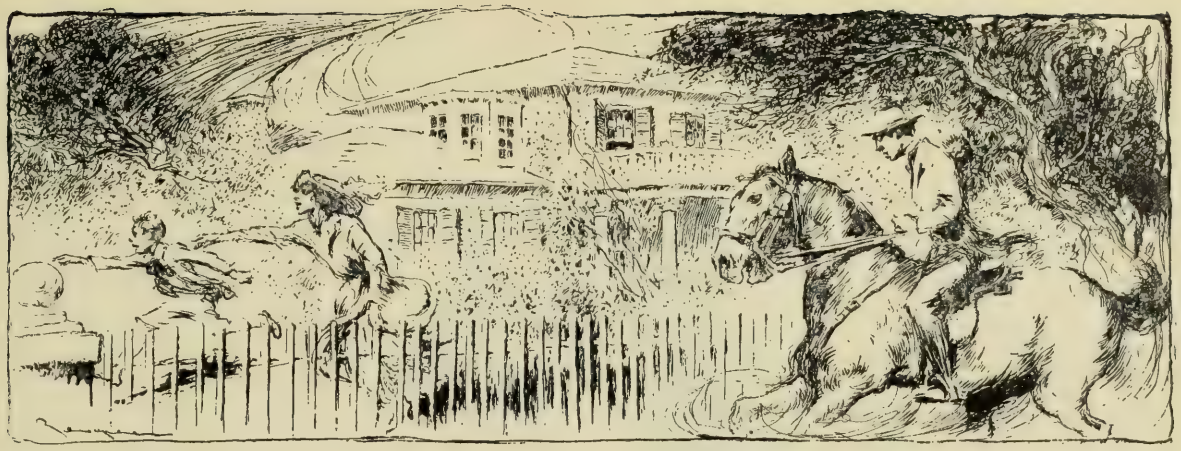
Nearly a week before the surrender of the city the municipal water-works, near Lierre, had been destroyed by shells, so that when the Germans entered the sanitary conditions had become intolerable and an epidemic was impending. It was evident, however, that the Germans were by no means blind to this peril, for before they had been in Antwerp an hour their medical corps was at work cleaning and disinfecting. Every contingency, in fact, seemed to have been anticipated and provided for. Every phase of the occupation was characterized by the German passion for method and order. The machinery of the health department was promptly set in motion. The police were ordered to take up their duties as though no change in government had occurred. At the post-office, stamps bearing the portrait of King Albert were replaced by German stamps surcharged *Für Belgien.* The train service to Brussels and Holland was resumed. The electric-lighting system was repaired, and on Saturday night, for the first time since the German Zeppelin paid the city its memorable visit in August, Antwerp's streets were lighted.

Though a very large number of German troops passed through the city during Friday night in pursuit of the retreating Belgians, the triumphal entry of the victors did not begin until Saturday afternoon, when sixty thousand men passed in review before the military governor, Admiral von Schroeder, who, surrounded by a glittering staff, sat his horse in front of the royal palace. Donald Thompson, the war photographer, and I, standing at the windows of the deserted American consulate, were the only spectators in the entire length of the mile-long Place de Meir —which is the Broadway of Antwerp—of the great military pageant. Not a soul was in the streets; with the exception of the consulate, every window was dark, every shop-front shuttered. As Thompson dryly remarked: "It reminds me of a circus that's come to town the day before it's expected." For five hours that mighty host poured through the canyons of brick and stone. Company after com-

pany, regiment after regiment, brigade after brigade swept past, until our eyes grew weary watching the rise and fall of the brown boots, the swing of the gray-clad shoulders, and the rows of linen-covered helmets under the slanting lines of steel. As they marched the soldiers sang, the high buildings along the Place de Meir and the Avenue de Keyser echoing to the thunder of their voices in "*Die Wacht am Rhein*," "*Deutschland, Deutschland, über Alles*," and "*Ein' Feste Burg ist unser Gott.*" Each regiment was headed by its band and colors, and when darkness fell and the street lights were turned on, the shrill music of the fifes and the rattle of the drums and the rhythmic tramp, tramp, tramp of marching feet reminded me of a torchlight election-parade at home. The chief difference was that these men stood for the bullet instead of the ballot.

Heading the column rode a half-squadron of gendarmes—the policemen of the army—grizzled, fierce-mustached fellows, in uniforms of bottle-green and silver, mounted on sleek and shining horses. After them came the infantry: solid columns of gray-clad figures, with the cloaked forms of the mounted officers rising at intervals above the forest of spike-crowned helmets. Then the field-artillery, the big guns rattling and rumbling over the uneven cobblestones. These were the same guns that had been in almost constant action for the preceding fortnight, and that for forty hours past had been raining death and destruction into the city, yet everything about them—the blankets, the intrenching tools, the buckets, the brown leather harness—was in as perfect order as though they had just come from an inspection on the Tempelhof Field instead of from the field of battle. After the field-batteries came the horse-artillery, and after the horse-batteries the quick-firers—each drawn by a pair of horses driven with web reins by a soldier seated on the limber—and after the quick-firers an interminable line of lean-barrelled machine-guns, until one wondered where Krupp's found the time and the steel to make them all. Then, heralded by a blare of trumpets and the crash of kettle-drums, came the cavalry: cuirassiers in helmets and breastplates of burnished steel, hussars in befrogged gray jackets and linen-covered busbies, and finally the Uhlans, riding amid a forest of lances under a cloud of fluttering pennons. But this was not all, nor nearly all, for after the Uhlans came the sailors of the naval divisions, brown-faced, bewhiskered fellows, with their round, flat caps tilted rakishly, and the roll of the sea in their gait; then the Bavarians in dark blue, the Saxons in light blue, and the Austrians—the same who had handled the big guns so effectively—in uniforms of a beautiful silver-gray. Accompanying one of the Bavarian regiments was a victoria, drawn by a fat white horse, with two soldiers on the box. Horse and carriage were decorated with flowers and ferns as though for a floral parade on the Riviera; even the soldiers had nosegays pinned to their tunics and flowers stuck in their caps. As for the carriage, it was evidently a sort of triumphal chariot dedicated to the celebration of the victory, for it was loaded with hampers of champagne and violins!

The army which captured Antwerp was first, last, and all the time a fighting army. Despite the assertions in the British press, it contained neither *Landsturm* nor *Landwehr*. The soldiers were as pink-cheeked as athletes, they marched with the elastic step of men in perfect health, and as they marched they sang. They struck me, in fact, as being as keen as razors and as hard as nails. As that great fighting machine swung past, efficient as a trip-hammer, remorseless as a steam-roller, I could not but marvel how the gallant, chivalrous, and heroic but ill-prepared little army of Belgium had held it back as long as it had.



THE LADY WHO COULDN'T GROW UP AND THE MAN WHO HAD NEVER BEEN YOUNG

By Juliet Wilbor Tompkins

Illustrations by W. M. Berger

"AUNT DOOLY," said Temple, reprovingly, "why do you skip? Mother never skips!"

Aunt Dooly repressed her dancing step, but made a weak attempt at self-defence. "Well, you know, Tempy, I'm two years younger than your mother," she reminded him.

"That's so." Temple admitted the point with his usual fairness, then looked up keenly. "But mother didn't skip two years ago!" he cornered her. Aunt Dooly tried to turn the issue by a personal attack.

"Perhaps she would be skipping if she hadn't four children to bring up," she reminded him. "That's enough to sober anybody's walk."

She thought she had him, for Temple had turned his intelligent gaze upon his mother, seated on the veranda above, a mending-basket at her side, sober responsibility written large on her fair face and busy movements. But——

"No," he said at last. "I don't believe that mother would have skipped, anyway, when she got as old as this. I read the family Bible, so I know everybody's age. Mother is forty-thr——"

"Oh, no; that is your age," Dooly interrupted. It disconcerted her to have the number of her years taken literally—they lied about her so absurdly. "You ought to do more skipping yourself—grandfather! Bet I beat you to the gate."

She didn't, however, and Temple was not too mature to crow over her; but, after the first hoot, he broke off, wagging a disgusted head toward the highroad.

"There!" he arraigned her. "There! He saw you, Aunt Dooly!"

The horseman evidently had seen, for he smiled benignly, as though under the roof of June all might count themselves introduced. He was dressed in old, rough, right clothes, and his face had the same look of wear and distinction. Dooly, leaning on the gate-post, broke into protesting laughter.

"You!" she said.

His genial kindness had quickened into recognition. "I might have known it was you!" The low road left them nearly level, so he kept his seat, shaking her hand over the gate. The hair he uncovered was graying, and down either cheek ran a deep crease suited to a grandfather, but the voice had unexpected resonance. It took off ten years at once. "Let me see

—the last time was when the *Nausicaa* fished you out of the sound, wasn't it?" By the twinkle in his eyes he remembered too much.

"Oh, well, say it!" Dooly commanded. "But you would have been that way, too, if it was the first time you had sailed a boat in ten years. Shoes and things might have drowned me."

"And the time before——"

He had to be checked. "Remember, Mr. Ormerod, that I am an aunt," Dooly put in. He looked down very pleasantly into Temple's alert face.

"I should have supposed you too young to be an aunt," he said. Temple, of course, spoke up for the truth.

"She isn't really young," he explained. "She's for——"

There was nothing for it but a hand over his mouth. "Temple, in good society we don't tell either our ages or our incomes," Dooly apologized. The check had left him rather red.

"Yes, we do, too," he declared. "Every lady who comes to our house asks me how old I am."

Mr. Ormerod laughed out, but Dooly tried feebly to keep her position. "You don't turn round and ask them," she reminded him.

"No, because I don't care how old they are. It doesn't int'rust me," said Temple, kicking the gate.

The moment had come to ignore him. It came rather soon with Temple. "I wish you would explain your extraordinary power of turning up," she said to the horseman. "In whatever corner of the earth I—unbend, shall we say?"



"There!" he arraigned her. "There! He saw you, Aunt Dooly!"
—Page 105.

"Yes; 'unbend' is a good word for an aunt," he assented.

"Unbend, then—I look up, and there you are. Who are you, really—Mr. Grundy?"

"Not at all. I am just a tired old gentleman who has worked very hard all his life, and is trying to get a little rested."

"Did you begin very young?" She was hoping for some date that would fix his age, which did int'rust her, for his voice kept contradicting his face, and his eyes smiled to themselves as if they had a little joke of their own.

"I was never very young," he said, "but I began officially at fourteen."

Temple's eyes were bulging. "Do you mean you were born at fourteen?" he burst in. He would know better in a moment; but he still had lapses into babyhood.

Mr. Ormerod didn't laugh. "Oh, no; I was born at the usual age," he explained, as one man to another. "But I was rather done out of my childhood." He would have stopped there, but Temple could not bear it.

"Oh, would you mind very much telling me how?" he implored.

"Not at all, my dear fellow. It was like this." Mr. Ormerod leaned down comfortably on the saddle. "When I was small, grown people were always saying over my head: 'What shall we do? How shall we manage?' and that kept me anxious, so that I didn't play much. First it was: 'How can we do without the gardener?' and then: '—the horses?' and finally: '—bread and butter?' And it

might have come to plain '—bread?' if I hadn't reached fourteen, and proved a very careful and earnest office boy. And now, you see, I am trying to have some of the youth I missed."

The boy was so absorbed that the two grown people could safely smile at each other. "If it was winter," said Temple, "you could come on the bob-sled with us. We're up here every Christmas."

"That's good of you. But I think I know something even better." Mr. Ormerod's gaze shifted to the northerly chain of hills, dipping up to one noble peak. "I am told that if one climbs Soaring Mountain to the very top, it is a sign one is young."

Temple was bursting with denial. "Why, Aunt Dooly climbs it every year," he shouted.

There was another stolen smile. "Well, if I can be as young as your Aunt Dooly, I shall be perfectly satisfied," Mr. Ormerod explained. "Perhaps that is how you manage it," he added to Dooly. "Is there a magic spring at the top?"

"I do magic springs all the way up," said Dooly.

"He means a spring you drink out of," Temple told her. "There's one nearly at the top, where we lunch. But it isn't magic, you know."

"I am not so sure"—he spoke soberly; "I am going to drink it and see, anyway."

"We'll show it to you, if you get that high," Temple offered. "And you can wait there for us if you are tired out. We have to put our hands on the flagpole."



His genial kindness had quickened into recognition.—Page 105.

"Temple, dear," his aunt interposed, "perhaps Mr. Ormerod would rather go up by himself, the first time."

Mr. Ormerod's eyes rested on her with unconscious intentness. "I wish you could take me with you," he said, and sighed.

"My mountaineering costume—" Dooly threw out, with a note of warning.

"But, after the *Nausicaa* meeting—really, need we mind?"

"If you're coming," Temple broke in, "you'd better go home now and rest. We've got to start at six in the morning."

The hour did daunt him. "Six!" he exclaimed.

"But there's the darned old walk first, you know," Temple reminded him. "It takes over an hour to get to the foot."

He brightened enormously. "Suppose

I came at seven, and we did the darned old walk in a motor?" he suggested.

Temple careered with joy, but Dooly's expression commented in various keys as she opened the gate. "Under the circumstances, I think you'd better come in and meet Temple's mother," she said dryly.

Mr. Ormerod was punctual in the morning, and very polite, but plainly not enthusiastic. If he had been less polite, he would probably have been very gloomy. Why he was climbing this ridiculous mountain at this impossible hour was clearly a mystery to him. Dooly, with one foot on the car-step, paused. The freshness of the morning shone from her as palpably as from the grass.

"One can go half-way up," she said, softly, comfortingly. "Only young things like Temple and me really need to touch the flagpole."

He tried to rally. "I have an important engagement at the flagpole; I shall keep it, dead or alive."

"Another cup of coffee, then?"

"Thanks; I have had three," he said simply, and was quite unconscious that he sighed.

In the beauty of the morning, with the motor skimming silently toward Soaring Mountain, with packages of lunch in their pockets, and a drinking-cup hung by a strap over his shoulder —Temple also had his trouble. It came on him gradually, hushing his lively voice. His eyes became fixed on his aunt's costume, as her open cloak revealed it: a canvas blouse, such as middies wear, with a red silk handkerchief at the neck, a khaki skirt and leggings, buckskin shoes. It seemed entirely appropriate and right, and yet Temple plainly saw grave cause for anxiety. At last he had to speak.

"Would you mind very much, Mr. Ormerod, if I whispered to my aunt?" he begged.

"Not at all," and Mr. Ormerod honorably drew farther toward his own side. Temple sat between them.

The whisper was delivered into her very ear: "Aunt Dooly, you aren't going to take off your skirt?"

She looked troubled. "But, dearest, I can't have any fun climbing in it!"

His voice rose a little in his dismay. "But, Aunt Dooly, they're——"

"But they're baggy, Tempy," she pleaded, also a little louder. Mr. Ormerod was absorbed in the sky-line. "And my jumper is very long."

All the reluctance of conservative man was looking up at her. "If you were to pin your skirt——"

She had an inspiration. "Suppose we ask him, generally, what the ladies he knows climb in? You know he has been all over the world; I met him first in Switzerland."

Temple considered, then nodded assent. "All right; you ask him," he whispered, settling back.

"Mr. Ormerod," she began, in formal and polished tones, "the ladies you know—what do they wear when they go mountain-climbing?"

"Knickerbockers," was the instant reply. His gravity had taken



Temple hopped after her like a happy frog.—Page 110.

on a faintly cheerful tinge. Temple and Dooly exchanged relieved and gleaming looks. "Leather ones, sometimes," he went on; that brought no response. "Or



"Oh, I'm old, I'm old!" he muttered.—Page 110.

canvas. Or corduroy." Temple and Dooly laughed secretly together.

"Even when they aren't little girls?" Temple asked.

"Grandmothers," said Mr. Ormerod. Temple and Dooly privately embraced. "I shouldn't think much of a woman's sense if I saw her climbing in a skirt," he went on, sitting up now and looking quite animated.

"My aunt always leaves her skirt in some bushes at the foot," Temple explained in an off-hand manner. He was very lively after that.

Dooly came out of the bushes as composedly as she went in, looking no less delightful, though rather different. They crossed a small swamp on tussocks of grass, and, diving through a pine thicket, stood suddenly at the mouth of a long green tunnel. Straight up the side of the mountain it ran, the bed of a headlong brook its floor, the walls of living, translucent emerald; for the sun outside tried to get in, and the trees met overhead to keep it out. Long golden shafts slipped through, to gleam on fat green cushions of moss, or to set tiny brown pools quivering, but the breath of cool, mysterious caverns was on their faces.

"By George, this *is* rather nice," Mr. Ormerod exclaimed. He wanted to sit down there and admire, but when Dooly did a thing she did it. A climb to her was primarily and absorbingly a climb. She led the way, light, quick, silent; her eyes sometimes overhead, sometimes on small wonders underfoot; taking down every breath as a bumper to the good earth. Her glance measured distances, and she jumped, or went round, or scrambled over without comment, leaving them to follow as they chose. Once, when Temple's foot missed a stepping-stone with a

loud splash, she looked back and smiled good-humoredly.

"It will dry," she said; she did not even stop to see how far in he had gone. It was not at all like an aunt. Mr. Ormerod had to cut out all contemplation if he wished to keep up. His hobnails were less secure on the slippery rocks than their rubber soles. After several long, damp, green slides, he grew afraid for his glasses, and took them off; but his sight was confused without them, and gnats flew into his eyes. Dooly seemed to be floating up the tunnel, Temple hopped after her like a happy frog; Mr. Ormerod plodded in their wake, behaving manfully, as he would have borne himself in shipwreck or any other unpleasant situation, giving his earnest attention to getting the business over and done with as well as could be expected. The other two grew more and more remote. He lost time rounding a fallen tree-trunk; when he looked up again, they had vanished. He stood alone in the green chute.

"Oh, I'm old, I'm old!" he muttered, and sitting down, he deliberately rested a while, letting his hands dip in the cool water. It streamed over hot wrists with a delicious shock; but the elderly must think of rheumatism. He rose and toiled on again.

Just above, the brook turned suddenly to the left, and on the right, through the opening trees, he saw a tiny, hot meadow sunk in the mountain's side. A young oak held its centre, and half under this, half in the sun, Dooly lay stretched flat, with outspread arms, staring up through the branches. A distant patch of wild strawberries explained Temple's unnatural silence. As Mr. Ormerod came out, she turned her head and smiled at him, not personally, as at an acquaintance, but with a broad, human friendliness that took no account of who he was. He sat down beside her, sunny lands spreading beneath them, small life buzzing and chittering in their ears, the sun steeping them in an aromatic bath of health. Fifteen silent minutes went by.

"You do it for pleasure, of course," said Mr. Ormerod thoughtfully.

A laugh began in her upturned face, but did not come to anything. "And to keep from boiling over," she added, thinking it out.

"May I ask what boiling over is?"

She turned at that, surprised at first, then, after a look into his worn face, understanding. "You see, I was born at the perfect minute," she explained. "Late enough to have all the modern freedom and health, and yet too soon to be caught by the modern responsibility. A little later, and I should have had to have a profession, and a career, and the Lord knows what; a little earlier, and I should have been miserable because I am not married. There are only a few of us who came at that perfect moment; when we die out, nobody will know how wonderful it was. We can't grow up. It is so thrilling, being us, that we simply have to let off steam."

"I see"; he was smiling deeply. "But I don't see how you have escaped marriage," he added, with the impersonal frankness of the elderly.

The corners of Dooly's mouth drew down, the tip of her nose moved in ironical comment, and yet her eyes smiled contradictingly. No doubt she was expressing her period.

"I'm too young yet," she said.

"But it is the young who have the courage for it."

"Oh, courage!" Dooly shrugged. "It is the young who have the courage not to. The old begin to scramble for firesides."

He laughed, the sudden laugh of one struck by a home truth. "Firesides are pleasant," he maintained.

"At the end of the day," she admitted. "But they might not make up for freedom and health."

"And what do you do with all this wonderful freedom and health?"

She looked back over what she did, and laughed for pleasure in it. "Oh, I have bouts," she said. "Last year I had a bout with Italian. I jumped up one morning and caught a steamer, and for eight months I simply wallowed! And one year it was dancing——"

"Ah, yes"; he spoke softly. "The meeting before the *Nausicaa* one must have been a bout——"

"And another time," said Dooly firmly, even loudly, "it was violet culture. That paid, too; I sold out for an enormous sum. Oh, and once it was babies! I was going to adopt two, the sweetest twins you ever



She smiled at him with a broad, human friendliness that took no account of who he was.—Page 110.

saw in your *life;* but my family rose up and stopped it."

"But why?" The creases in his face had become mere lines of laughter, and his resonant voice brought back her own question about him.

"Oh, they said it would be too hard on the babies!" She spoke obliviously, and hurried on: "I have got to know how old you are. I am tired of wondering."

"What do you think?" he asked, and turned grave to give her a fair inspection.

"I don't believe you are a day over fifty-six," she declared.

He threw back his head with a shout of laughter—either for her guess, or for the surprise in her tone. "What did you think before?" he asked.

"At the foot of the mountain—about seventy."

He rose to his feet. "Come on. I must get to the top," he exclaimed. "If I have gone down fourteen years already——!"

"But you haven't told me," said Dooly, rising and dusting her back with both hands.

"You have got to guess again at the flagpole."

"Guess what?" asked an interested voice. Temple's face, strawberry-painted, strawberry-breathing, was upturned expectantly.

"Temple, you are a horrid sight," interposed his aunt. "Go and wash your face in the brook." He obeyed, but presently came flying after them.

"Now what is it you are going to guess at the flagpole?" he cried.

"How many strawberries you have

eaten," said Dooly. He knew that meant, "Small boys must not ask questions," and submitted with a sigh of aching curiosity. Of course, he could be present every moment at the flagpole; but it was a very long time to wait.

"This is the bad part that you have to just swallow," he explained to Mr. Ormerod, as they started up the hot and stony mountainside. "You're doing better than you did in the brook," he added presently. Mr. Ormerod, indeed, was taking the trail with a very creditable swing. His spirit must have found its second wind, for he kept up easily. Dooly led with the same light, untiring ease, the same absorbed intentness. For a while neither noticed that Temple's conversation was drooping. Presently his legs drooped also, his purpling face was lifted anxiously toward his aunt's mounting back. Mr. Ormerod, seeing, gave him a casual hand up a perilous slide.

"I must rest a moment," he announced loudly. "I am not so young as you two —yet."

"Perhaps you'd better, then," Temple gasped. "I'll—wait—with you."

Dooly looked down, at first vaguely, then with awakening conscience. She came back to slip a finger into Temple's neck.

"It has never been so hot before," she said in apology. Mr. Ormerod's smile said everything that was generous and understanding, and she sat down by him impulsively, as though she liked him, making Temple sit in her shadow. "There is only a little more of this," she added.

"'Only a little more of this.'" He repeated it thoughtfully. "I said that to myself—yesterday. It seemed then a consoling thought."

She shivered. "I say it to myself sometimes —but in terror and warning."

He straightened up as though the shadow on her face was intolerable to him.

"It is a stupid phrase, either way! You don't need it—perhaps even I don't need it. Shall we leave it here?" He pulled up a stone, holding it suspended. Dooly hesitated.



Dooly sat on a rock, serenely contemplating the beauty about her.—Page 113.

"May we come back for it if we want it too much?"

"You are not going to want it. Trust me."

Their eyes held them, asking and answering. "One would trust you," she assented, and placed an invisible something in the hole. The stone came down sharply into place.

"Was it a worm?" asked Temple, who had been absorbed in an ant colony.

"A gnawing worm," said Dooly, rising. "Shall we go on?"

"Yes; let us go on." Mr. Ormerod had risen, but he was not looking toward the ascent. "Whenever your path has crossed mine, I have always wished we could go on."

"But you never tried to," said Dooly, in surprised candor.

"No. I was old, then, and passive. Now I am in the prime of life, it seems—not a day over fifty-six. Let us go on!"

"I guess Mr. Ormerod feels better," said Temple, who was inclined to frisk again. "We're coming to the best part of all now," he added, as the trail left the hot steeps and led through woods toward a sound of running water.

"Lunch?" asked Mr. Ormerod.

The boy, strawberry-filled, was contemptuous of lunch. "Did you bring the —you know, Aunt Dooly?" he whispered.

She nodded, and he plunged ahead, whooping. A moment later they stood beside him on the bank of a pool, wide as a room and two feet deep with the living water that poured through it. Temple already had his shoes off.

"Hurry up, Aunt Dooly," he shouted. "Father does it, too, Mr. Ormerod."

Dooly produced squares of cheese-cloth. "They are better than no towel," she explained. "Temple goes in here—you can do what you please. I will wait a little above, round the bend."

"There's another pool up there," Temple was explaining as she went on. "She can wash her face there and do up her hair. And when we're ready to join her, I give three calls, like this: Hoo, hoo, hoo! Then we don't startle her. If we came suddenly out of the bushes, you know, she might think it was a—" and so on, till the joyous stream ended in squeal and splash.

Both men had wet hair, dripping towels, and glowing faces when the authorized signal was duly given, and they came scrambling up the brook. Dooly sat on a rock, serenely contemplating the beauty about her. She must have washed her face very thoroughly, for her freshly arranged hair was wet at the edges, and she, too, glowed. Hers was a fairy pool, hollowed out of a granite slab, with a fringe of ferns at the edge, and a play of sunbeams on the still surface. Ormerod gazed at first with wonder for its loveliness, then with a questioning concentration. He moved this way and that, to get a better light. Then, taking a slender branch, he began to bring something out of the very centre of the pool. Temple watched breathlessly till it came to the edge. Then he pounced.

"Why, it's Aunt Dooly's side-comb!" he shouted.

"Why, so it is," said Dooly composedly. Mr. Ormerod dried it without comment, and she put it back into her hair. "I thought I had lost it on the way up," she said.

"But how in the world did it get there?" Temple wondered. Mr. Ormerod's eyes were considerately turned to the scenery.

"It is queer," said Dooly. "Now shall we go on and lunch? We have lunch up here at the spring, Mr. Ormerod, and then we mount to the flagpole."

"I'll tell you how it was," Temple said. "You see, she knelt here and put her face down so, to wash it. And the comb fell out and hit that rock, and so bounced out into the very middle—don't you see? I can show you if she'll lend me the comb." But Aunt Dooly had gone, so Temple scrambled on after her and lunch. Mr. Ormerod lingered, staring at the lovely pool, with the sun-dappled surface and the mirrored ferns, as though it still held lost treasure. Then, at Temple's shout, he came striding.

"I never was so hungry in my life," he exclaimed. Dooly, giving him sandwiches, looked at him critically.

"You lost about five years more in that pool," she objected.

"'And Thompson soon appeared to be
A simple-minded child of three,'"

he quoted. "I have to lose them fast now, if we are going to meet at the flagpole." His voice said something, and her quick glance was like a checked question. He met it fully, deliberately. She slowly laid down her sandwich, as though some bewildering idea had taken her appetite. Temple brought the filled cup.

"You drink out of that side, Aunt Dooly," he commanded. "Mr. Ormerod can have the other side, and I'll take the middle."

Dooly lifted the cup, but Mr. Ormerod put out a protesting hand.

"Oh, are you very thirsty?" he begged.

"Not so very," and she waited with suspended cup.

"It may be the Spring of Youth, you

know. If, just this one year, you would let me drink a quart or two, and you would leave it alone—is that too much to ask?" Their eyes met, his laughing, hers very still and veiled. "It is only giving me a chance," he insisted.

Even Temple felt the suspense. There was no sound as Dooly sat like a sibyl, holding the brimming cup. Then she stretched out her arm and poured its contents on the ground.

"Now, will she really grow old, like mother?" Temple asked. "Ho—it's just a joke," he added quickly, mortified for his momentary lapse into babyhood.

"That's all," said Dooly cheerfully; but when, after lunch, they went on to the top a shadowy gravity fell upon her. She let them climb ahead of her up the last of the trail, falling back like one grown older. Her feet seemed reluctant to reach the flagpole toward which they were racing.

The ceremony at the top was waiting for her. Temple stood grasping the flagpole; she took hold above him, and Mr. Ormerod's hand closed on it just above hers. Their eyes came together with a shock.

"Now how old am I?" he demanded.

"Ho—that was what you were going to guess," Temple commented, but neither noticed. Dooly spoke with a catch in her breath.

"You—haven't—left the forties."

"I haven't, thank God!" said Mr. Ormerod.

She broke away from the pole, turning to the prospect. All the world lay spread before them, and the wind came to them fresh from heaven. She put her arms about the little boy.

"Temple, darling, you mustn't stand in this wind when you are so heated," she said.

He lifted his shrewd gaze to her face.

"Why, Aunt Dooly, you said that just like mother!" he cried.



THE NEST

By Florence Earle Coates

GLAD is the grove with light,
And the glen is song-caressed,
But longing comes ere night
For the one, dear nest!

Far fields may seem more fair,
And distant hills more blue,—
Still claims that nest my care
In the dawn—in the dew;

For though the wild may woo
My wing to many a quest,
Sweet in the dawn and the dew
Are home and rest!

WHITE HYACINTHS

By Mary Synon

THE Saturday afternoon crowd at the Art Institute, a swirling little river of restlessness turned in from the wider stream of passers-by out under the spring-time sunshine of Michigan Avenue, had eddied from the farther gallery, leaving only the girl on the circular mahogany settle in the centre of the high, gray room and the boy who remained before the picture in the corner.

The picture, a painting of a forest, black pines standing sharp against the blazing ochre of a Canadian sunset, seen across a dark river where silver shadows shimmered, a scene whose loneliness was not relieved but intensified by the figure of a man outlined against the blare of color, had drawn the attention of all who had come within sight of it, for it gleamed with a startling brightness of a diffusing quality of overtone, a lucent atmosphere that radiated quivering shafts of penetrative light upon the shaded dimness. But it was the daring high spirit glowing in the poise of the man in the foreground that brought the painting in brilliant relief from the primping damsels, the overstarched children, and the studious middle-aged men who gazed down from the neighboring walls. Corduroy-trousered, flannel-shirted, high-booted, arrested in his crossing of the stepping-stones as if by some suddenly heard, mystic call, his face reflecting the silver sheen of the waters at his feet, he stood a messenger from a land of promise, breathing the power of youth, of courage, of faith.

The artist had blazoned his message, the thought of freedom men win by work in the far places, to some of the saunterers who had dawdled through the institute in the course of the afternoon, compelling them to interest, but the girl on the settle, although she had come nearly a half-hour before, had given the painting no more than a passing glance. While the uneasy swish of loiterers sounded around her, she had chosen to look toward where the stern grimness of Lake Michigan broke into blue at the horizon. Now, when the farther gallery seemed to have garnered for its own the stillness of late afternoon, just as the forest scene had garnered the waning light of the place, the girl closed her eyes as if in relaxation from an overpowering mental weariness. She opened them to find that the boy had moved in front of her line of vision.

He was a big, broad-shouldered boy in blue serge, as certainly an out-of-doors worker as if he had been a sailor. As he stood, cap under his arm, there grew apparent a certain kinship between his alertness of interest and the poised grace of the pictured man whom he scanned with the focussed attention of lowered lids. He turned from the canvas with a throaty chuckle. "Isn't it the real thing?" he demanded.

His voice, young, clear, vibrant with a thrill to which it had been attuned in wider spaces than galleries, rang through the vaulted silences, clanging challenge to the girl. Startled out of reverie, she looked over her shoulder before she realized that the words had been addressed to her. She drew back almost imperceptibly, with the instinctive reserve of formality, when she glimpsed the boy's smile, eager, altogether impersonal. "Do you think so?" she asked, with more interest than her languor had promised.

"Do I think so?" His laugh awakened an echo that rose in surprise from some dim corridor. "Well, I found it last Saturday when I was wandering around this big town, and I've been here five times since then. They can keep their old masters." His muscular arm waved contempt at the shadowy vistas toward the stone stairways. "I'll take just that." He moved over to the settle and dropped to a place beside her. "I suppose that even the guard at the door knows that I'm no critic," he went on. "I don't know one thing about art or technic—is that what

you call it?—but I do know that place." He pointed toward the scene, his eyes softening as they fell on its blazing intensity. "That's St. Mary's River, or I'm not Billy Franklin."

"No, it's the— You've been up there?"

"I lived there five years," he declared proudly. "I've been down here nearly a year now, and I'm about as crazy to go back to it as I was to get out of it. That's what the North always does to a man. But I'm chained to the mast for this run, and the best I can do is to take my North Country second-hand. Now that picture is just exactly the next best thing to taking the Cobalt Express out to-morrow night. Why, I only have to squint at it to feel the silence the way that fellow there is feeling it. It's just the time, you know, when the wind stops and there isn't a sound in between you and the sunset. And you get thinking of all kinds of things that you don't ever think about anywhere else. And you wonder—oh, say, do you know the North at all?"

The girl nodded meditatively. The boy turned on her a sudden scrutiny that appraised her age as something over twenty-five, her attractiveness as negative, and her type as tailor-made metropolitan. He laughed down at her with youthful indulgence. "The North I mean isn't the summer-resort kind," he boasted, missing the smile that wrinkled one corner of her mouth. "It's wild, and rough, and shaggy, that Bush. It's miles and miles from one settlement to another. Every little while there's a river like that, and every little while there's some fellow standing just like that chap, thinking."

"Yes?"

"You people down here don't know, but I know just the kind of day that fellow's had. I've had them. He heard his alarm-clock go off at half-past four, and he turned over to sneak ten minutes of half-sleep. Then he donned his gorgeous raiment and swore at his boot-laces. He tumbled down to his breakfast, reported at the office to the Big Chief, drafted work enough for a half-dozen youngsters to make them tired before they started, then took a dinky engine or a steel train out to the job. Perhaps it was railroad work and he found that the spikes hadn't come. Then he drove a 'spine-splitter' back to town to start trouble for some one. Or perhaps it was a bridge and he saw that the middle arch was two degrees off. Then—more trouble! Or it might have been a dam, and he found that if the concrete weren't set that day there'd have been a break. And he saw that his work was done right, that man did! He worked like a 'wop.' Now work's over for him, and he's tramping back to camp, or residency, or boarding-house where he lives. And something—maybe it's the yellow in the sky or maybe it's that streak of silver on the water—makes him think of queer things, the girl he's never seen, the music he's never heard. Say, do you mind my talking like this? I'm wound up, and I'll have to go down and talk to the guard if you won't listen."

"I don't mind," said the girl, "and I'll possibly understand better than the guard might." She unfastened from her coat a great cluster of purple-pink orchids, playing with their petals as Billy Franklin stumbled through a moment of self-conscious hesitancy back to his buoyant enthusiasm. "I almost felt as if I'd come home," he explained, "when I drifted in here last Saturday and found this corner. You see, I knew that picture awf'lly well. Do you remember seeing it in a magazine last November—in color, too? Well, one night down in New York, Dillon found it. Dillon and Ramsey and I had worked together up in the North, the way we'd worked together in four other places before we were transferred to office jobs under the white lights. We'd been having a great old time, the three of us, so good that Dillon wouldn't look cross-eyed at a construction job the contractors were shoving toward him on a silver plate. Then one night, a blustering, stormy, window-rattling night, he found that picture. He held it in front of him nearly ten minutes without saying a word, just smoking. Then he swore. You ought to hear Dillon swear—oh, I beg your pardon! Well, that night he talked in his sleep. I went into his room next to ours to close his banging window and I heard him muttering. And the next day, in the whirl of the worst storm that hit New York last winter, he went North. He left the magazine with Phil Ramsey. Phil cut out the picture and tacked it up near our

dresser. We used to look at it every morning when the thermometer was flirting with zero, and we'd think of Dillon building fires and breaking ice in his pitcher before he could wash, and we'd rejoice at our good luck. Then what do you suppose that fool Ramsey did? Blew out to South America one morning, leaving me ten dollars he owed me and a note. Here it is." From his coat pocket he produced a miscellaneous assortment of letters, note-books, and newspaper clippings. He searched through the medley till he came on a heavily scrawled sheet that he handed to the girl. "Read it," he ordered her.

"Dear Billy," she conned it: "Me for Port au Prince, malaria and revolutions. I can't stand collars and crossing policemen. You can have my Tuxedo. And if anything happens me, write the girl in Truxton, N. J., that she was the only one I ever loved. She wasn't, but she'll get more fun out of thinking that than any of the others would. Write me some time, care of the consulate. I expect to get acquainted there after the first Number One day. And if you expect to be happy in this blooming village, turn that picture of the North to the wall—and nail it there! It's what got me going to the open. Your friend, Phil."

"Now wasn't that a trick to do me?" he bemoaned, taking back the note from her. "I'd have gone to Port au Prince with him if he'd told me the day before. And I couldn't stand it down there alone after he and Dillon were gone."

"But why come here?" The girl looked past him to the picture.

"When I could go there? Well, I couldn't, exactly. This is a bread-and-butter world, you know. Of course, I might have gone, but I'd have been a shirker if I did. You see, my mother's not as strong as she used to be and she went worrying about her darling boy. She lives with my married sister in a little town about eighty miles west of here, and so I came to Chicago and got a job in the tunnel. I can run out and see her once in a while, and she feels better about it."

"Do you like Chicago?"

Billy Franklin shook his head. "I can't get the swing of it yet," he tried to explain. "Some days it has the lift—could you call it that?—of the North or the Far West, but other times it's awf'lly depressing. That's when I need to come in and look at the picture. I've been wondering what the name of it is."

"'*Mesetonka.*'"

"'*Mese*'— Why, that's the Ojibway for— How do they say it now? Land of——?"

"Land of my dreams."

"Is that it? Say, you're the first one I've met who's known the name of it. I asked a girl here the other day and she said that it was the painting of a Norwegian fiord and that it had taken first prize in a Paris exhibition."

"It took a first prize." The girl fingered her orchids indifferently. "But it's not Norway."

"Then I suppose it's Art, with a capital A?" His tone was rueful.

"Are you disappointed?"

"I wanted to buy it," he said. "That puts it beyond me—now. But some day I'm going to be rich enough to buy it."

"You won't want it when you are," she said.

"Won't I, though?"

"If I didn't know," she told him, "that the things we don't quite have for our own are dearer than those we possess, I'd —I'd see that you'd have that picture."

Billy Franklin puzzled an instant, then turned to the girl eagerly. "Then you know the chap who painted it?" he cried. "Really know him? Isn't that great?"

"I don't know that it is," she protested.

"What's R. Channing like?" he demanded. "Big and smashing, I'll bet. Dillon said that he was an engineer who could sling paints and who was so homesick for the Bush that he had to talk it into the picture. Ramsey said that he was a dreamy chap who wore gaiters and who couldn't carry a rod two miles without getting a pain in his shoulder. Now, my guess is that Channing is just like that chap he's drawn. They say that artists paint their own types. Is he?"

For the first time since they had spoken the girl laughed. "R. Channing is a woman," she took delight in telling him.

"No! Honestly? You're not joking?" He went back to the corner, studying the scene from a new angle of vision. "Well, it doesn't change that," he admitted grudgingly. "She must be different from most

of the women," he announced after a moment's reflection.

"Not as much now as she used to be."

"Tell me something about her. How did she come to do that? Do you know?"

"She was always—queer." She set the orchids away from her on the other side of the settle. "You know, she used to be a newspaper cartoonist."

"Go on," Billy Franklin chuckled. "That's weird enough, for a beginning. How did she ever strike that work?"

"Do you really want to hear about her?"

"Of course I do," he asserted. "She's my tramway to the North. Go back as far as you like, even to the time you made mud pies together, if you knew her then."

"Ruth Channing never made mud pies." She plucked at the flowers as she began the story. "She was half-tomboy, half-bookworm. She shinned fences with the boys, played ball with them, ran mad with them, drew caricatures of them in school, and then used to forget all about them when she found a new picture-book. She never played with girls nor understood them at all. She was her father's daughter, and her father had been a soldier of fortune of a long line of soldiers of fortune."

"I knew it," Billy Franklin declared. "I knew that whoever could paint a picture that took Dillon and Ramsey out of New York and that brings me blithering around art galleries had something of us in him—in her, I mean. I like Ruth Channing."

"You might have liked her," the girl frowned, "if you'd met her when she was painting that." A sudden enthusiasm flared in her gray eyes, then died down as suddenly as it had come. "Ruth Channing didn't have very much adventure in her own life. She lived here in Chicago just about as other people do. She stayed a tomboy even when she went to dances. Perhaps she got a better time out of her girlhood than most girls do, though, even if she didn't have their sentimental point of view. For she had her work. She loved to draw. She said once that life was to her one great big picture out of which she kept finding bits that haunted her till she had set them down. And she kept on dreaming in her picture world. But one day she woke up to find that this is, as you said, a bread-and-butter world. Her father died. Everything was tangled. She had to take care of her mother. There was one thing she could do. And so she went out and found her job. It wasn't easy finding. You'd laugh at some of the things she did. But she held on, and when everything seemed darkest she had her chance to go on the art staff of one of the newspapers. It was a real chance. The men who worked with her will tell you that she 'made good.' She had to. She couldn't have faced her mother with a tale of failure. And her reward came in time. They let her be the paper's cartoonist, but she didn't dare sign her full name. It would have been a joke to see a woman's signature under those jibes at presidents and potentates. But she could do the work, and so she held the place. Just when she was beginning to rest on her oars," the girl's voice fell low so that Billy Franklin leaned forward to hear, "her mother died. After that she worked mechanically, because stopping meant thinking, and thinking meant bitterness. And after years that dragged along she found joy in work again, in a new kind of work."

She dropped the thread of her story as a man passed through the room. Billy Franklin, waiting for her to take it up again, had time to notice how the shadows under her eyes held the velvety mauve shadings of the blossoms in her hands before she resumed: "I've left out something very important about Ruth Channing, the most important part of her, perhaps, for you. When she was a youngster she played with toy engines and machines, instead of with dolls. When she was fifteen she was mad to be an engineer. She'll probably never want anything again as much as she wanted that. But even if the R. Channings can become cartoonists, they can't be engineers, can they?"

"Hardly," said Billy Franklin.

"And so she took to drawing the sort of men she'd have been one of if she'd been a man. She had portfolios full of drawings of men poring over blue-prints, men building bridges, men standing out on shaky ledges, men riding up on steel beams. When she went into newspaper work she didn't have time for them. But some-

times she'd go out to the firing lines where men were doing the work she'd have been doing had she been a man and not a crazy artist woman. She saw their work. She knew their desires, their hopes, their dreams."

"It's a wonder she didn't marry one of them," said Billy Franklin. "A girl like that ought to be a hit in a camp."

The girl who knew Ruth Channing laughed again. "She was an artist," she said, "and so she was looking for the One Man. She tried to make herself believe sometimes that some of the men she met might come up to specifications; but they didn't—quite. She did believe, though, that somewhere, out in the far places where men worked for the sake of dreams, there were such men. And because she believed in them, she—painted them."

"Well, she hit them all right," said the boy. "I know a dozen chaps like that one."

"You mean—in looks?" She leaned over for his answer.

"I mean in every way," he insisted. "Dillon and Ramsey wouldn't have looked twice at that picture if it hadn't gone below the surface. No, that man has something big in him, something fine. Dillon has it. Brent, the man who did the concrete work on the Hudson Bay railroad bridges, has it. I know ten other men who have the spirit that gives just that look. It's something that swings them out in the open, and drives them to big work, and keeps them straight, and honest, and square. It's—I'll tell you what it is—it's the dream."

"Yes," said the girl, "it's the dream. Ruth Channing must have seen it sometimes in the eyes of men up there." She waved her white-gloved hand toward the painting. "Once she was paddling a canoe up the Kenogami River when she saw that scene and that man. She never met him, but afterward, one night here in Chicago, she remembered that moment so vividly that she had to start the picture. A friend of hers, another artist, took it over to Paris. They say it's been an artistic triumph. Anyhow, it lifted her out of the cartoon shop."

"That was lucky."

"I'm not so sure. She thought so, too, and she called her leisure a reward. But how do you suppose she used it?" Her voice took on a hardness that had fallen from it when she had begun to talk of Ruth Channing. "She drifted in with some people who'd never had any idea of work. Oh, they're here in Chicago, too. They aren't butterflies of fashion nor social climbers, but people who use their wealth in unostentatious but luxurious enjoyment of the finer things of life, people who take the best as naturally as flowers take sunshine. Now it's very well for them, but I've wondered sometimes if it were right for Ruth Channing. She liked it, though. She revelled in their pleasures, in the easy ways of living where the wheels never showed and never slipped. And the opiate of ease got into her blood, so that she began to forget the wide, free stretches of the open, the magic of the northern lights, the glories of sunsets and starlights, the joy of camp-fires—and the man she'd once hoped to meet. But she has met another man."

"Oh, I just knew she would," said Billy Franklin. "I'm always too late." He laughed good-humoredly at his own conceit. "What's the other man like?"

"He's a man rich in more than money," she explained. "He's very charming and very devoted to her. He travels a great deal, and he has a yacht and motors. Marrying him means freedom from care and worry and responsibility for Ruth Channing. And so he's waiting and she's wondering."

"Does she love him?"

"Many people marry without love and are happy."

"Not the girls who paint '*Mesetonkas*.' Say," he pleaded earnestly, "ask her not to do it, won't you? If you're really a friend of hers, ask her not to compromise with life that way."

"Why shouldn't she?"

"It's not square," he declared, "not brave. It's not fair to the man and it's not fair to herself."

"Oh, the man understands," she told him, "and she's willing to take the risk for herself."

"Well, then it's not fair to us," he argued, "to the man in the picture, to Dillon, to Phil Ramsey, to me, to the whole crew of us who've believed in the things she's painted for us. She'll be turn-

ing traitor to her own if she proves a coward now. She wasn't a coward when she got her first jobs, was she? She wasn't a coward when she worked on the papers, I'll bet. Then what's she afraid of now?"

"She's afraid," said the girl who knew her, "that she's been a fool who cherished a futile dream."

"Rot," said Billy Franklin. "Maybe you'll think I'm an impertinent kid," he frowned, "but I'm older than I look and I've seen some of the things that have happened to the fellows who took 'the low road.' They've all been sorry for doing it. There was one lad who would have been a great doctor if he hadn't married a rich girl he wasn't in love with. He went out last month—by the back-door way of death. I wouldn't like to see any girl who'd tried to say for us fellows the things we can't just say for ourselves go wrong that way. And Ruth Channing doesn't really have to, you know. She has her work."

"But if she's lost something in her work?"

"Go on!" he scoffed. "All she needs is a northwester. We all get soggy sometimes. Tell her to switch back to the main line, coal her engine, run straight ahead, and watch the track. She's in a rut," he continued, with pounding emphasis. "Pull her out of it. If she'd only get up on top of the first little foot-hill, she'd see that it's a great big world."

"You've made me remember the breadth of it." The girl rose from the settle, pinning the orchids on her coat. Billy Franklin gasped when he saw that her gray eyes were misty with tears, but she smiled at him and said bravely, almost lightly: "Some people come like great winds, don't they? And bring the whole sweep of the wide world with them into closed rooms? I'm very glad I've met you to-day—I think. And perhaps I shall try to make Ruth Channing see."

"If you knew how much that picture of hers means to me and my tribe," said Billy Franklin, "you'd see what I mean, although I can't say all of it." He followed the girl to the door, turning once to look toward the corner. "I'll be back next week," he promised. "Are you coming again to see it?"

"No," she answered. "Perhaps, though —who knows?—I may go North."

"Oh, the resorts aren't open," said Billy Franklin. He went beside her through the long gray galleries and down the stone stairways, flinging ludicrous comment at the towering statues, gazing with friendly interest at the aproned students who gave greeting to his companion, laughing mirthfully at the rapt gazers at dusky paintings, smiling genially at the guard near the gateway. When the great bronze door that he held open for the girl clanged behind them and they stood on the high steps of the institute, he drew her attention to the unfolded picture with outstretched arm.

Dusk had drifted in from the lake over Michigan Avenue. To the westward on a canyon-like street, above the chalet roof of an elevated railroad station, there glowed fires of gold. Northward the city loomed a gray menace. But to the south under the softened lavender shadows of a Chicago twilight the avenue flowed, a great river of wealth float ng an argosy of luxury. Against the background of towering stone walls on the other side of the broad highway gleamed the clustered lights of the pavements and the flashing lights of swift-moving motor-cars. The city's playground in the city's playtime, the panorama emanated an atmosphere of excited enjoyment of moneyed leisure, bought, paid for, and waiting for use.

The girl grasped Billy Franklin's wrist. "That's what I mean!" she cried. "That's what Ruth Channing will have to give up —for an elusive dream." Her glance went in and out among the flaring lights of the motors. "It's not just money, nor ease, nor luxury. It's the things they mean, the beauty, the music, the art, the freedom!"

"Go on!" he laughed. "You girls can't reason three minutes. Why, we all have the surface rights to those things, haven't we? And isn't that as good as any one can get? What do you suppose is the best thing in the world?"

"The best thing in the world," said the girl slowly, "is youth."

"Well, then, hold on to it," cried Billy Franklin. "Be game, and I'll race you down the steps!"

She took the challenge with daring, dashing down the wide stones with an impetus that sent her to the curb-stone with the boy at her heels. A uniformed chauf-

feur, standing beside a long, low racer, controlled his surprise as she came up against him. "Don't wait for me, Harding," she said. "I'm going to walk." The man touched his cap and stepped to the car. "Say," asked Billy Franklin, "is that yours?" He gazed admiringly at the perfectly appointed machine, then with surprise at the girl.

"No," she said, "it's not mine. It's one of the motors Ruth Channing may have if she compromises."

"Of course," he admitted, "it's a temptation. I don't know that I'd stand out against it. It's thrilling sometimes—" his gaze brightened in enjoyment of the avenue's kaleidoscopic life—"but—" His pause lifted the picture as if it had been a theatre curtain, revealing in its stead a deeper scene of farther vistas.

"There are green hills in Thrace," she finished.

"Do you know," the boy said after they had crossed the pavement and were swinging southward with the tide of boulevardiers toward the lights of Park Row, "I've had such a gorgeous time this afternoon talking to you about the things that count most with me that I'd like awf'lly well to give you something, if you'll let me. Not for R. Channing," he laughed, "just for yourself." They were fronting a florist's shop-window where behind the glass there bloomed a glory of April flowers, jonquils, narcissi, violets, freesia, arbutus. Then his gaze found her orchids. "I'd like to give you flowers, somehow, only——"

She wrenched the velvety purple-pink blossoms from her coat and flung them ruthlessly out to the avenue pavement. Her gray eyes held the glow of far-off camp-fires in them as she smiled at him. "Buy me—" she began, then laughed whimsically, a laugh that sounded to Billy Franklin like a woodland note of northern spring-time. "If you have but two loaves of bread, sell one, and buy for your soul," she quoted, "white hyacinths."

THE POINT OF VIEW

AS I sit by the fire on the hearth on a cold winter night, snug in the sense of the smouldering coals inside and the high-piled snow outside, at times I wield the poker among the logs to better the blaze; at times I lean back lazily and read. Perhaps it is some great poet of an elder time, whose verses are the sweeter for the accompaniment of singing flame; perhaps a novel old or new, bringing a fresh mood of youth and joy to help one escape from the weariness of a long day's work; perhaps a contemporary journal, full of problems of to-day and anxious questioning, or full of that brimming sense of triumph wherewith time mocks the generations. The brave west door bars out the wind; the slant roof sheds the heavy snow; for a few moments of blessed truce the abstract questions of human destiny cease to perplex—

The Hearth

> "For I am brimful of the friendliness
> That in a little cottage I have found."

As ill luck will have it, in this charmed moment a magazine article catches my eye, in which is quoted part of an address of one of the leaders of to-day, a syndicalist, depicting the industrial system of the future, with a sense of ultimate achievement about to come to pass. "Before the poor strikers who had not received pay envelopes for weeks" he painted the paradise to be centring in "a mammoth plant conducted by the workers."

"It will be utopian. There will be a wonderful dining-room where you will enjoy the best food that can be purchased; your digestion will be aided by sweet music, which will be wafted to your ears by an unexcelled orchestra. There will be a gymnasium and a great swimming-pool and private bath-rooms of marble. One floor of this plant will be devoted to masterpieces of art, and you will have a collection even superior to that displayed in the Metropolitan Museum in New York. A first-class library will occupy another floor.

"The roof will be converted into a garden. There beautiful flowers will fill your eyes and their sweet perfume your nostrils.

The workrooms will be superior to any ever conceived. Your work-chairs will be Morris-chairs, so that when you become fatigued you may relax in comfort."

Drowsily rocking in my grandmother's old chair that creaks a little, I meditate upon this Utopia, but, though I am one of the working people,—in a different kind of mill,—it leaves me cold, and I rub my eyes in bewilderment over an editorial comment which says that it is easy to understand the appeal of such a vision of paradise. Long may it be before my digestion is aided by sweet music wafted to my ears by the unexcelled orchestra, in that wonderful dining-room midway between the private bathrooms of marble, and that "floor of the plant" which is devoted to masterpieces of art! Here is the communal ideal concretely presented; but in the new brotherhood of man is this kind of thing obligatory? I count my years with thankfulness and trust that I shall be laid somewhere under soft green grass, far from that great swimming-pool, before the full blast of that golden age. For myself, the land of promise does not present itself in the hues and contours, the sights and sounds, of an ocean liner, a huge summer hotel, or a vast department store. Do they really dream such dreams, I wonder? How shall I ever learn to hold all things in common with people with whom I have no common dreams? My grandmother, in bequeathing to me this rocking-chair, must have bequeathed more than the chair; my land of promise is a land of gray roofs and hospitable gates; of leaves and singing birds, and honest toil—I know whereof I speak. Sometimes there is a spring smell of upturned earth in it, and a sense of unseen growing things; sometimes an autumn smell of golden, falling leaves. There is murmuring in pine branches; there are sweet sounds and sweeter silences; and the centre of it all, for each individual life, is a hearth, homely, it may be, but sheltering the seed of divine fire, a hearth on which red coals imperceptibly fade to gray ash, and glow again, in fresh enkindling.

But paradise, earthly or heavenly, is as difficult to imagine as to attain; my vision would probably not fit the fancy of many of my fellow working people, having small chance against these vast splendors. Yet, recalling the faces of the poor as I have seen them in places of large concourse, straying through steamer or hotel, lost, miserable, in a wilderness of plush and gilding, I fancy that this syndicalist dream come true would bring less joy than the dreaming—but perhaps this is true of all dreams. That tendency of humble folk to find a corner, take something out of a bag, and eat in the centre of painted magnificence is doubtless often due less to physical appetite than to a still deeper human need—that of conjuring up a sense of home, a something of one's very own. That spiritual hunger upon the countenances of munching *hoi-polloi* in great places vanishes from their homeward faces as they hurry to the shelter of their own doorways. Secure behind their little window-panes, under the protection of a low roof, they have a look that they never wear in the glittering splendor of hall or public place, and come near to suggesting, in homely fashion, a

> "Central peace, subsisting at the heart
> Of endless agitation."

The look of pride in a row of potted plants in the window, or a bit of garden by the flagged walk, menaces that syndicalist roof-garden of no one's making. What earthly use or comfort is a garden whose dirt you do not sometimes wash off your hands? That wonderful dining-room, where you will enjoy the best food that can be purchased, vanishes before the odor of bread newly baked at home. Does the prospect really appeal to any, I wonder, as I read the rhapsody again, this wilderness of the general, the communal, where nothing is your own?

The Individual Home

AS I dig in the ashes, full of a sense of possession and of comfort, I ponder on this earliest and deepest human need, the need of man for a little place of his own. The instinct is fundamental; from nest of bird to lion's lair, and on to human threshold, it runs through all nature. Whether we approve or not, the sense of individual ownership is almost the first instinct to manifest itself; political theorists should watch childhood if they want to find upon what they may build, and learn to build wisely. In all probability the hearth was the first thing made by man; it is that to which, with all his wandering instincts, he most surely returns.

If I were stripped to rag and crust, I should go out into the fields and pile a primitive hearth and try to strike fire from flint. I should warm my hands over a flame of my own kindling, and invite other shivering folk to share its heat, but never, in utmost need, could I accept as substitute the gas-log of the profit-sharing company, with its manufactured semblance of flame.

Is the brotherhood of man attainable, I wonder, as this and other statements which it recalls of the communal ideal drift through my mind, only through the loss of that which man has found best worth while, a spot of his own for him and his? It is true that I feel a bit guilty as I spread my hands before the flame, remembering the fingers that go cold, but I feel reassured also, remembering that I try honestly to share with other homes. Long ago, I have been told, when my grandfather's new house was built, my father, a child of six, was sent with some small vessel—infant Prometheus—to the house of the nearest neighbor to bring coals for the first fire on the hearth. In the light of that symbolic act I still live and work; in the give-and-take of individual homes I find the truest solution of our human problem. By the brightness of every coal upon the hearth, we are bound to share; and wherein we have been niggardly with our coals we are justly punished. For the suffering of those who toil and yet go hungry we are deeply guilty, and the troubles they have brought upon us we richly deserve. By all means, so far as we are able, let us succor our brother, factory-poisoned, mine-buried; but, in attempting to shoulder more manfully our individual responsibility for our individual fellow man, we should be able to find something better to offer him than this tawdry public palace of the public orator. Existence as outlined here is the legitimate outcome of the machine ideal running through all our modern civilization, our yearning for flawless mechanism, our longing for perfection without personality.

Our sense of individual ownership is not a wholly selfish instinct. Within it lies the profoundest challenge presented to us, the inscrutable problem of personality, the point of our being here. It is the key to the whole human situation, here and hereafter. Ownership even in one's self means individual responsibility; with the recognition of that our task for time and for eternity lies fairly clear. With self-possession, one has duties to perform that one may not evade; no society nor combination of mankind may take them from us. The individual life, wisely and genuinely shared, lived to its depth and its height, fulfils not only itself but the life of the state. We cannot change the basic laws in obedience to which we have wriggled from the mass, growing from homogeneousness to heterogeneousness, from common mud to individual clay. Is not part of our human failure of late years the result of living in a fashion not too individual but too little individual; are we not already suffering from too much of communal existence? The large scale of action, the trust, our mammoth enterprises, the huge hotels and apartment-houses, banishing real homes — all these interfere with our deepest sense of responsibility as well as with our deepest sense of joy.

There is too much swimming-pool in this syndicalist ideal; it means not progression but retrogression, a vast splashing about in the general, as before personality emerged —protoplasmic, inchoate, undifferentiated. What is to be done with the challenge to the individual in this generalized attempt to escape from the problems of personal existence and personal sacrifice for others? What with those primal human instincts that will not down—the need of the human being for his own hearth, his own poker, his own back door? As I warm my hands at my own coals, listening to the wind and the syndicalists howling outside, I vow to do my utmost to help my fellow human being get, not a Morris-chair belonging to the company, but a hearth of his own which it is his peculiar duty to maintain and protect. Those pagan homes whose hearths were altars—as seen under the wide sky of Greece—were unconsciously significant, prophetic. Surely the sacrifice at one's own hearth is the first to offer; surely the individual hearth is—as it has been from cave-man time—the centre and symbol of all human life.

THE jargon of health grates increasingly on my nerves. Human life may be divided into its component parts by every amateur philosopher in America, and nine out of ten of them will put the physical element first. That is the present fashion. It is reflected in the speeches of those who

talk to colleges and schools: "The foundation of all usefulness is good health; physical welfare must be our first aim." If it were the formula of fifty years ago we should recognize it for the cant it is. True, no doubt—truth of a sort is essential to cant. But this is a truth that in receiving the mark of respectability has hardened and given up its heat. Truth cannot endure circulation beyond the limits of those who feel its dignity and force.

The Gospel of Health

Religious talk met a like fate among the same kind of well-meaning people in the mid-nineteenth century. Such phrases as appear in old letters: "Our community is being blessed by many hopeful conversions"; "I have experienced a new conviction of the truth and wish to testify before the world" —these represented real belief in the hearts of ardent and intelligent people, who succeeded so in imposing them upon the ordinary consciousness that the words became commonplaces. Then they passed beyond the power even of the most convinced; they were dead without hope.

Most of us carry about some shreds of the reformer's impulse, and can easily understand the joy with which a preacher or teacher or otherwise didactic person would see his ideas beginning to "prevail," entering into the common consciousness by way of the common vocabulary. But the moment when everybody accepts an idea without question coincides fatally with the hour when the idea no longer means anything to anybody. During this hour we might be saved by Socrates, or even Mr. Chesterton; the matter needs to be rejuvenated by an inquiry resulting in that complete overturn which will settle it once more with its right end up. Without this, the "fundamental truth" becomes fatally uninteresting. Matthew Arnold's "Philistine" has long been pilloried as literary slang and has grown correspondingly innocuous. We don't greatly care now whether we are philistines or not.

But health—after all we are hardly willing to forget our health because "the importance of physical welfare" is rattled daily from a thousand journalistic and hortatory typewriters. A few, at least, of the religious people forty years ago who heard the world glibly using the phrases that to them represented a deep experience must have felt similarly uncomfortable. We can imagine that they were among the first of those who arrested the vogue of pious small talk.

When a great truth reaches the point at which those who talk about it are not those who care most for its inner meaning, it is likely to do some damage. Individual religion has already often been sacrificed to religious machinery; individual health is likely to be for some time subordinated to gymnasiums and athletic sports and systems of diet. The gymnasium for the multitude is easier to manage and more entertaining than are careful combinations of devices adapted to particular people. Because sleeping-porches are good, every architect drawing a house plan for a popular magazine is compelled to put in a sleeping-porch. But some of us may be so constituted that we grow nervous during the out-door nights; instead of these we may need sound-proof partitions, or naps at midday, or five meals in place of three. With all these differences the popular imagination refuses to grapple. We must become healthy according to the accredited fashion or our friends view us with suspicion, as if we were working against a good cause.

We might, perhaps, learn more easily how to be well and intelligent at the same time if we were a little less sure that we knew all about the primary importance of health. I should welcome a few doubts concerning the place of health in the general scheme of things. They would give a spur to our conviction, making us feel the true force of the faith that is within us. They would lead us, possibly, to think more and say less. Such talk about spiritual matters as our grandparents put into their ordinary letters seems to us now almost indecent for any but a community of saints. I wonder how our grandchildren will regard our complacent remarks about bodily well-being, when they see how little we have achieved in the way of being healthy and living wholesomely.

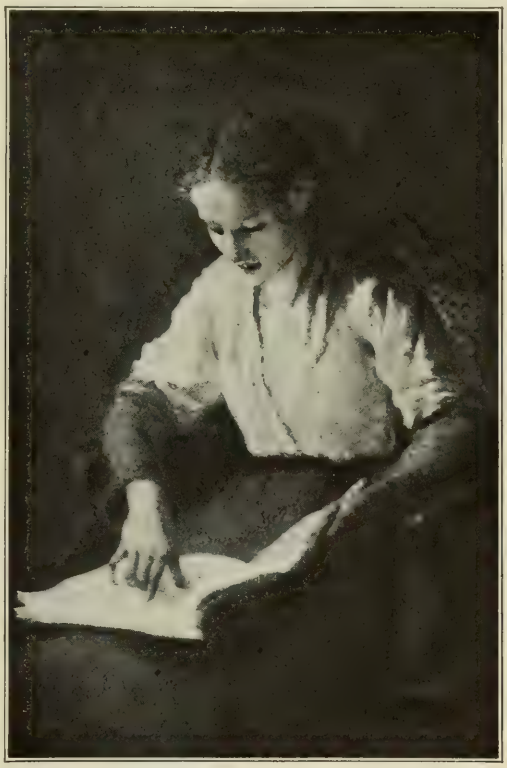
The point to remember is, of course, that the "foundation of all usefulness" should be kept under our feet instead of being allowed to rise above our field of vision.

·THE FIELD OF ART·

THE MEMORIAL EXHIBITION OF THE WORKS OF WILLIAM MORRIS HUNT

IT is hard for a Boston man to write of William Morris Hunt with entire impartiality. Hunt has a legend in Boston—something as Copley has, or as Stuart.

His remarkable personality was such that those who knew him must always see his work under a sort of glamour. There are plenty of young artists who knew him not who will say, frankly enough, that his work is pretty bad. On the other hand, many of the old guard still consider him our greatest painter.



From a photograph, copyright by Detroit Publishing Co.

Girl Reading.

In the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston.

Probably neither of these is quite right. Hunt's work in technical achievement is not exactly the sort of thing in which we are interested just now; and yet, on the other hand, it has qualities, now of strength, now of distinction, which set it apart from the work of other painters. Indeed, it is charm, first in the man, and in some measure in his work, that has helped to create his legend. Even when his work is not very good technically, it is often distinguished—and of a distinction more aristocratic, less anæmic, than that of some of our latter-day *précieux*. One feels that he was always an artist—and felt things like an artist—no matter what he did.

Prompted by a fine filial piety, the daughter of William Morris Hunt has arranged a memorial of her father's work. It is placed in an upper room in the Boston Art Museum.

Perhaps the picture which at first makes the strongest impression is the "Niagara" which hangs at one end of the room. One well remembers the sense it gave of color and strength at the Hunt memorial exhibition thirty years and more ago. Now, the strength is there in a measure; as to the color, parts of it are of a fine iridescence; elsewhere the artist did not seem to be able to break away from the overmixed ochres and earths of his earlier training. But the picture is interesting historically, because here Hunt had, at last and finally, broken away quite definitely from his Couture technique, and was attacking just the problems which the Impressionists on the other side were handling—and in much the same way. Indeed, one might say that the picture, painted in 1878, was rather more advanced than much of French Impressionist work of that time.

One of the strongest of the pictures is the portrait of Mr. Gardner. Hunt painted two Gardners: old Schoolmaster Gardner of the Boston Latin School and the subject of the present picture. It is painted at about the same time as was the Niagara picture, and has something of the same desperate verity in large matters. Hunt was evidently feeling for disintegrated color in flesh painting, and the almost scorbutic face of the sitter gave him a fine chance. Indeed, there is a rumor that the sitter's family were not wholly pleased with the portrait. Yet despite various defects, it is a vital and striking work. One remembers blue and green touches showing more when it was first painted.

It would seem that the most interesting of all the pictures are those of Hunt's last transition period, when he was working into something like Impressionism. Another of these is the "Gloucester Harbor," which made an immense impression, for Boston at

least, in its day. It is singularly luminous in general effect, but much of this effect is gained by oppositions of light and dark rather than



William Morris Hunt
(Painted by himself, 1866.)
In the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston.

of color. It is more in the feeling of Turner, one might say, than of Monet.

Possibly these three just mentioned are among the most interesting of his works, but one notes various other more or less successful works. For instance, studies for the decorations, "The Anahita" and "The Discoverer," full in color; possibly not our idea of decoration. But there were men before Agamemnon—or Puvis either.

Then there is, or are, "The Bathers"—a variant appears in the Worcester Art Museum. This is one of Hunt's most characteristic works, not remarkable from a structural standpoint but having withal a certain grace and charm that is appealing.

"Marguerite," which hangs here, is one of Hunt's earliest works and in certain respects is one of his best. Perhaps there was left enough of the old Düsseldorf training to make him do it rather more carefully than some of his later works. The field of grain, of course, seems done *de chic*, with no particular relation to the figure, which seems painted in a studio light, but all that was characteristic of the time in which it was done. The hands holding the flower are quite charmingly done.

The "Girl with a Cat" appears in two incarnations, a small study and a larger picture. This picture, called "The Infanta" by some of the artist's admirers, has indeed a certain charm, but it is curious that as "tone" was evidently the artist's preoccupation, tone is just the thing which he has somehow missed, especially in the larger picture. Hunt was just too conscientious to get tone by the fine scrubby old-master method, though the sketch has a touch of it; and at this time was not quite alive enough to color values to get it as the moderns try to—by just relations.

There are other things here: a "Fortune Teller," a "Girl Reading," "The Twin Lambs," which Müther seems to think is representative of Hunt's work; "The Violet Girl," one of the earlier things; and "The Belated Kid," rather charming in action and design.

There are some silhouettes, done very early, which, though quaint and naïf, possibly done by some one else, hint at what was probably Hunt's réal gift, a certain deftness and delicacy of touch together with a sense of design, of arabesque—of the *silhouette*, if you will. He had the makings of an excellent workman in him, and only needed the stimulus of other good workmen around him to have made good. The "Portrait of Judge



Marguerite.
In the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston.

Shaw," the "Master Gardner," and many others of his pictures show a marked sense of design and of the value of pattern.

The "Portrait of Miss S." has always been considered one of Hunt's best things, and it is indeed a handsome work as far as a certain

fine distinction carries it. One wishes, though, that the thing were finished. As it is, it is a suggestive sketch. In it a certain bigness is mingled with a curious refinement, but it is a rather slight work.

An early portrait of the artist by himself somehow recalls Ricard—not only as a likeness but in technique as well.



From a Copley print, copyright by Curtis & Cameron.

The Bathers.

In the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston.

In looking over these pictures the present writer wonders how they would impress an unprejudiced observer, let us say a cultivated foreigner, learned in matters of art. To him who writes these words all these pictures have the charm of things always known—of things which one was brought up to admire—whose cult was almost a matter of religion. These pictures are seen through a haze of memory, of sentiment and sympathy. But just how would they look to—well, let us say, to Mr. Gustave Geffroy, just come from examining all the great galleries of Europe? Would he perhaps find them, despite their spirit and charm, rather slight, a trifle careless? It may be.

There are certain painters, the Little Masters of Holland, some of the Venetians, possibly Velasquez, whom one is obliged to admire whether one is in sympathy with their point of view or not. Their technique compels admiration. There are others, and one thinks of Rembrandt, Goya, and Delacroix, whom one likes a good deal or not at all. Their work, as Lincoln said of something else, is the sort of thing that people who like that sort of thing will like.

Hunt, it may be, comes into this list. You either like his work or you don't. There are still those who look on Hunt's work with glazed eyes and throbbing heart. Certain of the younger men, young lions of a later brood, look on him coldly, and find cruel words to say of his work. Neither is quite fair. He seems to have been a man of very great ability, who possibly did not find his fullest or truest expression.

Hunt's admirers were always irritated when New York men said he used Couture's technique. These admirers felt that with Hunt's conversion to Millet he had wholly cast off the collar of Couture. But it is very hard to throw off the first mannerisms one has learned, and something of Couture's manner clung to Hunt until his last pictures—the "Niagara" and the "Portrait of Mr. Gardner"—where there is no particular trace of it. Yet, after all, Couture's manner was only Rubens's manner—reduced, as one might say, to the least common denominator. Couture was a remarkable painter who does not just now get the credit he deserves. Merely to have developed three men like Feuerbach, Manet, and Hunt was in itself something of an achievement. But he did more; he painted better, technically, than any of them himself.

Doubtless Millet was a more remarkable personality than was Couture; doubtless, however, his influence on Hunt was slighter. As a matter of fact, what influence he did have was not wholly admirable. Hunt was of too generous and artistic a nature not to see at once the fine qualities in Millet. But the characters of the men were entirely different. Millet was earnest, grandiose, the least trifle, it may be, stodgy. Hunt's nature and art, on the other hand, were volatile, graceful, always distinguished.

He could understand the nobility of Millet's art because he was an artist, but it held nothing for him. Millet's art was noble, but not aristocratic. Hunt's work was instinctively aristocratic. There was a certain no-

bility in it too, but it was made up of delicate preferences, subtle aversions—it had nothing of the biblical grandioseness of Millet.

Hunt, with these strong memories of Couture and of Millet, together with his own remarkable artistic personality, had a very marked influence on Boston art in his day; but apparently this influence did not extend much beyond Boston, nor did it persist long after the master's death. Certain men well known in their day in Boston, like Tom Robinson, Foxcroft Cole, and Appleton Brown, and to some extent Marcus Waterman, showed his influence. Mr. John La Farge worked with Hunt at Newport for some time and possibly learned more from him than he cared to admit. Vinton, the well-known portrait-painter, began his studies under Hunt's influence, but returned from his labors abroad painting very much like Bonnat, only rather better, as far as the putting on of paint went.



From a photograph, copyright by Detroit Publishing Co.

The Belated Kid.

In the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston.

What had a wider influence than any of Hunt's direct teachings was the "Talks on Art." These were comments and criticisms taken down verbatim as they were given, by one of the members of his class on backs of canvas or scraps of paper. They are among the most stimulating things written about art—the keen, clever talk of an artist about art—witty as can be, and epigrammatic. But a wise man has said that an epigram is never wholly true. These biting epigrams need to be read by one who understands. The books are, indeed, rather strong meat for babes.

Some of the sayings from the "Talks" are extremely amusing:

"I had as lief smell of music or eat the receipt of a plum pudding as listen to a lecture on art."

"Judges of art in America! What does their opinion amount to? 'Essipoff doesn't touch me.' No, but spruce gum might."

And other words are very true:

"In order to be ideal you have got to be awfully real."

"The struggle of one color with another produces color."

"You can't even see a hair on a cat without losing sight of pussy."

These things were very well. Yet it would seem—people are so stupid—that his readers did not always understand him or, if they half grasped his thought, did not apply it rightly.

Possibly he himself had not entirely clarified his own ideas—they seem to have crystallized with imperfections here and there. Possibly this explains his rather uneven work.

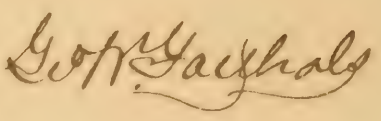
But, whatever the final estimate of his work may be, he will always remain a strong personality in the history of American art. As an artistic personality he still remains quite unique. It is this same artistic personality that did and does endear him to so many artists. He was artist to his finger-tips, and such defects as he had were just as much the result of his artistic temperament as were his merits. In a country rather lacking for the most part in artistic temperament, he was a supreme example of just that quality, and in artist studios one still hears fine stories of his generosity, his gayety, and his artistry.

He was a beautiful example of what the American nature can come to when it is filled with sweetness and light. He had—what we have hinted some Americans lack—temperament—a richness of blood, a passion of spirit which seems frozen out of many of us by the modern cold-storage condition under which we live. He was thoroughly American. His sayings are racy of the soil. But that acridity, sourness, crudeness which herald themselves in the national voice, seemed burned out of him by the fire of his passion for art and life.

PHILIP L. HALE.



From a photograph by G. V. Buck, Washington, D. C.



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PERSONALITY OF COLONEL GOETHALS

By Joseph Bucklin Bishop

For nine years Secretary of the Isthmian Canal Commission; author of "The Panama Gateway"

ISAAC DISRAELI, in that most delightful of books, "Curiosities of Literature," makes this observation, which is as true to-day as it was when written a century ago: "How superficial is that cry of some impertinent pretended geniuses of these times who affect to exclaim: 'Give me no anecdotes of an author, but give me his works!' I have often found the anecdotes more interesting than the works." In conversation a few years ago with John Hay I cited this utterance in support of something that he was saying to the same effect, whereupon he added (I quote from memory): "Real history is not to be found in books, but in the personal anecdotes and private letters of those who make history. These reveal the men themselves and the motives that actuate them, and give us also their estimate of those who are associated with them. No one should ever destroy a private letter that contains light on public men, or willingly let die an illuminating anecdote disclosing their individuality."

In what I am about to write concerning the personality of Colonel Goethals I shall follow mainly the idea thus outlined. I shall endeavor to portray him as he revealed himself to me during seven years of intimate association in which he honored me with his confidence and admitted me to the inestimable privilege of his personal friendship. Throughout that period I was a constant observer of his official acts, of the methods by which he met and solved the problems which pressed upon him incessantly for consideration, thus becoming familiar with the intellectual and moral qualities which form the basis of what is called character and which constitute the personality of a man. That Colonel Goethals has a distinct personality no one who knows him or has followed his career will deny. That it is a strong personality as well, every one who has been in the Canal service will testify without hesitation or qualification.

It is customary to regard the construction of the Panama Canal as an engineering achievement, but it is in equal, if not in larger, degree an achievement in administration. The engineering problems were comparatively simple, being those of magnitude, the solution of which followed clearly defined and well-established scientific lines. The problems in administration were new and there were no precedents in American experience from which to obtain light for guidance.

The Canal force has been referred to frequently as being in the position of an army in the field. The parallel is only partial. An army in the field is under the absolute control of its commanding general from the moment of its departure for the scene of action. This control is the established order of the military system and is unquestioned. The Canal force, like an army, was in the field, two thousand miles from its base of supplies, but when assembled on the Isthmus it was an army of civilians, and there was no established authority for its absolute control by the man at its head. Every member of it knew this. Not only did the rank and file know it, but the subordinate officials knew it. Experience was to show that it

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was among the latter, rather than among the former, that the most strenuous opposition to absolute control by one man was to be manifested.

Not only was it an army of civilians, but its duties were civil, not military, and covered a wide and diversified field. In order to construct the Canal it was necessary to create an American state in the heart of a Central American republic, with a civil government, schools, courts, churches, police system, post-offices, and taxation and revenue systems. This civil government, distinct from engineering control of Canal work, was exercised over one of the most heterogeneous populations ever assembled anywhere on earth, comprising at its maximum about sixty-five thousand souls, and made up of many and widely differing nationalities—North Americans, Spaniards, Italians, West Indians, Greeks, Armenians, Central Americans, and others. To unite in one the two forms of government—engineering and civil—over this population and make it autocratic was no slight problem in administration, and so to exercise that autocratic rule as to make it not only acceptable and effective but popular was a task certainly not inferior to that of the actual construction of the Canal itself.

What was needed, in fact, for the accomplishment of the gigantic work which the United States Government had undertaken on the Isthmus of Panama was a man at the head who was both a great engineer and a great administrator. This rare combination—for few engineers possess large administrative ability—was found in Colonel Goethals. He had not been long on the Isthmus before he made it apparent that both as an engineer and as an administrator he stood in the first rank. He revealed himself almost at once as that rare product of nature, the born leader of men. From the outset he took his place in a class by himself, and he held it, without dispute or question, till his task was completed. There were among his official associates able engineers and men of trained ability in other professions, but he alone possessed in the supreme degree which the case demanded the qualities of leader and administrator.

It might be said that many generations had united in fitting him for his great task. The history of his family dates back to 860, in which year one Honorius left Italy with the Duke of Burgundy for France. In a fight with Saracens, Honorius was struck across the neck with what was capable of proving to be a deadly blow, but because of the fine quality of his armor and the physical strength of his person no injury was caused. His escape won for him the title of "Boni Coli." Certain lands were given to him in the north of France, now forming Holland and Belgium. His nickname was translated into the native tongue as "Goet Hals," meaning, as it had in Italian, "good neck" or "stiff neck," and in course of time it was united in one word and became the family name. The family divided, part settling in Belgium and part in Holland. Colonel Goethals is descended from the Holland branch, both father and mother being Dutch. His parents migrated from Holland to the United States, and he was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., on June 29, 1858. (The name has been Americanized and is pronounced—Go-thals.)

The Goethals family, in both Holland and Belgium branches, has contained many members who have achieved distinction in professional and public life, and the ancestral quality of "stiff neck" has persisted with its pristine rigidity unimpaired to the present day.

With the blood of this ancestry in his veins young Goethals entered West Point Academy, from which he was graduated in 1880, standing second in his class. He was retained there as instructor in practical astronomy for a few months, when he went to Willett's Point, remaining there in the Engineering School of Application for two years. After two years' service as chief engineer on government work in the Department of Columbia, which includes the States of Idaho, Washington, and Oregon, and one year in similar work on the Ohio River, where he was in charge of dikes and dams, he returned to West Point, where he served as assistant instructor and assistant professor in civil and military engineering for four years. During the next five years he was on duty in Tennessee, part of the time in charge of the Elk River division of the Mussel Shoals Canal, and later of all improvements on the Tennessee River from

Chattanooga to its mouth. Then for four years he was on duty in Washington as assistant to the chief engineer of the United States Army.

When the Spanish War broke out he went to Chickamauga as chief engineer of the First Army Corps, under Major-General John Brooke, going with him to Porto Rico, where he remained till the taking over of the island by the United States in the fall of 1898. He then returned again to West Point as instructor in military engineering, remaining there till the fall of 1900, when he was promoted to major and was ordered to Newport, R. I., to take charge of fortifications and river and harbor work. When the general staff of the army was organized, in the summer of 1903, he was selected for detail to that and was in that service when appointed by President Roosevelt chief engineer of the Panama Canal and chairman of the Canal commission.

While on duty at Porto Rico he jostled severely the old heads in both army and navy services in command there by a manifestation of independence and plain common sense which was without precedent in their experience. He had been put in command of a detachment, with orders, under protection of a war-vessel, to construct a wharf upon which to land supplies for troops. The wharf was to be made on a beach over which a heavy surf was breaking. Near by were some flat-bottomed barges which the war-vessel had captured and was holding as prizes of war. Major Goethals directed his men to take one of these, fill it with sand, and sink it as the foundation for a wharf. This they did very quickly, and under his direction they were seizing a second one with which to complete the structure when an aide from the admiral in command of the war-vessel appeared with orders from the admiral not to use the barges. Major Goethals informed the aide that he was acting under the orders of his commanding officer and would take none from any one else, proceeding rapidly with operations with the second barge. The aide reported to the admiral and returned with word that unless the major heeded his orders the admiral would open fire on him. The major told him to fire away. The admiral did not open fire but appealed to the major's commanding officer. The latter sent word to the major not to use the barges and to get lumber with which to finish the wharf. The major replied that there was no lumber to be had, and finished the structure with the barges, over which he landed the supplies. He was threatened with court-martial proceedings, and was compelled to exist for several years under the acute displeasure of the admiral, who during that period refused to speak to him, but he was never brought before court martial.

Colonel Goethals entered upon his duties on the Isthmus under very delicate conditions. The force was composed entirely of civilians and had been collected and controlled by civilians. The change from civil to military direction had caused much uneasiness, and this had been aggravated by persistent rumors to the effect that militarism in extreme form would mark the new régime. Had Colonel Goethals been a soldier of the martinet type, complete demoralization would have followed closely upon his advent. Happily he was far from being anything of the kind. In fact, it is doubtful if there could have been found in the regular army of the United States at that time another officer as willing as he was to lay aside his military proclivities and sink the profession of soldier in that of engineer. Soon after his arrival he appeared in ordinary civilian dress before an assembly of the American members of the force, many of whom had expected to see him in military uniform, and in a brief speech he dispelled at once in large degree the uneasiness and alarm which had been created. He declared that there would be no more militarism in the future than there had been in the past, and that no man who did his duty would have cause to complain because of it. This assurance he lived up to absolutely, and no complaint of militarism was ever heard, because nothing of the kind was visible.

During his entire service Colonel Goethals was never seen in uniform. This was not only a surprise to the members of the force but to his military associates as well. Left to themselves, most of the latter would have worn uniform on gala and public occasions, if not while on regular duty, and for a time some of them did, but

his example was too forcible to be ignored and gradually it was followed by all. A secretary of war who visited the Isthmus to inspect the Canal work expressed great surprise because the colonel was in civilian dress, saying: "I expected to find you in uniform." "I never wear it," said the colonel. "I think I shall order you to," said the secretary. With a bland smile the colonel said: "That won't do any good; I have none on the Isthmus."

It would be difficult to overestimate the beneficial effect of this simple proceeding. It was so simple that many other persons than a secretary of war were not able to perceive its supreme importance. It set a standard of work that was above all tests save that of efficiency, and in his choice of subordinates the colonel lived up unvaryingly to that standard. The civilian who was faithful and competent needed no uniform to strengthen his position, and the army man who was unfaithful or incompetent learned soon that his uniform was no protection from censure or transfer to other duty.

One of the most conspicuous examples of the colonel's unmilitary policy was the selection of a civilian, Mr. Sidney B. Williamson, as head of one of the three great divisions of Canal work. At the head of the Atlantic and Culebra divisions he placed two army members of the Canal commission, Colonel Sibert and Colonel Gaillard, but in selecting a head for the Pacific division he passed by all army officers in the force and appointed Mr. Williamson. Here again he followed a course which it is doubtful if any other army officer in his position would have had either the courage or the foresight to take. I use the words courage and foresight advisedly, for the act displayed both. It was fully justified by results. Mr. Williamson by his energy and ability set a pace for work which compelled the army officers in charge of similar operations in the Atlantic division to do their utmost to keep up with him both in quality and quantity and also in economy. There was thus created a spirit of rivalry between the two divisions which was of almost incalculable advantage to the progress of the work.

I once asked Colonel Goethals why he selected Mr. Williamson for a position of such importance—what his reasons were for thinking him equal to the task. His reasons, as given to me in reply, throw such clear light upon his methods of judging men and selecting agents that they are worth citing here. While he was in charge of work on the Mussel Shoals Canal in 1889, Major Goethals, as his rank was then, had directed a foreman to sink a test pit in order to find rock foundation for a lock. He had told the foreman that he would have to pass through a layer of quicksand and had warned him to take precautions against a cave-in. The foreman failed to follow directions and a cave-in was the result. The major discharged him, and Williamson, who was employed at some distance on another job, was recommended for the place. The major sent for him and put him in charge. Going to the spot on the following day, he found Williamson down in the pit with a gang of negroes shovelling sand into buckets to be hauled up. Later he had Williamson dine with him and said to him that he did not think he should have gone down into the pit to work side by side with his men, that the place for a foreman was outside and in command of his gang. Williamson said: "You want to get down to rock, don't you?" "Yes." "Well, those negroes were so scared by the cave-in that they refused to go into the pit unless I went with them."

When the job was finished satisfactorily Major Goethals told Williamson, in reply to his request for employment, that he would like to retain him in his employ but he had nothing to offer him except the position of assistant lockmaster, which paid only $40 a month, and he supposed that was not worth his while. "I wasn't asking for money but for a position," said Williamson. "When a man has a wife and child to support he takes whatever is offered him and holds it till he can get something better."

When Colonel Goethals was placed in charge of Canal construction, Williamson applied for service under him, and the colonel, mindful of his capacity and character, assigned him to the important position which he filled with great credit to himself and with signal benefit to the entire work.

While giving no outward show of his

military profession, Colonel Goethals quietly and firmly put into operation the fundamental rules of military discipline, the chief of which was strict obedience to orders. He had been in control but a few days when a superintendent in charge of a





From a photograph by Headley & Reed.

George Washington Goethals.

At the time of graduating from West Point. Taken while instructor at West Point.

branch of Canal work called at his office and requested to see him. He was admitted at once, and the following conversation ensued:

"I received your letter, colonel." "My letter? I have written you no letter." "Yes, a letter about that work down there." "Oh, you mean your orders?" "Well, yes; I thought I'd come in and talk it over with you." "I shall be glad to hear your views, but bear in mind you have only to carry out my orders; I take responsibility for the work itself." A few incidents of this kind sufficed to spread the information throughout the force that the work was not to be carried forward by town-meeting debate, but in strict obedience to the orders of the man at the head.

An illuminating example of the beneficial effects of this system was brought to my personal attention about four months after the colonel had taken charge. I went to the Isthmus in August, 1907, after two years' service as secretary of the Canal commission in Washington. Secretary Taft had given directions that a house be constructed for my use, and Colonel Goethals had ordered the head of the building department to erect it within three months. Six weeks of that period had expired and only the foundations had been placed. I called the colonel's attention to the matter and he went with me to the site of the building. Calling the foreman of the work to him, he said: "You are in charge of this job?" When the foreman replied that he was, the colonel said: "You understand that this house is to be finished and ready for Mr. Bishop on the 15th of November?" The foreman, accustomed to the easy-going methods which had prevailed hitherto, replied: "We'll do our best, colonel." "Then you do not understand," came the quick response, in the quiet, firm voice that the colonel used throughout the interview; "this house is to be done and ready for Mr. Bishop on the 15th of November." Turning about, the colonel walked away. The foreman, realizing that something

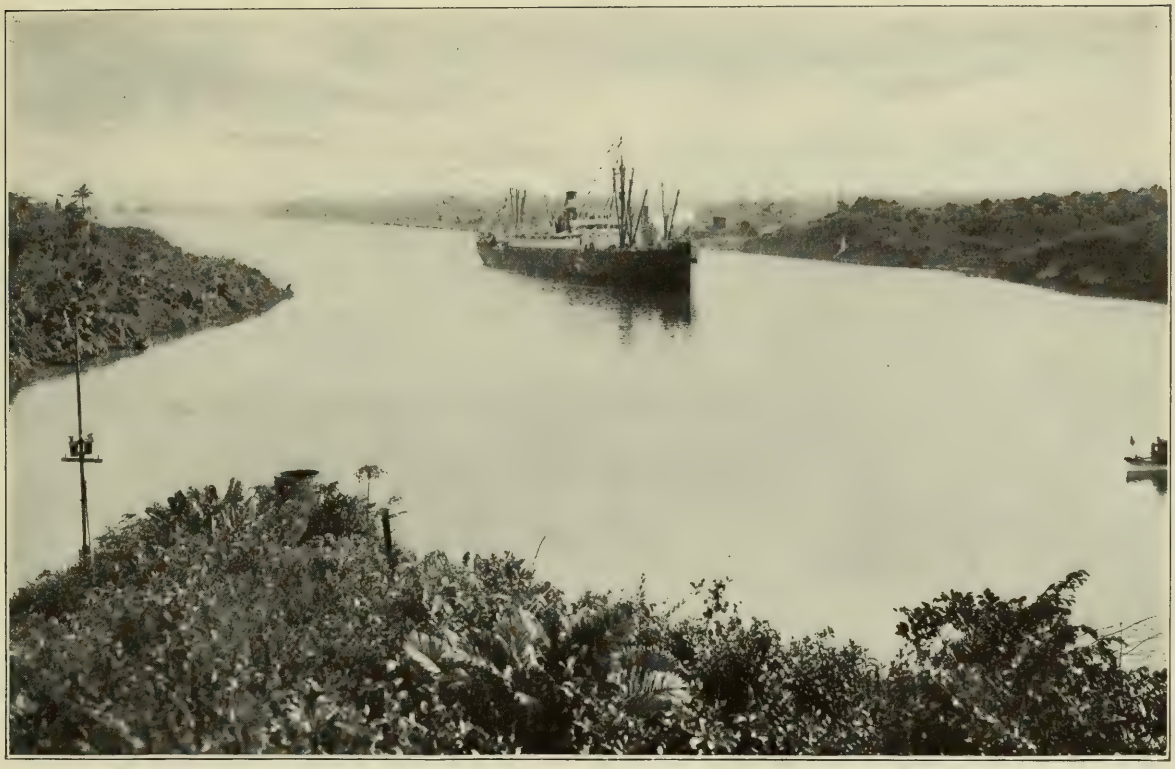


Colonel Goethals on the top of a lock-gate as it was swinging into position.

quite unusual and important had happened to him, followed quickly, hat in hand, and said: "It will be done, colonel." And it was. The house was finished and turned over to me, complete in every detail, on November 14. It was a two-story structure, containing a dozen or more rooms, and it had been built in thirty-six working days. The regular period of construction for houses of similar type, previous to that time, had varied from four to six months. In this instance as in all others the colonel made no threats of any kind as to what would happen in case of failure to obey orders. He did not need to, for the inevitable consequence of failure was known to all.

The effect of this quiet but inflexible control upon the force, and consequently upon the progress of the work, was little short of marvellous. It was soon realized that if the colonel insisted upon exercising absolute power he assumed also full responsibility. It was also realized that he was master of his business and that all his orders were based upon full and accurate knowledge. Thus it came about that the wisdom of his acts was universally admitted, and discussion about them practically ceased. With discussion and faultfinding there vanished from the force the chief sources of discontent. Then, too, the colonel was "on the job" every minute. He showed on every occasion exact and intimate knowledge of every phase of the work, for there was no part of it that escaped his personal attention. He spent part, often the whole, of the day in the field, and his evenings in his office. No man in the force worked longer hours than he, and no one of them had the minute and comprehensive knowledge which he not only possessed but had at his command at all times. His ability to master and retain detailed information was at once the marvel and the despair of every one associated with him.

I remember distinctly the exhibition which he made of this faculty before the Committee on Appropriations of the House of Representatives on their first visit to the Isthmus in 1908. At its first session he took the stand and the members of the committee, each equipped with pad and pencil, began a cross-fire of questions at him, most of them betraying a simple ignorance that was quite impressive. The colonel endured it for a few minutes, and then he suggested deferentially to the chairman that perhaps they



The S. S *Ancon* crossing the French canal on its way to Gatun through the approach from the Atlantic, August 15, 1914.
The French canal is shown on the left.

could get on more rapidly if he were to outline the condition of the work as it existed. The suggestion was adopted, and the colonel, in a quiet, deliberate manner, began a narrative of what was proposed and what had been done. As he proceeded, one by one the pencils were laid down, the pads were pushed aside, and the members leaned forward in absorbed attention. When he finished, after about thirty minutes of speaking, the chairman moved over to where I was sitting and said in a low tone: "Good Lord, we've got to give that man what he asks for—he's past master of his business!"

Like demonstration was made at every subsequent visit of a congressional committee. It was the custom of the colonel to sit by the side of the division engineer or department official who was testifying. Invariably, when a question was asked concerning some detail that the witness was unable to answer, the colonel answered it for him, showing that he was more familiar with the details of the division or department than the head of it himself.

Occasionally members of the committee would endeavor to show that their own knowledge was possibly superior to his, but the result was always disastrous to the congressmen. At one session, after an hour or more had been consumed in an effort to ascertain whether or not the colonel had adopted the most economical plans for securing the material for concrete in the locks, a member of the committee, of the "smart Aleck" type, with pencil poised above a pad, turned a sharp eye on the colonel and proceeded:

Member. How much cracked stone do you allow for a cubic yard of concrete?

Colonel. One cubic yard.

Member. You don't understand my question. How much cracked stone do you allow for a cubic yard of concrete?

Colonel. One cubic yard.

Member. But you don't allow for the sand and concrete.

Colonel. Those go into the spaces among the cracked stone.

The colonel's aspect was "childlike and bland" as he revealed, so clearly that his questioner was able to perceive it, that the able statesmen who had been trying to instruct him in the concrete business were ignorant of the elementary principle of its composition. No further questions were asked him on the subject, and the damaging calculation that the congress-

man with the pad had evidently intended to spring upon him was withheld from view.

A similar display of superior wisdom was made by a close associate of the leader in the foregoing incident. The second brought to the Isthmus. A list was given, including cabbages.

Member. What do you charge for cabbages?

Commissary Head. Two cents a pound at present.



He was not on the bridge of the first ship . . . but on the lock-walls . . . watching the operating machinery.—Page 151.

performer belonged to the swagger type, who obviously believed that bad manners were the outward and visible sign of real statesmanship. He habitually cast his gaze about the room previous to asking a question, in order to call attention to the awful exhibition he was about to make of the witness, and then proceeded to interrogate him as if he were a rascal and a thief who was endeavoring to conceal his guilt. On this occasion the question of food supply was under inquiry and the head of the commissary department was on the stand. The item of vegetables was mentioned. Alert and keen-eyed, pencil in hand, pad in readiness for notes, Mr. Swagger asked what vegetables were

Member. Yes, yes; but how much a head?

Commissary Head. That depends on the size of the head.

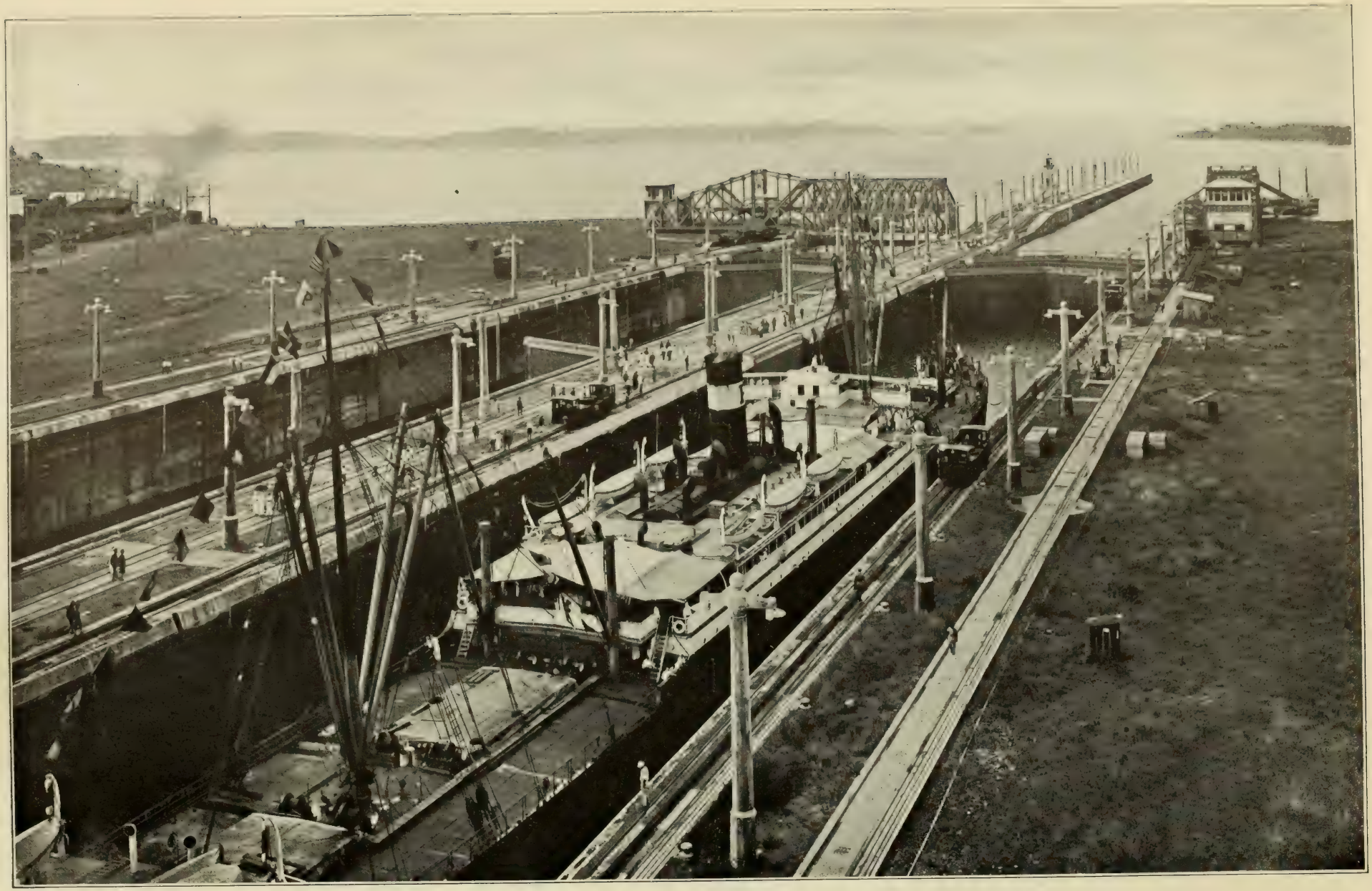
(Side remark of a cynic in the room: "Measure the size of Mr. Swagger's head and get the average.")

Colonel Goethals had a way of his own in dealing with congressmen of this type which caused them to handle him with care after a few experiences with it. He was invariably courteous, but when pushed to the limit he was able to "get even" with them in a manner that they did not soon forget. During the visit of one large delegation its members made a tour of inspection of the various types of



"Colonel Goethals . . . saw us off at Cristobal, and then appeared on the locks at Gatun."—Page 151.

The *Ancon* at the approach wall of the lower Gatun lock, at which point the towing locomotives are attached.



The *Ancon* in the west chamber of the upper locks at Gatun, ready to pass out into Gatun Lake.

The bridge-like structure across the entrance to the east chamber of the locks is the Emergency Dam.



The *Ancon* in Culebra Cut approaching the foot of Cucaracha Slide.

On the right, at the foot of the slide, a dredge is seen at work.

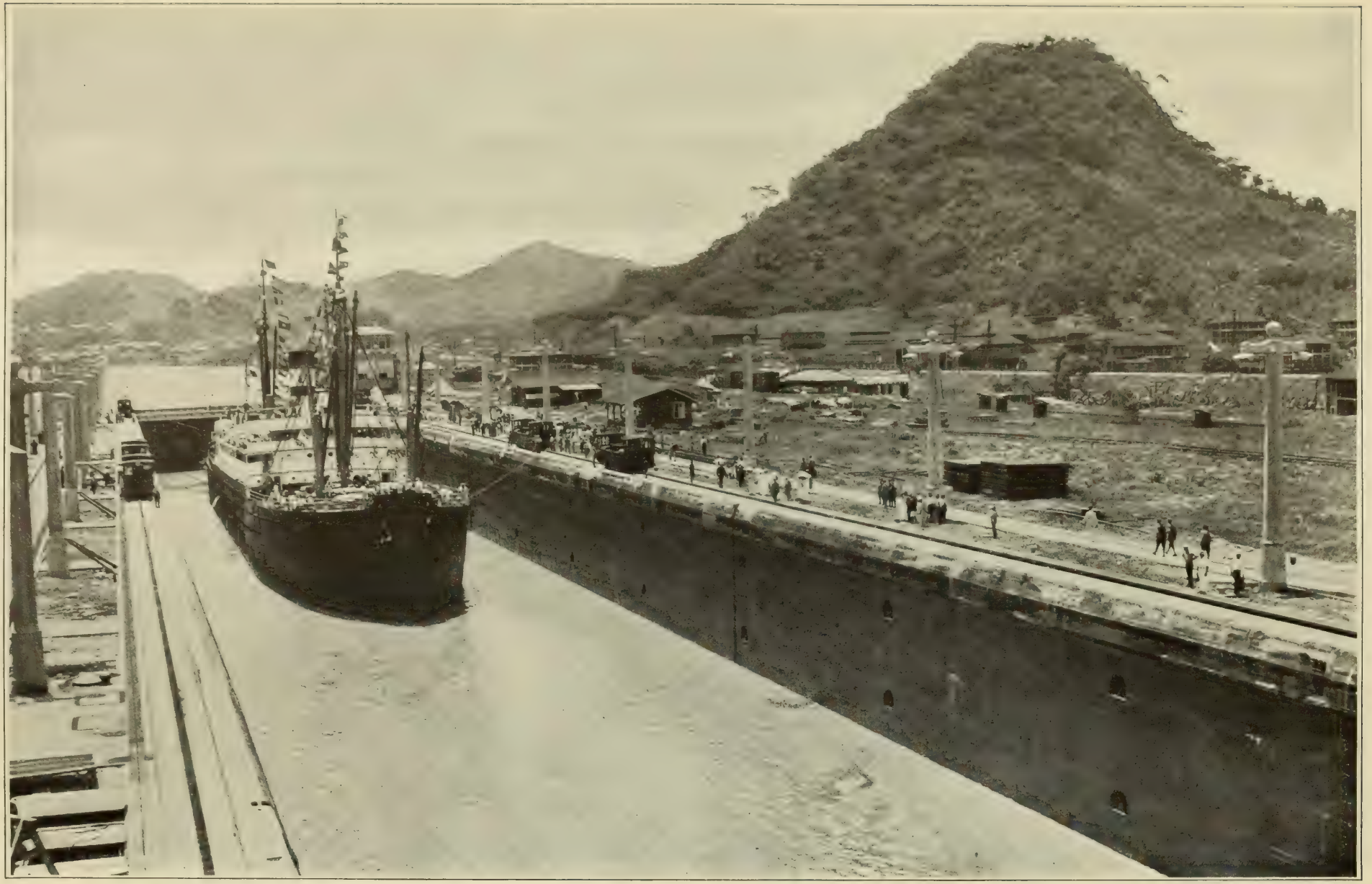


The *Ancon* passing the foot of Cucaracha Slide, a near view of which is shown on the right.



View from a hilltop of the *Ancon* passing out of Culebra Cut on her way to Pedro Miguel locks.

The structure projecting into the channel a short distance astern of the *Ancon* is the swinging pontoon bridge upon which Panama Railroad trains cross the Canal.



The *Ancon* in the east chamber of the Pedro Miguel locks on her way to Miraflores Lake.



The *Ancon* entering the west chamber of the Miraflores locks after passing through Miraflores Lake.

The Miraflores Lake is visible behind the steamer.



Night view of a lighted lock-chamber.

The electric lamps are buried so deeply in concrete hoods at the top of high concrete columns that, while they illuminate the chambers, the lights are not visible to the approaching vessel; only the signal lights being discernible.

commission houses, arriving finally at the one occupied by the chairman and chief engineer. "Let's go up-stairs and see how he lives," said one of them. After going through the rooms another member said to the colonel: "Pretty fine house! What did it cost?" "It was built by my predecessor, Mr. Stevens," replied the colonel, stating its cost. "You apportion the quality of the house to the salary the man receives?" was the next question. "Yes," replied the colonel. "Then, if we were down here working for the Canal we would each get a house half as good as this, the house of a $7,500 man?" said the congressman. "Oh, no," retorted the colonel with a beaming smile, "if you were down here working on the Canal you would not be getting $7,500."

The colonel's smile is famous on the Isthmus, being put in use usually to temper the wind of disapproval to the unhappy victim of it. It is thoroughly frank and even beatific in character, but under cover of it he utters the most deadly of all jests—those that are based on truth. It may be said of it that, like the bass drum in a country band, it covers a multitude of sins.

One other sample of its use may be cited. A visiting congressman, of the chronic double-breasted-coat type, while on a tour of inspection of the locks in the early period of construction, climbed up one of the eighty-two-foot ladders that are embedded in the lock-walls, at the imminent peril of being hit with concrete from the buckets that were flying about. Coming safely down, he strutted over to where the colonel stood with the other members of the delegation and, slapping his bulging chest, asked: "What degree do you give me for that, colonel?" With the smile in full play, the colonel replied: "D. F."

There were occasions when the colonel did not employ the smile in the presence of questions and comments by visitors. High official comment was frequently disconcerting. One cabinet member, who was visiting the Canal and to whom the colonel had devoted himself continuously for ten days, said on departing: "Colonel, I wish to thank you heartily for your hospitality and your courteous attention. I came here all worn out mentally and I shall go back refreshed. You have given me a complete mental rest."

Another official of like rank said, as he was passing in a launch through the nine miles of the Culebra Cut, looking at the banks on either side, which had been seven years in the making and were from one hundred and fifty to two hundred feet in height above the bottom of the Canal: "It is extraordinary, colonel, that nature should have given these banks on both sides the same slope!"

One of the most frequent of the ignorant questions asked by visitors was in regard to the dams and locks on the Pacific side. A congressman who had passed over the line of the Canal from the Atlantic entrance to the southern end of Culebra Cut at Pedro Miguel, and had heard the full explanation which had been given to all the members of his party, said: "But, colonel, I don't see why you have these locks and dams on this side. Why don't you sail right out into the Pacific?" There is a tradition that after having this inquiry addressed to him on several occasions, the colonel with a perfectly serious face replied: "That would be all right, you know, going out, but coming back vessels would have to go up-stream against the current."

The pre-eminent gifts of Colonel Goethals as an administrator have been demonstrated in many ways, but most conspicuously in two directions—first, in his really marvellous capacity for mastering and retaining details, and, second, in his ability to win the confidence and inspire the loyalty and enthusiasm of the rank and file of the force. His mastery of details was not confined to the engineering part of the work, but included all departments of civil-government administration and the operation of the Panama Railroad. He is one of those rare persons whose mental vision is not hampered by full knowledge of details. He uses that knowledge as the foundation for a broad general view of the field of action, with every portion of which he is familiar. He is not only able to see all phases of the problem as it exists to-day, but to foresee the questions that will arise in the future and prepare to meet them. He has in rare degree the gift of sagacity without which there can be no successful leadership.

In his dealings with men his chief weapons are frankness, simplicity, and fairness as absolute as he can make it. In his first speech, to which I have alluded in the early part of this paper, by saying that any one in the force could go to him at any time he paved the way for what became later his famous Sunday-morning court, with its doors wide open to all comers. This institution was itself a master-stroke in administration. It not only won for him the confidence and loyal devotion of the force, but it gave him intimate knowledge of everything that went on in that force, knowledge of what made for discontent and what made for contentment, and, what was of far greater importance, knowledge of the capabilities and conduct of all the subordinate officers in the organization. This knowledge of detail was an aid to wise administration the value of which could not be overestimated.



The colonel, with the inevitable cigarette and colored glasses, watching the approaching ship.

His intimate and universal knowledge became a cause of wonder and, at times, of dread. An employee who thought he had not received fair treatment decided to call on the colonel and state his case. He described the interview as follows: "'What is your grievance?' asked the colonel, as soon as I got into his room. I stated it, and when I had finished he pushed a button and told the clerk who answered to bring my record. The clerk brought in a lot of papers with a slip, and the colonel read it off to me. I was mighty glad I had told him no lies, for everything I had done was there. He talked the whole thing over with me and when we got through I saw I had no grievance. Oh, he's square, I tell you. He talks the thing right out with you and doesn't dodge."

Two Canal workers were overheard talking on a railway-train. One was praising the colonel, with whom he had had an interview at one of the sessions of the Sunday-morning court. The other listened until the narrative was ended, when he said: "Well, I have never met the colonel personally—never said a word to him or he to me—I don't give a damn for him—*but he's all right!*"

It was a part of my duties to investigate through a special inspector all complaints made by the common laborers, especially Spaniards and other Europeans, concerning their treatment by gang foremen and others in authority over them. By far the greater number of these com-

plaints were of the use of profane and abusive language by the gang foremen. Sometimes this treatment led to small strikes, the men refusing to work longer under an offending foreman, and at other times it was made the basis for a request to be transferred to some other boss. I reported the matter to the colonel, saying I thought it desirable that something be done to remedy it, since it was a cause of discontent and, consequently, of reduced efficiency, as a dissatisfied and surly force would not give its best effort, but just as little as possible. He replied that he agreed in that view and added that a foreman who thought such treatment the only way by which to direct his gang thereby confessed his incompetence; and a few days later he issued the following:

CULEBRA, C. Z.,
August 14, 1911.

CIRCULAR NO. 400

The use of profane or abusive language by foremen or others in authority, when addressing subordinates, will not be tolerated.

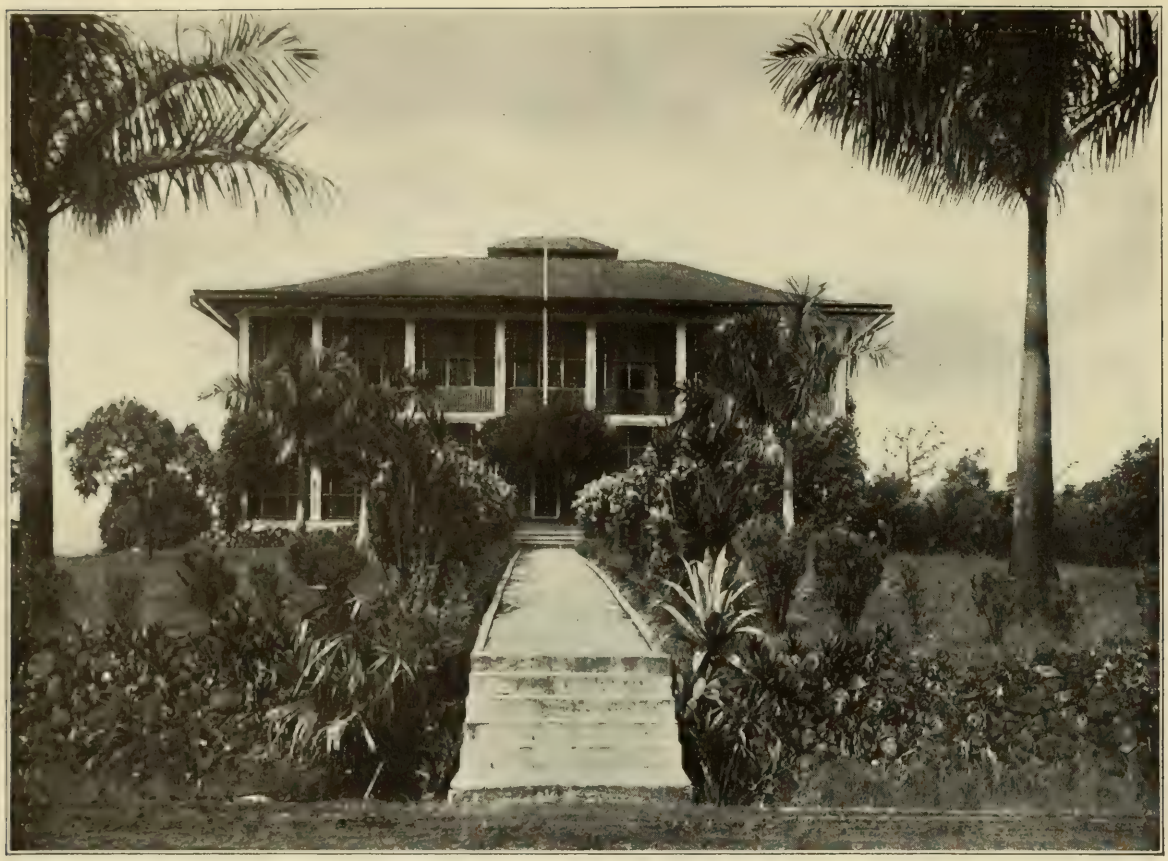
GEO. W. GOETHALS,
Chairman and Chief Engineer.

This circular was reproduced in the newspapers of the United States and was headed, in one instance that came to my notice, "Sunday-school Methods on the Canal." It was nothing of the sort, for it was not an order in the interest of morals but in the interest of efficiency. Its effect was instantaneous. Complaints ceased at once, several foremen were reduced to an inarticulate condition for a time, but there was no instance of violation of the edict. This was one of the many instances of the colonel's minute attention to every detail of administration, the aim always being the same—efficiency.

The time came when the open, just treatment of all stood Colonel Goethals in good stead. In February, 1911, a formidable effort was made to organize a strike of all the railway employees of the Canal commission and Panama Railroad which, if successful, would have paralyzed all excavation work. A locomotive engineer on the Panama Railroad, in August, 1910, had allowed his train, in defiance of signals, to run into the rear end of another train, and in the collision the conductor of the latter train was killed. He was tried on a charge of involuntary manslaughter, convicted, and sentenced to a



The colonel joking with a group of friends, but still watching. This, like the other photographs, shows that his eyes are never off the work.



Chief engineer's house at Culebra, in which Colonel Goethals lived during the period of Canal construction.
It has been removed and rebuilt at Balboa Heights, on the Pacific side, and is now the governor's residence.

year in the penitentiary. An appeal was taken to the Supreme Court of the Canal Zone, and the verdict was confirmed on February 21.

Colonel Goethals was at the time on his way back to the Isthmus from the United States. A mass meeting of transportation men was held on Sunday, February 25, at which, under the lead of some hotheads, resolutions were adopted denouncing the verdict as unjust, demanding the liberation of the engineer, and declaring that if the Canal authorities did not free him by seven o'clock on Thursday evening following, the transportation men would leave the service. A delegation from the meeting went in a body to the office of the chief engineer and stated the result of the meeting to the acting chairman and chief engineer, who persuaded them to await the arrival of Colonel Goethals before taking action. On Thursday following, Colonel Goethals arrived and went at once to his office. A leader of the protesting employees called him up by telephone at ten minutes past seven and asked him if he had received the petition, when the following conversation took place:

Colonel Goethals. No, I have received no petition.

Leader. You haven't? Has not Colonel Hodges advised you of the action of our meeting?

Colonel Goethals. Yes, I have been advised of a demand from a mob.

Leader. When will we get our answer?

Colonel Goethals. You have it now.

Leader. We have it? I have not received it.

Colonel Goethals. Yes. You said if the man was not out of the penitentiary by seven o'clock this evening you would all quit. By calling up the penitentiary you will learn that he is still there. That's your answer. It is now ten minutes past seven.

Leader. But, colonel, you don't want to tie up this whole work?

Colonel Goethals. I am not proposing to tie up the work—you are doing that.

Leader. But, colonel, why can't you pardon the man?

Colonel Goethals. I will take no action in response to the demand of a mob.

Furthermore, I cannot act in this case at all because you yourselves placed it in the hands of President Taft when he was on the Isthmus a few weeks ago. He told you then that if the Supreme Court confirmed the verdict he would consent to consider the case. It is in his hands now.

Leader. Must the man stay in the penitentiary till he acts?

Colonel Goethals. So far as I am concerned he must. As for your threat to leave the service, I wish to say to you and to your associates, that every man of you who is not at his post to-morrow morning will be given his transportation to the United States and there will be no string to it. He will go out on the first steamer and he will never come back.

Leader. Suppose one of us should be sick?

Colonel Goethals. It is an unfortunate time to be sick.

Only one man failed to be at his post the next morning, and he sent a doctor's certificate saying he was too sick to be there. The mail of the chairman and chief engineer's office was stuffed with letters from signers of the resolutions asking to have their names taken off, and there was not a shadow of a strike then and there has been none since.

An amusing sequel to the incident occurred on the following Sunday at a ball game at Ancon. One of the leaders of the mass meeting, who had signed the threat to leave the service and return to the United States, where, according to the resolutions, he could "enjoy the protection of the Constitution," approached the plate to bat. As he did so a clear voice from the grand stand cried: "What, you here! We thought you had gone back to the United States to enjoy the Con-sti-tu-tion!" A roar of laughter followed, and the poor fellow was not able to get within hailing distance of the ball either then or afterward, for his every reappearance was greeted with the same query, roared in joyful chorus from the entire assemblage. The colonel had got the laugh on the would-be strikers by his straightforward and indisputably just handling of the affair and nothing more disastrous than that could happen to them.

The colonel's custom of spending a part of each day, usually the forenoon, in visiting the work, gave him a knowledge of every part of it that often caused a rude shock to some subordinate official whose performance was not quite up to the mark. No such official could foresee when the colonel, in his personal railway motor-car, known because of its color as the "Yellow Peril," might appear on the scene; neither could he foresee what defect or shortcoming the keen eyes of the chief engineer might detect.

Toward the end of the task, when completion ahead of time was assured, a tendency to relax effort became visible in several quarters, due partly to lessened tension and partly to a desire to make the job hold out as long as possible. In one such instance the colonel appeared suddenly on the spot and called the foreman in charge to account for slowness. The foreman said: "Oh, that's all right. I have one hundred days in which to complete the job." "That's not the way I work," replied the colonel. Returning to his office he sent for the foreman's superior officer and told him the work must be pushed more rapidly. A few days later he revisited the work and saw that his order had not been obeyed. He then issued an order transferring the work from the official who had charge of it to his personal direction, and directing that the plant be removed to a different location on the Canal line and consolidated with another.

The official who had been in charge of it and who was retained under the colonel's personal direction called upon him saying that unless the transfer order was either revoked or modified he should have to resign, as it overruled him, adding of the order that it could not be obeyed because it would cause friction between the two forces, and the men would refuse to be transferred. "Send the men to me," said the colonel; "I am the best handler of friction on the Isthmus." The men called on the colonel and retired from the interview content to be transferred. The official again protested that the order could not be obeyed because the tools were not at the new location. "When were you at the old place?" asked the colonel. "Yesterday morning," was the reply. "I had a special train at the old place," con-

tinued the colonel, "at three o'clock yesterday afternoon. All the tools and the men were taken on it to the new place. I had arranged with the chief quartermaster to provide quarters for them, and they are all installed there now." The official, showing visible agitation, declared that unless the order taking the work from his supervision were revoked or modified he saw nothing for him to do but resign. "As for resigning," said the colonel, "that is a matter for your personal decision, but the order will neither be revoked nor modified." The official resigned, and the general comment on the incident was one of astonishment that a man who had served seven years under the colonel knew him so slightly as to think he would revoke or modify an order he had once issued.

The faculty of going surely and directly to the vital point of a matter is possessed in a remarkable degree by Colonel Goethals. So also is the gift of plain speech. While inspecting the work in progress under an associate official he rebuked him sharply for disobedience to orders, saying his conduct amounted to disloyalty. The official unconsciously confessed judgment by saying: "I can be loyal to you." "You *can be* loyal," retorted the colonel; "then you have not been!" "I am told," continued the official, "that you have accused me of disloyalty and have said that a man who is disloyal will lie and steal?" "So he would," said the colonel, "given provocation."

The Canal commission had club-houses in six of the largest settlements along the line of the Canal, but there was none at Ancon. These contained, among other features, billiard and pool rooms and bowling-alleys. When the building at Culebra was removed because threatened by the slides in the Cut, employees at Ancon petitioned Colonel Goethals to have the bowling-alleys placed at Ancon. They offered, in case the commission should be willing to defray the cost of moving and housing them, to assume the cost of maintenance. The commission chaplain at Ancon gave cordial support to the proposal and called upon the colonel one day to report progress. "The boys held a meeting last night," he said, "to consider the question. They were very enthusiastic and authorized me to say to you that if the commission would defray the cost of removal and housing they would support the alleys to the full extent of their power." "What is your power?" asked the colonel, and the whole plan collapsed. The chaplain, after stammering for a moment, admitted that he could not say what the power was worth.

The management of the commission club-houses had been placed at the outset under the Y. M. C. A. of the United States because that institution had a trained and experienced force for the work. Under the rules of the association no games of any kind were permitted in the club-houses on Sunday, although the club-houses were open on that day. The result of this was that many employees did not become members of the clubs because, Sunday being their only holiday, they wished to enjoy themselves as much as possible. Colonel Goethals was an earnest advocate of full privileges on Sundays, but he was opposed by the national committee of the Y. M. C. A. in the United States, who threatened to withdraw their workers on the Isthmus if such privileges were granted. A visiting member of the national committee, in discussing the subject with the colonel, said: "Now, colonel, how many employees do you estimate go, as you say, into objectionable places in the cities of Panama and Colon on Sundays because they cannot play billiards, pool, bowling, and other games in the club-houses on that day?"

"The answer to your question," said the colonel, "which every member of a Christian church who believes in its tenets must make is, that if by keeping *all* the club-houses open fully on Sunday *one* man could be kept away from those places, the opening would be justified."

When a question arose as to individual responsibility in a committee on an international matter with the Panama Republic, one member of the committee being absent in the United States, a member present said he thought the committee could not safely assume the responsibility of the absentee. Colonel Goethals, who was a member, said: "Oh, that's all right. I'll take the responsibility for two."

A Panama government official, on the eve of what threatened to be a tumultuous and possibly riotous political cam-

paign for a presidential nomination, sought an interview with the colonel and said he was afraid of riot and bloodshed unless some moral influence was exerted by the Canal authorities in favor of order—meaning in favor of his own political party. The colonel said cheerfully: "Well, we have the Tenth Infantry out here on the line. If you wish me to do so I will order it to march into Panama at any moment!" "Oh, no, no," exclaimed the official, "I don't think it will come to that!"

A Washington visitor met Colonel Goethals one day in my office at Ancon. The Canal was at that time nearing completion. "How soon are you going to be able to pass ships through the Canal?" he asked. The colonel replied that he had no doubt that he would be able to pass them in 1914. The visitor, paying little heed to the statement, continued: "Colonel, I come in contact in Washington with many of the diplomatic representatives of foreign governments with whom I am on quite intimate terms. They say such things as this to me: 'You know that the Canal will never be open to navigation. You know that the Gatun dam will not hold water. You know that the slides in Culebra Cut can never be stopped. You know that the locks can never be operated.' Now, colonel, what shall I say in reply to these people?" The colonel, with an amused gleam in his eye, said quietly: "I wouldn't say anything."

That was his habitual answer to ignorant or malicious criticism. Whenever an instance of it was brought to his attention and a suggestion was made to publish a refutation of it, he would say: "Oh, let it go. We will answer them all later —with the Canal." He is as indifferent to fulsome praise as he is to ignorant and unjust blame, and cares so little for both that he rarely or never reads anything that is written about himself. On several occasions, when writers of the gushing type had sent to him in advance of publication, for approval, articles about himself and his work, he brought them to me to read for him, with the injunction to cut out mercilessly all "fool" references to his personal appearance or conduct, holding me to strict accountability for failure to obey orders in any respect. His sense of humor is acute and unfailing, and he has the quite unusual ability to enjoy a joke at his own expense. He was hugely amused by a conversation which he overheard concerning himself on a Panama Railway train. Two men were talking in a seat directly behind him, neither of them having recognized him. One, a foreman, was telling the other, who was a visitor, of the great things he and other foremen were doing in building the Canal, repeatedly referring to the colonel as the "old man." When he had finished, the other said: "But what does the old man, as you call him, do?" "Oh, he just comes around and looks over what we've done!"

His dislike of "fuss" of all kinds, official or other, amounts to a passion. There is never any parade or demonstration about anything he does, and his suffering is visibly acute when anything of the sort is thrust upon him. The proceedings in Washington and New York in 1914, when various societies conferred medals of honor upon him, caused him an amount of genuine anguish which he described as "awful." He permitted no blare of trumpets, no demonstration of any kind, when the Gamboa dike was blown up on October 10, 1913, and the water was let into Culebra Cut; none when the first vessel passed through the Gatun locks on September 26, 1913; none even when the Canal was thrown open on August 15, 1914, to the commerce of the world. On none of these epoch-marking occasions was he visible in the forefront of things. He was not on the prow of the first tug that passed the locks, but on and within the lock-walls studying closely the working of the machinery of the gates and valves. He was not on the bridge of the first ship to pass from ocean to ocean, but on the lock-walls and along the banks of Gatun Lake and the sides of Culebra Cut, watching both the operating machinery and the wave-action created by the moving vessel.

What other man in his position would have been capable of this complete self-effacement? An English diplomatic official, who was a passenger on the first ship to go through the entire Canal from the Atlantic to the Pacific, wrote of it to a friend: "Colonel Goethals did not go through. He saw us off at Cristobal, and then appeared on the locks at Gatun and

Pedro Miguel. At the latter point John Barrett made arrangements to raise three cheers for Colonel Goethals, but, directly it started, the colonel, who was in shirt-sleeves, turned his back and ran. John was left cheering."

Finally, as the supreme revelation of the character of the man whose personality I have been endeavoring to portray, I am permitted to quote from a letter which he wrote in May, 1913, to a congressman who had introduced in the House of Representatives a bill providing for his promotion to the rank of major-general in the United States Army as reward for his services in building the Canal:

"I feel that I should make my position clear in respect to the proposed measure so far as it or similar legislation may apply to me. I am not insensible to the honor to be conferred upon me by the bill and appreciate the motives friendly to myself which inspired its introduction. It is also to be assumed, in addition to the personal side, that the action contemplated may be regarded as a mode of expressing satisfaction that the Canal work has thus far been successfully prosecuted. Nevertheless, it has always been my position that the army officers assigned to the Canal are amply compensated, not only by the additional pay they receive, but by the honor of being associated with the undertaking, and we are but performing our duty in devoting our best energies to the successful prosecution of the work. It must be remembered that those of us who are members of the commission are receiving three times the amount of our regular army pay and are at the same time doing nothing more than that for which we have been educated and trained by the government. According to my view, we are not deserving of recognition or reward for our services here, and I do not think that myself or others of the commission should be singled out for honors.

"Neither do I think that army officers should receive any special consideration for their services here in contradistinction to the civilian employees. Several civilians have occupied positions of great responsibility on the work—notably Mr. S. B. Williamson, former division engineer of the Pacific division—and I cannot speak too highly of the splendid service that himself and civilian employees in general have rendered. These employees are not asking for rewards for their labors other than the pay received in their various positions. I see no reason why myself or other service men should be regarded as in a class by themselves and selected for benefits by special legislation, and, in my opinion, such favoritism should not be extended. Therefore, while deeply gratified at the evidence of your good will as expressed by the introduction of the measure, it suggests itself that I ought to acquaint you with my views upon the subject, and I trust in so doing you will not consider me inappreciative of your kindness.

"Yours sincerely,

"Geo. W. Goethals."

That utterance requires no comment. In it the man himself stands revealed. It is the epitome of his personality. The bill which called it forth was never reported out of committee. Other similar measures have been introduced in both houses of Congress, and, at this writing, one has been reported favorably from committee in the House of Representatives. No bill has been introduced either recognizing or proposing to reward the services of civilians engaged in the work, nor has any member of Congress suggested anything of the sort, and yet Congress is a body composed of civilians.

In January, 1914, Colonel Goethals was appointed first governor of the Panama Canal by President Wilson, and the appointment was confirmed by the Senate. His salary as governor, which as chief engineer had been $15,000, was fixed by law at $10,000. In the words of the esteemed and perspicacious Mr. Dooley: "They say republics are ongrateful. But look, will ye, what they've done f'r that fellow that chopped the continent in two at Pannyma. . . . Th' counthry sees that he has done a wondherful thing an' is goin' to reward him sootably. . . . What is he goin' to git? says ye. Why, Hinnissy, th' governmint has already appinted him governor iv th' Canal at a greatly rejooced sal'ry."

THE FREELANDS

BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

"Liberty's a glorious feast."—*Burns.*

VI

CLARA, Mrs. Stanley Freeland, was not a narrow woman either in mind or body; and years ago, soon indeed after she married Stanley, she had declared her intention of taking up her sister-in-law, Kirsteen, in spite of what she had heard were the woman's extraordinary notions. Those were the days of carriages, pairs, coachmen, grooms, and, with her usual promptitude, ordering out the lot, she had set forth. It is safe to say she had never forgotten that experience.

Imagine an old, white, timbered cottage with a thatched roof, and no single line about it quite straight. A cottage crazy with age, buried up to the thatch in sweetbrier, creepers, honeysuckle, and perched high above crossroads. A cottage almost unapproachable for beehives and their bees—an insect for which Clara had an aversion. Imagine on the rough, pebbled approach to the door of this cottage (and Clara had on thin shoes) a peculiar cradle with a dark-eyed baby that was staring placidly at two bees sleeping on a coverlet made of a rough linen such as Clara had never before seen. Imagine an absolutely naked little girl of three, sitting in a tub of sunlight in the very doorway. Clara had turned swiftly and closed the wicket gate between the pebbled pathway and the mossed steps that led down to where her coachman and her footman were sitting very still, as was the habit of those people. She had perceived at once that she was making no common call. Then, with real courage she had advanced, and, looking down at the little girl with a fearful smile, had tickled the door with the handle of her green parasol. A woman younger than herself, a girl, indeed, appeared in a low doorway. She had often told Stanley since that she would never forget her first sight (she had not yet had another) of Tod's wife. A brown face and black hair, fiery gray eyes, eyes all light, under black lashes, and 'such a strange smile'; bare, brown, shapely arms and neck in a shirt of the same rough, creamy linen, and, from under a bright blue skirt, bare, brown, shapely ankles and feet! A voice so soft and deadly that, as Clara said: "What with her eyes, it really gave me the shivers. And, my dear," she had pursued, "whitewashed walls, bare brick floors, not a picture, not a curtain, not even a fire-iron. Clean—oh, horribly! They must be the most awful cranks. The only thing I must say that was nice was the smell. Sweetbrier, and honey, coffee, and baked apples—really delicious. I must try what I can do with it. But that woman—girl, I suppose she is—stumped me. I'm sure she'd have cut my head off if I'd attempted to open my mouth on ordinary topics. The children were rather ducks; but imagine leaving them about like that amongst the bees. 'Kirsteen!' She looked it. Never again! And Tod I didn't see at all; I suppose he was mooning about amongst his creatures."

It was the memory of this visit, now seventeen years ago, that had made her smile so indulgently when Stanley came back from the conference. She had said at once that they must have Felix to stay, and for her part she would be only too glad to do anything she could for those poor children of Tod's, even to asking them to Becket, and trying to civilize them a little. . . . "But as for that woman, there'll be nothing to be done with her, I can assure you. And I expect Tod is completely under her thumb."

To Felix, who took her in to dinner, she spoke feelingly and in a low voice. She liked Felix, in spite of his wife, and respected him—he had a name. Lady Mallorings—she told him—the Mallorings

owned, of course, everything round Joyfields—had been telling her that of late Tod's wife had really become quite rabid over the land question. 'The Tods' were hand in glove with all the cottagers. She, Clara, had nothing to say against any one who sympathized with the condition of the agricultural laborer; quite the contrary. Becket was almost, as Felix knew—though perhaps it wasn't for her to say so—the centre of that movement; but there were ways of doing things, and one did so deprecate women like this Kirsteen—what an impossibly Celtic name!—putting her finger into any pie that really was of national importance. Nothing could come of anything done that sort of way. If Felix had any influence with Tod it would be a mercy to use it in getting those poor young creatures away from home, to mix a little with people who took a sane view of things. She would like very much to get them over to Becket, but with their notions it was doubtful whether they even had evening clothes! She had, of course, never forgotten that naked mite in the tub of sunlight, nor the poor baby with its bees and its rough linen.

Felix replied deferentially—he was invariably polite, and only just ironic enough, in the houses of others—that he had the very greatest respect for Tod, and that there could be nothing very wrong with the woman to whom he was so devoted. As for the children, his own young people would get at them and learn all about what was going on in a way that no fogey like himself could. In regard to the land question, there were, of course, many sides to that, and he himself would not be at all sorry to observe yet another. After all, the Tods were in real contact with the laborers, and that was the great thing. It would be very interesting.

Yes, Clara quite saw all that, but—and here she sank her voice so that there was hardly any left—as Felix was going over there, she really must put him *au courant* with the heart of this matter. Lady Malloring had told her the whole story. It appeared there were two cases: A family called Gaunt, an old man, and his son, who had two daughters—one of them, Alice, quite a nice girl, was kitchen-maid here at Becket, but the other sister—Wilmet—well! she was one of those girls that, as Felix must know, were always to be found in every village. She was leading the young men astray, and Lady Malloring had put her foot down, telling her bailiff to tell the farmer for whom Gaunt worked that he and his family must go, unless they sent the girl away somewhere. That was one case. And the other was of a laborer called Tryst, who wanted to marry his deceased wife's sister. Of course, whether Mildred Malloring was not rather too churchy and puritanical—now that a deceased wife's sister was legal—Clara did not want to say; but she was undoubtedly within her rights if she thought it for the good of the village. This man, Tryst, was a good workman, and his farmer had objected to losing him, but Lady Malloring had, of course, not given way, and if he persisted he would get put out. All the cottages about there were Sir Gerald Malloring's, of course, so that in both cases it would mean leaving the neighborhood. In regard to village morality, as Felix knew, the line must be drawn somewhere.

Felix interrupted quietly:

"I draw it at Lady Malloring."

"Well, I won't argue that with you. But it really is a scandal that Tod's wife should incite her young people to stir up the villagers. Goodness knows where that mayn't lead! Tod's cottage and land, you see, are freehold, the only freehold thereabouts; and his being a brother of Stanley's makes it particularly awkward for the Mallorings."

"Quite so!" murmured Felix.

"Yes, but my dear Felix, when it comes to infecting those simple people with inflated ideas of their rights, it's serious, especially in the country. I'm told there's really quite a violent feeling. I hear from Alice Gaunt that the young Tods have been going about saying that dogs are better off than people treated in this fashion, which, of course, is all nonsense, and making far too much of a small matter. Don't you think so?"

But Felix only smiled his peculiar, sweetish smile, and answered:

"I'm glad to have come down just now."

Clara, who did not know that when Felix smiled like that he was angry, agreed.

"Yes," she said; "you're an observer. You will see the thing in right perspective."

"I shall endeavor to. What does Tod say?"

"Oh! Tod never seems to say anything. At least, I never hear of it."

Felix murmured:

"Tod is a well in the desert."

To which deep saying Clara made no reply, not indeed understanding in the least what it might signify.

That evening, when Alan, having had his fill of billiards, had left the smoking-room and gone to bed, Felix remarked to Stanley:

"I say, what sort of people are these Mallorings?"

Stanley, who was settling himself for the twenty minutes of whiskey, potash, and a *Review*, with which he commonly composed his mind before retiring, answered negligently:

"The Mallorings? Oh! about the best type of landowner we've got."

"What exactly do you mean by that?"

Stanley took his time to answer, for below his bluff good-nature he had the tenacious, if somewhat slow, precision of an English man of business mingled with a certain mistrust of 'old Felix.'

"Well," he said at last, "they build good cottages, yellow brick, d—d ugly, I must say; look after the character of their tenants; give 'em rebate of rent if there's a bad harvest; encourage stock-breedin', and machinery—they've got some of my ploughs, but the people don't like 'em, and, as a matter of fact, they're right—they're not made for these small fields; set an example goin' to church; patronize the Rifle Range; buy up the pubs when they can, and run 'em themselves; send out jelly, and let people over their place on bank holidays. Dash it all, I don't know what they don't do. Why?"

"Are they liked?"

"Liked? No, I should hardly think they were liked; respected, and all that. Malloring's a steady fellow, keen man on housing, and a gentleman; she's a bit too much perhaps on the pious side. They've got one of the finest Georgian houses in the country. Altogether they're what you call 'model.'"

"But not human."

Stanley slightly lowered the *Review* and looked across it at his brother. It was evident to him that 'old Felix' was in one of his free-thinking moods.

"They're domestic," he said, "and fond of their children, and pleasant neighbors. I don't deny that they've got a tremendous sense of duty, but we want that in these days."

"Duty to what?"

Stanley raised his level eyebrows. It was a stumper. Without great care he felt that he would be getting over the border into the uncharted land of speculation and philosophy, wandering on paths that led him nowhere.

"If you lived in the country, old man," he said, "you wouldn't ask that sort of question."

"You don't imagine," said Felix, "that you or the Mallorings live in the country? Why, you landlords are every bit as much town dwellers as I am—thought, habit, dress, faith, souls, all town stuff. There *is* no 'country' in England now for us of the 'upper classes.' It's gone. I repeat: Duty to what?"

And, rising, he went over to the window, looking out at the moonlit lawn, overcome by a sudden aversion from more talk. Of what use were words from a mind tuned in one key to a mind tuned in another? And yet, so ingrained was his habit of discussion, that he promptly went on:

"The Mallorings, I've not the slightest doubt, believe it their duty to look after the morals of those who live on their property. There are three things to be said about that: One—you can't make people moral by adopting the attitude of the schoolmaster. Two—it implies that they consider themselves more moral than their neighbors. Three—it's a theory so convenient to their security that they would be exceptionally good people if they did not adopt it; but, from your account, they are not so much exceptionally as just typically good people. What you call their sense of duty, Stanley, is really their sense of self-preservation coupled with their sense of superiority."

"H'm!" said Stanley; "I don't know that I quite follow you."

"I always hate an odor of sanctity. I'd prefer them to say frankly: 'This is my property, and you'll jolly well do what I tell you on it.'"

"But, my dear chap, after all, they really *are* superior."

"That," said Felix, "I emphatically question. Put your Mallorings to earn their living on fifteen to eighteen shillings a week, and where would they be? The Mallorings have certain virtues, no doubt, natural to their fortunate environment, but of the primitive virtues of patience, hardihood, perpetual, almost unconscious self-sacrifice, and cheerfulness in the face of a hard fate, they are no more the equals of the people they pretend to be superior to than I am your equal as a man of business."

"Hang it!" was Stanley's answer, "what a d—d old heretic you are!"

Felix frowned. "Am I? Be honest! Take the life of a Malloring and take it at its best; see how it stands comparison in the primitive virtues with those of an averagely good specimen of a farm-laborer. Your Malloring is called with a cup of tea, at, say, seven o'clock, out of a nice, clean, warm bed; he gets into a bath that has been got ready for him; into clothes and boots that have been brushed for him; and goes down to a room where there's a fire burning already if it's a cold day, writes a few letters, perhaps, before eating a breakfast of exactly what he likes, nicely prepared for him, and reading the newspaper that best comforts his soul; when he has eaten and read, he lights his cigar or his pipe and attends to his digestion in the most sanitary and comfortable fashion; then in his study he sits down to steady direction of other people, either by interview or by writing letters, or what not. In this way, between directing people and eating what he likes, he passes the whole day, except that for two or three hours, sometimes indeed seven or eight hours, he attends to his physique by riding, motoring, playing a game, or indulging in a sport that he has chosen for himself. And, at the end of all that, he probably has another bath that has been made ready for him, puts on clean clothes that have been put out for him, goes down to a good dinner that has been cooked for him, smokes, reads, learns, and inwardly digests, or else plays cards, billiards, and acts host till he is sleepy, and so to bed, in a clean, warm bed, in a clean, fresh room. Is that exaggerated?"

"No; but when you talk of his directing other people, you forget that he is doing what they couldn't."

"He may be doing what they couldn't; but ordinary directive ability is not born in a man; it's acquired by habit and training. Suppose fortune had reversed them at birth, the Gaunt or Tryst would by now have it and the Malloring would not. The accident that they were not reversed at birth has given the Malloring a thousandfold advantage."

"It's no joke directing things," muttered Stanley.

"No work is any joke; but I just put it to you: Simply as work, without taking in the question of reward, would you dream for a minute of swapping your work with the work of one of your workmen? No. Well, neither would a Malloring with one of his Gaunts. So that, my boy, for work which is intrinsically more interesting and pleasurable, the Malloring gets a hundred to a thousand times more money."

"All this is rank socialism, my dear fellow."

"No; rank truth. Now, to take the life of a Gaunt. He gets up summer and winter much earlier out of a bed that he cannot afford time or money to keep too clean or warm, in a small room that probably has not a large enough window; into clothes stiff with work and boots stiff with clay; makes something hot for himself, very likely brings some of it to his wife and children; goes out, attending to his digestion crudely and without comfort; works with his hands and feet from half past six or seven in the morning till past five at night, except that twice he stops for an hour or so and eats simple things that he would not altogether have chosen to eat if he could have had his will. He goes home to a tea that has been got ready for him, and has a clean-up without assistance, smokes a pipe of shag, reads a newspaper two days old, and goes out again to work for his own good, in his vegetable patch, or to sit on a wooden bench in an atmosphere of beer and 'baccy.' And so, dead tired, but not from directing other people, he drowses himself to early lying again in his doubtful bed. Is that exaggerated?"

"I suppose not, but he——"

"Has his compensations: Clean conscience—freedom from worry—fresh air, all the rest of it! I know. Clean conscience granted, but so has your Mallоring, it would seem. Freedom from worry—yes, except when a pair of boots is wanted, or one of the children is ill; then he has to make up for lost time with a vengeance. Fresh air—and wet clothes, with a good chance of premature rheumatism. Candidly, which of those two lives demands more of the virtues on which human life is founded—courage and patience, hardihood and self-sacrifice? And which of two men who have lived those two lives well has most right to the word 'superior'?"

Stanley dropped the *Review* and for fully a minute paced the room without reply. Then he said:

"Felix, you're talking flat revolution."

Felix, who, faintly smiling, had watched him up and down, up and down the Turkey carpet, answered:

"Not so. I am by no means a revolutionary person, because with all the good-will in the world I have been unable to see how upheavals from the bottom, or violence of any sort, is going to equalize these lives or do any good. But I detest humbug, and I believe that so long as you and your Mallorings go on blindly dosing yourselves with humbug about duty and superiority, so long will you see things as they are not. And until you see things as they are, purged of all that sickening cant, you will none of you really move to make the conditions of life more and ever more just. For, mark you, Stanley, I, who do not believe in revolution from the bottom, the more believe that it is up to us in honor to revolutionize things from the top!"

"H'm!" said Stanley; "that's all very well; but the more you give the more they want, till there's no end to it."

Felix stared round that room, where indeed one was all body.

"By George," he said, "I've yet to see a beginning. But, anyway, if you give in a grudging spirit, or the spirit of a schoolmaster, what can you expect? If you offer out of real good-will, so it is taken." And suddenly conscious that he had uttered a constructive phrase, Felix cast down his eyes, and added:

"I am going to my clean, warm bed. Good night, old man!"

When his brother had taken up his candlestick and gone, Stanley, uttering a dubious sound, sat down on the lounge, drank deep out of his tumbler, and once more took up his *Review*.

VII

The next day Stanley's car, fraught with Felix and a note from Clara, moved swiftly along the grass-bordered roads toward Joyfields. Lying back on the cushioned seat, the warm air flying at his face, Felix contemplated with delight his favorite countryside. Certainly this garden of England was very lovely, its greenness, trees, and large, pied, lazy cattle; its very emptiness of human beings was pleasing.

Nearing Joyfields he noted the Mallorings' park and their long Georgian house, carefully fronting south. There, too, was the pond of what village there was, with the usual ducks on it; and three well-remembered cottages in a row, neat and trim, of the old, thatched sort, but evidently restored. Out of the door of one of them two young people had just emerged, going in the same direction as the car. Felix passed them and turned to look. Yes, it was they! He stopped the car. They were walking, with eyes straight before them, frowning. And Felix thought: "Nothing of Tod in either of them; regular Celts!"

The girl's vivid, open face, crisp, brown, untidy hair, cheeks brimful of color, thick lips, eyes that looked up and out as a Skye terrier's eyes look out of its shagginess—indeed, her whole figure struck Felix as almost frighteningly vital; and she walked as if she despised the ground she covered. The boy was even more arresting. What a strange, pale-dark face, with its black, uncovered hair, its straight black brows; what a proud, swan's-eyed, thin-lipped, straight-nosed young devil, marching like a very Highlander; though still rather run-up, from sheer youthfulness! They had come abreast of the car by now, and, leaning out, he said:

"You don't remember me, I'm afraid!"

The boy shook his head. Wonderful

eyes he had! But the girl put out her hand.

"Of course, Derek; it's Uncle Felix."

They both smiled now, the girl friendly, the boy rather drawn back into himself. And feeling strangely small and ill at ease, Felix murmured:

"I'm going to see your father. Can I give you a lift home?"

The answer came as he expected:

"No, thanks." Then, as if to tone it down, the girl added:

"We've got something to do first. You'll find him in the orchard."

She had a ringing voice, full of warmth. Lifting his hat, Felix passed on. They *were* a couple! Strange, attractive, almost frightening. Kirsteen had brought his brother a formidable little brood.

Arriving at the cottage he went up its mossy stones and through the wicket gate. There was little change, indeed, since the days of Clara's visit, save that the beehives had been moved farther out. Nor did any one answer his knock; and mindful of the girl's words, "You'll find him in the orchard," he made his way out among the trees. The grass was long and starred with petals. Felix wandered over it among bees busy with the apple-blossom. At the very end he came on his brother, cutting down a pear-tree. Tod was in shirt-sleeves, his brown arms bare almost to the shoulders. How tremendous the fellow was! What resounding and terrific blows he was dealing! Down came the tree, and Tod drew his arm across his brow. This great, burnt, curly-headed fellow was more splendid to look upon than even Felix had remembered, and so well built that not a movement of his limbs was heavy. His cheek-bones were very broad and high; his brows thick and rather darker than his bright hair, so that his deep-set, very blue eyes seemed to look out of a thicket; his level white teeth gleamed from under his tawny mustache, and his brown, unshaven cheeks and jaw seemed covered with gold powder. Catching sight of Felix he came forward.

"Fancy," he said, "old Gladstone spending his leisure cutting down trees—of all melancholy jobs!"

Felix did not quite know what to answer, so he put his arm within his brother's. Tod drew him toward the tree.

"Sit down!" he said. Then, looking sorrowfully at the pear-tree, he murmured:

"Seventy years—and down in seven minutes. Now we shall burn it. Well, it had to go. This is the third year it's had no blossom."

His speech was slow, like that of a man accustomed to think aloud. Felix admired him askance. "I might live next door," he thought, "for all the notice he's taken of my turning up!"

"I came over in Stanley's car," he said. "Met your two coming along—fine couple they are!"

"Ah!" said Tod. And there was something in the way he said it that was more than a mere declaration of pride or of affection. Then he looked at Felix.

"What have you come for, old man?"

Felix smiled. Quaint way to put it!

"For a talk."

"Ah!" said Tod, and he whistled.

A largish, well-made dog with a sleek black coat, white underneath, and a black tail white-tipped, came running up, and stood before Tod, with its head rather to one side and its yellow-brown eyes saying: 'I simply must get at what you're thinking, you know.'

"Go and tell your mistress to come—Mistress!"

The dog moved his tail, lowered it, and went off.

"A gypsy gave him to me," said Tod; "best dog that ever lived."

"Every one thinks that of their dog, old man."

"Yes," said Tod; "but this *is*."

"He looks intelligent."

"He's got a soul," said Tod. "The gypsy said he didn't steal him, but he did."

"Do you always know when people aren't speaking the truth, then?"

"Yes."

At such a monstrous remark from any other man, Felix would have smiled; but seeing it was Tod, he only asked: "How?"

"People who aren't speaking the truth look you in the face and never move their eyes."

"Some people do that when they are speaking the truth."

"Yes; but when they aren't, you can see them struggling to keep their eyes straight. A dog avoids your eye when he's something to conceal; a man stares at you. Listen!"

Felix listened and heard nothing.

"A wren"; and, screwing up his lips, Tod emitted a sound: "Look!"

Felix saw on the branch of an apple-tree a tiny brown bird with a little beak sticking out and a little tail sticking up. And he thought: 'Tod's hopeless!'

"That fellow," said Tod softly, "has got his nest there just behind us." Again he emitted the sound. Felix saw the little bird move its head with a sort of infinite curiosity, and hop twice on the branch.

"I can't get the hen to do that," Tod murmured.

Felix put his hand on his brother's arm —what an arm!

"Yes," he said; "but look here, old man—I really want to talk to you."

Tod shook his head. "Wait for her," he said.

Felix waited. Tod was getting awfully eccentric, living this queer, out-of-the-way life with a cranky woman year after year; never reading anything, never seeing any one but tramps and animals and villagers. And yet, sitting there beside his eccentric brother on that fallen tree, he had an extraordinary sense of rest. It was, perhaps, but the beauty and sweetness of the day with its dappling sunlight brightening the apple-blossoms, the wind-flowers, the wood-sorrel, and in the blue sky above the fields those clouds so unimaginably white. All the tiny noises of the orchard, too, struck on his ear with a peculiar meaning, a strange fulness, as if he had never heard such sounds before. Tod, who was looking at the sky, said suddenly:

"Are you hungry?"

And Felix remembered that they never had any proper meals, but, when hungry, went to the kitchen, where a wood-fire was always burning, and either heated up coffee, and porridge that was already made, with boiled eggs and baked potatoes and apples, or devoured bread, cheese, jam, honey, cream, tomatoes, butter, nuts, and fruit, that were always set out there on a wooden table, under a muslin awning; he remembered, too, that they washed up their own bowls and spoons and plates, and, having finished, went outside and drew themselves a draught of water. Queer life, and deuced uncomfortable—almost Chinese in its reversal of everything that every one else was doing.

"No," he said, "I'm not."

"I am. Here she is."

Felix felt his heart beating—Clara was not alone in being frightened of this woman. She was coming through the orchard with the dog; a remarkable-looking woman—oh, certainly remarkable! She greeted him without surprise and, sitting down close to Tod, said: "I'm glad to see you."

Why did this family somehow make him feel inferior? The way she sat there and looked at him so calmly! Still more the way she narrowed her eyes and wrinkled her lips, as if rather malicious thoughts were rising in her soul! Her hair, as is the way of fine, soft, almost indigo-colored hair, was already showing threads of silver; her whole face and figure thinner than he had remembered it. But a striking woman still—with wonderful eyes! Her dress—Felix had scanned many a crank in his day—was not so alarming as it had once seemed to Clara; its coarse-woven, deep-blue linen and needleworked yoke were pleasing to him, and he could hardly take his gaze from the kingfisher-blue band or fillet that she wore round that silver-threaded black hair.

He began by giving her Clara's note, the wording of which he had himself dictated:

"Dear Kirsteen,

"Though we have not seen each other for so long, I am sure you will forgive my writing. It would give us so much pleasure if you and the two children would come over for a night or two while Felix and his young folk are staying with us. It is no use, I fear, to ask Tod; but of course if he would come, too, both Stanley and myself would be delighted.

"Yours cordially,

"Clara Freeland."

She read it, handed it to Tod, who also read it and handed it to Felix. Nobody said anything. It was so altogether simple and friendly a note that Felix felt pleased with it, thinking: 'I expressed that well!'

Then Tod said: "Go ahead, old man! You've got something to say about the youngsters, haven't you?"

How on earth did he know that? But then Tod *had* a sort of queer prescience.

"Well," he brought out with an effort, "don't you think it's a pity to embroil your young people in village troubles? We've been hearing from Stanley——"

Kirsteen interrupted in her calm, staccato voice with just the faintest lisp:

"Stanley would not understand."

She had put her arm through Tod's, but never removed her eyes from her brother-in-law's face.

"Possibly," said Felix, "but you must remember that Stanley, John, and myself represent ordinary—what shall we say—level-headed opinion."

"With which we have nothing in common, I'm afraid."

Felix glanced from her to Tod. The fellow had his head on one side and seemed listening to something in the distance. And Felix felt a certain irritation.

"It's all very well," he said, "but I think you really have got to look at your children's future from a larger point of view. You don't surely want them to fly out against things before they've had a chance to see life for themselves."

She answered:

"The children know more of life than most young people. They've seen it close to, they've seen its realities. They know what the tyranny of the countryside means."

"Yes, yes," said Felix, "but youth is youth."

"They are not too young to know and feel the truth."

Felix was impressed. How those narrowing eyes shone! What conviction in that faintly lisping voice!

'I am a fool for my pains,' he thought, and only said:

"Well, what about this invitation, anyway?"

"Yes; it will be just the thing for them at the moment."

The words had to Felix a somewhat sinister import. He knew well enough that she did not mean by them what others would have meant. But he said: "When shall we expect them? Tuesday, I suppose, would be best for Clara, after her week-end. Is there no chance of you and Tod?"

She quaintly wrinkled her lips into not quite a smile, and answered:

"Tod shall say. Do you hear, Tod?"

"In the meadow. It was there yesterday—first time this year."

Felix slipped his arm through his brother's.

"Quite so, old man."

"What?" said Tod. "Ah! let's go in. I'm awfully hungry." . . .

Sometimes out of a calm sky a few drops fall, the twigs rustle, and far away is heard the muttering of thunder; the traveller thinks: 'A storm somewhere about.' Then all once more is so quiet and peaceful that he forgets he ever had that thought, and goes on his way careless.

So with Felix returning to Becket in Stanley's car. That woman's face, those two young heathens—the unconscious Tod!

There was mischief in the air above that little household. But once more the smooth gliding of the cushioned car, the soft peace of the meadows so permanently at grass, the churches, mansions, cottages embowered among their elms, the slow-flapping flight of the rooks and crows lulled Felix to quietude, and the faint far muttering of that thunder died away.

Nedda was in the drive when he returned, gazing at a nymph set up there by Clara. It was a good thing, procured from Berlin, well known for sculpture, and beginning to green over already, as though it had been there a long time—a pretty creature with shoulders drooping, eyes modestly cast down, and a sparrow perching on her head.

"Well, Dad?"

"They're coming."

"When?"

"On Tuesday—the youngsters, only."

"You might tell me a little about them."

But Felix only smiled. His powers of description faltered before that task; and, proud of those powers, he did not choose to subject them to failure.

VIII

Not till three o'clock that Saturday did the Bigwigs begin to come. Lord and Lady Britto first from Erne by car; then

Sir Gerald and Lady Malloring, also by car from Joyfields; an early afternoon train brought three members of the Lower House, who liked a round of golf—Colonel Martlett, Mr. Sleesor, and Sir John Fanfar—with their wives; also Miss Bawtrey, an American who went everywhere; and Moorsome, the landscape-painter, a short, very heavy man who went nowhere, and that in almost perfect silence, which he afterward avenged. By a train almost sure to bring no one else came Literature in Public Affairs, alone, Henry Wiltram, whom some believed to have been the very first to have ideas about the land. He was followed in the last possible train by Cuthcott, the advanced editor, in his habitual hurry, and Lady Maude Ughtred in her beauty. Clara was pleased, and said to Stanley, while dressing, that almost every shade of opinion about the land was represented this week-end. She was not, she said, afraid of anything, if she could keep Henry Wiltram and Cuthcott apart. The House of Commons men would, of course, be all right. Stanley assented: "They'll be 'fed up' with talk. But how about Britto—he can sometimes be very nasty, and Cuthcott's been pretty rough on him, in his rag."

Clara had remembered that, and she was putting Lady Maude on one side of Cuthcott, and Moorsome on the other, so that he would be quite safe at dinner, and afterward—Stanley must look out!

"What have you done with Nedda?" Stanley asked.

"Given her to Colonel Martlett, with Sir John Fanfar on the other side; they both like something fresh." She hoped, however, to foster a discussion, so that they might really get further this week-end; the opportunity was too good to throw away.

"H'm!" Stanley murmured. "Felix said some very queer things the other night. He, too, might make ructions."

Oh, no!—Clara persisted—Felix had too much good taste. She thought that something might be coming out of this occasion, something as it were national, that would bear fruit. And watching Stanley buttoning his braces, she grew enthusiastic. For, think how splendidly everything was represented! Britto, with his view that the thing had gone too far, and all the little efforts we might make now were no good, with Canada and those great spaces to outbid anything we could do; though she could not admit that he was right, there was a lot in what he said; he had great gifts—and some day might—who knew? Then there was Sir John—Clara pursued—who was almost the father of the new Tory policy: Assist the farmers to buy their own land. And Colonel Martlett, representing the older Tory policy of: What the devil would happen to the landowners if they did? Secretly (Clara felt sure) he would never go into a lobby to support that. He had said to her: 'Look at my brother James's property; if we bring this policy in, and the farmers take advantage, his house might stand there any day without an acre round it.' Quite true—it might. The same might even happen to Becket.

Stanley grunted.

Exactly!—Clara went on: And that was the beauty of having got the Mallorings; theirs was such a steady point of view, and she was not sure that they weren't right, and the whole thing really a question of model proprietorship.

"H'm!" Stanley muttered. "Felix will have his knife into that."

Clara did not think that mattered. The thing was to get everybody's opinion. Even Mr. Moorsome's would be valuable—if he weren't so terrifically silent, for he must think a lot, sitting all day, as he did, painting the land.

"He's a heavy ass," said Stanley.

Yes; but Clara did not wish to be narrow. That was why it was so splendid to have got Mr. Sleesor. If anybody knew the Radical mind he did, and he could give full force to what one always felt was at the bottom of it—that the Radicals' real supporters were the urban classes; so that their policy must not go too far with 'the Land,' for fear of seeming to neglect the towns. For, after all, in the end it was out of the pockets of the towns that 'the Land' would have to be financed, and nobody really could expect the towns to get anything out of it. Stanley paused in the adjustment of his tie; his wife was a shrewd woman.

"You've hit it there," he said. "Wiltram will give it him hot on that, though."

Of course, Clara assented. And it was

magnificent that they had got Henry Wiltram, with his idealism and his really heavy corn tax; not caring what happened to the stunted products of the towns—and they really were stunted, for all that the Radicals and the half-penny press said—till at all costs we could grow our own food. There was a lot in that.

"Yes," Stanley muttered, "and if he gets on to it, shan't I have a jolly time of it in the smoking-room? I know what Cuthcott's like with his shirt out."

Clara's eyes brightened; she was very curious herself to see Mr. Cuthcott with his—that is, to hear him expound the doctrine he was always writing up, namely, that 'the Land' was gone and, short of revolution, there was nothing for it but garden cities. She had heard he was so cutting and ferocious that he really did seem as if he hated his opponents. She hoped he would get a chance—perhaps Felix could encourage him.

"What about the women?" Stanley asked suddenly. "Will they stand a political powwow? One must think of them a bit."

Clara had. She was taking a farewell look at herself in the far-away mirror through the door into her bedroom. It was a mistake—she added—to suppose that women were not interested in 'the Land.' Lady Britto was most intelligent, and Mildred Malloring knew every cottage on her estate.

"Pokes her nose into 'em often enough," Stanley muttered.

Lady Fanfar again, and Mrs. Sleesor, and even Hilda Martlett, were interested in their husbands, and Miss Bawtrey, of course, interested in everything. As for Maude Ughtred, all talk would be the same to her; she was always week-ending. Stanley need not worry—it would be all right; some real work would get done, some real advance be made. So saying, she turned her fine shoulders twice, once this way and once that, and went out. She had never told even Stanley her ambition that at Becket, under her ægis, should be laid the foundation-stone of the real scheme, whatever it might be, that should regenerate 'the Land.' Stanley would only have laughed; even though it would be bound to make him Lord Freeland when it came to be known some day. . . .

To the eyes and ears of Nedda that evening at dinner, all was new indeed, and all wonderful. It was not that she was unaccustomed to society or to conversation, for to their house at Hampstead many people came, uttering many words, but both the people and the words were so very different. After the first blush, the first reconnaissance of the two Bigwigs between whom she sat, her eyes would stray and her ears would only half iisten to them. Indeed, half her ears, she soon found out, were quite enough to deal with Colonel Martlett and Sir John Fanfar. Across the azaleas she let her glance come now and again to anchor on her father's face, and exchanged with him a most enjoyable blink. She tried once or twice to get through to Alan, but he was always eating; he looked very like a young Uncle Stanley this evening.

What was she feeling? Short, quick stabs of self-consciousness as to how she was looking; a sort of stunned excitement due to sheer noise and the number of things offered to her to eat and drink; keen pleasure in the consciousness that Colonel Martlett and Sir John Fanfar and other men, especially that nice one with the straggly mustache who looked as if he were going to bite, glanced at her when they saw she wasn't looking. If only she had been quite certain that it was not because they thought her too young to be there! She felt a sort of continual exhilaration, that this was the great world—the world where important things were said and done, together with an intense listening expectancy, and a sense most unexpected and almost frightening, that nothing important was being said or would be done. But this she knew to be impudent. On Sunday evenings at home people talked about a future existence, about Nietzsche, Tolstoy, Chinese pictures, post-impressionism, and would suddenly grow hot and furious about peace, and Strauss, justice, marriage, and De Maupassant, and whether people were losing their souls through materialism, and sometimes one of them would get up and walk about the room. But to-night the only words she could catch were the names of two politicians whom nobody seemed to approve of, except that nice one who was going to bite. Once very timidly she

asked Colonel Martlett whether he liked Strauss, and was puzzled by his answer: "Rather; those 'Tales of Hoffmann' are rippin', don't you think? You go to the opera much?" She could not, of course, know that the thought which instantly rose within her was doing the governing classes a grave injustice—almost all of whom save Colonel Martlett knew that the 'Tales of Hoffmann' were by one Offenbach. But beyond all things she felt she would never, never learn to talk as they were all talking—so quickly, so continuously, so without caring whether everybody or only the person they were talking to heard what they said. She had always felt that what you said was only meant for the person you said it to, but here in the great world she must evidently not say anything that was not meant for everybody, and she felt terribly that she could not think of anything of that sort to say. And suddenly she began to want to be alone. That, however, was surely wicked and wasteful, when she ought to be learning such a tremendous lot; and yet, what was there to learn? And listening just sufficiently to Colonel Martlett, who was telling her how great a man he thought a certain general, she looked almost despairingly at the one who was going to bite. He was quite silent at that moment, gazing at his plate, which was strangely empty. And Nedda thought: 'He has jolly wrinkles about his eyes, only they might be heart disease; and I like the color of his face, so nice and yellow, only that might be liver. But I *do* like him—I wish I'd been sitting next to him; he looks real.' From that thought, of the reality of a man whose name she did not know, she passed suddenly into the feeling that nothing else of this about her was real at all, neither the talk nor the faces, not even the things she was eating. It was all a queer, buzzing dream. Nor did that sensation of unreality cease when her aunt began collecting her gloves, and they trooped forth to the drawing-room. There, seated between Mrs. Sleesor and Lady Britto, with Lady Malloring opposite, and Miss Bawtrey leaning over the piano toward them, she pinched herself to get rid of the feeling that, when all these were out of sight of each other, they would become silent and have on their lips a little, bitter smile. Would it be like that up in their bedrooms, or would it only be on her (Nedda's) own lips that this little smile would come? It was a question she could not answer; nor could she very well ask it of any of these ladies. She looked them over as they sat there talking and felt very lonely. And suddenly her eyes fell on her grandmother. Frances Freeland was seated half-way down the long room in a sandalwood chair, somewhat insulated by a surrounding sea of polished floor. She sat with a smile on her lips, quite still, save for the continual movement of her white hands on her black lap. To her gray hair some lace of Chantilly was pinned with a little diamond brooch, and hung behind her delicate but rather long ears. And from her shoulders was depended a silvery garment, of stuff that looked like the mail shirt of a fairy, reaching the ground on either side. A tacit agreement had evidently been come to, that she was incapable of discussing 'the Land' or those other subjects such as the French murder, the Russian opera, the Chinese pictures, and the doings of one, L——, whose fate was just then in the air, so that she sat alone.

And Nedda thought: 'How much more of a lady she looks than anybody here! There's something deep in her to rest on that isn't in the Bigwigs; perhaps it's because she's of a different generation.' And, getting up, she went over and sat down beside her on a little chair.

Frances Freeland rose at once and said:

"Now, my darling, you can't be comfortable in that tiny chair. You must take mine."

"Oh, no, Granny; please!"

"Oh, yes; but you must! It's so comfortable, and I've simply been longing to sit in the chair you're in. Now, darling, to please me!"

Seeing that a prolonged struggle would follow if she did not get up, Nedda rose and changed chairs.

"Do you like these week-ends, Granny?"

Frances Freeland seemed to draw her smile more resolutely across her face. With her perfect articulation, in which there was, however, no trace of bigwiggery, she answered:

"I think they're most interesting, darling. It's so nice to see new people. Of

course you don't get to know them, but it's very amusing to watch, especially the head-dresses!" And sinking her voice: "Just look at that one with the feather going straight up; did you ever see such a guy?" and she cackled with a very gentle archness. Gazing at that almost priceless feather, trying to reach God, Nedda felt suddenly how completely she was in her grandmother's little camp; how entirely she disliked bigwiggery.

Frances Freeland's voice brought her round.

"Do you know, darling, I've found the most splendid thing for eyebrows. You just put a little on every night and it keeps them in perfect order. I must give you my little pot."

"I don't like grease, Granny."

"Oh! but this isn't grease, darling. It's a special thing; and you only put on just the tiniest touch."

Diving suddenly into the recesses of something, she produced an exiguous round silver box. Prizing it open, she looked over her shoulder at the Bigwigs, then placed her little finger on the contents of the little box, and said very softly:

"You just take the merest touch, and you put it on like that, and it keeps them together beautifully. Let me! Nobody'll see!"

Quite well understanding that this was all part of her grandmother's passion for putting the best face upon things, and having no belief in her eyebrows, Nedda bent forward; but in a sudden flutter of fear lest the Bigwigs might observe the operation, she drew back, murmuring: "Oh, Granny, darling! Not just now!"

At that moment the men came in, and, under cover of the necessary confusion, she slipped away into the window.

It was pitch-black outside, with the moon not yet up. The bloomy, peaceful dark out there! Wistaria and early roses, clustering in, had but the ghost of color on their blossoms. Nedda took a rose in her fingers, feeling with delight its soft fragility, its coolness against her hot palm. Here in her hand was a living thing, here was a little soul! And out there in the darkness were millions upon millions of other little souls, of little flame-like or coiled-up shapes alive and true.

A voice behind her said:

"Nothing nicer than darkness, is there?"

She knew at once it was the one who was going to bite; the voice was proper for him, having a nice, smothery sound. And looking round gratefully, she said:

"Do you like dinner-parties?"

It was jolly to watch his eyes twinkle and his thin cheeks puff out. He shook his head and muttered through that straggly mustache:

"You're a niece, aren't you? I know your father. He's a big man."

Hearing those words spoken of her father, Nedda flushed.

"Yes, he is," she said fervently.

The one who was going to bite went on:

"He's got the gift of truth—can laugh at himself as well as others; that's what makes him precious. These hummingbirds here to-night couldn't raise a smile at their own tomfoolery to save their silly souls."

He spoke still in that voice of smothery wrath, and Nedda thought: 'He is nice!'

"They've been talking about 'the Land'"—he raised his hands and ran them through his palish hair—"'the Land!' Heavenly Father! 'The Land!' Look at that fellow!"

Nedda looked and saw a man, like Richard Cœur de Lion in the history books, with a straw-colored mustache just going gray.

"Sir Gerald Malloring—hope he's not a friend of yours! Divine right of landowners to lead 'the Land' by the nose! And our friend Britto!"

Nedda, following his eyes, saw a robust, quick-eyed man with a suave insolence in his dark, clean-shaved face.

"Because at heart he's just a supercilious ruffian, too cold-blooded to feel, he'll demonstrate that it's no use to feel—waste of valuable time—ha! valuable!—to act in any direction. And that's a man they believe things of. And poor Henry Wiltram, with his pathetic: 'Grow our own food—maximum use of 'the Land' as food-producer, and let the rest take care of itself!' As if we weren't all long past that feeble individualism; as if in these days of world markets 'the Land' didn't stand or fall in this country as a breeding-ground of health and stamina and nothing else. Well, well!"

"Aren't they really in earnest, then?" asked Nedda timidly.

"Miss Freeland," rejoined the one who was going to bite, "this land question is a perfect tragedy. Bar one or two, they all want to make the omelette without breaking eggs; well, by the time they begin to think of breaking them, mark me—there'll be no eggs to break. We shall be all park and suburb. The real men on the land, what few are left, are dumb and helpless; and these fellows here for one reason or another don't mean business—they'll talk and tinker and top-dress—that's all. Does your father take any interest in this? He could write something very nice."

"He takes interest in everything," said Nedda. "Please go on, Mr.——Mr.——" She was terribly afraid he would suddenly remember that she was too young and stop his nice, angry talk.

The one who was going to bite went on: "Cuthcott. I'm an editor, but I was brought up on a farm, and know something about it. You see, we English are grumblers, snobs to the backbone, want to be something better than we are; and education nowadays is all in the direction of despising what is quiet and humdrum. We never were a stay-at-home lot, like the French. That's at the back of this business—they may treat it as they like, Radicals or Tories, but if they can't get a fundamental change of opinion into the national mind as to what is a sane and profitable life; if they can't work a revolution in the spirit of our education, they'll do no good. There'll be lots of talk and tinkering, tariffs and tommy-rot, and, underneath, the land-bred men dying, dying all the time. No, madam, industrialism and vested interests have got us! Bar the most strenuous national heroism, there's nothing for it now but the garden city!"

"Then if we *were* all heroic, 'the Land' could still be saved?"

Mr. Cuthcott smiled.

"Of course we might have a European war or something that would shake everything up. But, short of that, when was a country ever consciously and homogeneously heroic—except China with its opium? When did it ever deliberately change the spirit of its education, the trend of its ideas; when did it ever, of its own free will, lay its vested interests on the altar; when did it ever say with a convinced and resolute heart: 'I will be healthy and simple before anything. I will not let the love of sanity and natural conditions die out of me!' When, Miss Freeland, when?"

And, looking so hard at Nedda that he almost winked, he added:

"You have the advantage of me by thirty years. You'll see what I shall not—the last of the English peasant. Did you ever read 'Erewhon,' where the people broke up their machines? It will take almost that sort of national heroism to save what's left of him, even."

For answer, Nedda wrinkled her brows horribly. Before her there had come a vision of the old, lame man, whose name she had found out was Gaunt, standing on the path under the apple-trees, looking at that little something he had taken from his pocket. Why she thought of him thus suddenly she had no idea, and she said quickly:

"It's awfully interesting. I do so want to hear about 'the Land.' I only know a little about sweated workers, because I see something of them."

"It's all of a piece," said Mr. Cuthcott; not politics at all, but religion—touches the point of national self-knowledge and faith, the point of knowing what we want to become and of resolving to become it. Your father will tell you that we have no more idea of that at present than a cat of its own chemical composition. As for these good people here to-night—I don't want to be disrespectful, but if they think they're within a hundred miles of the land question, I'm a—I'm a Jingo—more I can't say."

And, as if to cool his head, he leaned out of the window.

"Nothing is nicer than darkness, as I said just now, because you can only see the way you *must* go instead of a hundred and fifty ways you *might*. In darkness your soul is something like your own; in daylight, lamplight, moonlight, never."

Nedda's spirit gave a jump; he seemed almost at last to be going to talk about the things she wanted, above all, to find out. Her cheeks went hot, she clenched her hands and said resolutely:

"Do you believe in God, Mr. Cuthcott?"

The one who was going to bite made a queer, deep little noise; it was not a laugh, however, and it seemed as if he knew she could not bear him to look at her just then.

"H'm!" he said. "Every one does that—according to their natures. Some call God It, some Him, some Her, nowadays—that's all. You might as well ask—do I believe that I'm alive?"

"Yes," said Nedda, "but which do *you* call God?"

As she asked that, he gave a wriggle, and it flashed through her: 'He must think me an awful *enfant terrible!*' His face peered round at her, queer and pale and puffy, with nice, straight eyes; and she added hastily:

"It isn't a fair question, is it? Only you talked about darkness, and the only way—so I thought——"

"Quite a fair question. My answer is, of course: 'All three'; but the point is rather: Does one wish to make even an attempt to define God to oneself? Frankly, I don't! I'm content to feel that there is in one some kind of instinct toward perfection that one will still feel, I hope, when the lights are going out; some kind of honor forbidding one to let go and give up. That's all I've got; I really don't know what I want more."

Nedda clasped her hands.

"I like that," she said; "only—what is perfection, Mr. Cuthcott?"

Again he emitted that deep little sound.

"Ah!" he repeated, "what is perfection? Awkward, that—isn't it?"

"Is it"—Nedda rushed the words out—"is it always to be sacrificing yourself, or is it—is it always to be—to be expressing yourself?"

"To some—one; to some—the other; to some—half one, half the other."

"But which is it to me?"

"Ah! that you've got to find out for yourself. There's a sort of metronome inside us—wonderful, self-adjusting little machine; most delicate bit of mechanism in the world—people call it conscience—that records the proper beat of our tempos. I guess that's all we have to go by."

Nedda said breathlessly:

"Yes; and it's frightfully hard, isn't it?"

"Exactly," Mr. Cuthcott answered. "That's why people devised religions and other ways of having the thing done second-hand. We all object to trouble and responsibility if we can possibly avoid it. Where do you live?"

"In Hampstead."

"Your father must be a stand-by, isn't he?"

"Oh, yes; Dad's splendid; only, you see, I *am* a good deal younger than he. There was just one thing I was going to ask you. Are these very Bigwigs?"

Mr. Cuthcott turned to the room and let his screwed-up glance wander. He looked just then particularly as if he were going to bite.

"If you take 'em at their own valuation: Yes. If at the country's: So-so. If at mine: Ha! I know what you'd like to ask: Should I be a Bigwig in *their* estimation? Not I! As you knock about, Miss Freeland, you'll find out one thing—all bigwiggery is founded on: Scratch my back, and I'll scratch yours. Seriously, these are only tenpenny ones; but the mischief is, that in the matter of 'the Land,' they are—bar half a dozen, perhaps—about as big as you could catch. Nothing short of a rising such as there was in 1832 would make the land question real, even for the moment. Not that I want to see one—God forbid! Those poor doomed devils were treated worse than dogs, and would be again."

Before Nedda could pour out questions about the rising in 1832, Stanley's voice said:

"Cuthcott, I want to introduce you!"

Her new friend screwed his eyes up tighter and, muttering something, put out his hand to her.

"Thank you for our talk. I hope we shall meet again. Any time you want to know anything—I'll be only too glad. Good night!"

She felt the squeeze of his hand, warm and dry, but rather soft, as of a man who uses a pen too much; saw him following her uncle across the room, with his shoulders a little hunched, as if preparing to inflict, and ward off, blows. And with the thought: 'He must be jolly when he gives them one!' she turned once more to the darkness, than which he had said there was nothing nicer. It smelled of new-

mown grass, was full of little shiverings of leaves, and all colored like the bloom of a black grape. And her heart felt soothed.

IX

". . . When I first saw Derek I thought I should never feel anything but shy and hopeless. In four days, only in four days, the whole world is different. . . . And yet, if it hadn't been for that thunderstorm, I shouldn't have got over being shy in time. He has never loved anybody—nor have I. It can't often be like that—it makes it solemn. There's a picture somewhere—not a good one, I know—of a young Highlander being taken away by soldiers from his sweetheart. Derek is fiery and wild and shy and proud and dark—like the man in that picture. That last day along the hills—along and along—with the wind in our faces, I could have walked forever; and then Joyfields at the end! Their mother's wonderful; I'm afraid of her. But Uncle Tod is a perfect dear. I never saw any one before who noticed so many things that I didn't, and nothing that I did. I am sure he has in him what Mr. Cuthcott said we were all losing—the love of simple, natural conditions. And then, *the* moment, when I stood with Derek at the end of the orchard, to say good-bye. The field below covered with those moony-white flowers, and the cows all dark and sleepy; the holy feeling down there was wonderful, and in the branches over our heads, too, and the velvety, starry sky, and the dewiness against one's face, and the great, broad silence—it was all worshipping something, and I was worshipping—worshipping happiness. I *was* happy, and I think *he* was. Perhaps I shall never be so happy again. When he kissed me I didn't think the whole world had so much happiness in it. I know now that I'm not cold a bit; I used to think I was. I believe I could go with him anywhere, and do anything he wanted. What would Dad think? Only the other day I was saying I wanted to know everything. One only knows through love. It's love that makes the world all beautiful—makes it like those pictures that seem to be wrapped in gold, makes it like a dream—no, not like a dream—like a wonderful tune. I suppose that's glamour—a goldeny, misty, lovely feeling, as if my soul were wandering about with his—not in my body at all. I want it to go on and on wandering—oh! I don't want it back in my body, all hard and inquisitive and aching! I shall never know anything so lovely as loving him and being loved. I don't want anything more—nothing! Stay with me, please—Happiness! Don't go away and leave me! . . . They frighten me, though; he frightens me—their idealism; wanting to do great things, and fight for justice. If only I'd been brought up more like that—but everything's been so different. It's their mother, I think, even more than themselves. I seem to have grown up just looking on at life as at a show; watching it, thinking about it, trying to understand—not living it at all. I must get over that; I will. I believe I can tell the very moment I began to love him. It was in the schoolroom the second evening. Sheila and I were sitting there just before dinner, and he came, in a rage, looking splendid. 'That footman put out everything just as if I were a baby—asked me for suspenders to fasten on my socks; hung the things on a chair in order, as if I couldn't find out for myself what to put on first; turned the tongues of my shoes out!—curled them over!' Then he looked at me and said: 'Do they do that for you?'—and poor old Gaunt, who's sixty-six and lame, has three shillings a week to buy him everything. Just think of that! If we had the pluck of flies—' And he clenched his fists. But Sheila got up, looked hard at me, and said: 'That'll do, Derek.' Then he put his hand on my arm and said: 'It's only Cousin Nedda!' I began to love him then; and I believe he saw it, because I couldn't take my eyes away. But it was when Sheila sang 'The Red Sarafan,' after dinner, that I knew for certain. 'The Red Sarafan'—it's a wonderful song, all space and yearning, and yet such calm—it's the song of the soul; and he was looking at me while she sang. How can he love me? I am nothing—no good for anything! Alan calls him a 'run-up kid, all legs and wings.' Sometimes I hate Alan; he's conventional and stodgy—the funny thing is that he admires Sheila. She'll wake him up; she'll stick pins into him. No, I don't want Alan hurt—I

want every one in the world to be happy, happy—as I am. . . . The next day was the thunderstorm. I never saw lightning so near—and didn't care a bit. If he were struck I knew I should be; that made it all right. When you love, you don't care, if only the something must happen to you both. When it was over, and we came out from behind the stack and walked home through the fields, all the beasts looked at us as if we were new and had never been seen before; and the air was ever so sweet, and that long, red line of cloud low down in the purple, and the elm-trees so heavy and almost black. He put his arm round me, and I let him. . . . It seems an age to wait till they come to stay with us next week. If only Mother likes them, and I can go and stay at Joyfields. Will she like them? It's all so different to what it would be if they were ordinary. But if he were ordinary I shouldn't love him; it's because there's nobody like him. That isn't a loverish fancy—you only have to look at him against Alan or Uncle Stanley or even Dad. Everything he does is so different; the way he walks, and the way he stands drawn back into himself, like a stag, and looks out as if he were burning and smouldering inside; even the way he smiles. Dad asked me what I thought of him! That was only the second day. I thought he was too proud, then. And Dad said: 'He ought to be in a Highland regiment; pity—great pity!' He is a fighter, of course. I don't like fighting, and if I'm not ready to, he'll stop loving me, perhaps. I've got to learn. O Darkness out there, help me! And Stars, help me! O God, if you are Bravery, make me brave, and I will believe in you forever! If you are the spirit that grows in things in spite of everything, until they're like the flowers, so perfect that we laugh and sing at their beauty, grow in me, too; make me beautiful and brave; then I shall be fit for him, alive or dead; and that's all I want—O God! Every evening I shall stand in spirit with him at the end of that orchard in the darkness, under the trees above the white flowers and the sleepy cows, and perhaps, if God grows in me I shall feel him kiss me again. . . . I'm glad I saw that old man Gaunt; it makes what they feel more real to me. He showed me that poor laborer Tryst, too, the one who mustn't marry his wife's sister, or have her staying in the house without marrying her. Why should people interfere with others like that? It does make your blood boil! Derek and Sheila have been brought up to be in sympathy with the poor and oppressed. If they had lived in London they would have been even more furious, I expect. And it's no use my saying to myself 'I don't know the laborer, I don't know his hardships,' because he is really just the country half of what I do know and see, here in London, when I don't hide my eyes. One talk showed me how desperately they feel; at night, in Sheila's room, when we had gone up, just we four. Alan began it; they didn't want to, I could see; but he was criticising what some of those Bigwigs had said—the 'Varsity makes boys awfully conceited. It was such a lovely night; we were all in the big, long window. A little bat kept flying past; and behind the copper-beech the moon was shining on the lake. Derek sat in the window-sill, and when he moved he touched me. To be touched by him gives me a warm shiver all through. I could hear him gritting his teeth at what Alan said—frightfully sententious, just like a newspaper: 'We can't go into land reform from feeling, we must go into it from reason.' Then Derek broke out: 'Walk through this country as we've walked; see the pigsties the people live in; see the water they drink; see the tiny patches of ground they have; see the way their roofs let in the rain; see their peeky children; see their patience and their hopelessness; see them working day in and day out, and coming on the parish at the end! See all that, and then talk about reason! Reason! It's the coward's excuse, and the rich man's excuse, for doing nothing. It's the excuse of the man who takes jolly good care not to see for fear that he may come to feel! Reason never does anything, it's too reasonable. The thing is to act; then perhaps reason will be jolted into doing something.' But Sheila touched his arm, and he stopped very suddenly. She doesn't trust us. I shall always be being pushed away from him by her. He's just twenty, and I shall be eighteen in a week; couldn't we marry now at once? Then, whatever happened, I couldn't be cut off from him.

If I could tell Dad, and ask him to help me! But I can't—it seems desecration to talk about it, even to Dad. All the way up in the train to-day, coming back home, I was struggling not to show anything; though it's hateful to keep things from Dad. Love alters everything; it melts up the whole world and makes it afresh. Love is the sun of our spirits, and it's the wind. Ah, and the rain, too! But I won't think of that! . . . I wonder if he's told Aunt Kirsteen! . . ."

(To be continued.)

THE BATTLESHIP REMARKS

By E. S. Martin

I AM the Indispensable,
The sea depends on me.
Without my aid there can't be trade,
Nor can a State be free.
Whoe'er would plough the heaving deep
And realize his will,
My help must have, my power must keep,
No matter what the bill.

My ribs are stark: in mighty course
Steel bands my entrails gird;
With power of twenty thousand horse
My whirling screws are stirred.
With weight of twenty thousand tons
On Ocean's tides I press.
From ten miles off my artful guns
The foeman can distress.

Nor bale nor box my bowels hide,
Except my needful stores.
With nice machines my whole inside
Is packed, and men by scores.
No gainful errand wins me toll,
My cruises yield no pelf,
And though my bunkers choke with coal
I burn it all myself.

I'm built to stand a lawful shock;
I don't mind being hit;
But when my bottom touches rock
It jars me quite a bit.
I hate—my bottom's none too thick—
Things not discerned till felt;
Torpedoes do a dirty trick—
They hit below the belt.

This is my day. It may not be
A long one, but it's mine.
It may go on for aught I see
Till Mars takes down his sign.
Men groan, and say I come too high;
Ha! ha! What's that to me?
The Indispensable am I,
And boss of all the sea.



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Air I. The Hunters.

On the edge of a thick wood, warm in the golden rays from the west, a party of primitive hunters are in the pursuit of game.



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Water I. The Net.

A group of fishermen hauling in the last net of the day.

EIGHT DECORATIONS BY FRANK BRANGWYN

FOR THE EAST COURT OF THE PANAMA–PACIFIC INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION AT SAN FRANCISCO

THE panels hang in an ambulatory that surrounds the open court, of which Louis Christian Mullgardt is the architect. They are placed in the four corners, one on each wall, where it makes the corner, and each measures twenty-five feet by twelve feet. The canvases reflect the spirit of humanity and of work. Mr. Brangwyn chose as subjects the four elements—Air, Earth, Fire, Water—each to be represented by two panels. With the exception of the general colors to be employed and the scale of the figures he had a free hand.



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Air II. The Windmill.

"The Windmill" is a living spirit, rising into the cobalt skies, where the gray storm-clouds quiver, reflecting in their midst a solar rainbow. The golden color of the wood that age and sun have brought is in delightful harmony with the deep, pure blues.



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Earth I. Dancing the Grapes.

The grapes have been thrown into a great stone trough that is set in the soft shadows cast from the arbor of vines above; the dancers crush the wine-making juices from them.



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Earth II. The Fruit Pickers.

One of the charms of "The Fruit Pickers" is in the composition and grouping of the figures.



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Water II. The Fountain.

At the fountain are grouped those who have come to fill their brilliant colored pots.



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Fire I. Primitive Fire.



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Fire II. Industrial Fire.

The dignified expression of this difficult subject of Fire is felt more, perhaps, than all of its other fine qualities. In the two panels we see how fire, restrained and nursed, is one of the greatest aids to man.

To view the series in their proper setting is to see how successfully Mr. Brangwyn has completed another one of his decorative schemes. Owing to the great reduction, these illustrations can but give at the best a general idea of the color and design. The spirit of the architecture he has placed in his paintings, giving them the charm and delicacy of the building, a feature that is the basis of good decoration. The subjects are not allegories drawn on classical lines, but expressions by a man who seeks among his brethren of this age, among their works and pleasures, for his inspirations, rendered not too boisterously, but in a manner that is pleasingly alive and straightforward. About the color and design that he has chosen to beautify these renderings (from the sunset hues and reflecting shadows to the fine orange-trees in the still-life groups that are in sympathy with Mr. Guérin's color scheme for the whole Exposition) there is that which is opulent and grand, harmoniously balanced, executed with masterly freedom. They hang as pure, wholesome art—fulfilling a purpose in that they decorate well and beautifully the fine East Court; having been conceived in a spirit of sympathetic understanding with the architect, executed in a grand style, they are another noteworthy addition to our decorative masterpieces.



Drawn by Charles E. Chambers.

"What do you mean?" she demanded as she looked closely at him.—Page 181.

ARTHUR ORTON'S CAREER

By George Hibbard

ILLUSTRATION BY CHARLES E. CHAMBERS

STANWOOD lowered the newspaper with a whimsical bending of his sensitive, shaven lip.

"He's coming here!"

The thoughts in his mind were so forceful that for an instant he feared he had muttered the words aloud, and he glanced rapidly about. Across the large club-room, with its luxury of furnishing, two members, deep in cavernous leather chairs, were reading sedately and undisturbedly. Therefore he had not attracted attention, and he turned back to the page of the old, conservative local evening paper.

What he had read was merely an announcement, with a heading of moderately large type, that the Honorable Arthur Orton was to "address" the political mass-meeting to be held that evening at the West Street Convention Hall. Though the fact was such a simple one, it aroused within him a feeling of unavoidable protest.

Stanwood's memory bore him back many years, as happened always with each recurrence of Arthur Orton as a fact and factor. He saw the drearily gaudy "parlor" of the small hotel of the obscure seaside place. There, after a more expensive month at Mount Barren, Mrs. Christopher Wynne had retreated with her daughter, and thither, as soon as he was able, he had hurried. With all the entrancement of Marian's witchery upon him, Stanwood, young as he was and in love as he was, felt himself forced to admit that Mrs. Wynne was indubitably a trying circumstance of a thoroughly regrettable nature. Invariably, when meeting Marian, pale and silent beside her florid and voluble parent, the world was in the habit of ascribing many merits to the late Christopher Wynne, assistant professor of archæology for many years at Harvale. Of distinguished Revolutionary ancestry—for General Roger Wynne was his great-great-grandfather, in praise of whose bravery Washington had sworn one of his historic oaths—Wynne had passed through life in a scholarly obscurity from which his pretty gift of after-dinner speaking alone had drawn him. That Mrs. Christopher Wynne undoubtedly possessed a rudimentary prettiness in her girlhood was always accepted as an explanation of such an incongruous alliance, though little credit was accorded her for any inheritance of beauty in the lily loveliness of her daughter.

"I call it a case of the maternal instinct rampant," said Mrs. Thurlow on the occasion often recalled by Stanwood, "and I suppose a great deal should be forgiven to that admirable but in this case exaggerated trait. The girl must be like her father." This was the statement always made in any discussion of Marian Wynne, however short. "Therefore," Mrs. Thurlow continued, with the brusqueness which her unassailable position and natural disposition led her to employ, "you won't be making much of a mistake in marrying her. You know, James, I was your mother's bridesmaid, so I naturally take an interest in you. Go ahead, I say, and bless you, my children. Marian is a dear, and with her really ideal beauty she will be snapped up before you know it. Indeed, her mother made no bones about the many chances she's had already. She gesticulated and positively wept, until I couldn't tell which were tears and which were beads on her bodice, at 'the child's'—as she called her—ridiculous indifference and criticalness. Why, she told me that at Mount Barren the most eligible men were positively running after her. Arthur Orton, for example, was perfectly mad about her."

"Arthur Orton?"

"Don't you know? He is that young man every one says has a career before him, is bound to be somebody great. He's

just made a ridiculous amount of money in the West in some wonderfully clever fashion. He is in Congress, where, although he is one of the youngest members, he is already the chairman of some committee that usually it takes years to reach. Well, Mrs. Wynne assured me that he was positively at Marian's feet, and that he proposed again and again, but the 'child' would not have him." Mrs. Thurlow stopped short, and demanded with her usual directness: "When did you begin to make love to her?"

"In the spring at Vevey, just before they came back to this country," Stanwood responded, at once so disconcerted by the abrupt frontal attack as to be thrown into unresisting confusion in his answer.

"Well, you must have made an impression when your memory would lead her to throw away such a chance as Arthur Orton offered."

"Really—" Stanwood hesitated.

"Oh, Mrs. Wynne would not mind the fact that Marian could have married Arthur Orton being generally known. I rather think I was told for the express purpose of spreading it broadcast. You see, it increases interest in the girl and enhances her value, as her mother believes. It would help to bring you on. Mrs. Wynne is wildly anxious to have the girl married. I don't blame her, and if you are not a brilliant match you are a very fairly desirable *parti*."

No, as Stanwood readily realized, there was nothing which would appear coruscating in his availability as a husband in the eyes of a truly ambitious match-maker. The rental from the business property which he would inherit was large, as rental was accounted in the place where his family name was closely interwoven in local history. Mrs. Wynne, though, as a world-wanderer and European sojourner of many years, had metropolitan standards, and measured by these his fortune was inadequate. In time he would take his place in the long-established and well-considered law firm of Stanwood, Parker & Dent. The Stanwood dwelling on Mohegan Avenue, standing in old-fashioned, narrow-windowed simplicity, with the drive curving up to it from the gates in the heavy wooden fence, would be his. Was this sufficient in view of Marian's "chances"? However, with Mrs. Wynne's final wish, or in spite of it, his marriage with Marian had taken place, and in the succeeding years all had happened as had appeared probable. A fancy, moreover, entertained by Mrs. Wynne that the climate of lower California only enabled her to maintain a state of health which elsewhere would be delicate was not without advantage, as immediately after the wedding she had, with Stanwood's aid, comfortably established herself at Los Angeles. Thereafter her admonitions, together with her regrets in not seeing Marian, had only been conveyed to her by numerous letters, and Mrs. Wynne herself was not the frequent not to say permanent presence which Stanwood felt otherwise she would have been. That was twelve years past, and now——

The immediate disaster, as Stanwood perceived and confusedly admitted, lay in the fact that he was still in love with his wife. This, of course, was as it should be, and desirable even after twelve years. Still, something perhaps more of a matter of course would have been better, something requiring no more consideration or rendering itself no more assertive in every-day existence than the pattern of the breakfast china. As was the case, however, certain irrational moods were inevitable. Time and again he had experienced the same thing. Indeed, whenever Arthur Orton had "scored," the like haunting dread assailed him. Some unexpected encounter with the news would cause him to remember; and, if he were so forced to recollect, would not the same be true of Marian? For each time he saw Arthur Orton's name in print, would not she see it nearly as often? For every occasion that he heard it mentioned in office and club, must she not hear it in drawing-room and at dinner-table? What did Marian think? The contrast was unavoidable; the "deadly parallel" existed too clearly not to have often presented itself to her. She might have married Arthur Orton, and if she had— Each step of his phenomenal career would have been hers—all that his position and wealth could give she might have had as her own and in contradistinction— Stanwood considered himself often with discontent and hot humiliation. Would not a comparison between them be to his manifest disadvantage?

How many tidings of new triumphs for this man he had fallen upon in the last years. Always they had marked before the eyes of the world, and his, the advancement in a career which had presented an uninterrupted series of material successes. With each came to Stanwood the same shock, the same unescapable reflection, the petulant, satirical appraisal of the comedy and tragedy of the situation. Other men had actually opposing adversaries with which to contend. Others had demonstrable rivals whom they were striving to excel. Stanwood felt that for long he had struggled continually with some impossible ghostly opponent in a contest none the less exacting for this.

Assuredly, he had not been without successes of his own, but how meagre and slight they had been beside the important achievements of one whose name was national! Stanwood remembered that his argument made in the case of Ward *vs.* The Susquehanna Railway was highly praised by all his legal confrères, and with the fee he had given Marian the collar and rope of pearls. Orton, however, at once filled the newspapers for a month with the turmoil aroused merely by an interview on a topic of the day. The investment which Stanwood had made in outlying real estate had turned out excellently, and the portrait of Marian which he had ordered from the most famous of foreign portrait-painters in America for the winter had proved an artistic sensation. Almost immediately Arthur Orton, after some urgence, had been prevailed upon to accept the position of ambassador to Russia, and his success in the management of a difficult and important treaty had furnished more than a nine-times-nine-days' wonder. Stanwood, to his pride and satisfaction, had built for Marian the charming country house at Lake Ochica which she had so long wished to have. During the following winter Arthur Orton entered the cabinet, a prominent member of a brilliant administration, and the "Washington Correspondence" of every newspaper had been filled with accounts of the splendid entertainments which had followed one on the other at Arthur Orton's magnificent mansion at the capital. Such, Stanwood meditated, were examples of incidents of repeated occurrence. Again and again when he had won this or that small advantage for which he might justly claim Marian's admiration and praise, he discovered that he was eclipsed by the other. When the planning and labor of months had obtained some desired result, by some mere incidental by play, with the apparent ease of mastery, Orton had accomplished what had made his own achievements appear insignificant and of no consequence. In the juxtaposition there often seemed to Stanwood a mockery of Fate, and he experienced a consciousness of futile indignation at this continual defeat which he could not escape.

Stanwood had left the club and, dismissing the waiting automobile, set out on foot on his way home. He had always enjoyed the walk up Mohegan Avenue, at that time and hour. The late autumn afternoon was passing into evening. The soft haze, mingled with the twilight, gave richness and graciousness to a scene which was always pleasing in its quiet opulence. A line of motors stood along the curb awaiting members like himself on their way dinnerward. At the University Club at the other corner a like assemblage of cars was to be seen, their lights adding brilliancy to the prospect. The broad, tree-lined street lay in asphalt smoothness, with many vehicles moving along it, while on the walks the frequent pedestrians increased the sense of ordered animation. Through the windows of the big, massive houses might be caught glimpses of rich interiors where curtains were undrawn or were being drawn. As a part of it, as one for whom each of those houses held some agreeable memory, as one to whom there came from frequent passers cheerful words of greeting or cordial salutations given by substantial, important-looking men or well-arrayed women, and even pretty and modish maidens, Stanwood always experienced a consciousness of well-being. The world—his world—was certainly an excellent place. Yet on this evening he could not drive away the oppression of a certain dissatisfaction which had often beset him. It was the crumpled leaf in his comfortable if somewhat commonplace bed of roses, the one thistle in the clover in which his life had been passed.

During the days of their engagement long before, Marian had never spoken

of Orton. This, Stanwood concluded, was only natural, for no girl, even to her betrothed, mentions voluntarily the suitor who has been rejected. As for himself, in his own immediate and unrealizable bliss, he had, for the most part, so broken away from all reality that any chance thought of what he had been told was momentarily lost in the haze of a scarcely present world somewhere below the empyrean in which he lived. Then, in the next few years, there had been nothing to recall Orton at all. When that personage began to take his place as a prominent actor in the unseen drama of Stanwood's existence, he himself had experienced a decided diffidence and natural disinclination in referring to him. Through the very consciousness of such enforced reticence, the predicament had received a new complexity, and from the knowledge that he strove to keep the fact in the background it obtained greater prominence.

Sometimes he was led to the belief that Marian experienced the same constraint. Once, when the morning's print which she held at the breakfast-table had contained particularly prominent mention of Orton, he had watched her as well as he could. He was aware that she was quite capable of appearing utterly unconcerned—as she did—for with all else, as he knew, she had exceeding social skill which she might well at that moment employ for domestic purposes. At least he could discover little in her apparently frank face and her ready directness of gaze. Would, however, the page which she read bring to her mind fancies of what might have been? When he had left the house, would she lose herself in regretful revery? Or might she not put the paper resolutely aside, which he felt must be as bad, striving to push it out of her sight as he strove to push the truth? Not that he had ever known reason to complain of Marian. As the world averred, the marriage had been an exceptionally happy one, and for once, as he knew, the world had been entirely right in its conclusions.

Certainly his case was not an isolated one. In married life the thought must sometimes arise of what would have happened if one or the other had willed otherwise. The wedding march means such an absolute turning from other ways that imagination with a husband or wife will exercise itself with the fancied vista of other courses. If ever the better is the enemy of the good, the assailment comes the most forcibly with those united by the conjugal yoke. For such arises with frequency the question in practical philosophy of how much less or greater are the evils one has than those one wots not of, and the temptation always exists, as he knew, to give exceeding value to conditions which may be so freely fancied. Rarely, though, was the conjuncture so directly presented as Stanwood feared that it must be for Marian. Seldom was a generally vague alternative brought so clearly forward. Was she sorry? Did she experience moments, hours, in which she wished that her decision had been different? There lay the point for Stanwood. This was what he felt driven continually to ask himself—what he did ask himself—the consequent doubt becoming the recurring disturbance of his day, the harassing uncertainty continually arising active and disquieting in his mind. That was the perplexity which had beset him since reading the newspaper at the club as in the same way he had many times before been beset. These perturbations accompanied him and involved him while he walked in an exacting self-argument in which beginning and end mingled without conclusion.

The dusk of the evening was deep enough to be undistinguishable from night when he turned into the walk which ran with the drive up to the *porte-cochère*. His mind was still occupied with the matter which had filled his consciousness when he admitted himself with his latch-key to the dimly lit hall where there was, however, enough light to display its discriminating sumptuousness. He went, after taking off his hat and overcoat, directly to the library in the new wing which also clearly evinced the prosperous status of the establishment. The rugs were good and unobtrusively valuable. The silver trappings of the writing-table were numerous and heavy. The number of magazines and books made it not only *de jure* but *de facto* a library. The apartment was unillumined save for the low light, just sufficient to make writing possible at a desk where a woman sat.

"I'm here."

"All right, Marian," he answered.

With the elaborate brass poker he broke up the fire. Observing that the ensuing blaze lit the room with a cheerful glow, he did not turn the button of the silk-hooded electric light. Standing before the grate, he waited, whistling softly.

"I was afraid that you might forget and not be on time," she began, with a measure of retrospective reproach as she arose and came toward him. The shadowed dimness in a degree hid her as she advanced, but even by the mild gleam of the flickering flames her beauty was made apparent. In the loose, lacy garment which she wore, almost Greek in its folding though not of Greek simplicity, she lost nothing in loveliness. Indeed, in all the glory of evening dress, in the full magnificence of ball gown, Stanwood considered that he had never seen her look better. She drew toward him rather like an amiable tragedy queen, as if Mrs. Siddons's portrait as the "Tragic Muse" had stepped out of Sir Joshua's canvas and approached for five-o'clock tea. Actually, she sat down on the arm of one of the large leather chairs and then, as she saw him more clearly, spoke quickly.

"Why, what is it, Jim?" she asked, with a solicitude which was unmistakably real and tender. "Has anything bad happened?"

"No—rather good," he answered deliberately. "That is," he immediately continued, with a doubtful wistfulness, "if my election as a director of the A. & M. Bank is good."

"Why, that's splendid," she indorsed heartily. "I am glad for you and I am glad for myself, for I am always glad when you are."

"Are you?" he demanded earnestly.

"Of course," she replied as if surprised. "When people have gone through as much of life together as we have, naturally they take an interest in each other," she laughed, "without—counting something else."

"Isn't it the something else that counts?"

"Certainly," she responded promptly, "when it's there."

"And we've had it there," he continued insistently.

"You know it," she returned. "Why do you ask that—at this late day?"

"I suppose," he went on absently, "just because it is a late day."

"Anyhow," she laughed, "you are a little late. Oh, you must go up-stairs to dress immediately. You know that we are dining at the Draytons'."

She paused, and began again suddenly: "Who—who do you suppose that we are to meet?"

"Who?" he asked indifferently.

"Orton," she replied. "He is so great now that no one says Mr. Orton or Arthur Orton any longer."

"Arthur Orton!" Stanwood exclaimed.

He sat down in a low armchair by the fire and gazed steadily at it.

"Yes," she continued. "It is an honor. It is one of the Draytons' very grandest dinners. He is to dine there, but has to go away at once to speak at this meeting."

"He is a great man, certainly," Stanwood declared constrainedly.

"Isn't he?" she responded while, taking up one of the volumes, she bore it to a bookcase. The darkness of the distant corner as well as the action which averted her face rendered Stanwood's scrutiny impossible. Unavoidably, he wondered how much her conduct had been planned in order to attain such a result.

"You—you have followed his career?"

"Of course," she announced, searching for the place of the straying volume. "I could hardly help it, with some new triumph to attract one's attention always."

Stanwood winced and, resting his hand on the arm of the chair, drummed noiselessly with his fingers.

"Oh—hang it," he said, and his voice, in which was not a little hopelessness, gave the mild expletive a startling significance.

With the association of years comes a marvellous knowledge of every spoken tone, of the meaning of each variation and inflection of utterance, so that she looked at him doubtfully, aware that he was unusually stirred.

"He is coming here and he is going to be at the dinner?"

"Yes—why not?" she said, coming back to the fire.

"There is no getting away from him."

"What do you mean?" she demanded as she looked closely at him.

"What's a man to do, Marian? I've done my best, and what's the use?"

"In what way?" she asked slowly as she continued to study him curiously.

"I've kept still about it for a long time; always I've had a natural hesitation about speaking about it, but I can't help breaking out and down at last—with his coming here, with your going to see him to-night."

"Of course I shall see him, since we shall be at the dinner."

"I'd no idea of saying anything any more now than I have before, but there have been several last straws, and this is the last of the last. I've got to speak, if even in a way to defend myself."

"Defend yourself?" she repeated questioningly.

"Don't you imagine that I must have been thinking what you must have been thinking? Perhaps you did not know that I knew. I did. Long ago, just after we were engaged, Mrs. Thurlow told me."

"What?"

"What your mother told her. That Arthur Orton had wanted to marry you and that you had refused him."

"And that," she said slowly, "is what Mrs. Thurlow told you and that is what is troubling you?"

"Yes. This isn't the first time. I've had the trouble of it always. Remembering what he might have given you and what I haven't, and perhaps your regretting what you might have had."

She was about to speak but he went on before she could begin:

"A man must expect to have his poorer self compared with a possible better, even with an ideal best. However, there is a shadowy indefiniteness in that which is not so disturbing. The man flatters himself that there may be some mistake. But, hang it, Marian, to know that one is being tried in the balance continually against—something, somebody actual, and found wanting——"

He paused, making a gesture of despair which, however, in its very exaggeration betokened a consciousness of a quality of humor in the position.

"So," she said, speaking as if following her own thoughts and still watching him intently, "Mrs. Thurlow told you this—long ago—and—and you have been making yourself miserable with a kind of retrospective jealousy."

"Not retrospective at all," he maintained. "It was there, or the material for it plain and clear coming up in connection always with the very present. If you had married Orton you would have gone as ambassadress to Russia—would have had all his position and wealth. I can't help thinking of those things to-day, as I have of others on other days; and now that you are going to meet him again to-night——"

"I see," she answered, slowly nodding her head.

"I've been a slave to that fellow," Stanwood said feverishly. "I have tried year in and year out for your sake to keep up with him, but he's set such a devil of a pace with his career. As you know, there is no more successful man in the country. Where was I, a mere mortal with only the ordinary bits of what is creditable that fall to every-day industrious plodders? I've won what I thought would please you, and then he has come on with something which left me and my poor work snuffed out."

"Jim—Jim." She spoke softly, and putting out her hand held his for a moment.

"Don't think I have not recognized it," he went on excitedly. "You've been wonderful about it; not once have you let me see that you minded, that you thought me lacking, but I have felt it all none the less, and I have worked——"

"That is the reason you have been so—ambitious."

"No, I cannot say that. I should have been very much the same anyhow, I suppose. Still, it has counted. Away back in my mind unceasingly was the sense of what Arthur Orton was doing, of the way that he was building up his great reputation more and more, and the way you must be considering me."

"Would it," she asked slowly and gravely, yet with an inflection he could not understand, "be any comfort to you if I told you I have never in any of these years once thought of Arthur Orton?"

"Would it!" he exclaimed quickly. "Wouldn't it? I was afraid that you must be sorry that you married me."

"If I never have been sorry?" she asked with the same steadfastness, still with something of the same, almost mocking, accent.

That Marian had wonderful eyes was

universally accepted as an established doctrine of the world in which they moved. Suddenly he realized the fact with greater force than ever before. Large and clear, with wide-open lids, they gazed at him in unfathomable darkness and with an inscrutable meaning which perplexed him.

"Never sorry?" he repeated in the manner of one hesitating to believe.

"Never, never," she cried as she bent her head, and her face was hidden on her hands clasped on the back of the heavy chair. At first he thought she was sobbing, but quickly he realized that instead she was gently, though almost hysterically, laughing. Then she stammered brokenly:

"Jim! Jim!"

"What is it?" he demanded in amazement.

"Jim!" she repeated, lifting her head, and he saw that, though she was still laughing, tears rose, welling on her eyelashes so that she winked them away and her mouth trembled. "It's—it's too grotesquely awful and—and too awfully funny. How can I tell you?"

He stood grimly silent.

"Jim," she broke forth, "can you forgive me—though I don't see that I am to blame. I never knew Arthur Orton."

"What?" he said in stupefaction, sharply taking a step forward.

"He was at Mount Barren that summer, but he was a very much preoccupied, industrious young man, already something of a personage. I don't say that he may not have cast sheep's-eyes at me momentarily from time to time, but he never asked to be presented to me and I have never spoken a word with him in my life."

"But then, what I was told——"

"I am afraid," Marian continued haltingly, "that mamma— You know her greatest desire always was to do what she considered the best she could for me. She was accustomed to make the most of all admiration I received, and I fear that immediately Arthur Orton's hesitating glances became a very different thing in her interpretation of them. I have known her to have a man dying of love for me only because he rushed forward to open a carriage door. When her version had received the augmentations and embellishment Mrs. Thurlow gave to everything, the tale, when it reached you, of course, was very different from reality. It was a very real game of Russian scandal."

"Marian," he spoke, standing beside her now and bending down placed his arm about her shoulder, "there has not been any Arthur Orton?"

"Not in the sense that he existed in any way for me."

"And," he said, with a sigh of immeasurable relief as he kissed her massed dark hair, "you don't feel that it has been so bad?"

"I am proud and happy, Jim; I have always been proud of you," she declared, and she reached up and put her arms about his neck. "You have made me happy."

Immediately she drew away, and he looked down at her, still resting on the arm of the chair.

"The only difficulty," he said at last, thoughtfully and with an air of puzzled diversion, "is that I can't help feeling that concealed somehow about the premises of the situation there is a moral somewhere which I can't quite discover."

"Why, Jim," she replied earnestly, "don't you see?"

THE HOME OF HORACE

1912

By George Meason Whicher

The cold Licenza through the valley brawls;
  Unchanged the forest rustles on the hill;
The ploughman to his lagging oxen calls
  Amid the selfsame vines; and murmuring still
Adown the hollow rock the fountain falls
  To yield the wandering herd its welcome chill.
Each sound to him so long familiar grown
Even now the poet's loving ear had known,
  Could he but stand again within these walls
Which once the kindly gods made all his own.

Poor poet! who so dreaded lest his book
  Might come to be at last a schoolroom bore.
How would he mourn to see his cherished nook
  Laid bare, a prey for our myopic lore!
Sweet peace has fled, and prying eyes may look
  On crumbling step and tessellated floor.
Stripped to the garish light of common day,
The sheltering mould of ages torn away,
  Now lie the little rooms, where once he took
Long draughts of ease and let his fancy stray.

Languid Mæcenas left the roaring town
  To sip the Sabine in this friendly vale;
Here Vergil, white of soul, oft sat him down
  To hear old Cervius spin his moral tale;
Pert Davus, heedless of a growing frown,
  Plied here his argument without avail;
While each new moon would rustic Phidyle stand
To offer holy meal with pious hand,
  Pleasing her tiny gods with rosemary crown
To bless the increase of her master's land.

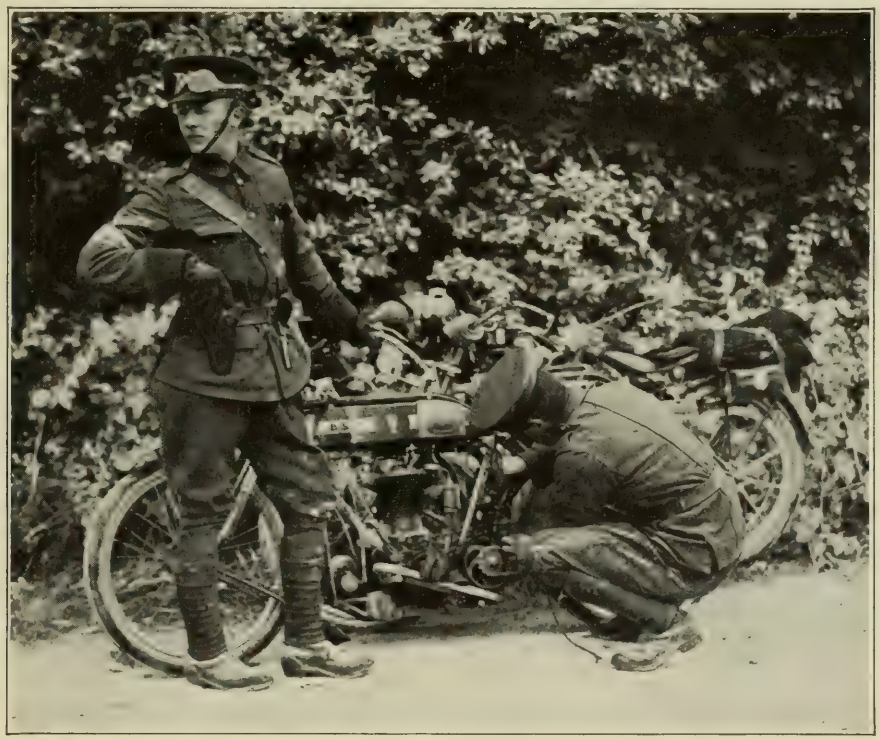
O! that far hence, in some dim Sabine glade,
  These stones, half buried in the kindly loam,—
Unnoted, undiscovered, unsurveyed,—
  Might but afford the owl a darkling home!
There might the thrush still warble undismayed,
  And timid woodland creatures boldly roam
Through broken arch and plundered portico
Which heard the poet's footstep long ago;
  That so no pang might touch thee, gentle Shade,
This worse than ruined house of thine to know!

THE MOTOR IN WARFARE

POWER AND SPEED IN THE GREAT EUROPEAN CONFLICT

BY CHARLES LINCOLN FREESTON

Member of the General Committee of the Royal Automobile Club of Great Britain and Ireland; Founder Member of the Royal Aero Club; author of "The High Roads of the Alps," etc.



From a photograph by the Record Press, London.

English motor-cyclist in France.

The place of the galloping orderly has been taken by the motor-cyclist.

"THIS is not a war of men. It is a war of machines." Such was the dictum of a distinguished officer when the great European war had been eight weeks in progress and it had become evident that the quick-firer and the machine-gun were the most potent weapons of offence on either side.

But the war is also one of "machines" in a totally different sense; and whereas quick-firers and Maxims, though more liberally employed than in any previous campaign, are no new things of themselves, the feature which is new and paramount alike is the use of the "petrol" motor in its every shape and form. Without it, indeed, history might conceivably have had to record another Thirty Years' War. With millions of men drawn up in battle array at one and the same time, to handle them effectively by old-time methods would have been impossible. Even before the opposing fronts were extended to their fullest degree in France alone, they were officially declared to have attained a length of three hundred miles, and one of two hundred and seventy miles in the east—figures which not only convey some indication of the stupendous size of the engaging forces, but even more emphatically suggest the tremendous responsibilities of the commanders-in-chief.

Nevertheless, although they have to deal with millions instead of tens of thousands, the commanders concerned have never had their forces so completely under



From a photograph by "Topical" War Service.

Motor-wagons used in the French field telegraph service.

The British and French armies alike employ motor-vehicles in connection with the field telephone and telegraph service, and also for the purposes of wireless telegraphy.

versal presentment of the motor's utility at the seat of war to be viewed with aught but pride and satisfaction by the automobilists of the whole world. For years, in their respective countries, they have impressed upon the military and other authorities the indispensability of mechanical locomotion for war purposes as well as those of peace; and, though they have gradually gained more and more ground, it needed the war itself to demonstrate the truth of their contentions to the full.

But what a demonstration! Every preparation that had been made was instantly justified; everything that had been left undone became an immediate necessity for fulfilment. In England, for example, as soon as the British expeditionary force, with an immense motoring equipment, had been safely transported across the channel the War Office placed orders with fourteen different firms for

control; in every phase of the warfare, whether of transport, attack, defence, or supply, the keynote of the operations *passim* has been effectiveness of the completest kind. The motor, in short, has "speeded up" the war in a way that could never have been dreamed of by former generations. Never have the movements of troops been so rapid; for, instead of men having to wait for ammunition and food-supplies, these have been conveyed by motor-wagons which can travel, if need be, much faster than the armies themselves. Never, too, have the firing-lines been kept so continuously in action, for motor-lorries have brought up ammunition in constant relays; they have been driven right up to the very front, and shells and cartridges have been served out as fast as they were required.

Though of purely subsidiary interest, of course, to the vital issues concerned, it is impossible for this uni-



From a photograph by "Topical" War Service.

A British motor travelling workshop in France.

Travelling workshops . . . accompany the British motor-lorries, and have thereby contributed to the efficiency of the transport service.

the whole of their motor-lorry output for the next fifty weeks! In other words, new vehicles of this type have been issuing from the factories and shipped to the front at the rate of a round hundred a week. Before essaying, indeed, an analysis of the ways in which the motor has made its presence felt, in one form or another, I make bold to say that, out of all the attempts that have been made by novelists of late years to depict the thaumaturgic factors of the "next great war," there has been hardly any flight of imagination that has not been exceeded by reality itself in the present campaign, and the fact that "truth is stranger than fiction" has once again been indubitably confirmed.

It is true, of course, that each and all of the contesting armies has pressed the motor into its service, and that its benefits have been of all-round application; but that is no more a reason for disputing the advantages of motoring equipments, on the ground of mutual cancellation, than for suggesting that a naval battle with submarines and dreadnoughts on both sides marks no advance upon the days of Trafalgar and wooden frigates.

Let us consider, therefore, the various ways in which the motor has been employed in this gigantic "petrol war," as it is already known in England. It is not too much to say that practically the entire control of the tactics on both sides has been carried out by means of motors, including those of aeroplanes, and the armies could no more have gone into the field without gasolene than without ammunition for the guns and victuals for the men.



From a photograph by Underwood & Underwood.

A train of commissariat's motor-lorries with the British army in France.

The commissariat has never failed on the British side, and "Tommy Atkins" has rarely been without food.

In the first place, there is the ordinary motor-car of touring type. Among staff-officers it has been in universal use. In an hour a commander-in-chief, if he wished, could bring his generals up for consultation from points forty or even fifty miles away on either side of his headquarters, for on Napoleonic roads all things are possible. I have myself often attained speeds of over seventy miles an hour in France, and averaged sixty for long distances at a time; and, as a matter of fact, General Sir John French is using a similar type of car to the one on which I drove several thousand miles last June through Austria, Italy, and France. There is

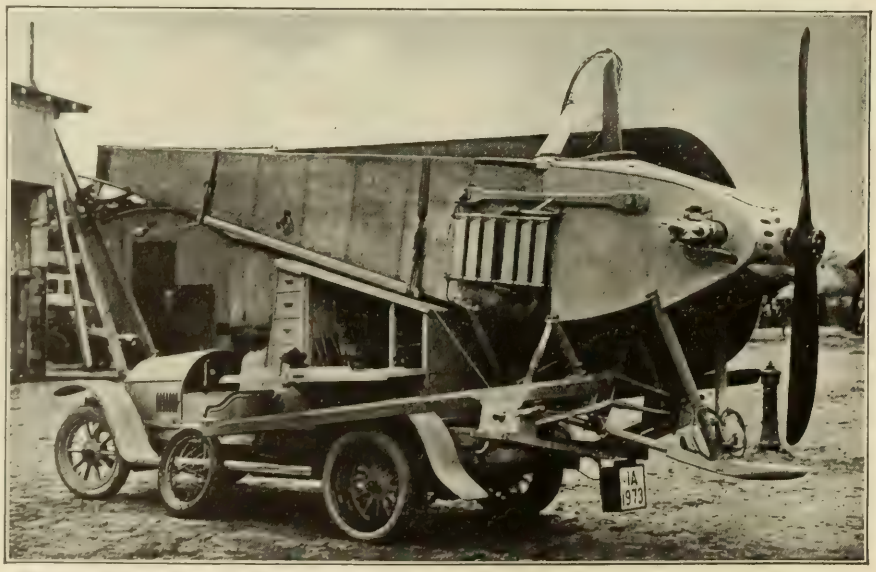


From a photograph, copyright by M. Branger.

A company of French military aviators.

nothing to prevent a commander-in-chief from visiting his whole line, if need be, from end to end; and, unprecedented as is the length of the opposing forces, the modern car has put the respective commanders in a more favorable position in that respect than in the ante-motoring days, when armies were relatively insignificant in size. How much to-and-fro movement the chiefs have found actually necessary it is impossible to say; but I do know that General Joffre covered over four hundred miles by road on the first day of the war, and on another occasion he was so near the fighting zone that his car narrowly escaped destruction. A group of shells fell all around the vehicle, and a fragment of one struck the bonnet, but the driver opened wide the throttle, dashed on at full speed, and both the general and himself escaped uninjured.

Cars, too, have been in ceaseless use in maintaining communications between Paris and the front, while Lord Dalmeny, on a Rolls-Royce, has made repeated journeys from the fighting-lines to the coast, en route for England, with official despatches for the King. The men who volunteered their cars and their own services at the outbreak of the war comprised the very flower of British motoring, and many well-known names, too, have appeared in the same capacity on the French side. Volumes might be



From a photograph by the Record Press, London.

Specially constructed chassis for carrying aeroplanes.

written of their adventures and achievements, but for the present the world must be content to wait, for no newspaper correspondents are allowed at the front, and countless deeds of daring go unchronicled.

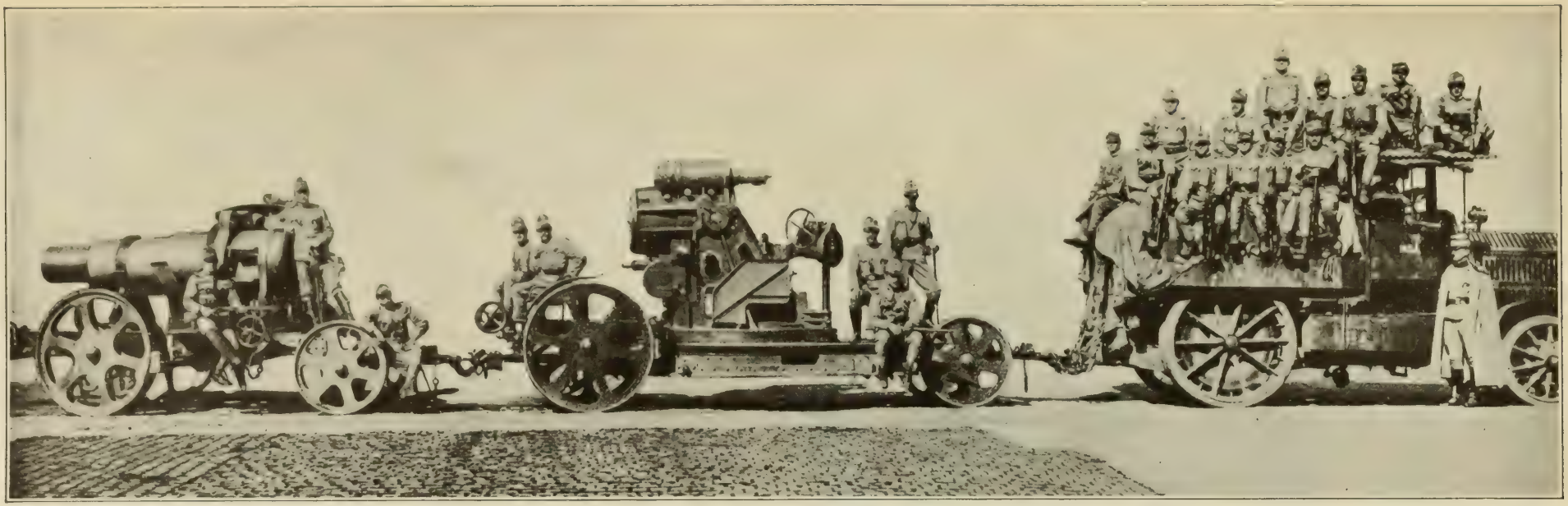
Especially significant of this titanic war is the total disappearance of the galloping



The commander of the Fourth Flying Squadron, British, receiving a report from an airman.

orderly; his place has been taken by the motor-cyclist. Among British officers, particularly, the motor-bicycle has long been popular, and, in addition to what the army could supply in the first instance on its own account, a large number of riders, many of them from the universities, and specially chosen as despatch-bearers for their skill and linguistic abilities, have been recruited from the volunteer element and sent out as required, the first contingent being a thousand strong, with a second thousand in reserve. Theirs has been the most active, daring, and dangerous work of any units of the forces, for they have had to carry instructions from point to point, often under fire, and generally under conditions of great risk. As the speed of their machines, however, is five times as great as that of a horse, and their distance capacities virtually without limit, it follows that their sphere of usefulness has been as vast as their services have been priceless.

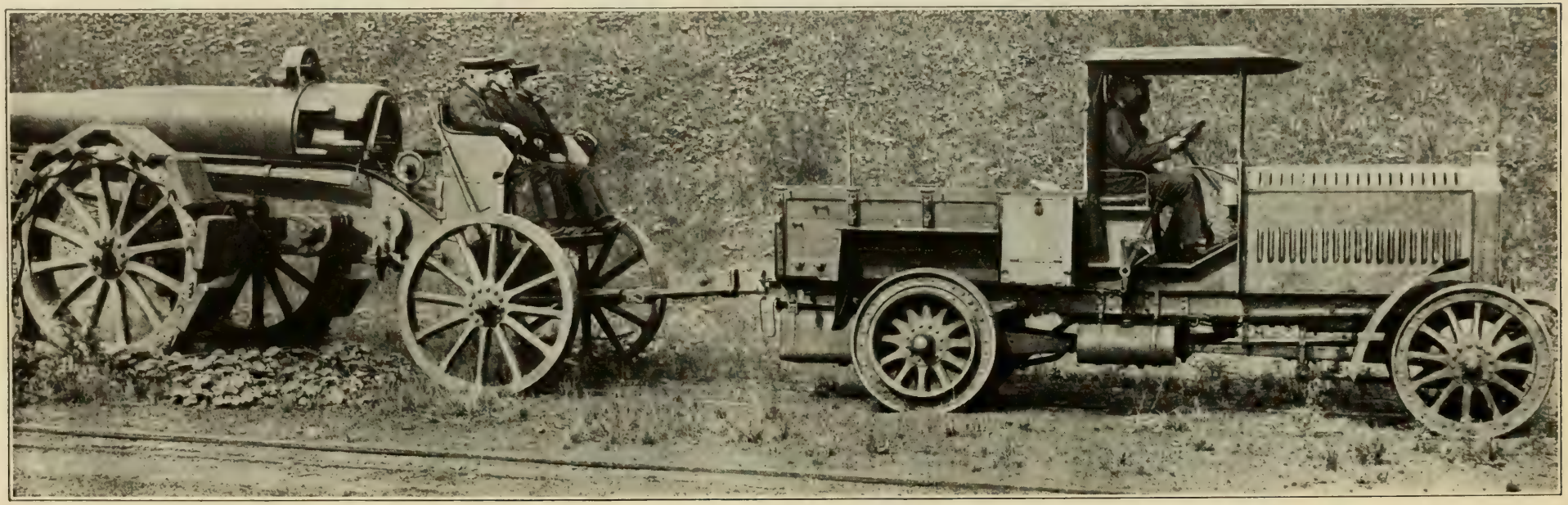
Again and again have officers paid testimony to the extreme military value of the work of these plucky riders, who have enabled the allied commanders to maintain constant communication along the vast front from Belgium to Alsace-Lorraine. Individual acts of the highest bravery have been countless, but I may mention two as typical. A despatch-bearer ran right into a party of fourteen Uhlans. He braved them single-handed, drew his revolver, and shot down an officer and a private. The others turned and fled, and the motor-cyclist was able to deliver his despatch, which informed the corps commander that the Germans were in the vicinity, and thus prevented what might have been a disagreeable surprise. In another case, an intrenched British company observed in the distance a French regiment marching right up to a spot which concealed German artillery. The Frenchmen's fate was sealed unless they could be warned. Out jumped a cyclist, but he was promptly shot down. Another followed, and he, too, fell immediately. Then a third dashed out, bending low over his machine, and managed to pass through a hail of bullets unharmed and reach the approaching regiment just in time. The commanding officer immediately detached a decoration from his own breast and pinned it to that of the intrepid rider.



From a photograph, copyright by Underwood & Underwood.

An Austrian twelve-inch howitzer.

The turntable and sleeve and recoil cylinder and the gun-barrel are mounted separately and drawn by the tractor, upon which the gun detachment rides.

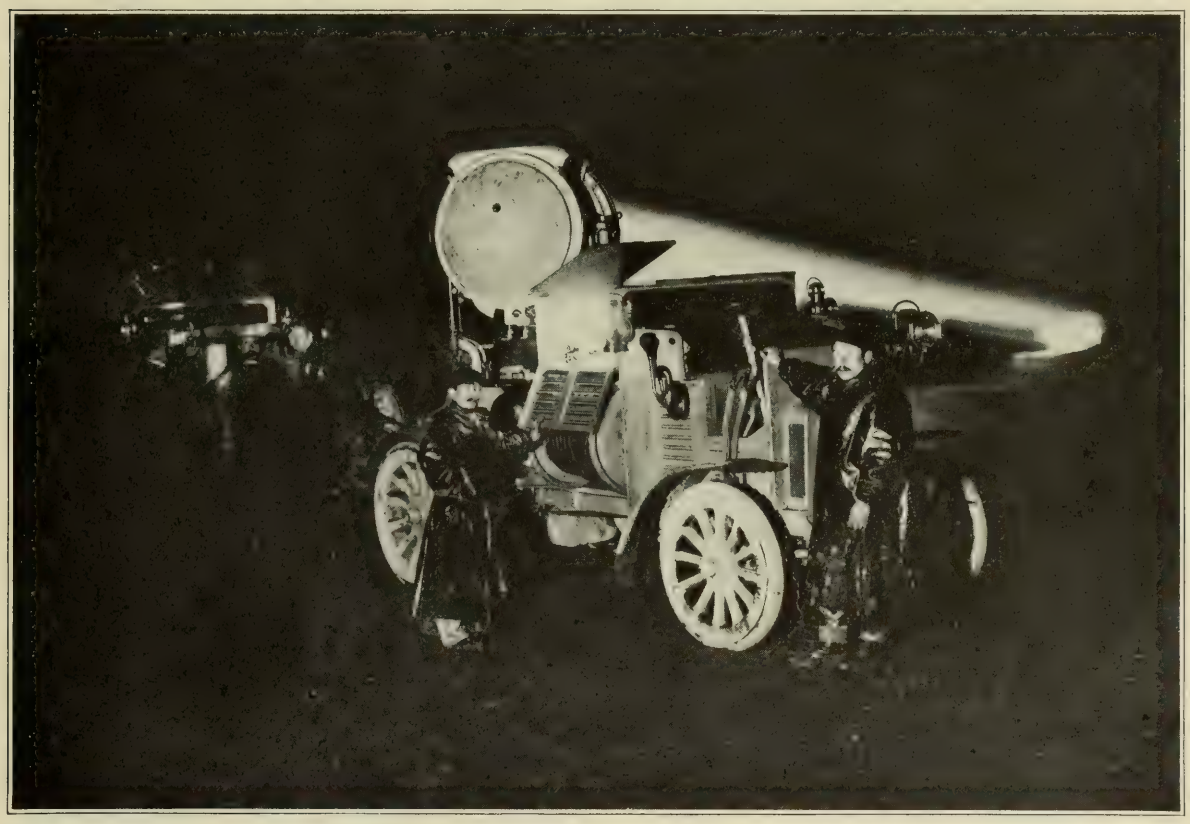


From a photograph by the Record Press, London.

German siege-gun drawn by motor-truck.

The motor-bicycle, indeed, is a vehicle of such remarkable efficiency, economy, and speed that personally I believe its use in warfare is capable of infinite extension. Just as the tendency of recent times has been to convert cavalry into mounted infantry, there seems no reason why brigades of motor-cyclist infantry should not be established for purposes of attack. Fighting is not all done on open plains nor in intrenchments, and, in view of the oft-repeated seizures of roadside villages by the Germans in Belgium and France, there must have been many occasions in which a swiftly moving company of armed motor-cyclists could have carried the position and put the enemy to flight. If attacked by cavalry, moreover, they could throw down their machines, over which it would be impossible for horses to charge without being thrown into confusion, during which their riders could be picked off. This, as a matter of fact, has actually been accomplished in the case of ordinary cycles.

Motor-cyclists have also been largely used as escorts for the supply-trains; and here, too, they have incurred considerable risk. One of them, the son of a well-known British peer, Lord Cowdray, ran into a troop of Germans, and, along with a companion, was pushed into the enemy's trenches. There they were treated with great brutality and in the thick of an engagement attempted to escape. Lord Cowdray's son was shot down and killed, but his friend succeeded in getting clear and eventually reached the British lines.



Portable search-light conveyed on an eighteen-horse-power chassis.

The illustration shows the cable on a drum behind the driver's seat so that the search-light can be operated a considerable distance from the vehicle.

And now we come to the vital question of ammunition and food-supply, without which no army could live a week. Imagination reels at the prospect of what would have happened to the opposing armies, operating in millions over such extended fronts, if they had not been able to count upon mechanical locomotion from the very opening of the campaign. It was this factor which enabled the Germans to make so rapid an onslaught through Belgium and France, until they received their historic check almost at the gates of Paris; it was this factor which enabled the allied forces to sustain the rigors of the initial retreat from Mons. The

British equipment was magnificent. In addition to its own normal supply of four-ton lorries, of a special War-Office type, it had commandeered large numbers of five-ton and three-ton vehicles. The first-named naturally proved the most serviceable, a number of the hastily acquired wagons, which had already undergone heavy commercial use at home, breaking down from one cause or another in the first two or three weeks of the war. They were speedily replaced by newer vehicles, however, and it may be said at once that the commissariat has never failed on the British side, and "Tommy Atkins" has rarely been without good food in plenty. That an army "fights on its stomach" is a well-known military axiom; it was certainly adequately fulfilled in the case of the British troops, and what particularly impressed the French was the self-contained way in which they moved throughout, carrying complete supplies and seldom needing to requisition from the towns through which they passed.



From a photograph by "Topical" War Service.

Pegoud, the famous French aviator, in his military uniform as one of the French Flying Corps.

There is no reason for supposing that the French lines were not equally well served by their motor-lorry trains. Even greater secrecy has been observed as to the equipment of General Joffre's army than in the case of the British, and French papers have been all but barren of information throughout the war; but from sundry stray allusions in the English papers there is ground for believing that the French *piou-piou* has been well fed, and has fought in good spirits accordingly. The Germans could tell a different tale. Their initial motoring equipment was colossal in itself, but the whole scheme of supply failed by reason of the frustration of their scheme of stalking through Belgium and reaching Paris within a fortnight. The "quick decisive blow" was never realized, and, as the comfort of their "cannon fodder" was the last thing that Prussian autocrats had thought about, the German army suffered the pangs of hunger for days at a time. The Kaiser himself, however, had a fleet of fifty cars for his immediate entourage, including a travelling kitchen of special design.



From a photograph by the Record Press, London.

Sharpshooters attached to the Belgian Flying Corps.

Not by any means the least interesting feature of the "heavy-motor" equipment of the allied armies is the way in which vehicles designed for peace purposes have performed invaluable service. The British commercial wagons already mentioned

include railway companies' vans still bearing on their flanks the bright-hued advertisements of some seaside resort; while many others came from well-known dry-goods stores, brewers, and famous manufacturers. Most conspicuous of all, however, has been the part played by the motor-'bus. Several thousand employees of the London General Omnibus Company alone are serving at the front, and great is the variety of ways in which the 'buses themselves have been employed, whether in their original form or converted into motor-wagons. They have carried now troops, now ammunition, now food, and even wounded men, while in the bombardment of Antwerp they were instrumental in aiding the retreat. As for the French army, it has used large numbers of single-deckers recruited from the Paris streets.



From a photograph by Photopress, London.

British armored motor-car by the cathedral in Antwerp.

No less striking than the inestimable services rendered by these essentially unwarlike vehicles is the way in which it has been proved that civilian drivers, with no military training, can adapt themselves to the sternest exigencies of battle. They do not receive mention in the despatches, but private letters from the front afford innumerable evidences of the highest bravery. One British soldier, for example, testifies to the fact that food is regularly driven right into the firing-line and served out under a hail of shells. Another, describing a violent artillery engagement, states that the drivers of the motor-lorries worked untiringly, and undoubtedly saved many a wounded man who otherwise would never have got away. Nor have opportunities for valor been confined to the actual firing-line; even on the highroad there have been numerous displays of heroism. A lieutenant of the British Army Motor Transport, in charge of twenty motor-wagons, suddenly found himself confronted by a large party of Germans, whose chief officer stepped forward and demanded the surrender of the group. "Certainly not!" was the lieutenant's reply. The German officer retired and the British officer stood up, faced the long line of vans, and called on the drivers to make a dash for it. Every one of them, only a short time before, had been driving a motor-'bus on the London streets; but without a moment's hesitation they answered to the call and



A big gun, crew, ammunition, and food-supply hauled by a French motor covering ground in nineteen and a half hours that formerly took five and a half days.

went straight through the Germans, who were scattered right and left, and only succeeded in capturing the last wagon in the line.

A dramatic incident may also be described in connection with a group of half a dozen French motor-'buses, though in this case they were each packed with fifty soldiers. Just as they reached the head of a long descent a large body of Uhlans was seen ahead. The officer on the leading 'bus gave the order to charge, and the driver, opening his throttle to the full, sent the six-ton mass hurtling down the hillside, while the troopers opened fire from the windows. "Horses were hit and bowled over," the narrative proceeds; "the 'bus swayed ominously, its violent skidding doing almost as much damage as the rifle-fire from the interior. This daring act of the leader had broken the resistance. Spitting fire from the windows, the other vehicles followed with practically a clear course, for after an attempt to bring down the drivers and the officers the enemy fled across country, leaving several men and horses on the field."



From a photograph, copyright by The Car Illustrated.

Interior view of a British motor-ambulance.

Yet another department in which the motor-car has been supreme, and absolutely indispensable, in view of the numbers of the troops engaged, is that of rescuing the wounded. In this respect the equipment of the British forces has far exceeded that

of any of the other armies in the field. Although a continental war had been quite unexpected in England, a large equipment of motor-ambulances was provided at the first outbreak, and urgent measures were taken to augment the supply from week to week. Not only were ambulances required, of course, at the front, but large numbers were provided for conveying British and Belgian wounded to hospitals on arrival in England. When it was supposed that the service was complete, there came the news that the French troops were insufficiently supplied, despite the generous help of the American community, and further ambulances were despatched to Paris, to meet the pressing need of conveying wounded from the field-hospitals to the more elaborate establishments in the French capital itself. Great suffering had been endured, meanwhile, by wounded men lying on the floors of vans, condemned to many weary hours of jolting in trains on congested lines; in fact, it was said that the trains took from ten to twenty hours to do journeys which could be done in two or three by motor-cars. According to a correspondent, however, of a Paris daily, the British ambulances represented the "last word in comfort," and I know that many were not only specially built as regards the bodies, including six to the order of the American Women's War Relief Fund, but were attached to chassis of the most expensive type. A volunteer corps was also raised in England, pledged to work on the firing-line itself and rescue wounded who might otherwise have been left to die upon the field of battle.



From a photograph, copyright by Underwood & Underwood.

Motor-'buses with the French army which were formerly used on the streets of Paris.

It is impossible to speak too highly of the invaluable work rendered by the motor-ambulances and the brave men and women of the Red Cross service, for never before have they had to work under similar conditions. There is overwhelming evidence of the fact that not only have the Germans never scrupled to fire upon the wounded, and upon doctors and nurses actually engaged in succor—a whole ambulance company was blown to pieces while crossing the Aisne—but they have even abused the Red Cross to the extent of arming their own ambulance corps, killing wounded men, and disguising officers as doctors with the object of obtaining access to the enemy's lines and carrying back useful information to their own.

So far we have considered the forms



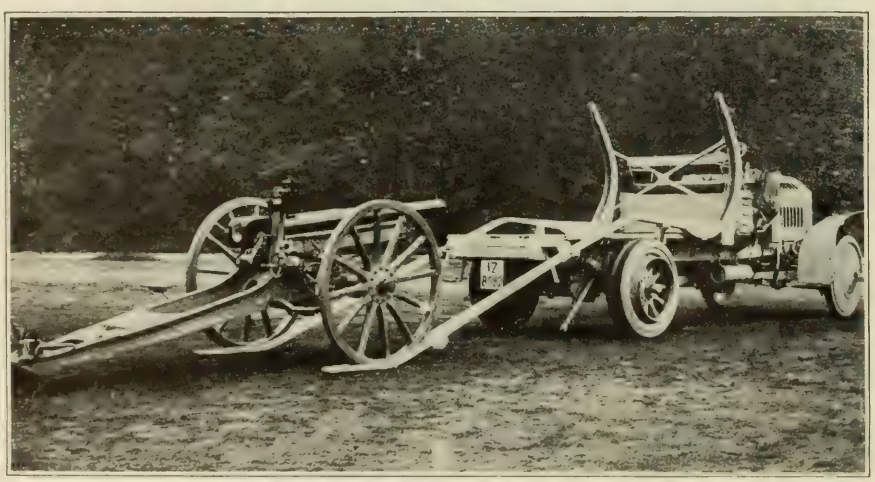
From a photograph, copyright by Underwood & Underwood.

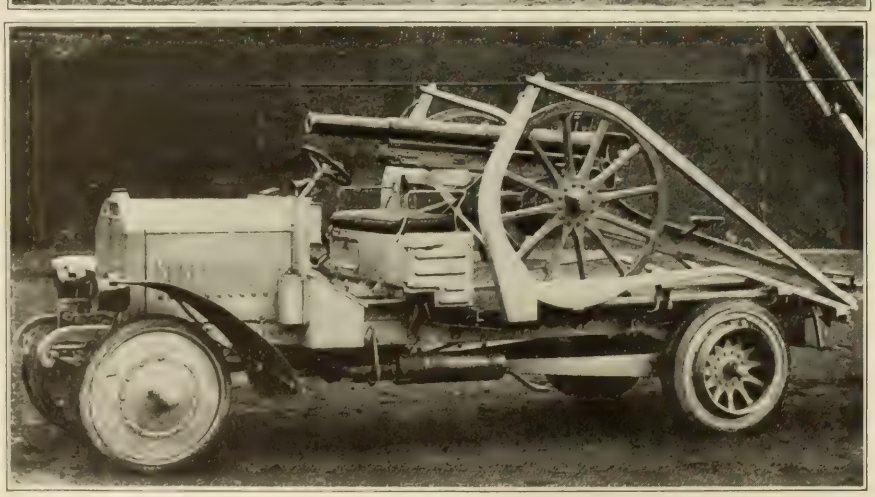
Motor-driven trucks, which follow in the wake of the French army, carrying tanks of pure drinking-water.

in which motor-vehicles have been employed in considerable numbers, but various other directions may be indicated in which the gasolene motor has played its part. Travelling workshops, for example, accompany the British motor-lorries, and have thereby materially contributed to the efficiency of the transport service. The French army has for several years past made a feature at its annual manœuvres of the use of portable search-lights conveyed on eighteen-horse-power chassis. Each of these carries a long length of cable on a drum behind the driver's seat, so that the search-light can be put into operation a considerable distance away from the vehicle itself. The French started the war, therefore, with a serviceable equipment of these useful combinations, and a large number were subsequently ordered for the British and Belgian forces also.

The British and French armies alike employ motor-vehicles in connection with the field telephone and telegraph service, and also for the purposes of wireless telegraphy.

A type of machine of which the use is confined to the German army is the motor-plough, designed for trench-cutting purposes. There are no means of ascertaining as to what extent this has been employed, but I know definitely that the machine exists as a type, for a friend of my own, who was in Germany not long before the war broke out, saw a number of these mechanical ploughs in a large automobile manufactory, and noted that they were fitted with engines of no less than two hun-

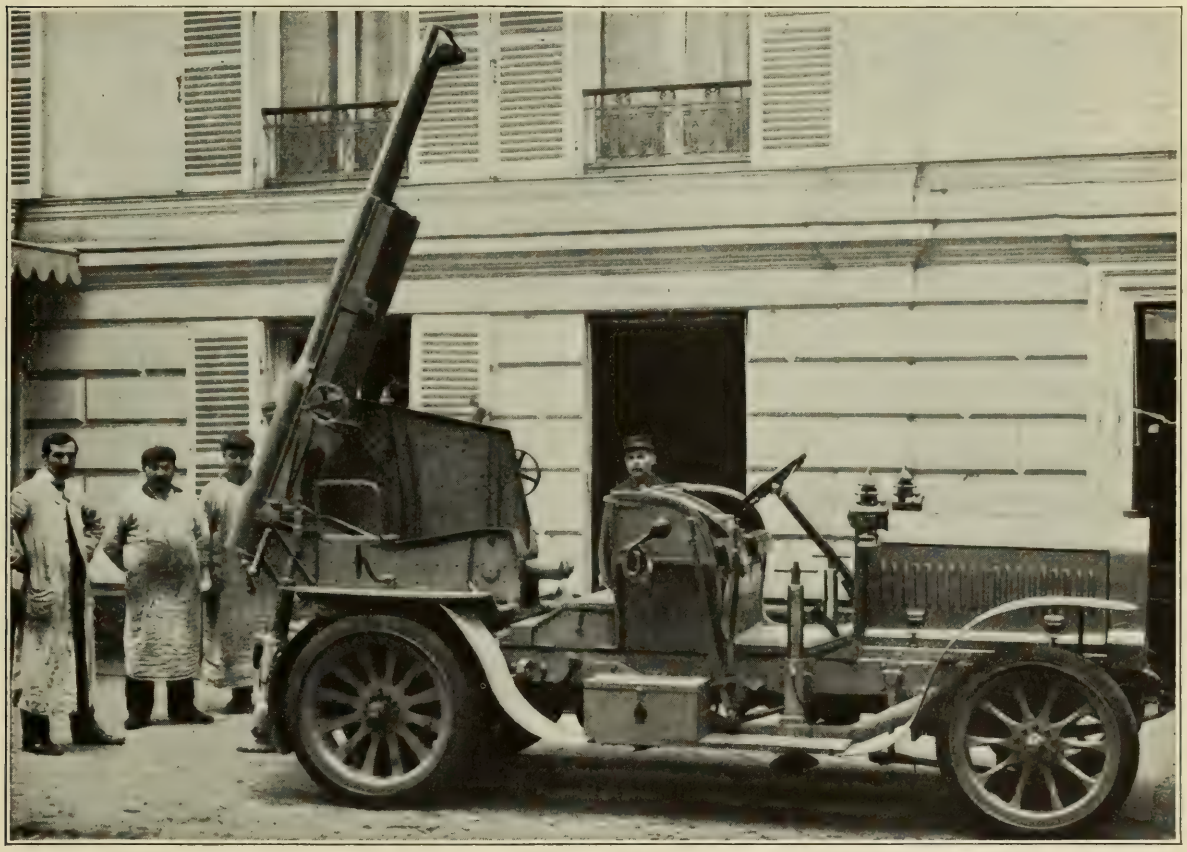




From photographs by the Record Press, London.

A Krupp gun, showing the method of dismounting and carriage.

dred horse-power. They are capable of cutting a trench four feet wide by four feet deep, and can even be used for the grewsome purpose of burying the dead! The German military motor-cars are also specially equipped with wire-cutters, consisting of a framework of light steel which protects the lamps and extends over the heads of the occupants themselves. If wires are stretched across the road at night, at a height which would otherwise decapitate the driver, they are caught up by the apparatus in question and severed by a cutting edge.



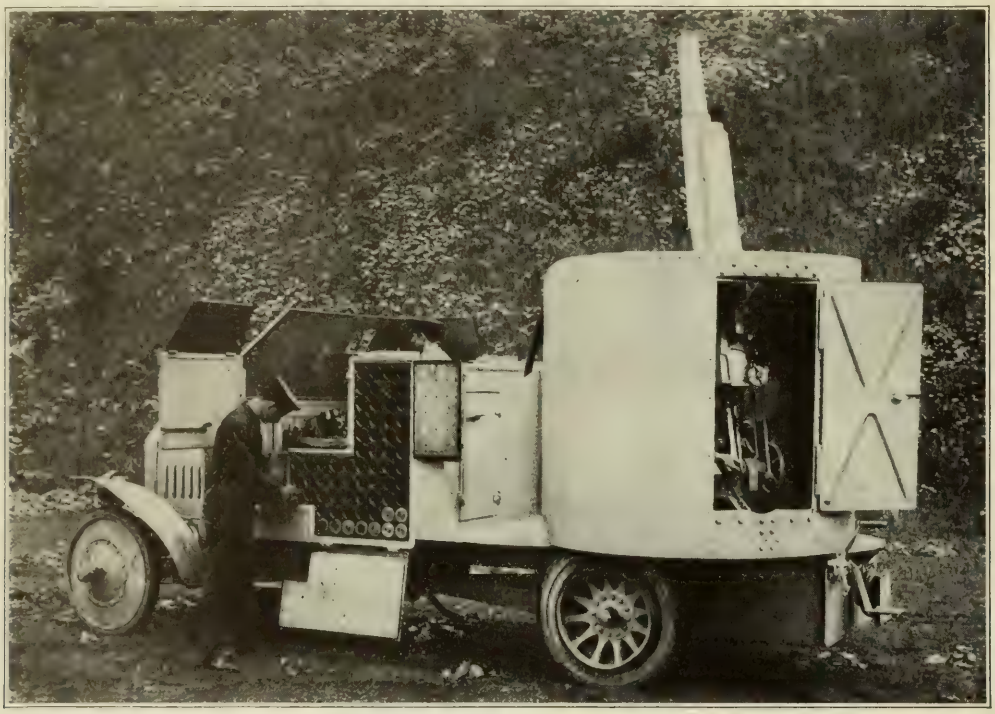
The famous French seventy-five-millimetre breech-loader, high-angle gun.
The gun can be elevated to an angle of seventy degrees with the horizon. It is mounted upon a twenty-five horse-power De Dion chassis.

The use of the motor-car for offensive purposes has been more limited, on the whole, than might have been expected. The Germans have done some amount of gun-hauling by car, while their famous 16.4 siege-guns are divided into four sections, each of which is drawn by three traction-engines, usually of British make. The French have used motor-wagons to some extent for the combined purpose of gun-hauling and transport.

French and Germans alike have a certain number of high-angle guns, mounted on automobile chassis, for use against aircraft. A typical French example is shown on this page. The gun is one of the famous seventy-five-millimetre breech-loaders, and can be elevated to an angle of seventy degrees with the horizon. It is mounted upon a twenty-five horse-power De Dion chassis. The German aircraft-guns are mounted on armored chassis, the ammunition being stored in a large receptacle behind the front seat.

What the war has taught us more than anything else, perhaps, is the value of the fast-moving armored car with light guns. The Germans had provided themselves with large numbers of these before they invaded Belgium, and invariably sent them along the road as an advance-guard, effectually terrorizing the inhabitants and clearing the way for cavalry and troops. Belgium had nothing at first to withstand these raids, but set to work to build armored cars of its own, on native and American chassis, and these were increasing rapidly in number before the final laying

waste of that unhappy country. When the Germans came to grips with the allied armies in France they used their armored cars for the purpose of stealing along the roads at night until they located the trenches, and then, by the flashing of electric torches, directed the fire of their own artillery.



From a photograph by the Record Press, London.

A German motor-car showing a high-angle gun in position with ammunition-cases open on the side.

The French equipment has only included a few armored cars, while the English army started with none. An interesting development, however, was forthcoming a few weeks after the war broke out, when the British Admiralty was found to have provided the Royal Naval Division, working with the naval wing of the Royal Flying Corps, with a fleet of sixty armored cars of a new and very powerful type. At the time when these were despatched to the Continent there were many more of the same kind on order. Most of them were fitted with three machine-guns, capable of firing six hundred rounds a minute, and carried eight men per car; but even with this load they could exceed forty miles an hour. Although little or nothing has been reported of their achievements, I know that these cars have done deadly execution, their drivers thinking nothing of



An aeroplane repair-shop.

scattering whole columns of German troops, and one of them dashed through the line of fire and rescued three airmen whose aeroplanes had been brought down.

Sundry faults of construction, however, were disclosed in the first batch, as the result of experiences in the Antwerp region, and the later patterns built to the Admiralty's order have been less heavily loaded with armor. The frames, too, have been stiffened and twin-wheels have been fitted to the rear, while the tires employed are neither pneumatic nor ordinary solids, but of the rubber-filled type. With a single machine-gun weighing two hundred pounds, and about one thousand eight hundred pounds of armor-plating, the total weight is not beyond the capacity of a touring chassis, duly reinforced, to support, and the Admiralty policy of associating high speed with the power of attack will, I believe, be justified in the long run.

The British War Office made a move, at a later date, in favor of armored cars, but of a very different type. They are more heavily protected than the Admiralty vehicles, and motor-lorry chassis are employed accordingly, with solid tires. Inevitably, they are not capable of the same degree of dash which their Admiralty rivals can display, but even a motor-lorry is twice as speedy as a horse and could easily outpace cavalry. It is not difficult to imagine situations, of course, in which the robuster form of armored car will score over the faster and lighter vehicle, but it will be none the less instructive, when the great war is over, to learn which type has placed the greater number of successes to its credit.



From a photograph, copyright by Brown Brothers.

A German motor-car with a gun designed for the destruction of air-ships.

It might be interesting, from the statistical point of view, if one could give in precise figures the total motoring equipment of the respective armies, but this is entirely impossible. All alike are using the automobile wherever and whenever possible; even the Russian army set off with a motoring equipment, to the astonishment of an Austrian attaché who inquired, just before he left Petrograd, why, considering that the roads of Russia were mostly bad, it was thought that the cars would be of any use. His query was met with the rejoinder: "Yes, but yours are good!" Since then the Russian Government has ordered large numbers of both cars and motor-bicycles from English factories. At a very moderate estimate I should put the total number of motor-vehicles now in service at something like a hundred thousand; but, whatever the exact figure may be, it is daily on the up-

grade, for the continued supplies of new vehicles are far in excess of those which are put out of action from time to time.

A final word must be accorded to that form of motor which is represented by the aeroplane. The subject could only be dealt with adequately in a separate article, but I may say here that the use of air-craft has exceeded, in its results, the most sanguine expectations of early enthusiasts, among whom, as a founder member of the Royal Aero Club of Great Britain, I may include myself. Everywhere the airman has been supreme, and the British Flying Corps alone has made reconnaissances equivalent in mileage to many circuits of the globe. No hostile army has been able to make a sudden or unexpected change of position without its movement being detected from afar, and secret operations, unless very remote from the front, have proved impossible; gun-fire has been the more effectual because aviators have located the enemy's concealed artillery and signalled directions to their own; and, in short, in proportion to their numbers, the flying men have carried off the premier honors of the war on both sides alike. What with automobiles of every shape on *terra firma*, and aeroplanes hovering constantly in the empyrean, warfare has been revolutionized at every point. Even thus the great European conflict may seem to be resolving itself all too slowly; but, without the motor, no one, in the face of these teeming millions, could have dared to antedate the finish.



London motor-'bus with wounded from Antwerp arrives at Ghent.



From photograph by Underwood & Underwood.

During the bombardment of Antwerp the London motor-'buses were used in the retreat.



Snow-drifts in the higher altitudes sometimes block the motorist's way.

MOTORING IN THE HIGH SIERRAS

By Charles J. Belden

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

"Out beyond the high Sierras, where the world is big and free,
My thoughts do often wander, and 'tis there I long to be,
For the stately pines do whisper and the rugged peaks they call
When the sun sinks down behind them in a blood-red fiery ball."



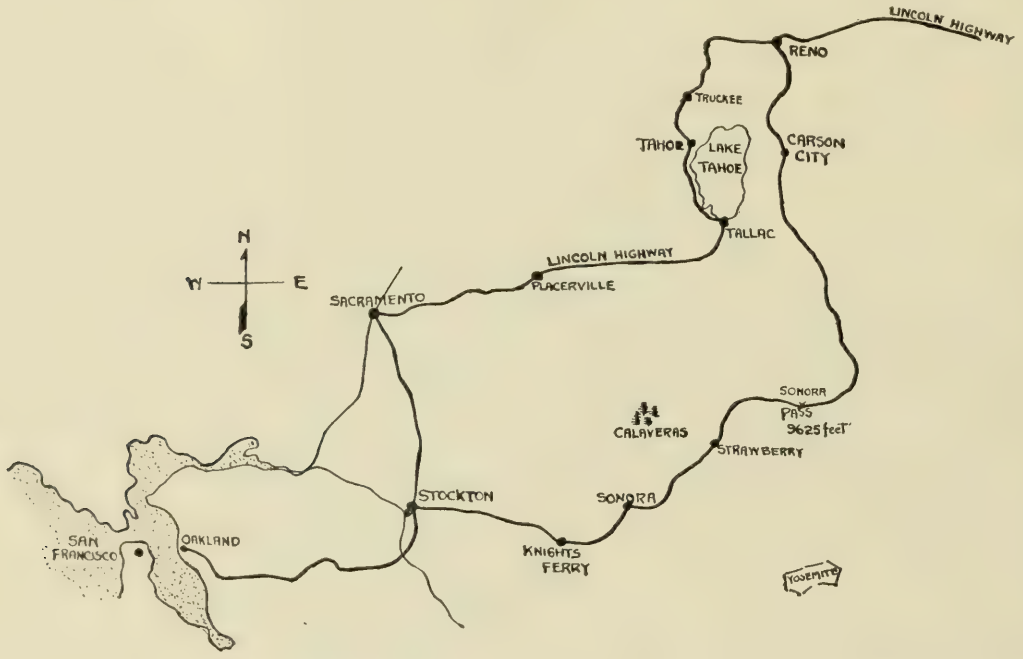
TO the motorist with pioneering instinct who delights in exploring the unbeaten paths of the wilds, the great chain of the snow-capped Sierran cordilleras of our western coast offers untold possibilities. The high passes of the Swiss and Italian Alps have long since become familiar touring-grounds, and every season witnesses the passage of thousands of motor-cars over the Simplon, the St. Gothard, the Mont Cenis, and other of the well-known Alpine roads.

The Stelvio Pass of the Austrian Tyrol has always held an undisputed supremacy in Europe as regards altitude and difficulty of ascent, and, notwithstanding the high degree of reliability of present-day machines, many motorists hesitate before crossing this pass. The Stelvio reaches an altitude of 9,041 feet above sea-level, and even in midsummer the traveller may expect to encounter snow-storms on the summit. This altitude, however, is surpassed in America by a comparatively unknown pass in the Sierra Nevada Mountains called Sonora Pass, located about midway between Lake Tahoe and the

Yosemite Valley. The route that crosses the mountains at this point is known as the Mono State Highway and attains an altitude of 9,625 feet above sea-level (U. S. G. S.). In point of grandeur and superb scenery, this region is equal to that of the Stelvio or any other of the more travelled Alpine routes of Europe, and in addition possesses a variety of features which are to be found in no other part of the world. A writer, in describing various localities of the world, most suited for motion-picture production, recently said: "California is, indeed, an adaptable place, scenically speaking. On a moment's notice it can be made to resemble any one of the known countries of the civilized globe and some that aren't known or civilized."

The Sierras combine at once, on the western slope, a vegetation of the mightiest trees of the earth; on the east, a massive wall of granite that rises from a shimmering desert below the level of the sea; and between the two, a magnificent line of snow-capped peaks thrusting their jagged summits far into the eternal blue of the sky. These mountains are distinctively hospitable. In the summer there are no storms to drive the traveller from the summits, no avalanches to be feared, and, except for an occasional afternoon thundershower, the sun shines every day through a crystal atmosphere.

Sonora Pass is approached from San Francisco, on the west, over wide, smoothly oiled boulevards to Stockton, the metropolis of the San Joaquin delta. From here the road leads to the sleepy



Route over Sonora Pass.

town of Sonora through the region once inhabited by Bret Harte's picturesque characters. Many of the relics of the gold days are still in evidence, but the booted miner and the sallow-faced gambler have disappeared, and the old-timers who can recall the author of "The Luck of Roaring Camp," "Tennessee's Partner," and other stories of '49 are hard to find. After leaving Sonora the road passes up through the brown foot-hills scantily clothed with oaks, maples, California laurel, and with occasional digger and piñon pines to remind one of the cool forests of magnificent conifers beyond. A short distance to the north of this route lies the Calaveras Grove of Big Trees, one of the noblest of all the groups of *Sequoia gigantea*. Forty miles to the southeast as the crow flies is the wonderful Yosemite Valley; which, to the good fortune of the motorist, is open to automobile travel during the summer months.

Perhaps the most inspiring feature of the beauty of these mountains is to be found in the granite gorges and canyons that cleave the western slopes to depths of three and four thousand feet. These can-



A Sierra meadow guarded by snow-capped peaks.



The jagged summits of the Sierras.



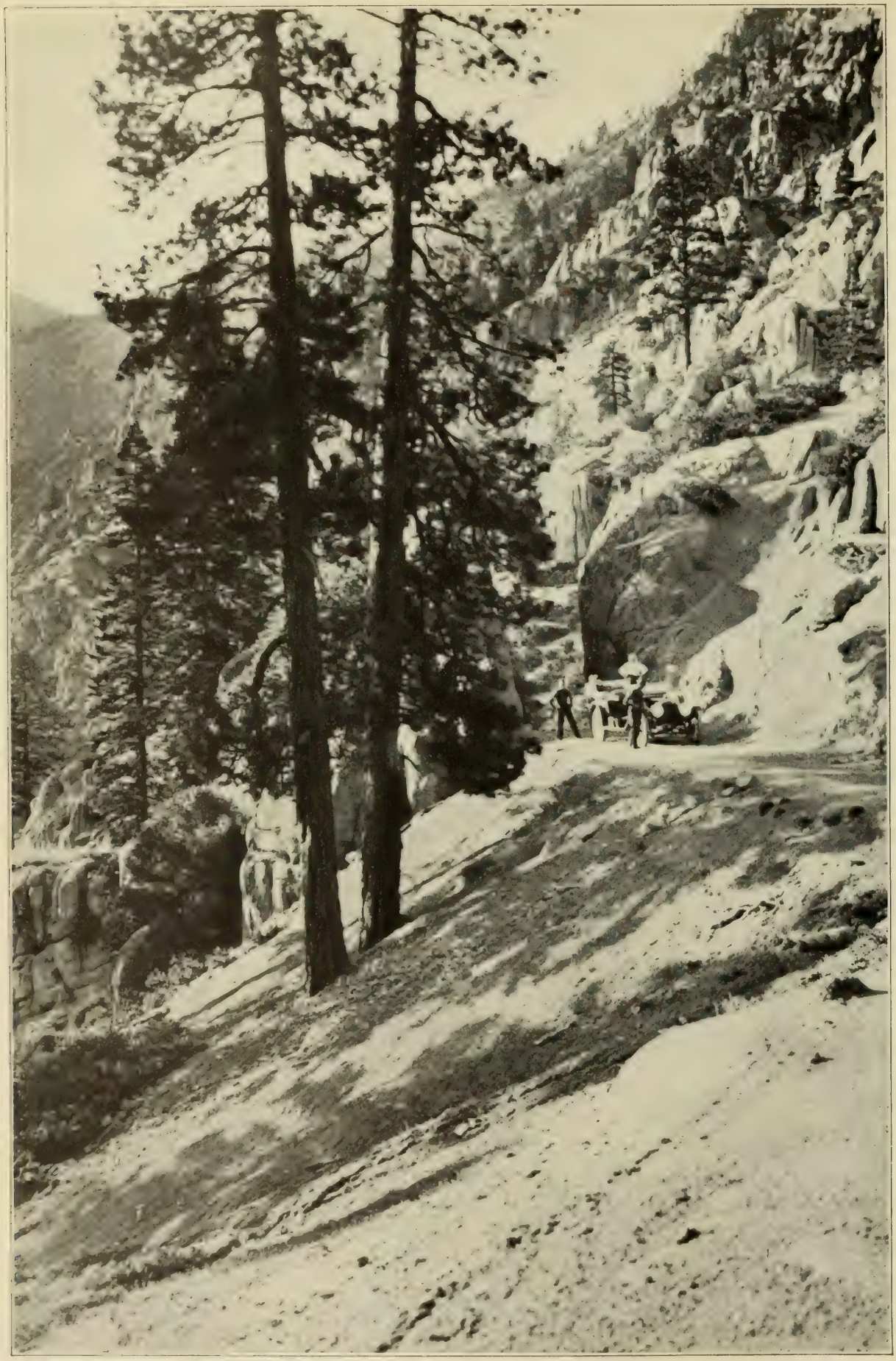
A glimpse of Yosemite Valley.



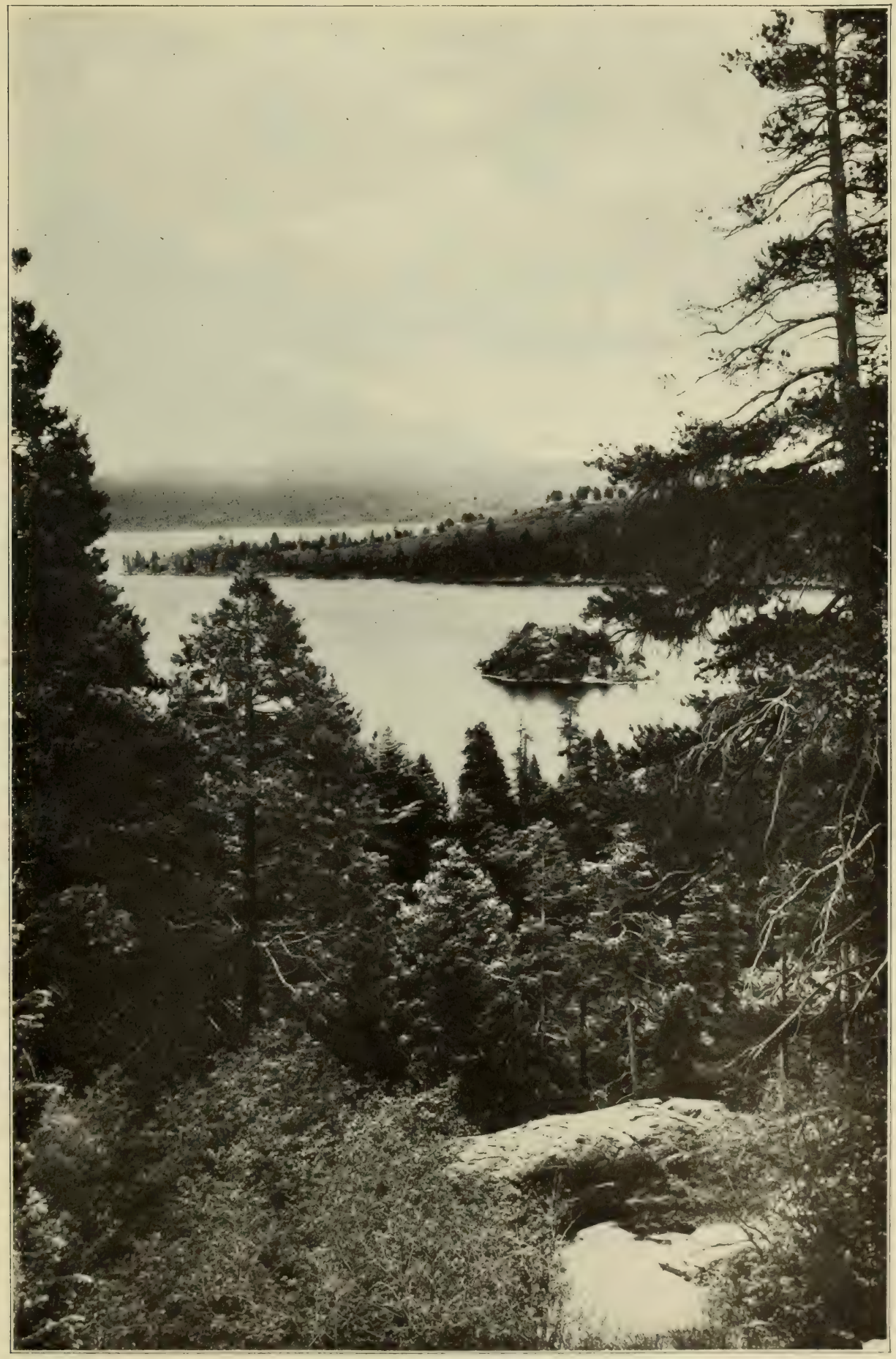
A thousand sculptures of stone . . . storm-tinted at summit, and dark where . . . rocks plunge over canyon walls into blue, silent gulfs.



An alpine lake bordered by a struggling growth of pine and shrubs.



The struggle between trees and granite begins at an elevation of 7,000 to 8,000 feet.



An island-studded inlet of Lake Tahoe strongly reminiscent of its Italian sister Lake Maggiore.



A granite bowlful of cobalt-blue water transparent and unrippled.

yons, of which Yosemite is the most beautiful and most widely visited, are thought to be the result of violent earth cataclysms and subsequent erosion by ice and water. Sheer walls of granite thousands of feet high, that have been smoothed and polished by mighty rivers of ice, cannot help but impress one with the tremendous dynamic forces of nature.

Continuing up through the foot-hills, the grass beside the road gradually becomes greener and flowing streams replace dry creek-beds. Tall, stately pines and sequoias begin to appear, and an exuberant vegetation supplants the dry, sparse growth of the lower country. For a distance of five or six miles the road follows along the top of a ridge fifteen hundred feet above the North Fork of the Tuolumne River, finally climbing over the divide and dropping down on the other side to the South Fork of the Stanislaus. This river is crossed at a small mountain settlement named Strawberry, and from this point there is a stiff climb to the top of the next ridge; but the view from the summit looking down two thousand feet into a deep granite gorge, with a tumbling stream at the bottom, well repays the effort of ascent. There is now a restful glide of three or four miles down to the Middle Fork of the Stanislaus, which is crossed at Brightman's Flat and whose banks are closely followed to one of those beautiful mountain garden spots known in this case as Kennedy's Meadows.

This point is six thousand two hundred feet above sea-level and marks the beginning of the last climb to the summit of the pass. The grade rises very steeply and at the end of the first mile the river has been left almost a thousand feet below. The steepest pitch is, by measurement, twenty-seven per cent at a point called the "Q-de-Porka." This place is a narrow defile through the solid rock, a hundred feet in length, forty feet deep, and just wide enough to allow a machine to pass. With an underpowered machine "Q-de-Porka" would present serious difficulties.

The scenery now becomes more rugged; the large trees begin to disappear and are replaced by gnarled and twisted specimens entirely lacking in the symmetry and rich foliage of their lower neighbors. The road leads steadily upward, and as one gazes at the serrated outline of the peaks towering above, it seems as though the road could go no farther and that it must momentarily come to an abrupt end against a granite wall. Just as this is about to happen, however, a narrow canyon opens up on one side and a steep rise half a mile in length brings the summit into view. The motorist is now above perpetual snow-line, and if it is early in the season snow-drifts may block the way. By the first or middle of July, however, the road has usually been opened to ordinary travel by the California State Highway Commission and may be relied upon as being in passable condition. A glorious run on high gear through beautiful alpine meadows, covered with succulent grass and spring wild flowers, brings one to the foot of the last ascent, which is rather abrupt but fortunately only a few hundred feet in length. On all sides rugged granite peaks rise into the impenetrable vault of hollow space above, and the silence and desolation of this inferno of rock and ice are broken only by the hum of the motor. As the last rise is surmounted at good speed on second gear, both hand and foot brakes are suddenly applied and the startled passenger in the tonneau is brought to his feet by the yawning chasm in front. The summit has been gained and the crest is so narrow that the water from the overflow of the grumbling radiator trickles away to the east while the rear wheels are still resting on the western slope. The scene that falls away under the traveller's feet is almost terrifying in its aspect and gives one the familiar sensation experienced in a rapidly descending elevator. The words of that genial and beloved mountaineer Clarence King are recalled and describe the view with the fidelity of the genius he possessed:

"East the whole range fell in sharp, hurrying abruptness to the desert, where, ten thousand feet below, lay a vast expanse of arid plain intersected by low parallel ranges traced from north to south. Upon the one side a thousand sculptures of stone, hard, sharp, shattered by cold into infiniteness of fractures and rift, springing up, mutely severe, into the dark, austere blue of heaven; scarred and marked, except where snow and ice, spiked down by ragged granite bolts, shields with its pale armor these rough mountain shoulders,

storm-tinted at summit, and dark where, swooping down from ragged cliff, the rocks plunge over canyon walls into blue, silent gulfs."

Behind stood "the West chain, a great mural ridge watched over by heights . . . defining against the western sky a multitude of peaks and spires. Bold buttresses jut out through fields of ice and reach down stone arms among snow and débris. North and south of us the higher, or eastern, summit stretched on in miles and miles of snow-peaks, the farthest horizon still crowded with their white points.

"The two halves of this view, both in sight at once, express the highest, the most acute, aspects of desolation—inanimate forms out of which something living has gone forever. From the desert have been dried up and blown away its seas. Their shores and white, salt-strewn bottoms lie there in the eloquence of death. Sharp, white light glances from all the mountain walls, where in marks and polishings has been written the epitaph of glaciers now melted and vanished into air. Vacant canyons lie open to the sun, bare, treeless, half-shrouded with snow, cumbered with loads of broken débris, still as graves, except when flights of rocks rush down some chasm's throat, startling the mountains with harsh, dry rattle, their fainter echoes from below followed too quickly by dense silence."

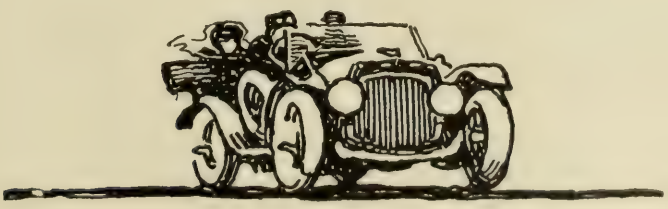


A crude mountain bridge spanning the Middle Fork of the Stanislaus.

This country is in striking contrast to that which has been left behind. The fertile valleys and well-watered fields of the western base of the mountains are replaced on the east by a succession of barren, rocky arroyos, alkaline wastes, and dry plains covered with the pungent sagebrush. The descent into this desert country is more abrupt than the long, sweeping slope that has just been ascended, and it is not long before the cool mountain heights are left behind and the odor of hot sage begins to fill one's nostrils. Just before emerging onto the desert there is a delightful, cool meadow known as Leavitt's Meadow which affords an ideal resting-place. The Upper Walker River, which meanders through its soft green turf, dotted here and there with groves of cottonwoods, affords ample sport for the disciples of Izaak Walton. At a point just below the meadow the road forks. The branch to the south leads past Mono Lake, down through the Owens River Valley and Death Valley to join the Santa Fé trail. The branch to the north follows through the canyon of the Walker River and, hugging close under the massive wall of the Sierras, joins the great Lincoln Highway at Reno.

The canyons that cut through the eastern flank of the mountain bear mute evidence of one of the results of the rejection in 1873 of silver as a monetary standard. This region was formerly settled by thriving silver-mining towns, whose relative degree of importance used to be judged by the number of saloons they boasted; but the Demonetization Act of 1873 reduced the value of silver to such an extent that the mines were shut down. There were no other means of livelihood in these rocky Sierra gorges, and the settlements were consequently abandoned to the mercies of winter storms and spring floods. All that remains of Silver Mountain, once a prosperous town of forty saloons and six thousand people, is the stone jail with its iron-barred windows. The forty saloons undoubtedly accounted for the solid construction of this building. To an inquiry as to the present population of a one-time "city" that still lingers in a dejected state, the "oldest inhabitant" replied in a drawl: "Wal, I reckon it's about sixty-five or sixty-seven; I ain't quite sure which."

From Reno the ascent to that wonderful gem of all Sierra lakes, Tahoe, is a matter of a few hours over a well-travelled route. The new State road that leads for twenty-five miles around the western shore offers views over this magnificent body of prussian-blue water that are unrivalled even by the Axenstrasse and Lake Lucerne, or the more subdued beauty of the Italian lakes. The road at times follows the very shore of the lake, enabling the traveller to peer down through the transparent depths. At times sheer rock faces descend to the water's edge and the road circles upward along ledges cut from the solid granite. At one point the road-bed traverses the face of a cliff five hundred feet above Tahoe's surface and presents an outlook over an island-studded inlet strongly reminiscent of its Italian sister Lake Maggiore. Passing under the snow-capped mass of Mount Tallac, a wide and well-graded route leads down beside the rushing torrent of the American River, out, through the foot-hills, to the well-oiled boulevards of the Sacramento Valley.



THE WOMAN AT THE WHEEL

By Herbert Ladd Towle

ILLUSTRATIONS BY S. WERNER, AND FROM PHOTOGRAPHS



WHAT changes a dozen years have wrought in motoring! Men no longer buy cars for the fun of discovering why they won't go, but wholly in the prosaic expectation that they will. Little do the beginners of to-day know of the stern joys of conquest which once made every mile a triumph! To-day a man must drive his car to death to have anything more serious than arrest happen to him. And now we see women driving motor-cars for all the world as if they belonged at the wheel!

Young girls, most of them, hardly out of their teens—they meet you everywhere, garbed in duster and gauntlets, manipulating gears and brakes with the assurance of veterans. Not always in little ladylike cars, either. If you visited last summer a resort blessed with good roads, whether East or West, you saw "sixes" of patrician fame and railroad speed, with Big Sister sitting coolly at the wheel, pausing at the post-office on their way for a country spin. And you wondered if the callow youth seated beside the competent pilot would ever have the gumption to handle a real car himself!

An amazing change, even from the view-point of only three years ago! Have the women suddenly gained courage, or have motor-cars altogether lost their formidable mien?

Something of both, no doubt, but especially something of the latter. Cars are being perfected, not merely in delicacy of control, but in the total elimination of certain demands for strength and skill. Engine-starters—now next to universal, save on the lightest cars—are the most notable instance. You no longer whirl a crank or dexterously "snap her over"; you merely press a foot-plunger and an electric (or sometimes pneumatic) motor spins the engine merrily till the explosions start. A storage-battery furnishes current for both starter and lamps and a little dynamo mounted on the engine keeps the battery charged. It isn't a toy, that starting-motor; some kinds are powerful enough to propel the whole car while briskly turning the engine!

Cranking-up is not the only task that the woman driver may now avoid. Gear-shifting, in the larger cars, demands real strength as well as knack. Some progress has been made of late in developing electric gear-shifts, operated by buttons on the wheel. You press the proper button at leisure; then at the right moment you unclutch for the briefest instant—and the gears shift automatically.

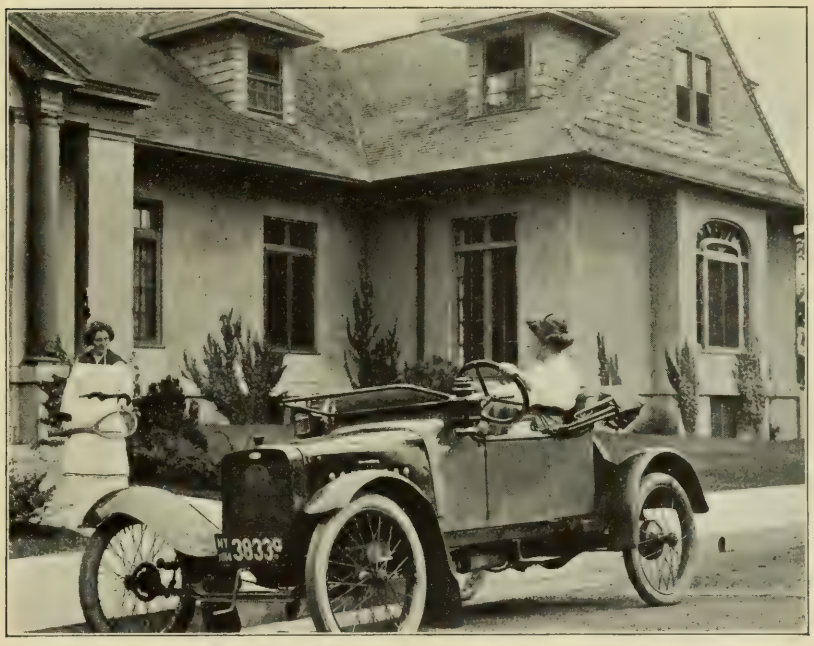
A control feature that requires no strength but lots of "knowing how" is the spark advance. Many persons who handle the wheel well, but have only a vague idea of what is under the hood, never acquire that difficult art. A "spark knock" means nothing to them; they are deaf alike to the piteous pleadings of their cylinders and to the rumblings that tell of late ignition and a heated engine. For these chronic amateurs the automatic spark advance, to be found on a number of cars this year, is an unalloyed boon; and even to the seasoned driver it is a benefit, as meaning one less control to think about.

The tire problem, it must be admitted, remains in an unsatisfactory state. Power-pumps there are, but simply getting the tire on and off is no light task. With practice a woman can manage a small tire, say up to $32 \times 3\frac{1}{2}$ inches. Some can handle larger ones; but, as a rule, if even a medium-sized tire goes flat a woman must have masculine help, and



Drawn by S. Werner.

A Woman at the Wheel.



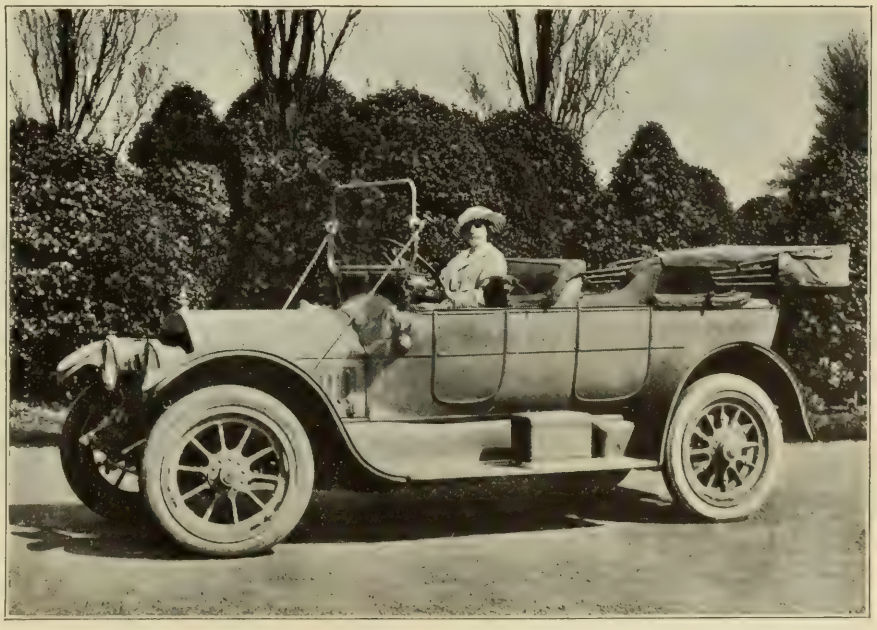
Suburban life is enhanced by the use of small cars which easily connect the home and country club.

if the gallant rescuer isn't at hand she must wait till he appears.

However, it is quite practicable to avoid almost all tire trouble by the use of suitable protectors. These, if properly made, can stay on as long as desired without injuring the tires or seriously reducing speed. They prevent punctures and cuts, and in wet weather they prevent skidding without need of special non-skid attachments. They are scarcely suited to fast going, and they must be judiciously selected, as not all types are beneficial; but for women, at least, the tire insurance they can give is much more useful than speed.

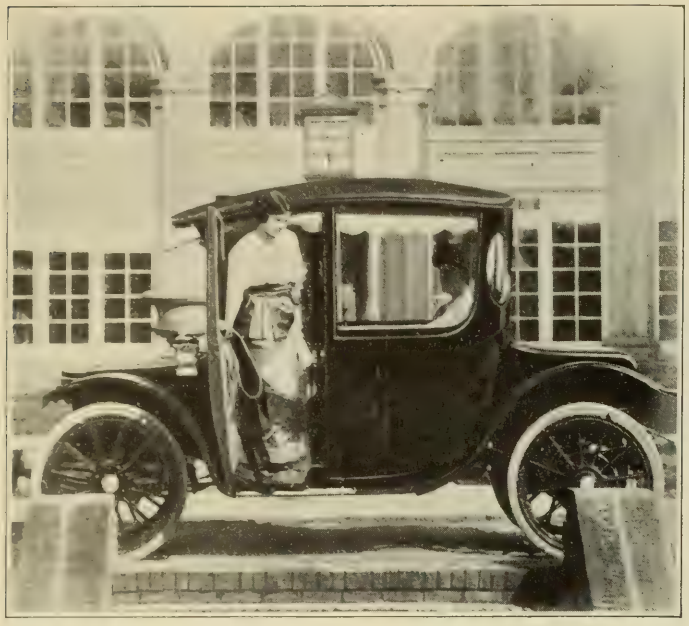
Engine-starters—electric gear-shift—automatic spark advance—power air-pump or tire protectors—an engine running more smoothly and tractably than ever before—cars better built and garages more numerous: is it a wonder that so many women are driving?

I lately asked several representative car manufacturers what proportion of their sales are for women's use. One, building a car above the average in both power and price, replied that in Detroit sixteen per cent of his sales were of that character, and he thought the same proportion would hold good elsewhere. Another, building enormous numbers of a light car peculiarly suited to women's use, reported estimates from various branches ranging from one per cent in Fargo and two per cent in San Francisco to twenty-five per cent in Columbus and Minneapolis and thirty-one per cent in Oklahoma City. The average was better than ten per cent. A third, building a popular small runabout, estimates that twenty-five per cent of his sales are for women.



A Liverpool (England) woman in an American car in which she competed in the Austrian Alpine trials of 1914.

In some localities the percentage of women drivers is even greater. In Lenox, Mass., for example, a census of thirty-four car-owning families shows sixteen women drivers, of whom seven drive medium to



The luxurious closed electric.

high-power cars. In Stockbridge, near by, six car-owning families number—mothers and daughters—eleven feminine drivers, six of whom are above the small-car class!

What then? Are we who have safely outgrown the mania of haste to see it run a yet more scintillant course in our better halves? In truth, the idea of a speeding career for mother and the girls does not appeal to us. Motor speeding is essentially a man's sport, like polo, yachting, and ice-boating. All are trials of strength and nerve as well as of skill. The only reason that women drive cars at all is that they may do so without courting the joys and risks of speed; and if they sometimes drive fast, it is only because the demand for strength and nerve is less than in purely masculine sports.

In reality there is less feminine speeding than might be supposed. The average woman has small taste for mechanics; she pushes this lever and pulls that with only a vague knowledge of how the final result is produced; and she is well aware that if anything goes wrong she will have to wait for masculine succor. It is really the exceptional woman, not the average one, who ventures much beyond the safe-and-sane limit of twenty-five miles an hour.

So we may look to see the majority of women content with small cars. Even the speed fever is not incurable; one good scare will go far to heal it, and, in any case, it is bound to run its course. Excitement will in time be eliminated as a motif for women's driving, save in the case of a few young girls. There remain two other motifs: the pleasure of country driving (apart from unusual speed) and plain utility work, as in shopping and visiting. Are these also transitory?



An electric roadster of touring possibilities.

This car has made frequent trips of sixty to ninety miles on one charge.

What of touring? Rural innkeepers are complaining even now of the falling off in cross-country patronage; there is little doubt that, despite the greatly increased number of cars, there is less actual touring than there was. Again it is the spur of novelty that is gone; but here it is only the novelty of speed. Few among us can devote so much time to pleasure as

to exhaust the touring routes within our reach. And, with all the novelty of driving gone, there will yet be a delight in visiting new fields, in climbing new heights to survey the vistas beyond, in finding new beauty spots by lake and river and ocean, in communing afresh with the venerable woods, and in brightening old memories of perfect days by revisiting their scenes. These things uplift the spirit.

Most tours are family affairs, and I fancy that the average woman will gladly yield the responsibility to stronger hands. However self-reliant when alone, she "likes to be taken care of" when she may. And touring, even with all the mechanical aids I have named, is real work; the heavier the car and the rougher and hillier the road, the more strenuous it is. A White Mountain or even Pennsylvania tour keeps one very busy indeed, and a hundred and fifty miles of it in a day will tire any one. Hence, I fancy that, while tours will always be enjoyed, the woman's part in them will have to do with the hampers and personal belongings rather than with the actual management of the car.

Let us turn to every-day matters —to the life of the average woman in suburb or country. Here we find a big and vital need which, if satisfied, will make hundreds of thousands of women motorists.

The suburban man, going to business in the city, has unlimited transportation for his needs. To him his country home is a "sweet inne from care and wearisome turmoyle." But his wife and daughters don't go to the city. They must visit the butcher, the post-office, and their neighbors on foot, adding the labor of walking to that of keeping house; and for lack of time and strength they stay at home when they can. The green, open spaces about them are to their scanty powers more like prison bars than a charter of liberty!

The very limitations which deter most women from motoring for sport cry out for aid in their common duties. Unless the average woman can get about in the country both easily and freely, she will continue to prefer the near neighborhood of railroad and trolley, as she does to-day. And as she elects, you and I will follow.

Oh, yes, women can drive! But how many of them feel really at home with gasolene cars, even the simplest? How many, after the newness is gone, would not prefer to drive a horse if he were only faster? No matter how facile the clutch and transmission, they are there. The ideal woman's car must demand nothing of her but pushing a lever and steering; and it must be said that the gasolene car gives but a vague promise of realizing that ideal.

The electric, then? Observe the thousands of women in all our cities and towns who are using electrics to-day—using them for visiting, shopping, the theatre, with every sign of entire content. Note the comfort, the silent running, the clean



Reproduced by courtesy of "Motor."

An American car in England.

The Gateway, designed by Inigo Jones, is at the entrance of Stanway House, seat of Lord and Lady Elcho.

floors and cushions, the ideally simple control, the ability to travel as fast as city conditions demand. Reflect that these vehicles can travel, under favorable conditions, as much as eighty or ninety miles on a single charge, with a substantial increase from an hour's "boost" at noon. From Boston to Providence, from Philadelphia to Cape May are within the one-day capabilities of present electric vehicles. Observe further that the charging is a comparatively simple matter—one can even do it at home by the aid of a modern charging set with automatic devices to prevent overcharge.

For the city woman, at least, who can afford such a car, the electric is frankly ideal. It answers every possible requirement of her personal use, and at least nine tenths of all the electrics sold are primarily for women to drive. So handy are they, indeed, that the men are not slow to borrow them.

Of the actual number of electrics in use, it is impossible to get figures. Pennsylvania has about eleven thousand; Cleveland is estimated to have one thousand five hundred electrics, and its near-by suburbs five hundred more. With recent improvements in batteries and construction generally, the number of these vehicles is certain to increase largely.

Are we then to conclude that the electric offers the future solution of the woman's problem generally? Mr. Edison and Doctor Charles P. Steinmetz have gone further, and declare that the electric is destined to be the universal car. And if it is half as well suited to suburban and rural use as to urban, their prophecy may come true. But is it?

Mr. Edison, I believe, looks forward to a time when, by aid of universal charging or exchanging stations, electrics will be used for touring, to the exclusion of gasolene cars. Doctor Steinmetz holds that the attraction of touring, like that of the old "century runs" of cycle clubs, is merely its novelty. In a few years its charm will have worn off; and, with the fashionable pacemakers abandoning the sport, the public will presently do likewise. A million or more handy little electric runabouts, of thirty-mile radius and costing five hundred dollars or less, will take the place of the present fussy and costly gasolene cars, and everybody will run all his errands in them. As for touring, that will be done by railway, as in the good old days.

Delectable visions, indeed! Not quite consistent, to be sure, since Mr. Edison is still willing to let us tour by automobile, provided we use electric cars. One is tempted to wonder, however, whether the



If the gallant rescuer isn't at hand, she must wait till he appears.



A Fifth Avenue group, showing two miniatures and an electric.

social disfavor and impatience of bother foreseen by Doctor Steinmetz are more likely to give touring its *coup de grâce* than the invincible leisureliness of Mr. Edison's favorite vehicle.

The real trouble with electric touring is the high cost of combining speed with mileage. The vehicles able to go one hundred miles on a charge weigh four thousand pounds and cost nearly three thousand dollars. One may get a gasolene car, weighing one thousand five hundred pounds and costing seven hundred and fifty dollars or less, which will go both farther and faster on a tankful of gasolene. The owner of an electric must shape his route, willy-nilly, with an eye to charging-stations and good roads. The gasolene-car owner may start in the morning, ride all day in any direction, and find gasolene and oil wherever he happens to be at night. And who of us, on an open road, or a little behind his schedule, is willing to give up that seldom-used but invaluable reserve of speed?

No; I fear that, with all its admirable qualities—qualities that have made it the city vehicle *par excellence* for those who can afford it—you and I will not live to see the electric car a popular favorite for touring, save, perhaps, among elderly persons well blessed with time and money and wishing to avoid all semblance of excitement.

What, then, of the utility runabout predicted by Doctor Steinmetz? Surely a million or two of these will not be too many to satisfy an eager public! Yet if you propound this idea to a maker of electric vehicles he will reply with a tinge of sarcasm that he already has more than enough of just such vehicles—not new, to



The departure of guests, most of them driving their own cars.

be sure, but in excellent order, the same being his own earlier models taken in trade for the later eighty to ninety mile vehicles, and scarcely salable to-day for the price of the tires. With a million like them the industry would be bankrupt! If the public really wanted that sort of vehicle it could have it to-morrow. But the demand simply does not exist. The public insists on reserve mileage and a fair speed, even though weight, tire cost, and charging expense must be piled high to secure them.

In view of the total lack of public interest at present in the light utility electric, the question whether the public's taste may change ten years from now seems rather academic. However, it seems a safe prediction that if the car of Doctor Steinmetz's vision becomes a reality it will be only as a specialized type, very useful to those who want that type, but by no means elbowing other types off the map in order to gain its place in the sun. For those who want it will be the city and suburban dwellers who can afford it *in addition to* the gasolene touring car—not in place of the latter.

As its up-keep and charging expense will be small, the small electric can replace the touring car for local use with real economy. To be sure, the best opinion places its probable cost at much nearer eight hundred dollars than five hundred dollars, since its chief elements of cost—copper, lead or nickel, hard rubber, and tires—are irreducible regardless of quantity manufacture. Nevertheless, the family that can afford a fifteen-hundred-dollar touring car will probably spend less, rather than more, by adding an eight-hundred-dollar electric.

Recent improvements in motors and batteries will make the future small electric somewhat faster than its early prototypes; it will have the weather protection which the other certainly lacked, and in appearance it will be much less like a buggy and more like a real car.

So it seems that we may see the woman's problem actually solved, as regards that class of families living in cities or suburbs and able to spend a certain minimum on their automobiles. True, thirty miles is a very small radius when we reduce it still further by bad roads and weather, but still it is doubtless enough for the strictly local uses we have described, and, with a gasolene car available for longer runs, the handicaps of the electric will not be felt.

Before leaving the subject, mention should be made of a novel method of combining a gasolene engine with electric transmission, thereby eliminating both the clutch and the usual gears. It is too technical to describe here, and cars embodying it are not yet on the market; but it has the important features of weighing, power for power, but little more than ordinary gear transmission and of wasting

little more energy in transmission than is lost in sliding gears. Against these slightly greater losses are to be set some remarkable gains in control. An electric switch takes the place of both clutch and gear shift; one can reverse by electricity, go up a grade at any speed from a crawl, stop, start again, and back down simply by manipulating the switch—nothing else. Speeding or slowing the engine automatically speeds or slows the car. With the switch properly set, speeding the engine gives the necessary pull for a slow climb up-hill. Only for extreme demands is a special low gear provided.

Such a car would, indeed, solve the problem for the woman driver! I don't know what it will cost, though I don't see how it can ever be cheap. But add that to six cylinders, a self-starting engine, automatic spark advance, electric lights, and punctureless tires, and tell me what more is needed to make motoring luxury!

But what of the families that cannot afford fifteen-hundred-dollar cars with electrics added? And what of the farmers' wives and daughters, for whom electrics are clearly impractical? Each of these classes is much larger than that just mentioned. Is there an ideal car for them, too?

The answer for the present must be "No." But we need not despair, for few ideals are ever quite realized, and most of us have to get along with the best substitute we can find. There is a substitute already on the way here, in the shape of the miniature gasolene runabout, which bids fair to afford at least a workable solution of the problem.

Dubbed in some of its forms a cycle-car, touted with mistaken zeal as a pocket-edition man's car, and still undergoing changes in design with kaleidoscopic rapidity and variety, this miniature type of car yet holds the germ of a great possibility as a woman's utility runabout. Even with the standard forms of clutch, transmission, and control, the very lightness of all the parts makes operation little more difficult than that of a motor sewing-machine—certainly not harder than, say, running a small motor-boat.

At present it must be said few of these machines have reached such a stage of perfection as to promise good results in unskilled hands. Some of them are shockingly crude, and even the best have not been in use long enough to have their weak points eliminated. But the logic of the demand is too strong to be gainsaid. I believe the next few years will see many thousands of these machines used by women with as much satisfaction as can be had from anything short of the electric. And as their cost will be but half that of the smallest practical electric, a small touring car can be kept with them at a total first cost which need not exceed one thousand two hundred dollars. Not impossibly this will ultimately be the plan adopted by the greatest number of car-owning families.

Still other thousands of women, after learning to drive for fun, will find the small gasolene family car sufficiently drivable for daily use, and the one machine will then serve all purposes—as, indeed, it does to-day in thousands of families that cannot afford to have two cars. The necessary compromise here is a car serving both uses as nearly as may be and costing not over, say, eight hundred dollars. In this class of owners will no doubt be found the majority of farming families, not always from motives of economy, but because farming women take to driving more readily than their urban sisters.

The fact that the present trend is setting so strongly toward small cars is significant of the time to come when women will feel much more generally at home in them than is to-day the case; and for the present we may well be content with this, without crying too insistently for an ideal woman's car not yet in sight. We know, at any rate, that a million and three quarters pleasure cars are in use in this country, and it is a safe guess that two hundred thousand women are managing very well with the cars they have. That is surely a good beginning, and a pleasant augury of the time when the automobile's liberating mission will be fulfilled. For of one thing we are already sure—be it ideal or only near-ideal, the woman's motor-car will have a vital place in the social economy of the future. It will supply the one link till lately missing in the chain making for a saner distribution of population and a more wholesome environment for our children. And as such we welcome it with thankful hearts.

LEDA AND THE SWAN

By Katharine Fullerton Gerould

THE doctor had been no more disheartening than usual; but it was disheartening enough to know that he would have to come and come, and that there would never be any good news for him to bring. Marie Farrant had learned both to welcome and to dread his firm tread across the floor of their little sitting-room. She welcomed any break: any hint in her husband's sick-room that such sick-rooms were not the whole of life, that there were people who came and went, in health if not in leisure. At the same time, she dreaded each day's confirmation of the fact that her husband would never get well. The doctor's firm tread seemed to reiterate Leo's doom: the six steps across the sitting-room to the bedroom had always the same cadence, were like one grave sentence daily repeated, in precisely the same words. And you paid, too, for the repeated phrase: paid, relatively if not absolutely, as if it had been a famous aria of a famous tenor, rising nightly behind footlights. It was over-familiar; there was never a new word, though apparently the case was so bad that the old ones had to be said often; it was all a part of the technique of slow dying. Leo Farrant himself had no hope. Even before this last malady had come upon him he had had none. Hope had forsaken the middle-aged painter, with the accident that had lost him his right hand and arm. Thanks to a frightened horse, a precious limb had gone to the scrap-heap: as precious, Marie Farrant had thought, as any saint's bones hoarded in a jewelled reliquary. Only, Farrant's hand, cut off from the guidance of his brain and eye, could, naturally, work no miracles. He had begun to die, she often thought, back there, when it all happened. What with the nervous breakdown after the accident, there hadn't been any life in him, to call life, for five years; though even now he was, as periods are estimated, in a noble prime.

With Farrant's fame increasing, and his pictures selling better and better, there had been no need for them to save money —and they hadn't saved. They had ridden the crest of their wave: perhaps because they knew the ways of waves, perhaps because they fancied that it was something bigger than a wave—a tide, a sea—that carried them so lightly and triumphantly onward. Mrs. Farrant's first act, after the operation, had been to liquidate all debts—precisely as if he had died. They had been paid, as the future bills were to be, from her own little capital. Now, towards the end, she could only wonder if her balance would hold out until he died. There was nothing she could do to earn money; she could only hypothetically save it by nursing him herself, day and night. He didn't know how close they were to nothing at all; and she thanked God their friends didn't. She had paid without questioning bills that had been incurred in their tempestuous and lavish period—even bills that might have been challenged; she had hunted up every last scrap of an indebtedness and discharged it fantastically—literally, in one or two cases, compounding the interest on an old loan of ten pounds in impoverished bachelor days. She had tracked and snared, she believed, the last and least of them. Now there was nothing left—so little, at least, that the phrase which the doctor's firm tread reiterated for her sounded often like the mere naming of his fee. She added up his visits, in naked figures, on her calendar; she did all her purchasing on a cash basis; she paid their landlady weekly. Marie Farrant believed there would be enough to see Leo through the six months the doctor thought he might live; but she could not have borne it not to know, each night, where they stood financially. To have been vague about the smallest account would have given her a nervous chill.

To-day the doctor had prescribed an expensive drug; and when she could leave Leo for a moment, she took out her cheque-

book and calculated. She hated to withdraw one penny before interest-day. Not that it mattered—the interest on that dwindling principal; yet she had a superstition to the effect that if she neglected one contrivance, one expedient, of poverty, disaster would somehow be justified. She knew that nothing was more probable than disaster; but she didn't want to tax herself, in stricken future days, with having lifted a finger to invite it. One superstition, finally, got the better of the other: she would let the druggist "charge" it, and after the 1st she would pay him. She put up the cheque-book and went back to Leo.

Any one seeing Leo Farrant high against his pillows would have noted that he was very handsome, very keen, and very ill. His chestnut hair was dusted over with silver; his lean brown face had paled lifelessly in long confinement; he was wasted with his malady. Yet none of the old signs had gone; and, looking at him for the first time, you could have guessed all that he had been. His wife, tired though she was, glowed to her finger-tips with the sense of his rarity. It had been to keep that sense undefiled that she had paid off so munificently everything that could conceivably constitute a claim on him; that she now slaved over their mean little accounts so that no one should ever have to know how hard up Leo Farrant was. When, after the accident, he had wondered, before her, if there weren't something he could "do," she had cried out against the notion. He had done one thing supremely well; if Heaven had taken away his means of doing that, it wasn't his duty to cast about for lesser ways of serving Heaven. They had given up their house, sold most of their possessions, and, after a vain interval at a sanatorium, had come to Mrs. Bleeker's to live in two rooms with an attic above them for storage. They had been meek enough for righteousness; she wasn't going to be meeker than that! She had been rewarded by being able to keep the sense of him as a creature afflicted from without but unconsumed from within. He was as magnificent as ever, bar what the gods had done to him. No one should remember him—she clutched the determination to her heart afresh—as anything but what he really was. He should go down grandly to the tomb, aware of what he was good for, and disdaining to try anything else.

"I have to go out and get this prescription for you, Leo. Can you spare me for twenty minutes? The bell is just by your hand."

"Spare you? Yes, my dear, always, if I have to." Then he looked at her—diffidently, if a creature of his mold could be diffident. "I say, Marie, that stuff—what's its name?—is very dear, isn't it?"

She smiled. "What in the world should have set you to counting pence? I count them; and you can count on me. We can afford anything you need. Certainly, if we had got to the point where you couldn't have medicines, I think you'd see it in my face."

He smoothed the counterpane with his deft fingers—fingers that had matched so well, for beauty, the fingers they could not match for skill. "Well, if you insist on it, I think I do see it in your face. The lines are as beautiful as ever, but—you've aged. There are two gray hairs over your right temple. I wish you'd give me some notion of how much we have left. His damned medicine won't do me any *good*, you know."

"Did he tell you that?"

"The doctor? He never tells me anything, of course. He's perfectly good form."

"He told me it might help."

"In what sense?"

"My dear"—she looked him straight in the eyes—"you know there's only one sense I think of: the sense of making you more comfortable."

"You mean there isn't any ultimate hope?"

"What is the hope any living creature has except the hope of being comfortable a little longer instead of a little shorter time?" She asked it very gravely; and he was wise enough not to mistake it for an evasion.

"You're a brick, Marie: I'll say that for you, any day. Of course, we know, both of us, that there isn't much hope. If a miracle turns up, we'll meet it standing, in perfectly good order. We won't crane our necks for it, will we, any more than we do for the other thing? But, all the same, how much have we got?"

Marie Farrant smiled again at her husband. "Leo, why did you give me a power of attorney four years ago?"

"Because I couldn't stand the look of my left-handed scrawl."

"Not a bit of it. You gave it to me because you knew that I should manage better than you could. Well, I've done it: I've managed marvellously. We can afford quarts of this medicine if it's necessary. Of course, it's obvious that, if we were rich, we shouldn't be living as we are. But we shall do very well, if you won't worry. We don't owe any one a penny. Does that satisfy you?"

"Not quite." He shifted himself on his pillows, with a sudden involuntary muscular contraction. Pain, of course—she knew it. Mrs. Farrant laid the prescription on a table, and sat down in a chair beside the bed. "You don't need that until night, anyhow. I won't go out now. We'll lay this little fretful ghost."

The stab of pain had gone as suddenly as it came, leaving an exquisite sensation of relief. Mrs. Farrant knew, from the slight motion of his features, as well as if she were bearing it herself. She took his hand in hers. "What is it, dear?"

He was weaker and whiter, for an instant, than he had been before; but his voice was fairly strong.

"It's only that I let everything go after this happened. As we both know, I wasn't fit for anything. I didn't attempt to straighten things out, really. I haven't an idea how my debts and assets finally came out. Then you took everything over, and we've gone along swimmingly. Only—I've been afraid, for months, that we were living on your money. I haven't liked to speak of it; but it's so evident I shan't last much longer that I'd like to talk it over once with you."

"Well: even if we had been living on what you call my money, what difference would that make?"

"The difference, dear, that I shouldn't have the luxury of feeling at peace about your future."

"Do you mean that, if you knew I had a sufficient income, you would feel at peace about my future?"

He could not, with those eyes looking firmly into his, descend to brutal conventionalities. "You know what I mean, dear. At peace, in the sense that I should know you could afford to hide your hurt wherever you liked."

"I give you my word of honor that, if you do leave me, I shall be able to do that."

He smiled at her, visibly relieved. Then he saw what sense might be read into her words. "I don't mean that, Marie. Why, even I don't want to die."

She stirred a little. "That is magnificent of you. Or do you mean only that you don't want to leave me by myself?"

"That, above all. But I mean it otherwise, too. I don't want to turn my back on beauty."

They had never shirked analysis. "Ah, my dear, for all the beauty you see nowadays!" She looked round the sick-room.

"I don't mean that. My eyes have seen enough in their time—too much, I sometimes think; for I can remember the individual sneer of every damned Gothic gargoyle I ever saw—and the hand is gone." He glanced involuntarily at the limp sleeve of his pajama jacket.

"You wouldn't have touched a Gothic gargoyle, even to caricature it, and you well know it," she broke in.

"Humph—yes. Forgive my splenetic illustration. I only intended to say that I could lie here and remember, with my eyes shut, enough beauty to keep me going until I was ninety. What I meant by beauty is something quite different."

"Love?"

"Love? Oh, love, my dear. How many people have really known it since the world began? Love's a special case. No, I mean the sheer beauty of consciousness—the miracle of human intelligence, pure and simple. That is the loveliest phenomenon of the cosmos. What luck to have had it for a little while! To feel oneself think—even pain can't utterly destroy the good of that. I'd rather think as a lunatic than not think at all. One hates to turn one's back on it—to put down the cup for good and all."

"You know I don't agree with you about that, Leo."

"No—I know. You keep a religion going somewhere. I suppose the reason why it has never made any difference between us is that, if you're right, why, I'm

in unexpected luck; and if I'm right—bless your heart, you'll never even know it, so you won't mind." He was silent for a moment. "Is there anything left in the studio that one could sell?"

She shook her head. "I don't think so."

"I wish I could get up there and see." He frowned slightly. "I've never been there, you know; and I don't know just what there is."

"Ah, my dear—for all it is! An attic with a skylight, full of old boxes. There are some sketches, but I don't think a salable thing. Besides—aren't you going to let me keep anything?"

"You have 'Leda and the Swan.' How I'd like to see it again! That, in the nature of things, can't be sold."

"I couldn't bring it down, dear, very well."

"No. . . . Two men could, I suppose."

She set her lips firmly. "If you want to see it so much as that——"

"Oh, I don't. I don't. But I've never done anything better—thanks to you. What shall you do with it—afterward?"

"What could I do with it—afterward—except just to keep it for the pure pleasure of knowing that Farrant's masterpiece is all my own? Kings would be jealous of me. It will be my one pride."

"Thank you. I'm not so big as all that, my dear——"

"Oh, yes, you are!" she broke in.

"—but as I remember it, it was my high-water mark. It had a touch of the first-rate, anyhow."

"It's a wonder, Leo. I wish, for your sake, it weren't I."

"Why for my sake?"

"Because you could sell it for nearly anything, and you would know that it hung in some place of honor."

"Thank you. If it hadn't been you, it would never have been. Do you suppose I could have got Leda from any model I ever saw? I needed your face as much as I needed your figure, remember. And any place you hang it will be the place of highest honor. Of course, after you die——"

"What then?"

"Would you mind"—he did not apologize for asking her so tremendous a question—"its going to the Museum?"

Marie Farrant considered (or affected to consider) the matter slowly, without a blush, with a beautiful little judicial air. "Leo, if your name weren't made; if you weren't already admittedly first-rate; if the world had to be shown what you are—" She broke off.

"All right. I see. You wouldn't want it."

"It might be a photograph." She smiled painfully.

"Oh, no, it mightn't. Don't insult me. It might be a Giorgione—if there were any." He spoke listlessly, without pride. "But it's you—you all over."

"Yes, it's I all over."

"And you're afraid——"

"I'm afraid of nothing!" She denied it with energy. "But can't we be just as magnificent as that?"

"As what?"

"As to let one of your best pictures——"

"My very best," he amended.

"—have been for us alone—a luxury that no one else will ever have had? Mayn't we keep one shred of your genius in the most beautiful place of all—just closed away forever with our love? The 'Leda' seems to me as intimate as—as whatever we've ever had that was most intimate." She dropped, in sight of her metaphor.

"Your father would have called you squeamish, Marie." He did not often invoke the unhappy genius in whose studio they had met, chaperoned by the whole Greek pantheon in clay.

"If you can't see it's something other than squeamishness, I'll leave it to any one you say."

"I can see. You mustn't blame me too much. It was only an idea thrown out. What is up there, then?"

"There are the Tuscan sketches."

"Um—yes. I haven't seen them for years. You might let Mannheimer have a look at them, if you don't mind. My salad days and all, but there's this about losing your working arm: it gives you the market value of death. If you'd rather ask Showalter to look at them first——"

"I'd much rather not. We've kept any of your friends from knowing we needed money. And, in that sense, we don't."

"You mean my time is very short? But, even so, we need every penny we

can scrape together. I'm sure of that. There's you, after all, my dear."

"I don't come into it. Besides, there's quite enough. If you want Mannheimer to look at them, I'll send for him. But I'd rather not take Mr. Showalter up."

"You're confoundedly proud, Marie."

"You've made me so, then."

"All right—all right." His eyes were closed. "I'm pretty tired. It is more tiring to talk than to think. It used not to be so. I must be going fast."

Mrs. Farrant rose. "I'll call Minnie to sit in the next room, while I go for your prescription. Mrs. Bleeker is always glad to let her. I'll be back soon." She put on her hat, kissed him, and left the room.

Leo Farrant, that night, in spite of the precious drug, had a turn for the worse. The doctor was summoned before dawn, and when, in the middle of the morning, he came again, he brought a nurse with him. "Sorry to do this without your permission, Mrs. Farrant," he said briskly; "but I am going, for twenty-four hours, to try a treatment that you couldn't possibly give."

She bowed her head. There was nothing else to do. But while Leo slept briefly, with the nurse beside him, she went softly up-stairs to the big attic with the skylight which they had, from pathetic instinct (though Leo Farrant had never seen it) called the "studio." She got out the Tuscan sketches, propped them against the eaves, and stared at them. They weren't things meant to show, to sell. They had been done in happy honeymoon days, when she was by his side, to keep his hand in. To see them there called up the dresses she had worn, the rocks on which she had sat, the very taste of the local wine they had drunk together after his morning's work. She knew that never before this had Leo thought of them as marketable; she even, herself, fancied now that they weren't. But they might be, for all she positively knew; and, if so, Mannheimer ought to be sent for. Not Showalter—never. She had hitherto kept Leo's friends from well-meant ministrations, and she would, still, to the end. Leo Farrant's name should never figure on the long list of unrewarded talents held up periodically for an admonition to the philistine public. She herself was too much bone of that public's bone, flesh of its flesh, to endure the idea. She wanted, for Leo, peace with honor; though well aware that it does not lie with genius to have both. Oh, she would send for Mannheimer—not for Showalter, kind, gifted, eminent as he was—and she would find the right words to put him off while she welcomed him. She would open no loophole to Mannheimer's keen Semitic eye for tragic fact. Besides, Mannheimer, she was pretty sure, didn't gossip; was capable of holding his tongue with a sæcular reticence. And if he liked the things at all, he would make it out to purchasers that his acquisition had been, not charity, but inimitable luck—and *flair*. She knew her Mannheimer as well as Leo.

A little appeased, for the moment—for how could the sketches look so beautiful to her and not be beautiful for others?—she sat down on a trunk, and let her tense, tired limbs relax. Slight as it was, it was the first freedom—with Leo asleep and a nurse beside him—that she had known for months. It had been long indeed since she had consulted her comfort unconsciously, like any other person. She had never wanted to leave her husband; she had kept so close to him that most people probably thought them elsewhere—anywhere except in town still, at Mrs. Bleeker's. Showalter was supposed to know; but he himself was here, there, and everywhere, painting the portraits that it amused him to paint. And Showalter tired Leo: they had, good friends as they were, such different points of view. Showalter was all with the moderns; and Leo all with the far-off, time-tested classics, with luminous Italy and splendid, twilit Spain. Their world wasn't his world; though once, before that accursed horse plunged, he had obviously hoped to make theirs his. Now the tumult and the shouting were all for Showalter. Well, what did they want with the tumult and the shouting? Weren't they "free among the dead"?

Her moment of rest—of liberty rather than of real rest, for the trunk wasn't over-comfortable—spurred afresh the willing courage in her, and drove her to a new adventure. She would, quietly there alone, look once more at the "Leda" for which she had posed to her husband: the picture that he considered his masterpiece.

She rose and went to the farther side of the room, the light falling rustily on her golden head through the dirty skylight. There it was, in its wrappings. She unfolded them, unswathed it, and sat down on the rough board floor to look at it.

"Has it been so long since I have seen a picture?" That was what she murmured to herself at last, to explain away her tears. "Was I ever so lovely?" came the whisper. "Oh, no, I never was; it is Leo, Leo. Nothing but his lost hand could ever have made me so beautiful. Yet it's I—not the shadow of a hope that it could be taken for any one else." She shook the tears from her eyes and bent nearer the canvas.

She recalled, with a sudden, synthetic mental gesture, all the history of its creation: how strange it had seemed to her, though used from infancy to models as part of the business of life, to pose, herself; how oddly impersonal Leo had been about it, criticising each attitude (she had tried so long before she got that listless droop of the head as she gazed across the green turf at the approaching swan); and yet how sometimes he had broken off to come and kiss her hand most gently, and beg her to rest. He had accused her at first of being Elsa rather than Leda; but even Leo could find nothing Gothic—term of superlative reproach!—in her beauty; and, in the end, with her, not in spite of her, he had worked out his idea. Loveliness caught in a doom of which it is a little careless; passionless acceptance of the passions of the most high gods; passivity that will not compromise itself by any fear, or flight, or lamentation—he had flung the legend to the winds for the sake of his symbol. She remembered it all—all. It had never been hung; though in his old studio it had always been at hand, like this, behind its wrappings, enclosed in its sumptuous Venetian frame. No one had ever seen it: there would never be any critic to confirm or confute Leo's judgment of it. It was hers—done for her, with her, by her. Couldn't Leo see what that meant to her? It had nothing to do with his art—save that it insisted, not without malice, on being a masterpiece.

Then she heard herself called by Mrs. Bleeker's voice from below; and closing and locking the door quickly, she ran down-stairs. The nurse awaited her on the threshold—a stiff white creature for whose services she prayed inwardly Mannheimer would presently pay. Farrant had waked; and Miss Dall wanted the doctor sent for. Mrs. Farrant went down-stairs to telephone; but the doctor was not in, and she had to leave a message for him. While Farrant dropped off again later into a troubled sleep, she wrote to Mannheimer; and then, with a docility born of long discipline, ate her luncheon, which tasted like nothing, and which she did not want.

By mid-afternoon the doctor came; and this time it seemed to her that his firm tread was more nervous. When he came out of the bedroom and closed the door, after whispering to Miss Dall on the threshold, she faced him squarely.

"Well?"

The physician shrugged his shoulders patiently. "Mrs. Farrant, I don't see any real hope for him at all. It is kinder to tell you. There is just one chance." He studied her face. "Windisch—the biggest specialist in the world, you know, for this sort of thing—is still in New York. He came over to operate on James L. Gillenton's daughter."

She nodded; she read the paper to Leo every morning while he breakfasted.

"Well: there's just the hundredth chance that Windisch, if he could see your husband, could do something for him. Of course, Windisch gets a bigger fee than—" He smiled at her kindly and ruefully.

"How much?"

"I don't know. He might be approached—if there is time before he sails. I could perhaps get at him through Doctor Melcher, who knows him. But even if he made it nominal, it would run into the hundreds. And if Windisch thought he could do anything, it would mean an operation and a very long convalescence in a hospital. I couldn't in the least say, Mrs. Farrant."

"Thousands." She murmured it to herself.

"Before you got through with it, yes. And of course, only a chance. I think, all things considered, even Windisch probably wouldn't operate." He seemed to be trying to let her down easily.

Marie Farrant closed her eyes. Fan-

tastic sums in addition seemed to be traced on the inner lids; she could see, with shut eyes, nothing but black figures on a yellowish background. Presently she looked at the doctor again. "If you can possibly get Windisch to come—I think I can manage it. Provided, that is, his fee is what you call nominal. I couldn't pay Gillenton prices—well, no matter what happened."

"Perhaps I can manage it. I'll go and see Melcher myself. And—if you could get a little rest while he sleeps. For he will sleep now—I've seen to that. You're a sensible woman: lie down and relax a little, if you can't do more." He shook hands with her, and went out.

The rest of the day dragged on as best it could for Mrs. Farrant. She sat with Leo while the nurse rested; she withdrew patiently when the nurse told her to. There were a few practical things that she could do: fetching and carrying, and sterilizing absurd little objects. All inanimate objects seemed absurd to her; though, inasmuch as Leo needed them in mysterious ways, they were sacred. When there were not practical things to do, she lay helplessly on her sofa, shut her eyes, and contemplated the black figures on the yellow background. She would almost have sent for Showalter, if she hadn't seen, in a morning paper, that he had sailed for Europe. Towards evening the doctor came again—another visit to write down on her calendar. He was softly jubilant. He had told Melcher all about the case; Melcher had arranged it for him; Windisch would come in the morning. The fee, he hoped, would be as small as—Farrant not being of the medical profession—could humanly be expected. She could not but see, across her bitter anxiety, that the doctor was elated at the undreamed-of chance of consulting with Windisch. He might have waited years for such a coincidence: Windisch's presence, and a case precisely in Windisch's line. To such uses had Leo Farrant come! "He'll sleep now," the doctor had said again, as he left. "The afternoon has worn him out. You must remember, Mrs. Farrant," he went on, "that the pain, though it's bad when it comes, isn't constant. Miss Dall will be there, in any case. So I think I'll prescribe for you, now." He held his hypodermic syringe lightly between his fingers.

"Oh, no!" she protested. "If she wanted me and I shouldn't wake!"

"She'll wake you fast enough if she does want you. Only an eighth of a grain—so that you'll be fresh for Windisch in the morning. He may want to ask you a lot of questions." Then, as she shook her head: "My dear lady, I know what I'm about. I know just the symptoms for which this stuff is good and those for which it isn't. Just at this moment you need it more than you need anything else. You'll be fit as a fiddle to-morrow—and you'll need to be. I know you pretty well, and I know the kind of night you would have if you didn't do this."

Still she demurred. "What time is Doctor Windisch coming?"

"Eleven sharp."

Mannheimer, if he got her note, would come at ten-thirty. She bared her arm obediently.

Leo Farrant braced himself admirably, the next morning, to meet the great specialist. Miss Dall, accustomed to every manifestation of the impulse to live, took it for hope. Marie Farrant knew better. Leo was merely counting on the luxury of being pulled to pieces by a first-rate intelligence: he was supremely interested. He had not expected anything so exciting to happen to him again—ever. They were very cheerful, the three, together; with that strange spontaneous gayety which often bursts into sudden flower in a sick-room. Waiting for Windisch gave them all respite; until he came there was no need to think. It was hardest, for every reason, on Mrs. Farrant; not least because she had Mannheimer to face at half past ten. She could not tell Leo about the appointment. She was glad that she didn't have to; though it stabbed her to see him so helpless that one could keep things from him. She managed to get a word in her sitting-room with Miss Dall when Mannheimer's card came up—enough to make sure that her retreat to the attic with the dealer would be skilfully covered for her. How she loathed these evasions—just as she had loathed, for months, the secret, sordid tragedy of her dwindling bank-account. What was left in life when husband or wife had to conceal from the other the other's own affairs?

She made some explanation to Mann-

heimer below, then led him up, past Leo's very door, to the "studio." Once there, she made him, in all the nonchalant phrases she had so carefully prepared, the offer of the Tuscan sketches. Her preliminary chatter took longer than she had realized it would; Mannheimer had been late; and he had still not committed himself when she heard unmistakable sounds below. Windisch was there. She turned to the dealer. "The specialist I spoke of has come. I am afraid I must go down for a little. But it's natural that you should want some time to look them over."

"Quite so. I'll wait. I do want to look them over." He pursed his lips judicially, looked about for a seat, found one, and sat down heavily as she left the room.

It did not take Windisch long to make his examination. Marie Farrant watched the minute-hand of her clock creep interminably on through the brief period. Miss Dall looked loyally out of the window all the while, save that once or twice she cast a keen, sidelong glance at the woman who sat there, hands folded and eyes fixed on the clock. She thought Mrs. Farrant beautiful, but she suspected that her looks would go suddenly and very soon.

Eventually the great man came out. The doctor beckoned to the nurse, and together they went into Farrant's bedroom. Mrs. Farrant was left face to face with Windisch. She rose. "Well?"

He looked at her kindly. How she feared their kindness! It so infallibly meant that there was some special reason for being kind.

He spoke, in the careful academic English of the educated foreigner. "I think, Mrs. Farrant, that there is very little chance. The only hope for your husband would be a grave operation; and it will be only just to say to you that I should greatly fear the result of that. The operation would—how do you say?—either kill or cure. I do not believe that it would cure. But there is a slight possibility that it would—one possibility, I might say, out of one hundred."

"What do you advise?"

His brilliant blue eyes raked the little sitting-room—as if to diagnose it—before he answered slowly: "I cannot, in such a case, advise. You, madam, must decide for yourself. I tell you the facts as I see them."

"May I have a few hours to make up my mind? I must see my husband."

He took out his watch. "At four o'clock you may telephone to Doctor Melcher. I would operate to-morrow. I sail to Europe on Saturday."

"I will telephone. Thank you." She shook hands with him, as the doctor came out of Leo's room.

"Well?" he asked, as he crossed the threshold.

"Doctor Windisch will tell you. May I go in now?"

"Not for ten minutes, please. Miss Dall will call you."

Windisch bowed, and the two physicians went out. Ten minutes gave her time to return to Mannheimer, and she crept up-stairs.

The dealer shook his head at her as soon as she entered the store-room. "Did Mr. Farrant tell you I would want these?"

"He thought it very unlikely. But he did say it might be worth your looking at them. He hasn't seen them for years. Of course they are only sketches."

"Oh, they're clever, but they must have been done very young."

"They were." "As long ago as the Garden of Eden," she might have added, but she did not.

"Frankly, Mrs. Farrant, in spite of the great respect I have personally for everything Mr. Farrant ever touched, I don't believe they're marketable. I'll keep an eye out, and let you know, but— Only a very acute critic would know they were Farrants; and critics aren't so acute as that about living artists. It doesn't pay them to be. No—I don't see my way."

He gave his refusal very lightly, she thought. In an instant, she saw why. Mannheimer waved his hand to the opposite wall, and as she turned she saw the "Leda" stripped of the covering that, the night before, she had hastily flung over it.

"Now, for that, Mrs. Farrant, I'll write you a cheque on the spot, to any tune you like—within reason. And 'within reason' leaves you a big margin, too." He smiled.

She had a sharp sensation of cold about her heart; as if, just in that spot, the blood had chilled.

"That isn't for sale."

He bent forward, palms thrust out. "I'll give you now, on the spot, as much as you would ever get for it. It pretty nearly knocked me over when I saw it—and I'm fairly used to pictures, too."

Mrs. Farrant was silent. Already the figures had crowded back into her brain, and if she closed her eyes for the merest flutter, she could see the amount of Windisch's fee (which Doctor Hynes, by prearrangement with her, had murmured in her ear as he went out) subtracted from her bank balance. She could see the sharp line drawn beneath, and the three figures of the remainder.

"I don't need to tell you," Mannheimer's voice went on, "that that picture ought to hang in the finest collection in the country."

"No, you don't need to tell me that."

He drew out his cheque-book. "Say when, Mrs. Farrant. Unless you have to consult your husband further about it." Then, as she did not answer: "I hope he is not seriously ill."

"Very seriously, Mr. Mannheimer."

"I am exceedingly sorry. America has no one living who can touch him, in my opinion."

"I must go to him now." She flung the covering back over the picture, then walked to the door and opened it for Mannheimer to pass out. He followed her, and she locked the door behind her.

"You don't trust me?" He laughed.

"I don't trust any one with that. I'll let you know if I think of selling."

He shook his head. "Any price you like, Mrs. Farrant. I shan't haggle with you. It honestly won't pay you anything to wait. I tell you frankly, Gillenton would take it to-morrow—at *my* price."

She parted from him on the threshold of her sitting-room. "I'll write, if I decide."

Mannheimer paused an instant, leaning on the stair-rail. Then he looked up at her and whispered hoarsely: "I'll take the sketches, if you'll let me have the big one now."

Mrs. Farrant nodded. "I'll let you know," she repeated. Then she went into the room and closed the door.

"Well, dear?" Leo Farrant greeted her with a smile. Miss Dall went out, and Marie Farrant bent to kiss her husband.

"Well, dear."

"He told you I was no good, didn't he?"

"Are you sure you ought to talk?"

"Oh, yes, they've done with me for a time. The pain isn't bad now. Good Heavens, I must talk while I can!"

"He said there was, with an operation, one chance in a hundred."

"What idiots they are!" he murmured softly.

"Why?"

"To think one will take their hundredth chance. The ninety-nine chances are that I should die of it, aren't they?"

She nodded.

"'A pox upon them!' as one would have said in a sturdier day. And how much did he stick you for saying that?"

She told him.

"Good Lord, my dear, we can't afford it!"

"Oh, yes, we can."

"Has some one left you money?"

"No; but we can afford anything that's necessary."

"Did you send for Mannheimer?"

"Yes. He came running." She patted his pillow.

"And did he want the stuff?"

Mrs. Farrant rose and pulled down the window-shade a few inches. "He's to send me a cheque to-night."

"How much?"

She pushed the shade up again, but Leo did not notice her gesture.

"The cheque hasn't come. But, according to what he said, I may trust him to do very well by us. So you see we can afford anything that is likely to do us any good."

"I'm very glad." He smiled at her, as she sat down again beside him. "I haven't seen them since the beginning of time, but honestly I didn't think there was much hope. They weren't much, as I remember the lot. You kept getting in the way, you know." His hand covered hers. "And besides, I hardly knew anything then."

She frowned slightly. "That's Mannheimer's affair, I think. So you will try the operation?"

He laughed weakly. Sensations that were the precursors of pain were coming upon him. "I should think not! I've

never wanted to go out under ether. And that is what it would really amount to. Their talk of my 'chance'! No, indeed. If there had been a real chance, he'd have carried me off bodily—he wouldn't have hemmed and hawed to you."

"How do you know what he did?"

"I know every line of your face, my dear."

"But, Leo darling——"

"It's all right. I've always been ready to get out when my time came. If there were one chance in a million to give me back my arm—well, that would be a sporting proposition. We'd see."

"You don't care just to be well—with me? Remember, there's all the Mannheimer money coming in."

"No, thanks. Remember, he couldn't be enthusiastic, even for the sake of doing a little sleight of hand among my vital organs. And they love doing it, you know, just as I loved to paint. No, I'm content as I am. I should feel a fool—a fool." His voice died away in a murmur, and he closed his eyes. "I'm just glad," he whispered, "that you'll have something to go on with. Awfully glad of that, Marie. I always liked Mannheimer, you know—not like most of them." The pain had come, and she summoned the nurse.

Doctor Hynes could not say, when he returned that afternoon, that he considered Farrant's decision unwise. "I won't force him to the operating-table against his will," she explained, "unless you or Windisch can give me more hope than he gave me this morning. I should feel that I had killed him, when he didn't want to be killed."

"Oh, I don't think Windisch really wants to operate, you know." The doctor, fingering a tiny square of brocade, did not look at her. "But he wouldn't have considered it honest to say that there was no hope—if you measure hope as they do radium. It lies with you entirely. Of course, it would be a very great expense."

"There is plenty of money," she broke in. "We can perfectly afford the operation *if* that hope is worth looking at."

He was silent. "I see you don't think it is," she said. "Then how can I violate my husband's will in the matter? For he would only consent, for my sake, because he couldn't refuse me if I seriously asked it."

Doctor Hynes still fingered the brocade.

"You've told me, yourself, everything I want to know," said Mrs. Farrant.

Then he turned. "No, indeed, I haven't. I've only said—as Windisch himself did—that I couldn't advise."

"In another case, you'd advise quickly enough." She smiled. "I don't ask you for another word. I don't hold you responsible in any sense. And now—you said you would be good enough to see that Doctor Windisch's cheque reached him." She went to her desk, wrote the cheque firmly, and handed it to him. "Thank you. One thing I should like to know. How long is he going to live, on this basis?"

He looked at her gravely, kindly, as so often he had done. "Not more than a month or two, Mrs. Farrant—with the turn things have taken in forty-eight hours. And the nursing is going to be hard. You had better keep Miss Dall."

"Is there going to be anything to do for him that I can't do? Anything technical, I mean?"

"Nothing that you couldn't learn to do—except perhaps occasionally. But it would be the height of unwisdom for you to do it. It would mean—and I can speak quite positively about that—a complete breakdown for you: years in a sanatorium, perhaps. You are pretty well worn out already."

"I'll chance the sanatorium. It won't in the least matter—afterward. The only thing I care about is being with my husband every minute now until the end. I should be jealous, you see"—she expounded carefully—"of any one else who did things for him."

"I see how you feel, Mrs. Farrant. But I'm not asking you to leave him. I'm only asking you to take enough care of yourself so that, while he does live, you can be a constant comfort to him—so that you'll be at your best for him, all the time. And I should be sorry to have you let Miss Dall go, and later have to fall back on some one else, for she's an exceptionally nice woman. Most nurses would be much more in your way."

"You think I can't put it through?"

"Not to the end."

"Ah, but I can! You don't know the whole of it, Doctor Hynes."

He looked at her keenly. "Since it isn't a question of expense——"

"It's a question of something very different from mere expense. I'm afraid I shall have to have my own way about this."

He stepped into the hall, then turned, with his hand on the door-knob. "I shall have my way in the end, Mrs. Farrant."

"Oh, *in the end*"—she emphasized the words slightly—"you may do anything you like with me."

She paused a moment in the hall, while the doctor went down-stairs; then softly, furtively, climbed the steps to the "studio." Once inside, she turned the key, and sat down where Mannheimer had seated himself in the morning. She was very, very tired, but her nerves had lifted her to the complicated strain of the day, and she must take advantage of whatever strength she had before she was let heavily, helplessly down to the lower levels of power. She did not dare close her eyes; for, if she did, that relentless arithmetical vision would swim beneath her eyelids and confront her. Only three figures: and the doctor, and Miss Dall, and two more months of life, perhaps, for Leo. If she could have been sure of herself, to the end, she would not have lifted her hand. She could trust herself now; but there was no telling what she might do later, with her heavy task upon her, half-crazed with weariness and strain. Mannheimer, waving a beneficent cheque, might, then, induce her to anything. She must do it now, while she could—before Mannheimer, returning and returning to the charge, should wear her out and drag consent from her.

She looked about the store-room for something to achieve her purpose with. She didn't want to ask Mrs. Bleeker for anything. In a dusty corner she found a screw-driver, and she seized it with a little gasp of relief. That would do. Lifting the covering from the picture, she gazed at it a moment. Her tears blinded her; presently, she knew, she would feel like some nameless vandal. Grasping the screw-driver, she drew her hand back, and pierced the canvas with one straight stroke. Then she closed her eyes—as if she expected to be sickened with the sight of blood. The black figures on the yellowish ground were no longer there; instead, she saw Mannheimer's smile. Then, blindly, she dragged the implanted screw-driver down, in a firm diagonal. When she looked again, her work was done: a jagged rent passed through the wondrous white body of Leda, across the canvas, to the smooth plumage of the swan. "It isn't worth a penny now," she murmured. Then she flung the tool away from her, loathing it as if it had killed. She covered the picture, wedging the cloth tightly round the frame, and left the attic, locking the door carefully behind her.

As she entered her husband's room, he smiled at her. The pain had left him for another interval. The old phrase came. "Well, dear?" He held out his hand.

She took it. "Well?" And, smiling, she kissed him.

THE BOUNTY-JUMPER

By Mary Synon

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ALONZO KIMBALL

". . . While faith, that in the mire was fain to wallow,
Returns at last to find
The cold fanes desolate, the niches hollow,
The windows dim and blind,

"And, strown with ruins around, the shattered relic
Of unregardful youth,
Where shapes of beauty once, with tongues angelic,
Whispered the runes of Truth."

—*From "The Burden of Lost Souls."*

ON the day before Isador Framberg's body was brought back to Chicago from Vera Cruz, James Thorold's appointment as ambassador to Forsland was confirmed by the Senate of the United States. Living, Isador Framberg might never have wedged into the affairs of nations and the destinies of James Thorold. Marines in the navy do not intrigue with chances of knee-breeches at the Court of St. Jerome. More than miles lie between Forquier Street and the Lake Shore Drive. Dead, Isador Framberg became, as dead men sometimes become, the archangel of a nation, standing with flaming sword at the gateway to James Thorold's paradise.

For ten years the Forsland embassy had been the goal of James Thorold's ambition. A man past seventy, head of a great importing establishment, he had shown interest in public affairs only within the decade, although his very build, tall, erect, commanding, and his manner, suavely courteous and untouched by futile haste, seemed to have equipped him with a natural bent for public life. Marrying late in life, he seemed to have found his bent more tardily than did other men. But he had invested wealth, influence, and wisdom in the future of men who, come to power, were paying him with this grant of his desire. The news, coming to him unofficially but authoritatively from Washington, set him to cabling his wife and daughter in Paris and telegraphing his son whose steamer was just docking in New York. The boy's answer, delayed in transit and announcing that he was already on his way to Chicago, came with the morning newspapers and hurried his father through their contents in order that he might be on time to meet Peter at the station.

The newspapers, chronicling Thorold's appointment briefly, were heavy with harbingering of the funeral procession of the boy who had fallen a fortnight before in the American navy's attack upon Vera Cruz. The relative values that editors placed upon the marine's death and his own honoring nettled Thorold. Ambassadors to the Court of St. Jerome were not chosen from Chicago every day, he reasoned, finding Isador Framberg already the fly in the amber of his contentment. To change the current of his thought he read over Peter's telegram, smiling at the exuberant message of joy in which the boy had vaunted the family glory. The yellow slip drove home to James Thorold the realization of how largely Peter's young enthusiasm was responsible for the whetting of his father's desire to take part in public affairs. For Peter's praise James Thorold would have moved mountains; and Peter's praise had a way of following the man on horseback. Thorold's eager anticipation of the boy's pride in him sped his course through rosy mists of hope as his motor-car threaded the bright drive and through the crowded Parkway toward the Rush Street bridge.

A cloud drifted across the sky of his serenity, however, as a blockade of traffic delayed his car in front of the old Adams homestead, rising among lilacs that flooded half a city square with fragrance. The old house, famous beyond its own day for Judge Adams's friendship with Abraham Lincoln and the history-making sessions that the little group of Illinois idealists

had held within its walls, loomed gray above the flowering shrubs, a saddening reminder of days that James Thorold must have known; but Thorold, glimpsing the place, turned away from it in a movement so swift as to betoken some resentment and gave heed instead to the long line of motors rolling smoothly toward the city's heart.

Over the bridge and through the packed streets of the down-town district Thorold, shaken from his revery of power and Peter, watched the film that Chicago unrolled for the boulevard pilgrims. The boats in the river, the long switch-tracks of the railroads, the tall grain-elevators, the low warehouses from which drifted alluring odors of spices linked for James Thorold the older city of his youth with the newer one of his age as the street linked one division of the city's geography with another. They were the means by which Chicago had risen from the sand-flats of the fifties to the Michigan Avenue of the present, that wide street of the high sky-line that fronted the world as it faced the Great Lakes, squarely, solidly, openly. They were the means, too, by which James Thorold had augmented his fortune until it had acquired the power to send him to Forsland. To him, however, they represented not ladders to prosperity but a social condition of a passing generation, the Chicago of the seventies, a city distinctively American in population and in ideals, a youthful city of a single standard of endeavor, a pleasant place that had been swallowed by the Chicago of the present, that many-tentacled monster of heterogeneous races, that affected him, as it did so many of the older residents, with an overwhelming sensation of revolt against its sprawling lack of cohesion. Even the material advantages that had accrued to him from the growth of the city could not reconcile James Thorold to the fact that the elements of the city's growth came from the races of men whom he held in contempt. What mattered it, he reasoned, that Chicago waxed huge when her grossness came from the unassimilated, indigestible mass of Latins and Greeks, Poles and Russians, Czechs, Bulgars, Jews, who filled the streets, the factories, and the schools?

The prejudice, always strong within him, rose higher as he found his machine blocked again, this time by the crowd that stood across Jackson Boulevard at La Salle Street. Even after the peremptory order of a mounted police officer had cleared the way for him James Thorold frowned on the lines of men and women pressed back against the curbstones. The thought that they were waiting the coming of the body of that boy who had died in Mexico added to his annoyance the realization that he would have to fight his way through another crowd at the station if he wished to reach the train-shed where Peter's train would come. The struggle was spared him, however, by the recognition of a newspaper reporter who took it for granted that the ambassador to Forsland had come to meet the funeral cortège of the marine and who led him through a labyrinthine passage that brought him past the gates and under the glass dome of the train-shed.

Left alone, Thorold paced the platform a little apart from the group of men who had evidently been delegated to represent the city. Some of them he knew. Others of them, men of Isador Framberg's people and of the ten tribes of Israel, he did not care to know. He turned away from them to watch the people beyond the gates. Thousands of faces, typical of every nation of Europe and some of the lands of Asia, fair Norsemen and Teutons, olive-skinned Italians and men and women of the swarthier peoples of Palestine, Poles, Finns, Lithuanians, Russians, Bulgars, Bohemians, units of that mass which had welded in the city of the Great Lakes of America, looked out from behind the iron fence. The tensity written on their faces, eager yet awed, brought back to James Thorold another time when men and women had stood within a Chicago railway terminal waiting for a funeral cortège, the time when Illinois waited in sorrow to take Abraham Lincoln, dead, to her heart. The memory of that other April day of dirges linked itself suddenly in the mind of James Thorold with the picture of the lilacs blooming in the yard of the Adams homestead on the Parkway, that old house where Abraham Lincoln had been wont to come; and the fusing recollections spun the ambassador to Forsland upon his heel and sent him far down the

platform, where he stood, gloomily apart, until the limited, rolling in from the end of the yards, brought him hastening to its side.

Peter Thorold was the first to alight.

A boy of sixteen, fair-haired, blue-eyed, ruddy-cheeked, springing from the platform of the Pullman into his father's arms, he brought with him the atmosphere of high adventure. In height, in poise of shoulders, in bearing, in a certain trick of lifting his chin, he was a replica of the dignified man who welcomed him with deep emotion; but a difference—of dream rather than of dogma—in the quality of their temperaments accoladed the boy. It was not only that his voice thrilled with the higher enthusiasms of youth. It held besides an inflexibility of tone that James Thorold's lacked. Its timbre told that Peter Thorold's spirit had been tempered in a furnace fierier than the one which had given forth the older man's. The voice rang out now in excited pleasure as the boy gripped his father's shoulders. "Oh, but it's good to see you again, dad," he cried. "You're a great old boy, and I'm proud of you, sir. Think of it!" he almost shouted. "Ambassador to Forsland! Say, but that's bully!" He slipped his arm around his father's shoulder, while James Thorold watched him with eyes that shone with joy. "What do you call an ambassador?" he demanded laughingly.

"Fortunately," the older man said, "there is no title accompanying the office."

"Well, I should think not," the boy exclaimed. "Oh, dad, isn't it the greatest thing in the world that you're to represent the United States of America?"

James Thorold smiled. "No doubt," he said dryly. His gaze passed his son to glimpse the crowd at the gate, frantic now with excitement, all looking forward toward some point on the platform just beyond where the man and boy were standing. "These United States of America have grown past my thought of them," he added. The boy caught up the idea eagerly. "Haven't they, though?" he demanded. "And isn't it wonderful to think that it's all the same old America, 'the land of the free and the home of the brave'? Gee, but it's good to be back in it again. I came up into New York alongside the battleship that brought our boys home from Mexico," he went on, "and, oh, say, dad, you should have seen that harbor! I've seen a lot of things for a fellow," he pursued with a touch of boyish boastfulness, "but I never saw anything in all my life like that port yesterday. People, and people, and people, waiting, and flags at half-mast, and a band off somewhere playing a funeral march, and that battleship with the dead sailors—the fellows who died for our country at Vera Cruz, you know—creeping up to the dock. Oh, it was—well, I cried!" He made confession proudly, then hastened into less personal narrative.

"One of them came from Chicago here," he said. "He was only nineteen years old, and he was one of the first on the beach after the order to cross to the custom-house. He lived over on Forquier Street, one of the men was telling me—there are six of them, the guard of honor for him, on the train—and his name was Isador Framberg. He was born in Russia, too, in Kiev, the place of the massacres, you remember. See, dad, here comes the guard!"

Peter Thorold swung his father around until he faced six uniformed men who fell into step as they went forward toward the baggage-car. "It's too bad, isn't it," the boy continued, "that any of the boys had to die down in that greaser town? But, if they did, I'm proud that we proved up that Chicago had a hero to send. Aren't you, dad?" James Thorold did not answer. Peter's hands closed over his arm. "It reminds me," he said, lowering his voice as they came closer to the place where the marines stood beside the iron carrier that awaited the casket of Isador Framberg's body, "of something the tutor at Westbury taught us in Greek last year, something in a funeral oration that a fellow in Athens made on the men who died in the Peloponnesian War. 'Such was the end of these men,'" he quoted slowly, pausing now and then for a word while his father looked wonderingly upon his rapt fervor, "'and they were worthy of Athens. The living need not desire to have a more heroic spirit. I would have you fix your eyes upon the greatness of Athens, until you become filled with the

love of her; and, when you are impressed by the spectacle of her glory, reflect that this empire has been acquired by men who knew their duty and who had the courage to do it, who in the hour of conflict had the fear of dishonor always present to them.'" With the solemnity of a chant the young voice went on while the flag-covered casket was lifted from car to bier. "'For the whole earth is the sepulchre of famous men; not only are they commemorated by columns and inscriptions in their own country, but in foreign lands there dwells also an unwritten memorial of them, graven not in stone but in the hearts of men. Make them your examples, and, esteeming courage to be freedom and freedom to be happiness, do not weigh too nicely the perils of war.'"

He pulled off his cap, tucking it under his arm and dragging his father with him to follow the men who had fallen in behind the marines as they moved forward toward the gates and the silent crowd beyond. Almost unwillingly James Thorold doffed his hat. The words of Peter's unexpected declamation of Pericles's oration resounded in his ears. "Once before," he said to the boy, "I heard that speech. Judge Adams said it one night to Abraham Lincoln."

"Father!" Peter's eyes flashed back from the cortège to meet James Thorold's. "I never knew that you knew Abraham Lincoln." His tone betokened an impression of having been cheated of some joy the older man had been hoarding. But James Thorold's voice held no joy. "Yes," he said. "I knew him."

The gates, sliding back, opened the way for the officers who led the procession with which Isador Framberg came back to the city of his adoption. The crowd yawned to give space to the guard of honor, walking erectly beside the flag-draped coffin, to the mourners, men and women alien as if they had come from Kiev but yesterday, to the little group of men, public officials and rabbis, who trailed in their wake, and to James Thorold and Peter, reverently following. Then it closed in upon the cortège, urging it silently down the broad stairways and out into the street where other crowds fell in with the strange procession. Surging away after the shabby hearse, drawn by its listless horses and attended by the marines, the crowd left the Thorolds, father and son, on the pavement beside the station. "Don't you want to go?" There was a wistfulness in Peter's voice that told his father that the boy had sensed some lack of responsiveness in him. "He's going to lie in state to-day at the city hall. Don't you think we should go, dad?" Not Peter's query but Peter's eyes won his father's answer. "After a while," he promised. "Then let's find a breakfast," the boy laughed. "I spent my last dollar sending you that telegram."

All the way over to his father's club on Michigan Avenue, and all through the breakfast that he ordered with lusty young appetite, Peter kept up a running fire of reminiscence of his European adventures. That the fire held grapeshot for his father when he talked of the latter's worthiness for the ambassadorship to Forsland he could not guess; but he found that he was pouring salt in a wound when he went back to comment upon Isador Framberg's death. "Why make so much of a boy who happened to be at Vera Cruz?" the older man said at last, nettled that even his son found greater occasion for commendation in the circumstance of the Forquier Street hero than in his father's selection to the most important diplomatic post in the gift of the government. Peter's brows rose swiftly at his father's annoyance. He opened his lips for argument, then swiftly changed his intention. "Tell me about Judge Adams, dad," he said, bungling over his desire to change the topic, "the fellow who knew his Pericles."

"It's too long a story," James Thorold said. He watched Peter closely in the fashion of an advocate studying the characteristics of a judge. The boy's idealism, his vivid young patriotism, his eager championship of those elements of the new America that his father contemned, had fired his personality with a glaze that left James Thorold's smoothly diplomatic fingers wandering over its surface, unable to hold it within his grasp. He had a story to tell Peter—some time—a story of Judge Adams, of the house among the lilacs, of days of war, of Abraham Lincoln; but the time for its telling must wait upon circumstance that would make Peter Thorold more ready to understand weak-



Drawn by Alonzo Kimball.

"Father! . . . I never knew that you knew Abraham Lincoln."—Page 238.

ness and failure than he now seemed. Consciously James Thorold took a change of venue from Peter Thorold of the visions to Peter Thorold of the inevitable disillusions. But to the former he made concession. "Shall we go to the city hall now?" he asked as they rose from the table.

The city hall, a massive white granite pile covering half of the square east of La Salle Street and north of Washington and meeting its twin of the county building to form a solid mass of masonry, flaunted black drapings over the doorways through which James Thorold and his son entered. Through a wide corridor of bronze and marble they found their way, passing a few stragglers from the great crowd that had filled the lower floors of the huge structures when Isador Framberg's body had been brought from its hearse and carried to the centre of the aisles, the place where the intersecting thoroughfares met. Under a great bronze lamp stood the catafalque, covered with the Stars and Stripes and guarded by the men of the fleet.

Peter Thorold, pressing forward, took his place, his cap thrust under his arm, at the foot of the bier, giving his tribute of silence to the boy who had died for his country. But James Thorold went aside to stand beside an elevator-shaft. Had his son watched him as he was watching Peter, he would have seen the swift emotions that took their way across his father's face. He would have seen the older man's look dilate with the strained horror of one who gazed back through the dimming years to see a ghost. He would have seen sorrow, and grief, and a great remorse rising to James Thorold's eyes. He might even have seen the shadow of another bier cast upon the retina of his father's sight. He might have seen through his father's watching the memory of another man who had once lain on the very spot where Isador Framberg was lying, a man who had died for his country after he had lived to set his country among the free nations of the earth. But Peter Thorold saw only the boy who had gone from a Forquier Street tenement to the Mexican sands that he might prove by his dying that, with Irish, and Germans, and French, he too, the lad who had been born in Kiev of the massacres, was an American.

With the surge of strange emotions flooding his heart, Peter Thorold crossed to where his father stood apart. The tide of his thought overflowed the shore of prose and landed his expression high on a cliff of poetry. No chance, but the urging of his own exalted mood, brought from him the last lines of Moody's "Ode in Time of Hesitation":

> "Then on your guiltier head
> Shall our intolerable self-disdain
> Wreak suddenly its anger and its pain;
> For manifest in that disastrous light
> We shall discern the right
> And do it, tardily.—O ye who lead,
> Take heed!
> Blindness we may forgive, but baseness we will smite."

But to the older man, seeing as he stood the picture of that other catafalque to which he had crept one night in the lilac time of a year nearly a half century agone, the words flung anathema. He leaned back against the bronze grating of the shaft with a sudden look of age that brought Peter's protective arm to his shoulder. Then, with Peter following, he went out to the sun-bright street.

Like a man in a daze he dismissed his car, crossing pavements under Peter's guiding until he came to the building where the fortunes of the great Thorold mercantile business were administered. Through the outer room, where clerks looked up in surprise at the appearance which their chief presented on the morning when they had learned of the Forsland embassy, he led Peter until they came to the room where he had reigned for twenty years. It was a room that had always mirrored James Thorold to his son. Tall bookcases, stiff, old-fashioned, held long rows of legal works, books on history, essays on ethical topics, and bound volumes of periodicals. Except for its maps, it was a lawyer's room, although James Thorold never claimed either legal ability or legal standing. Peter seldom entered it without interest in its possibilities of entertainment, but to-day his father's strange and sudden preoccupation of manner ingulfed all the boy's thought. "What is it, dad?" he asked, a tightening fear screwing down upon his brain as he noted the change that had come over the mask that James Thorold's face held to the world.



Drawn by Alonzo Kimball.

Almost impassively James Thorold watched him.—Page 243.

James Thorold made him no answer. He was standing at the wide walnut table, turning over and over in his hands the letters which his secretary had left for his perusal. Finally, he opened one of them, the bulkiest. He scanned it for a moment, then flung it upon the floor. Then he began to pace the room till in his striding he struck his foot against the paper he had cast aside. He picked it up, tossing it toward Peter. The boy turned from his strained watching of his father's face to read the letter. It was the official notification of the Senate's confirmation of the President's appointment of James Thorold as ambassador to the Court of St. Jerome.

"Why, father!" Incredulity heightened the boyishness in Peter's tone. James Thorold wheeled around until he faced him. "Peter," he said huskily, "there's something you'll have to know before I go to Forsland—if ever I go to Forsland. You'll have to decide." The boy shrank from the ominous cadence of the words. "Why, I can't judge for you, dad," he said awkwardly. "Our children are always our ultimate judges," James Thorold said.

"I have sometimes wondered," he went on, speaking to himself rather than to the puzzled boy, "how the disciples who met Christ but who did not go his way with him to the end felt when they heard he had died. I knew a great man once, Peter. I went his way for a little while, then I took my own. I saw them bring him, dead, over the way they have brought that boy to-day. I came down to the court-house that night, and there, just where that boy lies, Peter, I made a promise that I have not kept."

Again he resumed his pacing, speaking as he went, sometimes in low tones, sometimes with tensity of voice, always as if urged by some force that was driving him from silence. The boy, leaning forward at the edge of the chair, watched his father through the first part of the story. Before the end came he turned away.

"You remember," James Thorold began, his voice pleading patience, "that I've told you I came to Chicago from Ohio before the war? I was older than you then, Peter, but I was something of a hero-worshipper, too. Judge Adams was my hero in those troublous times of the fifties. I knew him only by sight for a long time, watching him go in and out of the big white house where he lived. After a time I came to know him. I was clerking in a coffee-importing house during the day and studying law at night. Judge Adams took me into his office. He took me among his friends. Abraham Lincoln was one of them.

"I remember the night I met Lincoln. Judge Adams had talked of him often. He had been talking of him that day. 'Greatness,' he had said, 'is the holding of a great dream, not for yourself, but for others. Abraham Lincoln has the dream. He has heard the voice, and seen the vision, and he is climbing up to Sinai. You must meet him, James.' That night I met him in the old white house.

"We were in the front parlor of the old house," James Thorold continued, resetting the scene until his only listener knew that it was more real to him than the room through which he paced, "when some one said, 'Mr. Lincoln.' I looked up to see a tall, awkward man standing in the arched doorway. Other men have said that they had to know Lincoln a long time to feel his greatness. My shame is the greater that I felt his greatness on the instant when I met his eyes.

"There was talk of war that night. Lincoln did not join in it, I remember, although I do not recall what he said. But when he rose to go I went with him. We walked down the street past dooryards where lilacs were blooming, keeping together till we crossed the river. There our ways parted. I told him a little of what Judge Adams had said of him. He laughed at the praise, waving it away from himself. 'It's a good thought, though,' he said, 'a great dream for others. But we need more than the dreaming, my friend. When the time comes, will you be ready?'

"I held out my hand to him in pledge.

"My way home that night took me past the armory where the Zouaves, the boys whom Ellsworth trained, were drilling. You remember Ellsworth's story, Peter? He was the first officer to die in the war." The boy nodded solemnly, and the man went on. "With Abraham Lincoln's voice ringing in my ears I enlisted.

"Years afterward, when Abraham Lincoln was President, war came. I'd seen Lincoln often in the years between."

James Thorold stopped his restless pacing and stood at the end of the table away from Peter, leaning over it slightly, as he seemed to keep up his story with difficulty. "He came often to Judge Adams's house. There were evenings when the three of us sat in the parlor with the dusk drifting in from the lake, and spoke of the future of the nation. Judge Adams thought war inevitable. Abraham Lincoln thought it could be averted. They both dreaded it. I was young, and I hoped for it. 'What'll you do, Jim, if war should come?' they asked me once. 'I'd go as a private,' I told them.

"If the war had come then I should have gone with the first regiment out. But when the call sounded Ellsworth had gone to New York and the Zouaves had merged with another regiment. I didn't go with them in the beginning because I told myself that I wanted to be with the first troop that went from Illinois to the front. I didn't join until after Lincoln had sent out his call for volunteers.

"You see," he explained to the silent boy, "I had left Judge Adams's office and struck out for myself. Chicago was showing me golden opportunities. Before me, if I stayed, stretched a wide road of success."

"And you didn't go?" Peter interrupted his father for the first time. "I thought—" His voice broke.

"I went," James Thorold said. "The regiment, the Nineteenth, was at the border when Lincoln gave the call. There was a bounty being offered to join it. I would have gone anyhow, but I thought that I might just as well take the money. I was giving up so much to go, I reasoned. And so I took the bounty. The provost marshal gave me the money in the office right across the square from the old court-house. I put it in the bank before I started south.

"I left Chicago that night with a great thrill. I was going to fight for a great cause, for Abraham Lincoln's great dream for the country my father had died for in Mexico, that my grandfather had fought for at Lundy's Lane. I think," he said, "that if I might have gone right down to the fighting, I'd have stood the test. But when I came to Tennessee the regiment had gone stale. We waited, and waited. Every day I lost a little interest. Every day the routine dragged a little harder. I had time to see what opportunities I had left back here in Chicago. I wasn't afraid of the fighting. But the sheer hatred of what I came to call the uselessness of war gnawed at my soul. I kept thinking of the ways in which I might shape my destiny if only I were free. I kept thinking of the thousand roads to wealth, to personal success, that Chicago held for me. One night I took my chance. I slipped past the lines."

"Father!" The boy's voice throbbed with pain. His eyes, dilated with horror at the realization of the older man's admission, fixed their gaze accusingly on James Thorold. "You weren't a—a deserter?" He breathed the word fearfully.

"I was a bounty-jumper."

"Oh!" Peter Thorold's shoulders drooped as if under the force of a vital blow. Vaguely as he knew the term, the boy knew only too well the burden of disgrace that it carried. Once, in school, he had heard an old tutor apply it to some character of history whom he had especially despised. Again, in a home where he had visited, he had heard another old man use the phrase in contempt for some local personage who had attempted to seek public office. Bounty-jumper! Its province expressed to the lad's mind a layer of the inferno beneath the one reserved for the Benedict Arnolds and the Aaron Burrs. Vainly he bugled to his own troops of self-control; but they, too, were deserters in the calamity. He flung his arms across the table, surrendering to his sobs.

Almost impassively James Thorold watched him, as if he himself had gone so far back into his thought of the past that he could not bridge the gap to Peter now. With some thought of crossing the chasm he took up his tale of dishonor. Punctuated by the boy's sobs it went on.

"I came back to Chicago and drew the money from the bank. I knew I couldn't go back to the practise of law. I changed my name to Thorold and started in business as an army contractor. I made money. The money that's made us rich, the money that's sending me to Forsland" —a bitterness not in his voice before

edged his mention of the embassy—"came from that bounty that the provost marshal gave me."

He turned his back upon the sobbing boy, walking over to the window and staring outward upon the April brightness of the noonday ere he spoke again. "You know of the Nineteenth's record? They were at Nashville, and they were at Chattanooga after my colonel came back, dead. I went out of Chicago when his body was brought in. Then Turchin took command of the brigade. The Nineteenth went into the big fights. They were at Chickamauga. Benton fell there. He'd been in Judge Adams's office with me. After I'd come back he'd joined the regiment. The day the news of Chickamauga came I met Judge Adams on Washington Street. He knew me. He looked at me as Peter might have looked at Judas."

Slowly Peter Thorold raised his head from his arms, staring at the man beside the window. James Thorold met his look with sombre sorrow. "Don't think I've had no punishment," he said. "Remember that I loved Judge Adams. And I loved Abraham Lincoln."

"Oh, no, no!" The boy's choked utterance came in protest. "If you'd really cared for them you wouldn't have failed them."

"I have prayed," his father said, "that you may never know the grief of having failed the men you have loved. There's no heavier woe, Peter." Again his gaze went from the boy, from the room, from the present. "I did not see Abraham Lincoln again until he was dead," he said. "They brought him back and set his bier in the old court-house. The night he lay there I went in past the guards and looked long upon the face of him who had been my friend. I saw the sadness and the sorrow, the greatness and the glory, that life and death had sculptured there. He had dreamed and he had done. When the time had come he had been ready. I knelt beside his coffin; and I promised God and Abraham Lincoln that I would, before I died, make atonement for the faith I had broken."

Peter's sobbing had died down to husky flutterings of breath, but he kept his face averted from the man at the other side of the table. "I meant to make some sort of reparation," James Thorold explained, listlessness falling like twilight on his mood as if the sun had gone down on his power, "but I was always so busy, so busy. And there seemed no real occasion for sacrifice. I never sought public office or public honors till I thought you wanted me to have them, Peter." He turned directly to the boy, but the boy did not move. "I was so glad of Forsland—yesterday. Through all these years I have told myself that, after all, I had done no great wrong. But sometimes, when the bands were playing and the flags were flying, I knew that I had turned away from the Grail after I had looked upon it. I knew it to-day when I stood beside that boy's coffin. I had said that times change. I know now that only the time changes. The spirit does not die, but it's a stream that goes underground to come up, a clear spring, in unexpected places. My father died in Mexico. I failed my country. And Isador Framberg dies at Vera Cruz."

"For our country," the boy said bitterly.

"And his own," his father added. "For him, for his people, for all these who walk in darkness Abraham Lincoln died. The gleam of his torch shone far down their lands. His message brought them here. They have known him even as I, who walked with him in life, did not know him until to-day. And they are paying him. That dead boy is their offering to him, their message that they are the Americans."

Into Peter Thorold's eyes, as he looked upon his father, leaped a flash of blue fire. Searchingly he stared into the face of the older man as Galahad might have gazed upon a sorrowing Percival. "You're going to give up Forsland?" he breathed, touching the paper on the table. "I gave up Forsland," James Thorold said, "when I saw you at Isador Framberg's side. I knew that I was not worthy to represent your America—and his." He held out his hands to Peter longingly. The boy's strong ones closed over them. Peter Thorold, sighting the mansion of his father's soul, saw that the other man had passed the portals of confession into an empire of expiation mightier than the Court of St. Jerome.

MILITARISM AND DEMOCRACY IN GERMANY

By Oswald Garrison Villard

NINETY-THREE German savants who pledged their honor and reputation to the truth of their statements have recently declared that German militarism is one and indivisible with German culture. "Without it," they said, "our culture would long since have been wiped off the earth." From many other German sources come denials that Germany's militarism is a menace to the peace of Europe or to anybody else. It is defended, moreover, not only as a cultural but as a democratic institution. Germans are to-day thanking God for their militarism, on the ground that but for it Napoleon would never have been humbled and the German Empire would never have come to pass; that to its extent and thoroughness alone Germany owes her safety at this hour, when she is beset by the troops of nearly half the world, but has thus far carried on the war almost entirely on other people's soil. It is, therefore, worth while for Americans to examine this German institution carefully, particularly as we are already being told by certain soothsayers that the war convicts England of folly in not having resorted to universal conscription, and places upon us the duty of still greater military burdens, since by some occult reasoning it is apparent to them that if Germany wins we are to be the next victims of her aggrandizing ambition.

Like the nation itself, the German army is curiously two-sided, for it is both a democracy and an autocracy, but with the autocracy on top. It is a democracy because within its regiments are men of every rank and caste, of every grade of learning and every degree of poverty and wealth. It is democratic because it is compulsory and because it spares none. No amount of pull or power can free a German from his year or more of service; if he escapes it is because the army's draft for the year when he becomes liable for service is so large that all cannot be cared for in the existing organizations, or because some physical disability insures his exemption. Thus, when the call to arms came on the 4th of August it was literally an uprising of the people. The great wave of emotion which exalted the whole nation gained its impetus because men of every class went forth, singing, to die. Barriers of all kinds were levelled; in the enthusiasm of that tremendous hour, caste and rank were, for the moment, forgotten. The entire citizenship was drawn together by the levelling influence of devotion to a single cause. For the moment all Germany was a democracy, and democratic were the forces which stormed Liège, and swept like irresistible gray-green waves of the sea through Brussels, until they were nearly in sight of the defences of Paris.

In the trenches to-day lie side by side, as common soldiers or non-commissioned officers, men who have made their mark in the field of learning, or science, or business, or the skilled professions. Some reserve regiments would seem to be a cross section of the population. One of its lieutenants may be of humble origin, a minor official, let us say, in the Dresdner Bank; serving with him may be a reserve lieutenant who drafted last year one of the most important bills ever laid before the Reichstag. A reserve non-commissioned officer who reports to them may be a survivor of the twenty-six Socialist deputies to the Reichstag who found the call of conventional patriotism far more compelling than the peace principles of their party. A lieutenant next to them may bear the plebeian name of Wilhelm Müller, yet be one of the ablest junior officials of the Colonial Office, for the moment bedfellow with a police officer of Berlin who has exchanged the pursuit of criminals for the pursuit of the French. Next in line may be a university professor of distinction, a painter for whom great things are prophesied, a musician of note, and with them may be serving apprentices, laborers, street-cleaners, conductors, hod-car-

riers—men from every humble and honorable walk in life.

There is similarly no discrimination among regiments when war is on; as far as this the General Staff's democracy extends. Whatever the prestige of a regiment in peace times, whether it be the Garde du Corps, the crack cavalry regiment, or the Death's Head Hussars, until lately commanded by the Crown Prince, or one of the Imperial Infantry Guards, it meets with no other consideration than that of the most plebeian infantry regiment when the fighting is under way. It makes no difference if every officer in it is of ancient and noble lineage. The Guards are reported to have been among the heaviest losers in the present war, precisely as at St. Privat in 1870, when five battalions lost every officer and were fighting under their sergeants when the day was won. It is just the same with the Kaiser's younger sons; they have gone into the actual welter of battle exactly as if offspring of the humblest Westphalian peasant, Prince Joachim being wounded by shrapnel and Prince Oscar collapsing from exhaustion and heart weakness after a charge at the head of his regiment against Turcos, whose bullets laid low most of his regimental officers. The Crown Prince may be safe by reason of his being the nominal commander of an army, but his brothers are alive to-day only by the fortunes of war. Not unnaturally the German press has drawn biting contrasts between the sons of the Kaiser and the Prince of Wales, who, it was officially announced in England, was, at twenty, not sufficiently trained as a soldier to go to the front until three and a half months of war had passed. That the privilege of dying as the German General Staff wills belongs to princes as much as to anybody else is attested by the death of Lieutenant-General Frederick, Prince of Saxe-Meiningen, a brother-in-law of the Kaiser's sister and of other notables.

But the brief for the democracy of the German army does not end here. It enforces, so its adherents claim, a fine standard of personal conduct, of physical vigor, and of loyalty to King and country throughout the nation. The army takes the humblest conscript, however ignorant and lacking in self-respect, and turns him out a decent, healthy citizen with a fine physique, excellent carriage, inured to heavy burdens, long marches, and absolute obedience. If he is a dull clodhopper from a Polish province, unable to speak German, the recruit is taught his King's language and how to write it; he learns, as Kipling puts it, to "wash behind his ears," how to eat, how to walk, how to keep himself scrupulously neat, and how to think for himself.

The great lesson of subordination to authority is thus learned, and in many cases self-restraint, as a result of methods which are applied just as rigorously to the son of a millionaire or of an aristocrat. The natural German love of outdoors and of exercise in the open is intensified by service with the colors; a genuine comradeship with men in all walks of life springs up, and with it comes the ability to feel as a German, to think in terms of the nation, whose patriotic songs one and all sing as they march, for singing is a wise requirement of the German military training. Certainly, as the English military reports have so generously attested, this training teaches men to face certain death for the Fatherland with a devotion never surpassed by Occidentals and equalling the stoical and fatalistic pursuance of death by Orientals. Again, the wonderful thoroughness of the military machine leaves its impress upon all who are for a time of its cogs, and to it is attributed some of that unequalled efficiency of the Germans to which the nation owes its extraordinary national rise and prosperity. The army is, in other words, regarded as a vital part of the great German system of education.

If this were all to be said of German militarism its case would be, perhaps, won. England and the United States might then be tempted to add a similar course to their educational system. But there is the other side.

It is hard to conceive of a closer corporation or a more autocratic body than the German General Staff; it *is* the army to which it gives the dominating note. It is a group of aggressive, hard-working, exceptionally able officers, envied by soldiers all over the world because the nation does as they tell it. In 1913, when they demanded one hundred and forty thousand more men, the war minister acted as their

spokesman, and the Reichstag hardly questioned; the Socialists, foreshadowing their present desertion of their peace principles, acquiesced by a cowardly approval or dodged by a refusal to vote. For the first time after this vote the tax-gatherer knocked at German doors, not to take a share of the income, but some of the citizens' capital, and no one protested. To question the General Staff would be like questioning the Deity, a fact which explains why, the General Staff having declared that it was essential to invade Belgium, nobody in all Germany doubts that decision. One may start controversies over sacred theology in the Kaiser's domains, but not one as to the all-embracing wisdom of the General Staff, for on that there have never been two opinions since 1866 up to the time of this writing. When the deadly forty-two-centimetre guns were planned, the *Grosser Generalstab* asked the Reichstag for a large appropriation and obtained it without disclosing in any degree the purposes for which it was asked. It was enough that the war minister declared the *Generalstab* must have it for a purpose too secret and too important to be intrusted to the Reichstag committee on army estimates or to any but the inner ring of the army.

It is that inner ring which settles the fate of an officer after he has reached colonel's rank. Let one be overslaughed and he resigns at once. Let him blunder in the manœuvres and his "papers" go forward promptly; the General Staff sees to that. Physical efficiency is insisted upon as well as mental. An officer may be as dissipated as he pleases, but he must be on hand with a clear head for the five-o'clock spring and summer march-out of his regiment. His habits and customs may be deserving of all sorts of censure, but if he studies diligently, passes his examinations well, has good efficiency reports, and is altogether *ein schneidiger Offizier* his superiors will say nothing. There is no age limit as in our army, as is evidenced by the prevalence of men approaching seventy in high positions to-day. Thus, Generals von Kluck, von Hausen, and von Bülow are sixty-eight; Generals von Moltke and von Emmich, the latter the capturer of Liège, are sixty-six; and General von Hindenburg is sixty-seven. But to hold their positions men like these must be vigorous physically and mentally, agreeable to the General Staff, and absolute upholders of the existing military traditions and order.

By this we do not mean that each general must be a follower of Bernhardi. Many of the German generals probably never saw his book nor even heard of it. But they must subscribe fervently to the overbearing pretensions of the military clique, to the autocratic attitude of the army toward the civilian and the nation. They must carry themselves as members of an exalted caste whose adoration of their uniform borders on pagan worship. Take the case of Colonel von Reuter, who commanded the Ninety-ninth Infantry, stationed at Zabern, in Alsace, and was acquitted in January of last year (1914) of the charges of illegal assumption of the executive power, illegal imprisonment of civilians, and the invasion of private houses in order to make arrests. This was at the time when his young officers, whom one could hardly accuse of being democratic in spirit, were sabring or persecuting the civilians, who were driven almost to revolt by the overbearing arrogance of the military. Colonel von Reuter himself openly and aggressively stated on his trial that if matters had gone any further he would have turned his machine-guns, which stood ready in the courtyard of the barracks, on the populace. "Blood may flow," he had threatened at the crucial moment, "for we are protecting the prestige and the honor of the whole army and the gravely shaken authority of the government." "I was convinced that our government was allowing its reins to drag on the ground," he told the court, and so, in the name of autocracy, he assured the public prosecutor that "jurisprudence ends here," and declared martial law.

A court of high officers sustained Colonel von Reuter and his subordinates on the ground that a decree issued by the King of Prussia in 1820—not a law—gave the military the right to intervene, without waiting for a request from civil authority, if they deemed the time had come to act. More than that, the army expressly upheld the arrogant acts of the officers, for whom the judge-advocate

never asked more than a week's or three days' imprisonment as punishment! Colonel von Reuter is reported to have won the Iron Cross; and the young officer who sabred the lame cobbler of Zabern is also at the front, but not, let us trust, in the name of democracy. In defending Colonel von Reuter, the minister of war, General von Falkenhayn, who has been acting as chief of staff during the recent temporary illness of General von Moltke, declared that while the colonel might have exceeded his authority at times, his acts, nevertheless, saved his officers from the necessity of running their swords through the insulting civilians in order to protect the honor of the "Kaiser's Coat." This coat—hardly a democratic garment—thus inevitably recalls Gessler's hat; the General Staff means that there shall be no vital difference between the deference asked of Wilhelm Tell and that which the German civilian owes to the "gay coat" of the military. Officers have frequently been applauded and acquitted, or at most imprisoned in a fortress for a few weeks, for stabbing civilians or killing them in duels that are against the law but are often forced upon officers by decrees of the regimental courts of honor whose ideals of conduct are direct inheritances from the days of Frederick the Great.

In brief, the army is a narrow caste with professional ideals of a mediæval character scrupulously maintained in the face of modern progress by the ruling clique. From its highest officers, its General Staff, its Crown Prince, as well as its Kaiser, the army takes its tone as a bulwark of the privileged classes, to whom anything that smacks of democracy is anathema. It is the chief pillar of the great landlords, the *Junker*, and the aristocrats, as it is of the throne. When the Reichstag passed a vote of censure on the government because of the Zabern affair, an almost unheard-of thing, the government simply ignored the vote. Doubtless the imperial chancellor and General von Falkenhayn, the censured ministers, smile to-day if they think of this incident, and reflect how completely the war has placed the Reichstag, the Social Democrats, and all the rest of the civilians in their power. There being no responsible ministry to fall in Germany, the fate of the nation has rested—less than a year after their censure by the national parliament—in their and the Kaiser's hands. As for the Kaiser, and the Crown Prince who publicly upheld Colonel von Reuter, they may for the moment be democrats—the Kaiser has declared that he will never take note of factional differences again—but the only reason why they do not fear the Social Democrats, whom a few years ago the Kaiser denounced as traitors to the country, is the existence of the army. General von Falkenhayn declared in the Reichstag, in December, 1913, that "without the army not a stone of the Reichstag building would remain in place." Is there any doubt that this democratic organization of eight hundred thousand men would close the doors of the Reichstag if the Kaiser so ordered? Did not the grandfathers of those now in the trenches in the Imperial Guard regiments crush out the republican uprising in 1848? Did not the Prussian guns of the grandfather of the present Kaiser shoot to pieces the same uprising in Rhenish Bavaria, Baden, and elsewhere?

In this anti-democratic tendency the German army is not different from any other. The same trend toward caste and autocracy is noticeable, to greater or less degree, in every army; even a study of the social life of our American navy would prove this. If England creates a great standing army the same phenomena will be still more manifest than in her present regular force, which has been about the most undemocratic machine thinkable. The social, court, and petticoat influences that controlled the British service down to the Boer War have been known of all informed men. It took this present war, with its overwhelming need for officers, to break down the barriers of caste erected against the common soldier. Lord Kitchener did an unheard-of thing recently when he advanced one hundred and twenty-five sergeants and corporals to lieutenancies in a single issue of the official *Gazette*, yet no one would describe Lord Kitchener as an apostle of democracy. The nature of an army and its very organization are undemocratic; the whole basis is a hierarchy with the power centring in one head.

Of course, the autocratic nature of an

army is not affected by the bourgeois antecedents of some of its officers. In Germany a man of plainest lineage, be he a good soldier, can rise to high rank. A number of the German corps commanders are to-day commoners who do not write the *von* before their names. But they must have inherited or married means in order to hold their present positions, since German officers cannot live on their pay. Again, many regiments are wholly closed to men without title, and Jews are, of course, quite good enough to be reserve officers, and to serve as *Kanonenfutter*, whenever the General Staff pleases. But few, indeed, have been active officers and none have risen to high rank. Yet these are not the only undemocratic discriminations. Such newspapers as the Jewish *Frankfurter Zeitung* and the *Berliner Tageblatt*, as well as the Socialist *Vorwärts*—the *Frankfurter* and the *Tageblatt* are now unreservedly upholding the war and the army—have in the past filled columns upon columns with discreet criticisms of the military. When the army increase was voted last year certain Socialists took the opportunity to criticise the favoritism in regulations shown to the Imperial Guards. Of course, they accomplished nothing. Why should the General Staff pay attention to mere members of the Reichstag, and Socialists at that? In a democratic organization criticism of the organization is permitted; none is tolerated in the German army. When an exceptionally able military critic of the *Berliner Tageblatt*, Colonel Gädke, a retired officer, undertook to criticise the service, the military authorities tried to deprive him of his right to sign as "former colonel" of an artillery regiment. That he is not figuring as a correspondent or critic now has perhaps some connection with this incident.

If there is any atmosphere in which democracy does not flourish it is that of a Continental barracks. German discipline is unyielding as iron. The power of the officer is absolute and that of the non-commissioned officer little less so. The men in the ranks change every three years, but the non-commissioned officers are usually professional soldiers for a long term who know the ropes well. The conditions are such that brutal ones among them can make existence a hell for any man they do not like. Just as it is hard to prevent some hazing at West Point, so there is always some in the German barracks. It is often almost impossible to checkmate brutality among the non-commissioned officers because the presumption is always in favor of authority; so there are occasionally suicides in the barracks, frequently desertions, and sometimes trials of men finally caught in ill-treating subordinates. When Rosa Luxemburg, the fiery Socialist orator, declared at Freiburg last year (1914), in speaking of the case of a horribly abused soldier at Metz: "It is certainly one of those dramas which are enacted day in and day out in German barracks, although the groans of the actors seldom reach our ears," General von Falkenhayn, as war minister, prosecuted the "Red Rosa" for libelling the army. The case was promptly dropped when her counsel announced that they proposed to call one thousand and thirty eye-witnesses to such wrong-doing, mostly in the form of "slaps in the face, punches and kicks, beating with sheathed sabres and bayonets, with riding-whips and harness straps; forcible jamming of ill-set helmets on the wearer's head; compulsory baths in icy water, followed by scrubbing down with scrub-brushes until the blood ran; compulsory squatting in muscle-straining attitudes until the victim collapsed or wept for pain; unreasonable fatigue drill, and so on. There were also abundant cases of absurd and humiliating punishments inflicted by non-commissioned officers, such as turning the men out of bed and making them climb to the top of cupboards or sweep out the dormitory with tooth-brushes." Now, single men in barracks are never plaster saints, as Kipling, the exalter of British militarism and hater of German militarism, has made it quite clear to us. Sporadic cases of abuse happen in our own American barracks; but no one will, it is to be hoped, assert that in this phase of its existence the German army even faintly suggests a democracy.

This army has had its Dreyfus case, too, though the victim was not an officer, but a Sergeant Martin who on a second trial was found guilty, on circumstantial evidence, of killing his captain. The two civilian members of the court found him

not guilty; the prosecutor asked only for imprisonment, but the military judges pronounced the death sentence in addition to imprisonment. They felt they must uphold their caste, right or wrong. A lieutenant stationed at Memel was found to have beaten a soldier so severely with a sword that his victim had to be dropped from the military service, compensated, and pensioned for injuries "incident to the service." Not that the other type of officer is lacking. As the writer knows by personal experience, there are plenty of kindly, gifted, and charming officers who are neither fire-eaters nor war-worshippers, who write no jingo books and do not subscribe to Bernhardi. They despise the intrigues, the narrowness, and frequent immorality of the small garrison, and the dissipation of life in the big cities. They recognize the mediæval character of the code of honor, but they are helpless to change it, and as they grow older the more ready they are to think an intense militarism the normal condition of society. If there are many officers of this type, particularly in the south German armies, the trend is, however, toward the overbearing arrogance of the Von Reuters, which is again merely saying that militarism unchecked and unsubordinated to civilian control will run to excesses everywhere. The note of Bernhardi has been more and more often heard with the cry that war is the natural state of man and that the German army is for war. It is quite possible that the Kaiser, in the last moments before the war, was overborne against his better judgment by the General Staff clique with which he is surrounded, and signed the fatal order practically under compulsion. But there were thousands of his officers who went to the war exulting that the time had come at last when their years of devoted study and ceaseless training, unsurpassed in its comprehensiveness and its intensity, were to give way to the practical application of all they had learned as to man-killing.

Whether an army which by its very existence creates fear and militaristic rivalry, which forever talks war, can be either a democratic force or, in the long run, a sound educational influence is open to gravest question. As an educational system it has the merits described earlier in this article; but even German professors would hardly deny that it is bought at a heavy cost to the school system of the empire. If there are underpaid common-school teachers anywhere they live in Germany, and particularly in Bavaria. The genteel poverty of these men who have to exist upon their pay is one of the great tragedies of life under the Kaiser. But the economic waste of the army is a chief stumbling-block to any betterment in their condition, precisely as the millions it costs prevent reforms in many other directions. It would seem as if it would be better to have the Krupps earn less than twelve or fourteen per cent per annum and the school-teachers a little more. It would be better to be less efficient as a nation to the extent that that efficiency is created by the army, and for the masses to be happier, with a consequent decrease of a million or so in the Social Democratic voters. As long as they can roll up three millions of votes and still protest against militarism, even though swept off their feet in war time, all cannot be well with a culture founded on military force. That their voices and many others will again be uplifted to protest against war and armies when peace returns is the one thing that is certain about this war.

In no such military and bureaucratic atmosphere as exists in Germany does democracy thrive! Instead, we have the tradition that as the German Empire is the army's creation so the nation's future is dependent wholly upon it. Imitating the ninety-three savants, three thousand German teachers in universities and schools of technology have put their names to the statement that there is no other spirit in the army save that of the nation; that the spirit of German knowledge and militarism are the same; that the German army and the German universities are identical in their aspirations, since both are devoted to science. They, too, apparently cannot understand that a culture which exists only by reason of the arms behind it is no more a normal, healthy growth than is an industry artificially created by a protective tariff and kept alive solely by receiving part or all of its profits by the favor of a treasury. They belie their own culture because it is a free growth while service in the army is com-

pulsory, and compulsory service of the German type may be universal but it is not democratic. Again, this sudden assertion that Germany is wholly dependent upon its army for safety is the historic argument of decadent peoples relying entirely upon mercenaries. Is the German democracy of intellect so without any sources of strength within itself that it cannot flourish save by grace of the militarists? We believe that when the present *Rausch* (intoxication) of the German people is at an end their professors will be the first to deny this interdependence of their realm upon another so materialistic, so mediæval, so autocratic, with such barbarous aims as conquest by blood and iron and man-killing by the hundred thousand. These savants and professors may in defeat become sufficiently sobered even to ask themselves whether all is well with a civilization, or its militaristic handmaiden, which finds itself surrounded by enemies and is dreaded even beyond seas as a power with the potentiality of great evil.

THE EMPTY ROOM

By Harriet Prescott Spofford

THE lock is rusty, the slow key grates—
Turn it more daringly, open the door!
Only a ghost at the threshold waits,
They that have crossed it cross it no more.

Heavy the unbreathed air of the room—
Throw wide the casement, let the wind blow;
Once it brought breath of roses in bloom,
Of the dew of a morning long ago.

Speak low—there are Presences here of old,
Sighs and sorrows and sweet desires,
Falter of prayers, and wild tunes trolled,
And here love lighted his sacred fires.

The dreams that some woman haply dreamed,
The smiles that shone on her tender face,
Here where the moonlight over her streamed,
Unseen, unshaped, still haunt the place.

For the tense string touched sings on and on—
Do you hear music? A cradle song.
Lightsome laughter? The voice is gone,
But the soundless thrill still sings along.

Friend and lover, and man and wife,
The child's sweet babble—stay, feel the spell
The empty room brims over with life,
As you hear the sea sing in the shell!



HATHOR: A MEMORY

By John Galsworthy

Decoration by Sydney Joseph

HATHOR of the old Egyptians! Divine cow, with the mild, lustrous eyes, the proud and gentle step; immortally desirable, ever fruitful; veiled and radiant with that soft, devotional glow which wraps all the greatest works of art, causing all who behold to feel a thrill and sweetness, a longing to put out hands and worship. Far from earthly lust; goddess nymph of the crescent horns—Hathor of the old Egyptians! . . .

In camp at Sennourès of the Fayoum it has fallen dark, and dinner is over when the dancer summoned by Mahmoud Ibrahim arrives. Pretty she is as the dusk, as a tiger-cat, a firefly, a flower of the hibiscus, her skin but little darker than our own; her eyes clear agate-green, her teeth whiter than milk, a gold crescent through her right nostril, and her fine chin blue from tattooing. Quite a woman of the world, too, in her greetings.

In the tent made holy by embroidered texts from the Koran, ourselves and Hallilah (parent of all the gods); Mahmoud Ibrahim in dragoman's best robes; Sadik in white waiter's dress; and the ten Arabs in black night-cloaks—camel-boy "Daisy" with his queer child-voice and his quaint ear-wrappings; Mabrouk, imp with a past and a future; dusky, sweet-tempered "Comedy"; the holy Ahmet, more excited than he should be; green camel-boy and white camel-boy, all teeth and expectation; Karim, smiling; and the three dark, solemn camel-men who play the pipes, for once in animation: fifteen of us to sit, kneel, crouch, and wait; only cook, and the watchman—ah! and Samara—absent.

And soon our dancer comes in again, with her drummer, and her brother, whose agate eyes are finer than her own, to pipe for her. She has taken off her cloak now, and is clothed in beads and netting, with bare waist and dark, heavy skirt. Standing by the tent-pole she looks slowly round at us; then, lifting her upper lip

square above her teeth and curling her tongue, begins to sing, showing us the very back of her mouth, and passing through her short straight nose tones like the clapping together of metal disks. And while she sings she moves slowly round, with wide-stretched arms, and hands clinking those little bells that make the sound of castanets seem vulgar.

"She is a good one, this," says Mahmoud Ibrahim.

And now she ceases to sing and begins to dance. She makes but little movement with her feet, protruding her over-developed middle violently, rhythmically, and passing her ardent gaze from face to face. And as she writhes before them each Arab visage around the tent becomes all teeth and eyes. Above the dark excitement of those faces the peaceful sky is glittering with stars; the clear-cut palm-trees, under a moon still crescent, shiver in the wind. And out there Samara, our tall, gaunt young camel-man, stalks up and down, his eyes fixed on the ground. That dance, what is it, but the crudest love-making to us all?

"She is nearly a top-hole one, this," says Mahmoud Ibrahim.

And suddenly we see Samara crouching with the others in the opening of the tent. The only one who does not smile, he watches her, holding his thin dark face in his thin dark hand; and lo! as though he can bear no more of such attraction, he leaps up, and again begins hovering outside, like a flame in the wind.

But she—she dances on, writhing, protruding her middle, clinking her bells. And all the time the imp Mabrouk and the camel-men laugh, and gurgle their delight, and stretch out their arms toward her; until at last the holy Ahmet, unable to control his emotion, puts his hands about her waist. Then! What is this that comes swooping down, flinging at him fiery words, and springing back into the night?

"See Samara!" says Mahmoud Ibrahim; "he is jealous. 'Come over here!' My Lord! She is a fine one!"

But at last she has sung all her songs, danced all her dances, even the Sleep one, drunk all the wine, smoked the last cigarette, finished the Turkish Delight. So we thank and leave her.

When the camp is quiet I come out to watch the circle of the palm-trees under Hathor's crescent horns, to listen to the "chump-chump" of the camels and to the soft talk passing from dark figures crouching by the watch-fire. And Mahmoud Ibrahim comes up to me.

"Most of the men are gone to the village—the holy Ahmet and all! The fools, they get excited. Certainly she is a good one; pretty, but too thin!" He sighs and looks up at the stars. "It was in camp here, ten years ago, we had the best I ever saw. I went all the way to Cairo to fetch her; we paid her fifteen pounds. Ah! she was beautiful; and I was very young. After the dance was over I went to her; I was trembling, I certainly was trembling. She was pretty as a flower. I asked her to speak to me just five minutes; but she looked at me—she certainly looked at me as if I was not there. I had not much money then, you see. And last week in Cairo I met her in the street. I would never have known her—never. But she said to me: 'Will you not speak to me? Do you not remember years ago how I came, to dance at your camp in the Fayoum?' I remembered her then; we paid her fifteen pounds. She was not proud any more!" Mahmoud Ibrahim shakes his comely head. "She certainly is hidjeous now; and she cried, poor woman, she cried!"

Save for the camels chumping there is silence; beneath the palm-trees we see a tall black figure standing beneath the crescent of the moon—Flame in the wind—for once quite still!

"Look!" says Mahmoud Ibrahim: "Samara! She would not have anything to say to him. He has not much money, you see!"

Once more that night I come out of my tent. The men are sleeping, huddled with the silent camels in dark clumps on the gray sand. The watchman sleeps over all. Even the wind sleeps; and the crescent moon is passing down. . . .

Ah! Hathor! Far from earthly lust, immortal cow with the soft, lustrous eyes, and horns like the crescent moon!

PEACE

By Daniel Sargent

With thousand thundering rivers
The truth of peace flows down,
And all the placid pools of creed
Its ceaseless torrents drown.

Peace—but the fear denies it
Whenever above our head
We see the sword of the threatening hour:
"Strive on, or thy soul is dead."

Peace—when our gaze can never
See out of the trampling crowd,
And only the cowards are backward
For the cry of the hour is loud.

And though we turn from the present
And gaze far into the past,
Did the stars ever stop in their courses
For truth's loud trumpet-blast?

Did Fate ever grow less cruel?
Did it grant to the praying Christ
"Yes, the cup shall be taken away from thy lip,
Thy willingness hath sufficed"?

For Jesus died in his passion,
And Judas choked for his kiss,
And Peter denied his Master thrice:
Such is the peace that is.

And nation rose against nation,
And father rose against son,
And body and soul are cleft apart
Till the endless strife be done.

All that the peace eternal,
With vast tumultuous might,
May pour its burning deluge
Into the vaults of night.

All that the truth may enter,
The final word be writ,
Then will the last and the first be one
As Christ hath uttered it.

· THE POINT OF VIEW ·

THERE is only one thing better than opportunity, and that is limitation. The former gives us our chance, but the latter enables us to take it. If it were not for limitations, all the opportunities in the world would avail us nothing; for they would confront us *en masse*, and what could we do in the face of such an unmanageable multitude but sit down and fold our hands?

The Conservation of Limitations

Fortunately, there are very few people who are troubled by this extreme distraction. We are most of us born with a plentiful supply of limitations. But, though the natural endowment is sufficient to prevent Charles Lamb from emulating the career of Napoleon Bonaparte, or Mrs. Pankhurst that of Mrs. Eddy, we do all of us have to be on our guard lest the devil outwit us by opening too many doors to us.

I know a woman who once went away to the country with six books in her trunk. She was to be gone three months, and she resolved that she would not so much as turn the pages of a seventh book. She was a great reader, too. That was the trouble. During the past winter she had devoured books at the rate of five a week, and the result had been a restless confusion of mind.

The first week of her vacation was sheer bibliological bliss.

"It seemed to me," she said later, "that I had never before understood what it really means to read: to give oneself over to a book, to steep oneself in its spirit, to follow its subtlest indications. I read, for the most part, slowly, with pauses for meditation; and when a swift movement of the thought caught me and I had to hurry, I never failed to return on my tracks. I had a quite wonderful sense of leisure and of eternity."

"And then what happened?" I asked; for I saw from the glint in her eyes that her bliss had not gone unchallenged.

She sighed and smiled.

"Some people came to call," she explained, "and asked me what I was reading. I showed them my six books and made no comment. They made none, either. But the next day they were back bright and early, each one carrying three books. 'Won't you let us lend you these?' they said compassionately and benevolently. 'We shan't want them for ten days or so.'

"Dear me!" My friend sighed again. "I can't tell you what an effect the very sight of those books had upon me. The spell of my peace was broken, and I became as excited and restless as a trolley-car. The worst of the matter was that I recognized a novel for which I had been lying in wait several months and a volume of essays toward which my spirit fairly yearned. Before I knew what I was doing, I put out my hand. I did not want to, it made me unhappy; but I put out my hand."

"And then?" Greatly interested, I nudged her again.

"And then"—she drew herself up with a certain pardonable pride of achievement—"then I recovered myself. As courteously as I could, I refused the proffered loan. I'm afraid I didn't succeed in explaining my position very intelligently, but at least I felt no doubt as to my intrenchment in it. I saw those distracting books out of the gate; and, retreating to the orchard, I resolutely read nothing at all for the rest of the day."

The experience reminded me, as I hastened to say on the spot, of the analogous struggles of another friend of mine who, for several years, played a desperate game with Fate as to whether he should or should not own a horse. Fate evidently thought that he should, and, commanding certain advantages in the control of circumstance and in a traditional authority, repeatedly saw to it that he did. But the successive beasts that occupied his barn irked him grievously. Instead of ministering to his freedom and independence, as they were supposed to do, they gave him a curious sense of impediment.

"It used to be so simple and easy to go to the village," he sighed, trying once to explain his slavery to me. "I just opened the gate and went. But now I have to go out to the

barn and harness the horse and brush out the carriage; then I have to hitch the horse and return to the house to wash my hands. After that I must hunt up my gloves and make a list of the errands the whole household flocks to suggest to me. In the end, after I have unhitched the horse and climbed in, it is not to the village at all that I go, but to the town in the other direction where the errands can be better accomplished. Life becomes hideously complicated the minute you own a horse."

Fortunately for my friend's peace of mind, if for no other conceivable reason, his various horses were always falling ill from lack of exercise. He protested that this was not his fault.

"I haven't taken a walk in three weeks," he declared sadly; "nor yet have I been able to write a paper I had in mind or read a book. I seem to have done nothing but drive and drive and drive, exercising the horse."

(He always spoke of it that way—"the horse"—as if it were an impersonal cosmic creation like the sky or the sea.)

However this might be, the fact remained that the local veterinary knew his way blindfold to my friend's barn. And when he was in command and "the horse" was subject to his ministrations a wonderful peace and freedom possessed my friend.

But the veterinary was skilful and "the horse" possessed of a sound constitution; and my friend's vacations were never long enough to allow him to make any headway with his paper or book. All too soon he and the horse were in harness together again at opposite ends of the reins. It took a brave resolution, a really magnificent effort of will, to make a permanent end of the situation.

"I did not see how I was going to get along without the creature," he confessed. "There were all those errands, a daily crop. I saw myself, horseless, devoting my life to trudging steadily back and forth between my house and the village with a pack-basket over my shoulders. But my slavery could not be worse than it was. So one fine day I sold the horse, and I never have bought another."

"And you have not been sorry?"

"Sorry?" He made an eloquent, expansive gesture indicative of a scope and freedom too vast for words. It appeared that, having disposed of his horse, he now found himself at liberty to traverse the constellations.

THESE two illustrations throw light on the universal nature and function of limitation. It simplifies and co-ordinates life; it gives time for action; like the bed of a river, it makes something definite and effective out of a diffusion.

The Conservation of the Spirit

But of course the matter is not essentially one of books or horses or any of the world's material chances. It concerns the spirit; and that has frequently to forego traits which it might like to cultivate, qualities which almost seem to be thrust upon it. A person committed to any great cause has to shut his eyes to a good many wholesome aspects, worthy enough in themselves but distracting and weakening to him. He must not laugh at that which he worships, innocent though the laughter of a non-worshipper may be. He must always hate that which interferes with his particular ideal, although another person may maintain a just indifference. No one may manfully be mocking and reverent at the same moment, angry and tolerant. Whoever tries or allows himself to be so, offends both God and Mammon.

As for the deliberate inducing of qualities which one has been lucky enough to be born without, the effort is as absurd as it is, fortunately, futile. A young man grows up undistracted by a sense of humor. That is no disgrace; and, though it may involve a loss, it works a solid compensation of simplicity and directness. For Heaven's sake, let the good fellow alone! If he is bewildered by the suggestion that he take his experience somewhat less literally, he will very likely fail to take it at all—he will fumble the whole thing. Congratulate, envy him if you will—no humorist's eye has that single beam—but let him alone. The world has need of him.

Fortunately, as I said above, these efforts to change individual temperament are seldom successful. A quiet person who tries to make himself a more stimulating companion for some one whom he loves loses the power to soothe and charm which used to be his peculiar function, and, on the other hand, becomes an insufferable chatterbox. It is better to be completely oneself, expanding snugly and fully within the sheltering

walls of one's limitations, than to try the misfitting experiment of being somebody else.

A paper on limitations should be consistent enough to ignore some of the innumerable illustrations which lie in its way; and I have no intention of citing all the examples that occur to me. But I cannot forbear mentioning the experience of one friend who tried for many years to cultivate an appreciation of music, and, making no headway at all—after heroic and pitiful sessions with the Kneisel Quartet and the Boston Symphony—gave up at last and immediately found his love for pictures augmented. Nor yet can I bring myself to neglect the view of the Hudson River from my apartment. This view is most circumspect. It consists of an oblong strip marked off by the buildings at the end of the street. One has to sit on the window-sill and lean out in order to see it at all. Yet, oh, the magic of it! It has all the grandeur and mystery, all the tenderness, all the dream of the whole sweeping river. More than all. When I first looked out and felt my breath catch at the beauty, I was untrue to my instinct and ran and put on my hat. But I was punished immediately. For, down on the drive, with the wide scene before me, I lost the peculiarly sealing touch that had found me above. Too much scope, too many details, confused and defeated me. Now, when I want to go straight to the heart of the river's significance, I perch on my window-sill and give myself over to the mystic strip at the end of the street. "Enough" is the gateway of heaven. "Too much" is paradise lost.

The conservation of limitations implies a critical, watchful attitude toward life which may seem rather ungenerous. When Providence is so open-handed with us, should we not be open-hearted? But Providence is open-handed because there are so many different kinds of people in the world and because each individual wants such different things at different times in his life. Also, perhaps, because it is well to let souls assist in the shaping of themselves. Heaven turns out the crude material of us and sets us down in the midst of much other crude material, animate and inanimate, and lets us choose. The business is a serious one. Only by choosing wisely and firmly can we fulfil our destiny.

Limitations are monotonous, but monotony is one of the potent forces of life. Not only is it full of peace: in a curious, paradoxical way, it offers more variety than variety itself. Just as a sturdy bit of matter, being analyzed, resolves itself into a whirling dance of atoms, so the deeper one looks into every-day life, the subtler and swifter grows the change at work. If one walks or drives about a mountain, one gets a dozen different ideas of crude conformation; but if one sits at home on one's door-step and watches the mountain at rest, one is breathlessly aware of an incessant lightning change of very substance. One cannot stare hard enough, with wide enough open eyes, to keep up with the transformation. Light and shadow and color weave a perpetual vanishing and a new birth. In like manner, the way to increase one's knowledge of human nature is not to go out in search of new friends, but to sit at home in the orchard and put a few new questions to the oldest friend one has.

It must always be noted that, as there is nothing more individual than limitations, so people must be quite independent in choosing and holding their own. No imitation of others here! For one person's freedom may often be another's slavery. I have two married friends who have managed to define and assert their limitations so happily that I am continually talking about them to the bothered and hampered people I meet. They are like two runners who have stripped off their superfluous garments and who make cleanly and swiftly for their goal. Everything in their house and life is reduced to the simplest terms. But, when I find myself describing them and meeting with the eager response which is almost unfailing, I am apt to break off with a warning: "Hold on! Don't plan to go and do likewise unless you are very sure you want to. Their superfluities are not necessarily yours. They may have stripped off some of your essentials."

There are certain people who feed their souls on simplicity; and there are other people to whom simplicity spells starvation. The latter must be as sincere and brave as the former, and must, perhaps, undertake the process of elimination with Fifth Avenue for a background instead of a country village. But can one eliminate in New York? Of course one can. The process takes resolution, but that is just so much to the good. Moreover, there is a peculiar zest in drawing the line against such a background of pos-

sibilities. If one draws it straight, it is an emphatic line.

A mountain valley is a good example of the function of limitation. There is no earthly spot so dear, so intimate, so charged to the brim with individuality. Its inhabitants feel that they have, in a very peculiar sense, a local habitation and a name. Yet the valley depends for its life upon the hills which surround it and cut it off from the rest of the world. They create and shape it. The wide, varied earth beyond is not the valley's affair.

At least, not yet. For, even as one ponders thus, a strain from "The Messiah" rings through one's inner ear: "Every valley shall be exalted." So that is what Isaiah meant! How often it happens that the significance of a familiar verse of the Bible flashes sudden new light on the heart, revealing in a few words the whole destiny of man! When every valley becomes exalted and every mountain is brought low, we shall have no further use of limitations. They will have trained us to the manly use of infinity.

Roofs

THERE is something unaccountably captivating to the imagination in the idea of life carried on at unaccustomed levels—life in tree-tops or subterranean caves. I still recall, though I can no longer place, a story of my childhood about a family who lived, unsuspected, in the thickness of the walls of another family's house.

I felt the same old charm when I first looked down on the Eastern life of the roofs. I saw it first, not in the East, but from the tower of a cathedral in southern Spain. A whole city of gardens and playgrounds, and even of dining-rooms, was spread out beneath me—a ground-plan, you would have said, if it had not been so far above the ground. Here and there a piano was to be seen, standing out boldly under the rainless blue sky.

And as the sun set these roofs were peopled as suddenly as our streets are filled just after working hours. What a sensible way to live, I thought. Why don't we do it at home? Little I then knew that we did.

But I know it now; for recently I have spent my time at the top of a high building in an up-town district, the street-level of which has been familiar to me for many years. But, seen from above, like this, it is all different—as different as the bottom of the sea is to its surface. Not only are chimney-pots and water-tanks massed with surprising frequency, but cupolas appear, and half-stories with romantic French windows, opening on terraces never suspected from below.

Across four roofs belonging to four contiguous houses of the dullest brownstone variety nuns pace every morning, with hands folded, heads bent, and every illusion of being in a cloister. On the top of a certain club, which to street-level eyes had always stopped at its heavy granite cornice, a loggia is discovered, and here a member in blue serge may be seen taking his exercise. Back and forth he goes, with his hands in his pockets and his head in the air, very different from the nuns. He is not trying to reproduce a cloister; he has no love of seclusion. Why, then, does he shun the street? A dozen answers suggest themselves.

Immediately opposite is the domain of a small person in red. If I should meet him —as I probably have done again and again —at the street corner, I should think he was a perfectly ordinary little boy of four, the son probably of the janitor. I should never guess that, as a matter of fact, he is absolute lord of a fairy-land a hundred feet in the air—a neatly gravelled labyrinth between sprinkling-pipes and chimneys and skylights, where he has, among other things, a swing, which must give him the effect of being literally swung from the blue ether. Occasionally he gets out of it and, coming to the parapet, gazes meditatively upward, looking, probably, for some secret visitor by aeroplane. I find myself sharing his interest, regretting that I cannot see the same portion of the heavens that he does, and that I can judge only from his expression what it is that is going on in the southern sky.

Ah, the angel in Boccaccio's story, who took off the roofs of the houses for the entertainment of his companion, was perhaps a little too hasty. The roofs themselves might first have repaid examination.



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Lavoir. By A. Lepère.

PARIS IN ETCHING

ANY thought of Paris in etching inevitably brings to mind the name of Meryon, for his interpretation of the city is a haunting one. On his few Paris prints rests the fame of that mad genius, one among the great etchers the world has known.

A remarkable variety of pictorial view-point and expression has been inspired by the capital city of France. And various Americans have made Paris their own, felt its spirit, and skilfully recorded their impressions in line.

Of the older French plates many will recall various bits of Paris by A. P. Martial, who etched pictures and text on the same plate in the 1860's and '70's, and also made many pictures of the city during the war of 1870–71. Similarly topographical in view-point and interest are the plates by Eugène Delâtre, who has preserved numerous corners in that Montmartre which has changed so since Georges Michel painted its windmills and mounds, and to which Charles Jacque also turned several times from his usual sheep-pieces. Bracquemond's "Wolf in the Snow," also known as "Winter," may have been a stretch of the Bois de Boulogne, with a wolf from the Jardin d'Acclimatation. It was, apparently, not so much the truth of locality as the subject and conditions that attracted him, as is evident in his view of the Pont des Saints-Pères, in which you see little but the effect of driving rain.



Reproduced by the courtesy of Frederick Keppel & Co.

Le Stryge. By Charles Meryon.

Similarly to Martial, Bracquemond made sketches of the siege of Paris. Maxime Lalanne's graceful, elegant, finished craftsmanship was exercised on "Souvenirs Artistiques du Siège" and various views of the French capital. He felt the charm of the Seine as well as of the old, narrow streets, and lifted "familiar sights as completely out of the commonplace of every-day as does Meryon's sombre vision."

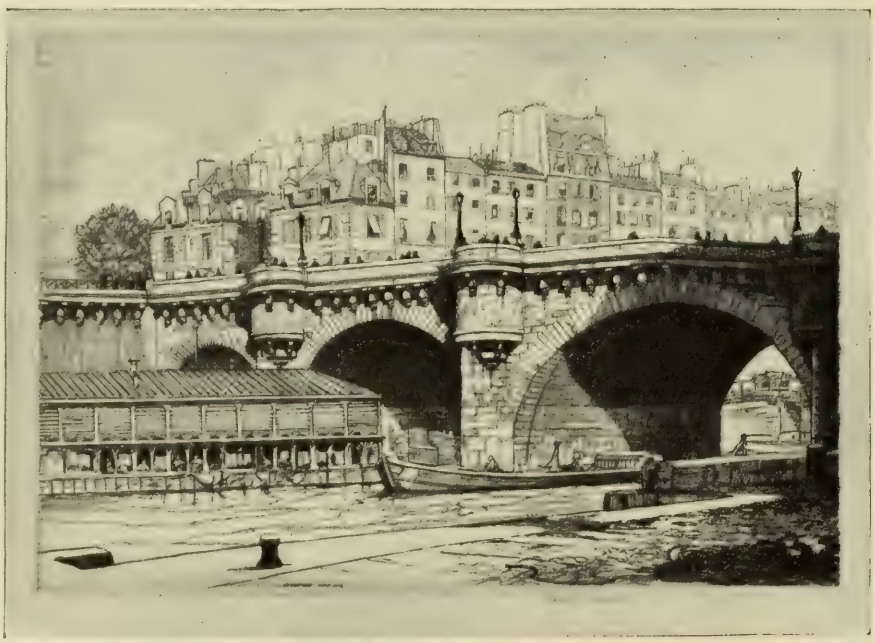
Some of these artists have given us only rather dry, topographical records. Leopold Flameng, noted as a reproductive etcher, did many quite matter-of-fact pictures of *Paris qui va et Paris qui vient* (1859), scenes in the life of the people: "Cabaret du Lapin Blanc," the morgue, the copyists of the Louvre, or "La Californie" (the "restaurant



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The Palais de Justice from the Pont-Neuf. By Lester G. Hornby.

of the poor"). This last recalls the "Soupe à trois Sous" of Whistler, who found in Paris his first inspiration to try etching. His early impressions, however, were of types and nooks —mustard-seller, ragwoman, French children—not of buildings and street scenes, if we except that unfinished sketch of the Isle de la Cité. Long after, he gave us some Paris views, particularly those light, airy, joyous transcripts of bits of the Luxembourg Gardens, its terraces, bébés, and Punch-and-Judy shows.



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The Pont-Neuf. By Herman A. Webster.

It is interesting to see how the lure of Paris has reacted on the different artistic personalities of the younger men whose work forms part of the present revival of etching in our country. To Herman A. Webster, for example, the old buildings speak with a direct force, telling their story unadorned with extraneous trimmings of sentimentality or melodrama. He did a series on the old Marais quarter, finding fresh material, as one of his biographers said, in "its grimness and its picturesqueness, its romance and its tragedy." George C. Aid has often been preoccupied with the play of light and air on familiar spots. His five etchings of the Pont-Neuf each show a different aspect, its cool arches contrasted with the sunny brightness of the houses beyond on a hot summer day. Notre Dame, too, has attracted him, with Pont St. Michel as a foil. Also the "Hôtel de Cluny," with wistaria-crowned walls, the "Palais de Luxembourg," and the "Apple Market," akin in subject to Meryon, yet not suggesting him in any way.

The fine old Pont-Neuf has been interpreted in different ways—as have, of course, other Seine bridges as well—by Cameron, D. S. MacLaughlan, E. L. Warner, Webster, Hornby, F. M. Armington, Chandler, Goeneutte, Béjot, and many others; most recently in plates by Charles K. Glee-

son and G. Roy Partridge.

The irresistible charm of Notre Dame has been rendered by many: Meryon, Rochebrune, Goeneutte, Webster, Armington, Hedley Fitton (who did "The Rose Window"), George T. Plowman, Hornby, Vaughan Trowbridge, Simon, D. S. MacLaughlan. MacLaughlan offers quite a personal and special view, of a precise truthfulness, in his pictures of quays and bridges, of corners in the Bièvre and elsewhere, obtaining, as Uzanne said, "expressions of a mellow, balanced art full of distinction."



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Pont St. Bernard. By Eugène Béjot.

It is the architectural aspects of the city which principally have occupied many artists. Others have seen these buildings merely as a background for the life of the city. Félix Buhot, with a style both vivacious and forcible, peopled his views of Paris streets with characteristic figures. We see the holiday crowd on the Boulevard de Clichy, on June 30 (la fête Nationale), a funeral or a moving-van wending its way on a rainy day, or a string of cab-horses shivering on a gloomy, wet winter's morning, or slipping and falling in the Place Breda in snow. To Norbert Goeneutte Paris seemed to exist mainly in combination with the "eternal feminine." Plates such as the "Woman on the Pont de l'Europe," or the "Woman Entering a Vehicle," are quite characteristic of place and time (the '80's) in type and costume. However, he also showed the attractiveness of locality under particular conditions—the Boulevard de Clichy on a snowy day, or the Palais de Justice. Somewhat later there appears the freer, quivering line of Raffaëlli, with which he peoples the Madeleine, the Invalides, and other places with little figures that fairly move and have their being in surroundings to which the artist has added color accents deftly and discreetly. Quite in our own day, Edgar Chahine has drawn the people of the slums and boulevards.



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The Place Breda. By Félix Buhot.

As different as pos-

sible from the work of Buhot—certainly more serious, inclusive, and detached—is that of Auguste Lepère. His figures—indeed, his localities also—are typical rather than individual. All this is fairly evident in the set "La Bièvre et le Quartier St. Severin," vigorously drawn pictures of workmen at their tasks, a woman trudging in the rain, or a hilly landscape with a high bridge or aqueduct in the background, done in big, rolling lines. There is in the aloofness and yet perfect understanding of his point of view the feeling of one of the old masters. The Bohemian, T. František Šimon, in his color etchings has offered quay and public place and corner, with their human life circling about venders or book-stands, not as *staffage* but as an important, necessary part of the scene. In one of these, "L'Heure Matinale à Paris," Notre Dame rises in the background, dimly, a dream, a suggestion, coming down from past generations and standing for those to come, contrasted with the human activities of the foreground ash-cart, ragpicker, taxicab, and other evidences of the present. Our young countryman, Lester G. Hornby, offers a similar outlook. With him, too, street and buildings and people present themselves in a unity of effect, his impression combining into a vivacious picture of life of to-day, sunny and joyous. G. W. Chandler, attracted by the workaday life of the city, has given us "Les Travaux du Métro" and—with an eye for the picturesque quality of odd corners—"Dans l'Avenue de Saxe, 1907."



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Les Bateaux Parisiens. By Leheutre.

Perhaps the most Parisian of all the etchers of to-day, the most imbued with the spirit of the city, is Eugène Béjot. In a number of plates he has expressed that spirit, with easy, sure facility of statement. Taking Paris as it is, "calm, collected, reasonable," he presents it clearly, sanely, frankly, and delightfully, with sincere love of the subject, and with honesty, as his friend Bataille has pointed out. Béjot's feeling toward that pulsating artery of the city, the Seine, is infectious, it permeates the very air, and you cannot escape the consciousness of it if you haunt the quays with open eyes.

It is a bit startling to find yourself almost in the identical position from which Meryon etched the "Abside of Notre Dame" sixty years ago, the picture complete before you excepting the heavy, two-wheeled cart with a team harnessed tandem, which he introduced near the left, and then to be roused from your revery by the creaking and rumbling of the selfsame cart as it lumbers along the street. And yet, ten minutes before, you were dodging over the Avenue de l'Opéra to escape the automobiles racing madly along. The latter manifestation of modernity can in time be modified by improved traffic regulations. The other phase of Paris is a very embodiment of that spirit of tradition which, with richness of association and appropriateness in setting, contributes so largely to the perennial charm of the city by the Seine.

F. Weitenkampf.



Drawn by N. C. Wyeth.

These swamps, where fever-maddened men have pressed
To fight and die for gold. . . .

—"Panama," page 282.

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THE BUILDING OF THE PANAMA CANAL*

I.—SUCCESS OF GOVERNMENT METHODS

BY GEORGE W. GOETHALS, U. S. A.,
Governor of the Panama Canal

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PAINTINGS BY W. B. VAN INGEN AND FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

THE first intimation that I was to be ordered to Panama for duty in connection with the Canal came to me on the morning of February 18, 1907, in the form of a telephone message from the Secretary of War, William H. Taft, saying he desired to see me. In compliance with this message I called upon him at once. He catechised me about the localities where I had served, the character of the duties in which I had been engaged since graduation from the Military Academy, and also concerning my antecedents. He then informed me that the President had decided to accept the resignation of Mr. John F. Stevens, chief engineer of the Canal, and had concluded to turn the work over to the corps of engineers, United States army. He had just returned from the White House with General Mackenzie, Chief of Engineers, where, after discussing this question with the President, they had recommended me for the position of Chief Engineer. He could not assure me I would be selected, but I probably would be summoned to the White House that evening and should be prepared for such a call. In the meantime nothing was to be said concerning the matter to any one.

In the course of the evening a call came from the White House, and at 8.45 I reported there to President Roosevelt. He stated that he had sent for me to talk over some matters in connection with the Panama Canal. Expressing great regret that he found it necessary to make a change in the management of affairs on the Isthmus, he said he had concluded to accept Mr. Stevens's resignation, since no other course was open to him. He considered any change in the administrative head of a work unfortunate, for it always unsettled the force and resulted in delays, and this was especially so with the work on the Isthmus. He was very desirous of having the Canal built as expeditiously as possible, and in order to avoid upsets and delays from similar causes in the future, he had decided to place the work in the hands of army engineers, thereby securing continuity of direction by putting in charge persons who would be obliged to remain.

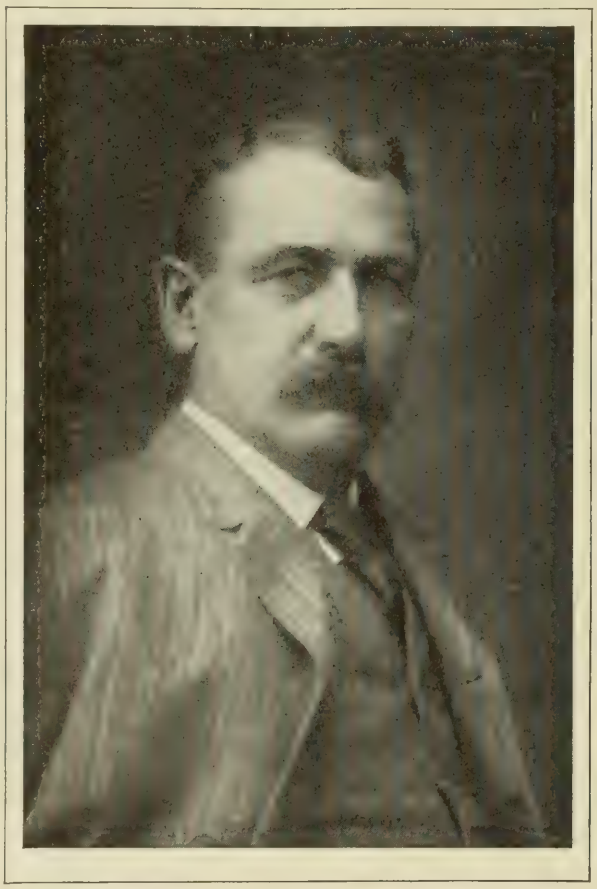
With this object in view he had decided to reorganize the Isthmian Canal Commission; to detail three army engineers, with one civil engineer of the navy, as members, and to require all the members to reside on the Isthmus. By such an arrangement each one of the engineers would be familiar with conditions and would be known to the personnel. Then,

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should a change occur in the management, no delay or confusion would follow. He had decided to appoint me Chief Engineer, as well as Commissioner. He believed that Mr. Stevens had stayed too continuously on the Isthmus, and that the effects of the tropics combined with the heavy responsibilities imposed by the work had got on his nerves. By the arrangement of having four engineers, all commissioners, residing on the Isthmus, he thought it would be possible for me to get away from the work, to throw off the cares and responsibilities for at least three months each year, thereby keeping in good physical and mental condition —at any rate, he considered it advisable that I should endeavor to do so.



John F. Stevens.
The second Chief Engineer.

Speaking in regard to the other members of the commission, the President went on to say that the law required that one should be a civil engineer of the navy. He had great respect for Admiral Endicott, then a commissioner, would like to retain him, and would do so but for his age, which would make it a hardship for him to live on the Isthmus. He had thought of retaining the admiral in charge of the Washington office, but this would interfere with his plan of having all the commissioners together on the Isthmus, so his inclination was to select a younger man as better fitted for the active work that would be required. He would consider the question further after inquiry as to the men available for the duty. Mr. Stevens had spoken in the highest terms of the services rendered by Mr. Jackson Smith, and urged his appointment. Mr. Smith had charge of recruiting, of housing the employees and feeding them, had demonstrated the advisability and practicability of the government doing the feeding without resorting to contract, and he had concluded to act on Mr. Stevens's recommendation and appoint Mr. Smith on the commission. The American Medical Association had been pressing him to advance Colonel Gorgas, in recognition of the work he had done on the Isthmus, and, now that a change was to be made, he had concluded to comply with their wishes and make him a member of the commission. A civilian should be appointed as governor, to take charge of the civil affairs within the Zone, and he was seriously considering the appointment of Senator JoC. S. Blackburn, of Kentucky. The commission always had and would require the services of a secretary, and he regarded Mr. Joseph Bucklin Bishop, then holding that position, as the best qualified and most suitable man for the work; Mr. Bishop had been of the greatest assistance since his connection with the Canal, and his services fully warranted his continuance in office.

He regarded it as unfortunate that the existing law required the work to be placed in charge of a commission or executive body of seven men. This had been a source of trouble and friction, but, as he had failed in his endeavor to get the law changed, it was necessary to work under it. He thought he could ease matters somewhat by combining two of the offices, chairman and chief engineer, in one person, and this he contemplated doing when Mr. Theodore Shonts, then chairman of



The third or Goethals commission for Canal construction.

In front, centre: Colonel George W. Goethals, U. S. A., Chairman and Chief Engineer. Others, from left to right: Major William L. Sibert, U. S. A.; J. C. S. Blackburn, Civil Engineer H. H. Rousseau, U. S. N.; Joseph Bucklin Bishop, Secretary; Lieutenant-Colonel H. F. Hodges, U. S. A.; Colonel W. C. Gorgas, U. S. A.; Lieutenant-Colonel D. D. Gaillard, U. S. A.

the commission, should leave office, on the 4th of March following, by making Mr. Stevens chairman in addition to his present duties, and continuing this arrangement after he also should retire. This would result in the elimination of the friction that had at times existed between the holders of these two positions.

I had served long enough in charge of work to know the desirability of having a buffer at headquarters on whom I could rely, and my experience while on duty in Washington had only added to my conviction in this respect. This led to the suggestion that as the work was to be put under the army engineers, the Chief of Engineers might be made chairman of the commission and the Chief Engineer report direct to him, the latter taking up the affairs of the Canal with the Secretary of War direct. The President, however, did not look upon this idea with favor, and I have since been glad that his better judgment led to its rejection.

The President thought that by the combination of the duties already decided upon, that with two of the commissioners members of my own corps and all located on the Isthmus, the trouble and friction which had been due, in a measure, to the majority being so far from the work might disappear, and hoped that things could run more smoothly in the future than they had in the past. He thought that the commission should organize in a way analogous to the President and his cabinet. Each commissioner should be placed at the head of a department of the work and held responsible for the work in his charge, but should subordinate himself to the chairman, who would be responsible for the work as a whole. This would be the ideal condition, and it was possible that it might be worked out along these lines. I said that if I understood the law correctly certain duties had been assigned to the commission and decision was made by majority vote. He ad-

mitted that this was true, but said that Mr. Stevens had strongly advocated that the veto power be given to the chairman, and he was fully in accord with Mr. Stevens's view and thought this might be arranged, thereby making the final decision rest with the chairman.

The President said that at a conference he had had that morning with the Secretary of War and the Chief of Engineers, the latter had suggested Major D. D. Gaillard as an efficient officer eligible for detail whose services could be spared for the purpose. I knew Major Gaillard well, had served with him at various times, and his appointment was agreeable and satisfactory to me. No other names had been mentioned at the conference, and the President had none to suggest. I expressed the desire to have an officer selected who was thoroughly familiar with lock structures and competent to design them, and suggested Major Harry F. Hodges, explaining his connection with the Sault Canal and the design of the gates for the Poe lock. He thought such a selection very desirable, and advised me to take up the matter with the Chief of Engineers and the Secretary of War, as he did not want to handicap the engineer department's work and desired that the Chief of Engineers be consulted.

Later, when consulted, General Mackenzie objected to the relief of Major Hodges, on the ground that his departure would cripple the work of his department, Major Hodges having been his principal assistant during his entire term as Chief of Engineers, which was within a year of its close, and during that period having had charge of the various projects in connection with rivers and harbors. He suggested Major William L. Sibert, then in charge of the Pittsburg district. He had been in charge of lock work on the Kentucky River and at Louisville, and similar work on the Monongahela, Alleghany, and Ohio Rivers, and had spent sufficient time in connection with the construction of locks to warrant the assumption that he was fully competent and capable of taking up their design in all their details. Though I knew him but slightly, I accepted General Mackenzie's suggestion because of his greater familiarity with the personnel of his corps. I mentioned Major Sibert to the Secretary of War, and his appointment was settled.

Mr. Stevens had built up an organization that had shown good results, and under these circumstances the President thought it would be a great mistake to make any change until the necessity therefor became apparent. As soon as Mr. Stevens's resignation became known it would have a baleful influence upon the organization, and if changes were made the effect would be very much worse. He did not intend, however, to make any announcement for the present, but if, at the time he did, the force on the Isthmus could be assured that there would be no changes in the organization and that things would continue under the new régime as they had under the old, such an announcement would reduce to a minimum the demoralization that would naturally result through a change in leadership. To this I readily and gladly assented, being desirous of having things run as smoothly as possible until I could get a grasp of the situation.

The Secretary of War took up the question of compensation of the various commissioners. I had certain advantages accruing by reason of my commission in the army which did not fall to the lot of civilians; I had not been tried out in a work of such magnitude, for which reasons he concluded not to give me the same salary received by Mr. Shonts and Mr. Stevens, viz.: $30,000, but thought $15,000, including my army pay, would be about right. With this as a basis, the other engineers of the commission he thought should have $12,000, while the remaining members should receive $10,000. If I were to take three or four months off each year, as both the President and Mr. Taft had suggested, it followed that each of the other engineers would be called upon to bear the responsibilities and effects of the climate more or less of the time, and they should receive the same privileges and be compensated correspondingly; he therefore consented to fix the salaries of the engineer members at $14,000. The veto power over any action of the commission was to be given to me.

It was subsequently decided to relieve Admiral Endicott at the same time that the other members of the existing commission were retired and to replace him



President Taft and Colonel Goethals on a tour of inspection of the Canal.

by Admiral H. H. Rousseau, recently appointed chief of the Bureau of Yards and Docks, who willingly consented to accept the place and to relinquish his position with the Navy Department. Senator Blackburn was notified, and indicated his acceptance of an appointment as a member of the commission and governor of the Canal Zone, but, as he would require time after the adjournment of Congress to attend to private matters, he would not be able to sail for a month or six weeks. This fixed the new commission.

Before starting for the Isthmus I requested Mr. F. B. Maltby, who was principal assistant engineer to Mr. Stevens, and who was in the United States on business connected with Canal work, to come to Washington for a consultation, as I desired to talk with him about conditions on the Isthmus. The resignation of Mr. Stevens had come as a surprise and unpleasant shock to him, and his account of the hold that Mr. Stevens had on the force, of the demoralizing and disorganizing effect that the news of his intended departure would surely have, was neither cheering nor comforting news to his successor. Mr. Maltby did not think that the assurances of no change in the organization given in a statement by the President would have any effect at all.

The Secretary of War had informed Mr. Stevens by cable of the change in Canal management and of my intended departure for the Isthmus in March, adding: "The President desires me to reiterate that he wishes me as far as possible to retain the present organization. . . . The President relies on you to use your every endeavor to assist in the substitution of Major Goethals for yourself with as little friction and as little loss of efficiency in the organization which you have created as circumstances will permit." Mr. Stevens replied: "Certainly will remain long enough to advise Major Goethals thoroughly with understanding I am supreme in authority, reporting to you after March 4, until I leave the Isthmus." As this was in accord with the understanding of the President, Mr. Stevens was so advised, and he was to remain supreme in authority until such time as might be mutually agreed upon for him to turn over the work.

Major Gaillard had reached Washington in time to prepare for his departure on the S. S. *Panama* on March 6, so we sailed, together with about fifty members of Congress as travelling companions, and had a very pleasant trip. Time was spent in posting ourselves on the plans of the Canal and, naturally, receiving suggestions from some of our fellow passengers on what should be done, and how. We arrived at Colon on the morning of March 12, and the party was met by Mr. Stevens, Colonel Gorgas, and other officials of the Canal, constituting a reception committee, and escorted to Panama. This committee had been organized to meet delegations of various kinds coming to the Isthmus, and was in attendance on all trips of sightseeing that the delegation took.

On Saturday evening, March 17, the congressional party was invited to a smoker gotten up by the employees and given at the Corozal Hotel. I concluded to accept the invitation to be present, as it was urged that the men desired to become acquainted with the new man. The large dining-hall had been cleared of tables and was well packed with men, and women were admitted to the porch. Mr. Maltby's honest statement to me in Washington prepared me for the rather cold reception extended. Mr. Stevens was not present, but the favor in which he was held by the men was clearly shown by the cheers that the mention of his name elicited and by their absence at any reference to his successor. There were singing, speeches by some of the men and by some of the congressmen, and finally the toastmaster stated that if the visitors had noticed the men on the work suddenly dropping their tools, or stopping their work, standing erect with heels together, shoulders back, little fingers at the seams of their trousers, and then saluting or practising the military salute, it was not to be inferred that the men were "loco"; on the contrary, they were perfectly sane and they were merely preparing themselves for what was coming—the advent of the army to control the work. After additional observations about the ordinary relations of the army and the laboring man, I was called upon for some remarks.

I must confess that the slurs and insinuations were not relished, and in replying I attempted to make it clear that the army *per se* was not in charge in a military sense;



Painted by W. B. Van Ingen.

Culebra Cut before the water was turned in—Cucaracha Slide is on the right.

This and the following panels (size seventeen and one-half feet by ten and one-half feet), painted by W. B. Van Ingen, are to be placed in the rotunda of the permanent Administration Building of the Panama Canal, on Balboa Heights, above the Pacific entrance to the Canal.



Painted by W. B. Van Ingen.

Miraflores Locks in process of construction.

This shows the work at its most interesting period, in 1912. Sections of both the centre and side walls are shown, as well as the great culverts to carry the water, and the cranes used for handling the concrete.



Painted by W. B. Van Ingen.

Spillway in Gatun Dam under construction.

Placed near the centre of the Gatun Dam, the Spillway is a semicircular arrangement of concrete pylons between each two of which are gates which may be raised or lowered as required in order to maintain the constant level of the water in Gatun Lake. Wrecking-cranes capable of lifting each one hundred tons are seen on a construction trestle.



Painted by W. B. Van Ingen.

Erecting lock-gates.

These gates weigh, each leaf, from three hundred and ninety to seven hundred and thirty tons. They consist of girders sixty-five feet long, seven feet wide, made in the United States whole, and shipped to the Isthmus. They were placed by means of railroad cranes from bridges that crossed the lock-chambers. When a girder had been laid, uprights were placed, another girder laid, and so on until the required height of the gate was reached. They move on a pintle, which is a metal hemisphere, and notwithstanding their enormous weight may be moved by a few men, even when the lock-chambers are dry.

that there was to be no militarism, no salutes; that I had left behind me all my military duties and would command the army of Panama, fighting nature for the accomplishment of the end that had brought us down here. Their cause was mine, and we had common enemies, Culebra Cut and the climate, and the completion of the Canal would be our victory. I intended to be the commanding officer, but the chiefs of divisions would be the colonels, the foremen the captains, and no one who did his duty had aught to fear from militarism. In the army the commanding officer was the father of his men; when I commanded a company I knew my men, their trials and troubles, and so would I treat the men here, giving a ready ear to their complaints and grievances, and any one could come to me at any time, or detain me as I went about the work, to explain their particular trials or to make suggestions as to the work, and they could be assured of audience. This was the start of the subsequent setting aside of Sunday mornings for the hearing of complaints and grievances of all kinds and descriptions.

After the departure of the congressmen time was spent, in company with Mr. Stevens, going over the work more in detail, meeting the various department and division officials, discussing their branches with them, and getting Mr. Stevens's idea of the prosecution of the work and organization under the new arrangement of having all the commissioners on the Isthmus. In going over the work its magnitude seemed overpowering, and as the details were disclosed matters only became more confusing and overwhelming. A time was reached when nothing further was to be gained by guidance or discussion, and the same thought must have occurred to Mr. Stevens, for he proposed that I relieve him on April 1, to which I assented.

Major Sibert arrived on the Isthmus on March 18, 1907, and Mr. Rousseau on March 21, so that the engineers were all assembled before the date fixed for the change in management.

In my conversation with President Roosevelt, on the evening of February 18, various matters connected with the Canal were discussed, including the question of building the Canal by contract. Bids had been invited and four had been received. Only one of these met satisfactorily the requirements of the specifications, but it was considered too high and therefore could not be accepted. The lowest bid, while higher than had been considered reasonable, was not exorbitant, and the proposer had requested permission to revise it to conform with the specifications, and this had been granted. A delay in reaching a decision had thus been caused, and the President desired me to make a careful study of the plan proposed and give him my conclusions.

Speaking of the general question of doing government work by contract, I expressed the view that if the contractor is competent and is receiving a return which insures him a profit, the contract method, as a rule, is easier for the administrative officer, provided the work to be done is clearly known and can be clearly and explicitly stated; otherwise, I much preferred to do work by day's labor, for I had never held the opinion that it is, generally speaking, more economical or advantageous to the government to do its work by contract, basing my conclusions not only on experience gained by doing work in both ways but from handling all matters relating to contracts for work connected with fortifications and rivers and harbors under the Engineer Department at Large, during upward of three years, while on duty as assistant to the Chief of Engineers, United States army. As to the method that should be adopted for the Canal, I was not in a position to discuss the matter intelligently, for I knew relatively little about conditions on the Isthmus—the labor supply and kindred subjects, which have a bearing on such a question—and I knew nothing at all concerning the specifications on which the bids had been invited.

Since this question had first been raised, the President had consulted various contractors and others, and he called attention to the fact that the general opinion was against me, the claim being made that when the government performs work it lags, the cost is uncertain, and the time of completion indefinite. From the information he had he seemed to think that by the contract method not only would the cost be definitely ascertained but a

time could be fixed within which the work would be completed. By a system of penalties and bonuses he thought that the contractor might be induced to make extra exertion so that time might be gained and the cost reduced. In his estimation the time element was a very important one, as he was desirous of securing a completed Canal at the earliest possible date. Under these circumstances, and as those in charge of the work had so recommended, he thought the contract method offered the best solution and accordingly had provisionally adopted it.

I had obtained a copy of the proposed contract after leaving the President and made a careful study of its provisions. Summed up briefly, the proposal was for the government to supply the plant and operating machinery and buildings of all kinds, including quarters, hotels, messes, and kitchens for the working force, maintain at its own expense and with its own forces the government and sanitation of the Canal Zone, and pay to the contractor a fixed percentage upon the cost of the actual construction work as determined by an engineering committee of which the contractor was to name two members and the Canal commission three. The committee was to consider all data concerning the Canal presented to it, make such investigations as might be necessary on the ground, and arrive at a conclusion both as to the time within which the work was to be completed and also an estimated reasonable cost, with premiums in case the contract was completed within the time and cost, and penalties in case of failure to meet the time and cost. It was further stipulated that should any material change be made in the plans at any future time affecting these elements, the committee, or one similarly constituted, should be reconvened and be empowered to amend the original estimate as to time and cost. It followed that an alteration might be made in the plans at a time when it would not be possible to get together even a majority of the original committee, and the original basis for estimate might not be followed.

The impression created by my talk with the President was that he felt very strongly in favor of the contract method because it seemed to assure a completed Canal in the shortest time and to fix definitely the cost. My examination of the specifications convinced me that it would be extremely difficult, if not impossible, for the proposed engineering committee to fix definitely in advance either the cost of the work or the date of completion, due to lack of detailed knowledge on many points, especially the locks and the character of the material to be excavated. Furthermore, it did not seem possible that the contract method would make the administrative part of the commission's work any easier, while the doubtful points in the contract (and they seemed legion) offered so many fruitful sources for friction that constant wrangling would undoubtedly result. The supervisory and auditing forces that would have to be maintained to exercise supervision over the contractor's work and expenditures would be expensive and troublesome. On the whole, since the contract would not insure a fixed cost and a definite time for completion, and as the specifications clearly indicated a number of snags ahead, I could not regard it with favor. These conclusions were laid before the President at the next interview.

I then learned from the President that it was the original expectation to secure an association of contractors, each a specialist in some particular line of work, who would execute that part of the Canal construction which required such experience —as, for instance, contractors with experience in heavy excavation would handle the Culebra Cut; others with experience in dredging would handle the channels at either end; others experienced in masonry construction would handle the locks, etc., and that this combination of contractors would have the necessary finances to carry on the entire work to a satisfactory conclusion. In perfecting his bid, the lowest bidder had secured the co-operation of other contractors with the view of complying with the intent of the specifications, but the specifications required that the contractor should have an available capital above all debts and encumbrances of $5,000,000, give a security with the bid of $200,000, and a bond for the faithful performance of the contract of $3,000,000. In order to meet these financial requirements, it was necessary for the bidders to make arrangements with bankers at rather high rates of interest, which either the

government would have to bear or else the contractor would have to pay by dividing his profits with his financial agents.

Mr. Stevens had strongly advocated the contract method when first considered. In his report to Mr. Theodore P. Shonts, chairman of the commission, he stated: "This is no small undertaking, but one that calls for the united and untiring efforts of the best brain and muscle that the United States can produce, and there is no one capable, either physically or mentally, of carrying in all its details this stupendous work to a rapid and successful conclusion; but by associating with us the best of all the needed elements, we can do the work quickly and well."

To secure the assistance and co-operation desired he had proposed that steps be taken to interest experienced contractors of repute in the various lines of work that would be involved in the construction of the Canal, with a view to having them organize a construction company, with a capital stock of about $25,000,000, for the specific purpose of building the Canal. He had also proposed that payments be made on a percentage basis, the cost and time to be determined by a board of engineers as already outlined. Before making his recommendation he had conferred with various contractors on the subject, and felt convinced that no difficulty would be experienced in effecting such an organization or company. If this plan were adopted, it naturally followed that a contract would have to be made without advertisement, for in no other way could the desired end be obtained.

While President Roosevelt was favorably disposed toward such an arrangement and willing to enter into a contract with such an organization, the Secretary of War, recognizing that the act authorizing the construction of the Canal gave very broad powers to the President, felt that on a work of such importance some form of competition was necessary, as the law governing contracts required advertisement. This view was also held by leaders of the House and Senate; the plan proposed was a novel one, had never been tried on government work, and they feared the effect that a contract made without competition might create politically. As a consequence the work was advertised, with the results already noted. When reference was made to Mr. Stevens for his opinion, he recommended the rejection of all bids, claiming that the whole matter had drifted into an entirely different proposition from the one he had originally recommended; that the contractors forming the combination did not have the necessary experience, and that he considered the rate too high. He felt also that the lowest bid as modified would result in one man having control of the work, which in his opinion doomed it to failure.

Under these circumstances, and also in view of the contemplated change in the administration of Canal affairs, as well as his desire not to hamper a new administration with a contract that it did not view with favor, the President concluded that he would reject all bids. While taking such action, however, he maintained an open mind on the contract question, and desired that, after familiarizing myself with the work, I should give the matter careful consideration, reporting to him fully in the course of three or four months the conclusions reached. If these were in favor of the contract method, the necessary specifications were to be prepared and forwarded in order that a contract might be entered into as early as practicable with a view to getting the contractor started toward the completion of the work.

Soon after my arrival on the Isthmus, and before taking charge of the work, I received from the Secretary of War, for consideration in connection with the general subject of contract versus hired labor for the Canal, a letter written to him by one of the parties in the competition for the award, strongly urging him to adopt the contract method, the contract to be drawn along the lines proposed by the original advertisement. The President's action in placing the work under the army engineers created some feeling and criticism; the work was going to lag and suffer from lack of initiative. The very fact that they were to be placed in charge was held up in the letter referred to as one of the principal arguments in favor of the contract method. Army engineers, as a rule, were said to be, from their very training, dictatorial and many of them martinets, and it was predicted that if they, rather than contractors, were placed in charge of the actual construction the

Canal project was doomed to failure. Their training was purely technical; they had never made a success as executive heads of great enterprises, and few if any of them had any construction ability. It was claimed that proper headway in the construction of the Canal had not been secured thus far, and that the chief obstacle in the way was government "red tape," which the employment of army engineers would increase rather than decrease. On the other hand, with a contractor in charge, the first thing he would do would be to abolish this "galling red-tape system and introduce business methods."

The further criticism was made that the government engineers did not know the kind of machinery to employ and that experimentation to find that best adapted to the work would be expensive both in cost and time. A contractor, on the other hand, from his varied experience, would not hesitate in such matters, and the contrary would be the result. The main objection, however, to doing the work by government forces, and one not usually considered at its full value, was the inability to foster *esprit de corps* among its employees. It was stated that "It is a physical impossibility for the government to secure team-work amongst their employees, for the very good reason that there is no personal relation between the employer and the employee. High salaries will not give this result, nor will comfortable quarters and good food, as there must enter the human factor, which is entirely lacking in the government. This feature is one in which the contractor will always have the advantage over the government, and no government employee, whether he be of the army or a civilian, can cultivate the spirit of good feeling or instil into the employee a spirit of enthusiasm as can a private employer." The statements of the letter naturally had effect on the Secretary of War, who directed that this phase of the situation be given due weight in the consideration of the subject.

Thus it had come about that I was confronted, in taking charge of the work, with the necessity of determining whether the task could be accomplished as well by hired labor, through the application of government methods, as it could be by contract. Not only were the President and Secretary of War prejudiced in favor of the contract system, but the former had assured me that the general opinion was on the same side. The convictions which I had expressed to the President before starting for Panama were strengthened after I had arrived and had looked over the situation. Indeed, what most surprised me was that Mr. Stevens, with the results before him that he had achieved through the force he had built up, could still favor the contract method. He had, it is true, advocated the rejection of all the bids, but his objection had not been to the contract system itself but to the form it had finally taken. Under the circumstances, I had no choice but must go ahead with hired labor, following the established government methods, but I was quite willing to do this. After a careful study of all phases of the situation, and after consultation with my colleagues and various other officials, I reached a conclusion strongly in favor of the existing method, and about three months after my arrival so reported to the President, giving my reasons. The report was necessarily an academic discussion. The President had been influenced by certain lines of argument, and these had to be taken up and answered.

It was claimed by those advocating the contract method that the various contractors who would associate themselves for the prosecution of the work would be in a position to furnish immediately the necessary experienced superintendents, foremen, skilled mechanics, and others, from the organizations which they already controlled, and thereby secure the team-work which would insure the completion of the Canal in a shorter time and for less money. It was also contended that the government would not be able to hold its forces, for the completion of the work would leave a number of competent men without hope of employment, whereas under the contract system the men would remain, with reasonable assurance that their services would be utilized elsewhere by these contractors on other work; that this prospect also gave contractors the advantage of securing better classes of skilled labor.

The unprecedented magnitude of the Panama Canal and the conditions under which it was to be built made it entirely different from similar classes of work in

any locality of the United States. There was no contractor or syndicate of contractors that by any combination could have brought to the Isthmus an organization ready for team-work on any of the parts of the Canal into which it could be subdivided. In each instance an organization would have had to be perfected before any team-work could have been secured. While it might have been possible for several contractors to combine forces, assuming that a sufficient number of men could have been got together in that way, there still remained the necessity of whipping this force into shape in order to secure an organization that would produce the team-work so advantageous in the accomplishment of results. The supply of superintendents, foremen, mechanics, and skilled labor of all kinds must be secured from the United States whether the work be done by contract or by the government. The keen competition then existing in the United States because of the large amount of work in progress or contemplated militated against the argument that contractors would have superintendents, foremen, and others available for work on the Isthmus, for they would not break up their organizations, already engaged, for this purpose. So long as work was plentiful the dread of the tropics would deter men from seeking work on the Canal in preference, consequently the contractors would have been obliged to recruit the greater part of their force from other sources than the work under their supervision in the United States, and so would have little if any advantage over the government in the matter of time necessary to build up a suitable organization.

Aside from skilled labor, it was not possible to secure an adequate supply of common labor from the United States, as objections had been raised to recruiting in the South, so that recourse must be had to obtaining it abroad. Laborers secured from the West Indies by the French Canal Company were at the time of the company's liquidation left stranded on the Isthmus, and some of the island governments raised money to repatriate them. It naturally followed that the island governments were strongly opposed to the recruitment of labor, and some of them finally consented only on the understanding that the laborers would be employed by the United States Government and not by a contractor. A representative of the Italian Government recommended to the authorities that Italian labor be permitted to accept employment under the government, but that such employment by contractors should not be allowed. A similar experience was had with respect to Chinese labor. As a consequence, with the large force of common labor that would be needed for construction purposes, the contractor would have been at a disadvantage.

It is true that in some cases the contractor might have an acquaintance which would enable him to secure men more easily than a government agent, and, again, he might bring to the work a larger experience; but, so far as the more important parts of the Panama Canal were concerned, this advantage was not apparent. In any case the knowledge of the specialist in the particular work that is to be done is the element that will accomplish the most satisfactory results, and, so far as dredging and lock and dam construction were concerned, the government's experience had been, if not greater, at least as extensive as that of any contractor or association of contractors that could have been secured in the United States. For these units of the work the government's acquaintance was equally extensive, and experienced men could be and were drawn from the engineering forces of the government itself. For these classes of work, therefore, the government had the advantage. So far as related to excavation in the dry by steam shovels and cars, the advantage at the start might have been with the contractor, yet the government had secured one of the best experts in the country for this class of work, and he had built up an organization on the Isthmus that could not be surpassed by any contractor, and had, it is claimed, effected this organization in as short a time as could have been done by an association of contractors under the circumstances.

When the government does work in the United States the wage scale is determined by the amount paid similar classes of labor in the locality where the work is being done; there is no pressure brought to bear on higher authority for any in-

crease over the salaries or allowances offered. Conditions on the Isthmus are peculiar. It is contended by employees that service in the tropics saps the energy, and that a man is incapable, after a time, of performing the same amount of work that he would be able to accomplish had he spent the same period in a cooler climate. In support of the reasonableness of their claims, they point to the fact that the leave privilege to employees was established on recommendation of the sanitary authorities, who claimed that such a change was necessary for the preservation of health. This creates a desire to accumulate sufficient means to avoid the necessity of equally hard work on the return to the United States; consequently, the demands for increase in pay are frequent, and to accomplish this, when denied by those immediately in charge of the work, recourse has been had to higher authority.

This is a condition that a contractor would have been obliged to face as the government did, and in some respects the latter has been in a position to handle the situation more satisfactorily than the former—as was plainly indicated by the trouble with the steam-shovel men in May, 1907. It was claimed by the steam-shovel men that representations were made to them when they first came to the Isthmus that eventually their pay would be three hundred dollars per month. Their demand was not granted by the authorities on the Isthmus, and the question was taken up at Washington by the leaders of their union in the United States. A hearing was given the men by the Secretary of War in April of 1907, and his report recommended against the increase, which report was approved by the President. While the work, to some extent, was crippled in consequence, had a contractor refused to consider the demand a strike undoubtedly would have been declared, and the matter could not have been so successfully handled by a contractor under conditions as they actually existed. With the settlement by higher authority of the demand for increased pay on the part of the steam-shovel men, locomotive engineers, and conductors, a fixed wage scale was adopted, and the authorities in Washington decided that all questions of pay would thereafter be left for the commission to handle, and that no appeals to higher authority would be recognized. The wage scale adopted for the government employees would have had to be accepted and maintained by the contractor, and, if payment to the latter was based on a percentage of the cost of the work done, the demands for increases would be granted more readily than under government control.

The views which I expressed to President Roosevelt previous to taking charge of the Canal work, as to the effect of contracts in fixing definitely time and cost, were confirmed by my experience on the Isthmus. The records of the office of the Chief of Engineers of the army show that the letting of a piece of government work by contract is by no means a reasonable assurance that the task will be completed in a definite time. On public works, including buildings, the records show that in a majority of cases the time limit is exceeded. An examination of the contracts awarded by the commission for material for the Canal, so far as the time limits proposed by the contracts are concerned, clearly showed that there is no assurance of completion of any contract in a definite time. The cases considered were large contracts for material and machinery; the contractors were specialists in their lines, and, as the work was done in the United States, they must have been familiar with the conditions surrounding it. Even when the time for completion of delivery was left to the contractors themselves to specify, they failed to meet the dates. No strikes or "acts of God" could be cited as excuses for any of the delays. If under such conditions dates could not be met, it certainly could not be supposed that in an enervating climate like that on the Isthmus, and with labor below that in the United States for efficiency, this time-failing record for contract work would have been changed.

When all the conditions surrounding the work are known in advance, a reasonable definiteness in cost is usually obtained by contract when based on unit prices. This would be equally true if the contract were on a basis of percentage of the cost; but in either case, so far as the Canal work was concerned, all the conditions were not known in advance. So far as concerned the determination of this question by a board organized as provided by the specifications of the proposed contract, it has

been demonstrated that this could not have been done with assurance of its holding for any length of time, because of the change that was made in the location of the locks on the Pacific side and unforeseen difficulties in connection with Culebra Cut.

One of the unwritten reasons in advocacy of a contract, of which I learned soon after my arrival on the Isthmus in talking with members of the supervisory force, was the fear of politics in the appointment of officials and in other ways, if the work were done by the government,which would be entirely eliminated if placed under contract. It was contended by many of these persons that in another year a political campaign would be in progress and debts would have to be paid, and there was no place which offered better opportunities for this than the Canal, for there was no limit in positions available for this purpose, since relatively few of them were then under civil-service regulations. Up to that time the work had been conducted on a non-partisan basis; in the selection of the new commission no word or question was mentioned or asked as to the politics of any of its members, and the appointment of a leading Democratic senator by a Republican President showed pretty conclusively that politics would not enter. The necessity for the Panama Canal and for its early completion was fully realized, as well as the fact that the accomplishment could be secured only by the application of business and non-partisan methods. This has generally been the case in all government work wherever undertaken.

The Canal, as a whole, has been built by hired labor, but a number of small contracts were made at various times during the construction period with resulting economy. In some instances, due to the isolated locality of the work, the housing and feeding of the force engaged would have been very expensive; while the commission, following the policy that had been adopted, would have been obliged to provide such facilities, a contractor was not, and recourse was had to the contract method. In other cases the excess labor supply enabled ex-employees to do work cheaper by contract, as the contractor was not obliged to maintain the same wage scale and working hours as the commission. Again, the fabrication and erection of the lock-gates and steel frames of buildings were contracted for; the contractor controlling the shipment of the various parts could supply the artisans to meet the delivery of material to better advantage than the commission. As is usually the case, nearly all of the contracts thus made exceeded the time limit fixed for completion.

Considering the work as a whole, were it to be done over in the light of the experience gained by its construction, I would advocate employing again the method that has been followed. From the very nature of the case it is impossible to say whether the work has been done more cheaply or more quickly than it could have been done by contract if the plan favored by Mr. Stevens had been adopted, for comparison is impossible. All that can be said is that the work has been completed within the time limit fixed by the International Board of Consulting Engineers in 1906, notwithstanding the increased dimensions of the locks and the unexpected difficulties which developed in excavating the channel through Culebra Cut. Also, that leaving out of consideration the accessories undertaken in 1912, and not originally contemplated, it has been built within the estimated cost. As bearing on this question, it is interesting to record that one of the associated contractors who gave large financial support to the lowest of the four bids offered, and who visited the Isthmus after the work was well under way, declared frankly that it was being done more cheaply and more expeditiously than would have been possible under the contract system, and expressed the opinion that he and all other financial backers of the proposed contract method would have been ruined if their bid had been accepted, and would not have been able to complete the task.

Actual experience has refuted nearly or quite all of the criticisms and objections which were made at the time of the transfer of the work. At no time during its progress after I took charge was there any difficulty in securing competent and experienced men for the various positions, though it must be admitted that these were not always selected. Though I endeavored to impress upon all the necessity for selection of men with special fitness for vacancies or new positions, in

many cases the personal element determined the employing official in making the appointment or promotion, with the inevitable result of increased cost to the work, which I always charged up to educational purposes. This, however, could not be an argument in favor of the contract method, for on the percentage basis the contractor or some of his subordinates, being human, would be influenced by similar considerations. Nor was there any difficulty in retaining the men till the completion of the work. In many cases advantageous offers were rejected, and it must be so in any work which appealed so strongly to the imagination as did the Canal.

The charge made in the quoted letter to Secretary Taft concerning the inability of a government official to secure team-work among employees received only amused consideration at the time it was made, for the managers of government work are men, like the managers for corporations, and the development of *esprit de corps* in any organization depends on other conditions than the ultimate power behind it. Those who looked into the work during its progress and who were competent to judge agreed in the assertion that the team-work and the *esprit de corps* developed in the organization have never been surpassed, for many Americans declared themselves proud of belonging to a people who could do such work with so much spirit.

I am free to say that were I to do it over again I could build it more cheaply, and such a result could have been secured had I received the loyal support and co-operation of all my associates. The enormous proportions of the work made it impossible for one man to see to it personally that all details were executed properly, and in this respect the quoted statement of Mr. Stevens concerning one-man control is correct. In any aggregation of contractors, as in any commission or board, there will always be, sooner or later, a directing head; the strongest or most dominating personality will assume supreme authority, resulting, finally, in one-man control. If this does not result, the management will be weak and irresponsible, with failure as the outcome. Under all circumstances execution of all details must depend upon the co-operation and loyalty of associates and subordinates. The utmost that a directing head can do is to see to it that all details are properly designed; their execution must be intrusted to subordinates, and they must be relied upon to be loyal to the trust.

[Colonel Goethals's second article, "Labor Problems Connected with the Work," will appear in the April number.]

PANAMA

By Joseph Mills Hanson

ILLUSTRATIONS (INCLUDING FRONTISPIECE) BY N. C. WYETH

WHERE stands the shrunk mid-continent upreared,
Its rib-rocks to a mountain cordon thinned,
Beneath Thy favor, Lord, at last lies sheared
The long-sought road to Ind.

No fabled fairway this; for, lest men find
Their dream fulfilled by deeds too lightly done,
Thou willed that but by travail might we bind
Thy sundered seas in one.

These sun-scorched cordilleras, from whose crest
Balboa saw the Western wave unrolled,
These swamps, where fever-maddened men have pressed
To fight and die for gold,

Are cloven by the toil of countless hands,
Are blasted, dredged, and locked by brawn and brain
To serve the high emprise of mightier lands
Than plied the Spanish Main



With questing galleons launched on ocean's flood
To preach the Cross by firelock and by sword
And sate their lust with trophies stained in blood
Aztec and Inca poured.

Now giant freighters of the Elbe and Wear
Shall thread the jungles known of Morgan's men
And tread down valleys whence the buccaneer
Marched forth on Darien;

The steel-laced lattice of the dreadnought's masts
Shall glide between Culebra's man-made shores,
Tall warriors on the pathways in dead pasts
Worn by conquistadors.

Thy warders, Lord, the way is ours to hold,
For all mankind a highroad fair at need;
Oh, shield us from the scarlet sins of old,
Base arrogance and greed.

For if men rose to speed this task of ours,
Thou gavest them vision and the strength to strive;
If faith grew faint, at war with Nature's powers,
Thou madest that faith survive.

The task stands done. No strange, new-conquered states
Invoke our justice on imploring knees;
Imperial commerce at the portal waits,
Drawn from the seven seas.

Be Thou our mentor, Lord, that on this ground
Where mailed and sceptred wrong has often stood,
Nation with nation meeting, may be bound
In closer brotherhood.

THE SHUNWAY

BY ARMISTEAD C. GORDON

Author of "Maje," "Ommirandy," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WALTER BIGGS

HE blew in, in the early summer, three years before the place was sold. Young Mars' Jeems was startled to see him holding Black Auster's bridle-rein when he went out after breakfast to take his customary morning ride over the plantation.

"Who are you?" he asked of the stranger.

"Unk," was the answer.

"Where did you come from?" persisted young Mars' Jeems, drawing on his riding-gloves and regarding with an interest, that was not unmixed with disfavor, the singular figure that stood at the horse's head.

"Ove' yondah," Unk replied, pointing down the river. The information was not illuminating, and the master of Kingsmill renewed his questioning as he took the bridle from the newcomer's hand.

"Over where?"

"Easte'n Sho'."

"What did you come here for?" asked young Mars' Jeems sternly. "Don't you know I've got more darkies here on this place now than I can take care of?"

"I came here fur ter git shet o' dem," said Unk.

"Who's dem?"

"Dey's dem," was the sententious reply of the negro, who as he spoke put both hands to his ears. "Dey wudden lemme 'lone over dar."

Young Mars' Jeems mounted Black Auster, and paused for a moment to regard his visitor.

"What did you say your name was?"

"De folks useter call me Unk; but de niggers calls me de Shunway."

"Well, you're a queer one!"

Unk looked up at the soldierly white man on the big black horse with apparent apprehension, withdrawing a pace or two from where he had stood. The master of Kingsmill plantation looked down in turn upon the squat, hunchbacked little black man, and his point of view emphasized Unk's deformity.

"Who told you you could come here? How did you happen to lead this horse around?"

"Simon, he sesso," explained Unk. "Simon, he say, 'Lead 'roun' Black Oyster.'"

Young Mars' Jeems smiled.

"Well, I'll see about you when I get back," he said. "You go to the kitchen, and get Delphy to give you some breakfast. Then ask Mirandy to take a look at you. I'll find out how she sizes you up."

When young Mars' Jeems returned, about twelve o'clock, not only was Unk's arrival known at the great house but it had been heralded throughout the length and breadth of the plantation. It had even penetrated to the Wharf.

Simon had started the news on its way, and every negro's tongue was wagging.

"Simon say he would 'a' done 'spicion him fur ter be a runaway nigger, ef it was befo'-de-wah times," said Uncle Jonas, the patriarch of the place. "But it ain't; an' consequenshal, he ain't no runaway. An' he ain't no penetench'y convic', 'case dem clo'es he got on ain't striped, ef dey is ragged as a buzzard."

Uncle Jonas had once been to Richmond and seen the "trusties" in the Square.

"Simon say he can't git nothin' out'n him," continued Uncle Jonas. "Simon say he ax him how come he come here; an' he say he 'feared o' dem. But he don't say who dem is, nur nothin' 'bout 'em. Simon say he's a hunkback, and dat's bad luck. Simon say he 'spec' he's a blue-gum, too."

"Lord!" ejaculated Delphy. "Ef he dat, he gwi' p'isen all on us."

"I 'spec' he ruther bite bread'n meat dan bite you," observed Uncle Jonas, sarcastically. "Simon say he look like he



Drawn by Walter Biggs.

"The fish will bite for him when I can't get a nibble."—Page 287.

ain't had no reg'lar meals' vittels fur a week."

Young Mars' Jeems summoned Ommirandy to the library, where the portraits looked down on him from the panelled walls. She came with a mingled sense of importance at the command and of doubt as to its significance. Every negro on the place knew that only matters of grave import ever caused the master of Kingsmill to call any one of them before him in the "liberry-room." To those who had experienced it, it was a solemn thing to stand there, with all those painted eyes of all those painted people silently fixed upon them.

"I done been dar sebral times," said Uncle Jonas, "an' all dem dead ones, a-starin' down at ye, looks like dey was 'live, 'stidder out yondah in de buryin'-groun' at Christ Church. Ye darsn't tell no lies ter Mars' Jeems in dat 'ar liberry-room, nur ter Ole Mars' nuther, when he was here."

Ommirandy came, broom in hand, with a dignity of carriage that developed into a strut.

"Young Mars' Jeems done sont for me in de liberry," she proudly announced to Evadne, the chambermaid, whom she met in the long hall, that ran from one end of the mansion to the other, and that had a stairway at either end. Evadne had just come down the western stairs.

"Law sakes, Ommirandy," said Evadne in awed tones. "Ye don't tell me! Ain't you skeered?"

"What I gwi' be skeered about, Eva Adny?" queried Ommirandy. "Ain't you heerd he done sont fur me fur ter prognosticate ter him 'bout dis here new little nigger what lit here lars' night?"

Evadne had not heard.

"He done lef' it ter me fur ter pass jedgmen' on him, an' I gwi' pass it. Young Mars' Jeems knows dey ain't nobody on dis here place kin size up a tramp nigger samer 'n I kin."

"Law sakes, Ommirandy," marvelled Evadne. "Young Mars' Jeems he sho is got sense."

"Umph!" grunted the old woman at Evadne's misdirected tribute, and strutted on.

Young Mars' Jeems sat at the big desk built into the wall near the eastern window. It had been there two hundred and ten years. The superstition among the negroes was that it had been there since the flood, which "Mistis" had often read to them about on Sundays, in the loom-room, out of the Book; and that it was constructed by Noah, whose reputation as the carpenter of the ark was thus quite familiar to them all.

Ommirandy entered the library, and advancing stood expectantly before the master of Kingsmill.

"Mirandy," he said, fingering his thin chin-whisker, and regarding her gravely, "have you seen this new darky who has just come here?"

"Yas, sir," she replied.

"He tells me that Simon has taken him in charge. Did he come here on Simon's invitation?"

"Nor, sir. Simon says he's a stranger of his'n," responded Simon's mother promptly.

"I done saw him," she continued, with an air of importance. "Delphy, she sont word ter me, an' say dat dis here little nigger dat call hisse'f Unk gwi' ter be ter breakfas' in de kitchen, and dat she done got de news f'om you dat I gwine ter interfew him. Ain't dat what de newspapers say, young Mars' Jeems?"

He nodded assent.

"Well, den, sir, I done interfewed him. 'Fo' Gord, dat leetle-bitter hunkback kin eat mo' corn baddy-cakes dan any fo' white folks on dis here plantation, 'scusin' Mister Jones."

The occasional presence of Mr. Jones, the Kingsmill overseer, at breakfast with the family in the great house, was always one that Ommirandy could not abide. She never lost a chance to take a metaphorical shot at the alien Jones.

"Did Delphy butter the batter-cakes for him?" asked young Mars' Jeems, smiling at the old woman's asperity.

"Butter 'em? Butter 'em? 'Fo' Gord, sir, dey swimmed in butter. Dat hunkback, he done got away wid a poun' o' de bes' butter in mistis's dairy. Dat Unk, he sho' is one choice liver."

"I'm glad she buttered 'em," said young Mars' Jeems; and Ommirandy thought: "Yes, you'd give away your head to anybody that would take it, let alone mistis's butter."

"Well, what do you think of him, Mirandy?" he queried.

"I ain't been thinkin' much about him," was the answer. "I been gittin' him down adzackly. I done weigh him, an' I done medjer him. I done medjer him wid mistis's tape-line. He fo' foot one inch. He three inches shorter'n me. I done weigh him on de sto'-room scales. He weigh one hunnerd an' ten poun's."

She paused, as though anticipating his approval of these preliminaries of her interview with Unk. Then she went on:

"He got a hunkback, an' I 'spec' he's a blue-gum nigger, too. I didn't ax him fur ter open his trap arfter he done eat all o' dem baddy-cakes. I been notice all my life dat when carriage-comp'ny comes ter Kingsmill, dey ain't nobody axes 'em imperlite queshtuns. Dat's how come I ain't examine de man's mouf, eben ef he is a stray nigger. He mought have blue-gums. I ain't a-sayin' he ain't got 'em."

"Oh, I reckon his mouth is all right," said young Mars' Jeems. "What else?"

"He say his sho' nuf name is Unk, but dat whar he come f'om dey got ter callin' him de Shunway. He say he don't travel no main roads. He goes thoo de woods, an' he's a walk-by-night. He's a innercent. He ain't got no sense. He's afeared all de time o' what he calls dem. He say he come here fur ter git shet on 'em. Dey's folks what he can't see, dat's all de time a-talkin' ter him an' a-pesterin' him. He act like he's a conjured nigger."

Ommirandy's report was sufficiently illuminating to young Mars' Jeems, and the homeless and helpless Unk was allowed to stay on at Kingsmill, and was clothed and fed and made much of. In a short time he proved himself an admirable hostler, and took entire charge of Black Auster, whose coat under his ministrations of currycomb and brush shone with new lustre. He asked for no wages, he was quiet and inoffensive, and he stayed closely about the great house and avoided the other servants. No one knew where the Shunway slept. Ommirandy, who watched him narrowly, insisted that his place of repose was wherever he happened to be when the desire of sleep overtook him.

"Nobody ain't nuver see him lay down, an' he's always up afo' de birds begin ter chirp. He's a curisome nigger, young Mars' Jeems. He don't appear ter have no sense; an' den, too, he got a whole heap o' hoss-sense. Ole Mars' useter say hoss-sense is de bes' kind o' sense ter have. Dat hunkback don't pester nobody, 'scusin' nobody don't pester him. Little Mr. William he done tuk a great shine ter him; an' Unk he sets a lot o' sto' by little Mr. William. He done turn forty-five year, he say, an' he strong as a pestle-tail mule. But he jes' de same as a boy. I see him an' little Mr. William a-playin' leap-frog over one another out dar on de lawn yestiddy; an' terday dey done spen' de whole day down on de ribber-bank fishin'. An' dey fetch back a string o' fish, too, I gwi' tell ye—yaller-bellies an' chubs an' all sorts. Dem two is jes' boun' ter be all de time tergether."

It was little Mr. William's school vacation; and the white boy and the deformed black man became inseparable companions.

"Father," said the lad, "he's got the grip of a giant. He's the strongest man I ever saw for his size. He can lift as much as any man on the plantation. Black Auster follows him all around the stable-yard. The other horses and the cattle all know him. The pigeons come down and light on his shoulder. And the fish—why, the fish will bite for him when I can't get a nibble. He spits on the bait and laughs and says that's what does it. But I know that isn't so. He can do more sorts of things that boys like than anybody else on the place. But he don't talk much. And I don't know why, but he always calls me 'Ben.'"

Young Mars' Jeems's confidence in Unk was increased by the frequent commendation of little Mr. William and of Ommirandy.

"They are pretty good judges of human nature," he said. "I reckon he's all right."

With many oddities and idiosyncrasies, Unk approved himself to be truthful and industrious and loyal. His physical courage, demonstrated in more than one casual episode, was without flaw. He was a good swimmer, and he saved little Mr. William from drowning on one of their fishing excursions. His devotion to the lad made a profound impression both

on young Mars' Jeems and on Ommirandy.

As the summer went by young Mars' Jeems's interest had grown to genuine admiration for this humble, uncomplaining friend and servitor who possessed so little and loved so much.

The other darkies at Kingsmill, observing the place he had won for himself, became jealous of Unk. They had been "marster's" servants all their lives—they and their fathers and mothers before them. Kingsmill was theirs as much as it was the white folks'. They had been loyal to it, and to its history and traditions, and to its owners through the generations, with a loyalty that invading armies and emancipation proclamations could not shake. When, during the black years, the Federal gunboats were in the river, and the Union armies had passed on toward Richmond, with young Mars' Jeems down there by the capital in the Confederate ranks, and "Ole Marster" dead at Christ Church, they had stayed at home, with nobody but "Mistis" and the children in the great house, and had kept the faith.

"I useter sleep in de hall befo' mistis's do', in dem times," said Simon to his mother. "We didn't know what was gwine ter happen, an' we-all stayed right here wid 'em. All of us holp 'em ter git along, bein' as Mars' Jeems was away in de war; an' we worked de craps an' we tuk keer o' mistis an' de place. An' we stayed here wid 'em after de freedom come. Now, what does we git? Here drif's inter de place a fo'-by-two butt-cut of a little ornery, hunkback, blue-gum nigger, dat ain't never 'sociated wid no quality white folks in his life, an' all o' us t'other niggers of a sudden is gotter take a back seat. Unc' Jonas say he dunno how come you's a-takin' up fur dis here vagabone f'om de Easte'n Sho', wid yo' sense."

"Simon," replied Ommirandy solemnly to her eldest son, "you nuver ain't had no gumption, eben ef you was born wid a caul. Can't you an' Unc' Jonas see dat dis here Shunway is de very thing young Mars' Jeems an' little Mr. William is been all along wantin' fur ter amuse 'em? Young Mars' Jeems, he don't think none de less o' you an' de balance o' de Kingsmill niggers 'long o' Unk. He done had a hard time sence de war ter keep de place goin'. He want sump'n fur ter take a intrus' in; an' ef he picks up a hunkback fur ter please him an' little Mr. William, 'tain't none o' yo' lookout, nur Unc' Jonas's neither."

Simon went off muttering words to the effect that no self-respecting colored person would "go trampoosin'" around "in de bresh an' de backwoods," avoiding the roads and public byways, as this intruder made a habit of doing. He insisted to Uncle Jonas that there could be no doubt whatever of the Shunway's having committed some desperate crime, and that he was a fugitive from justice.

"He done kilt somebody," said Simon.

"He orter be behine dem bars down dar in Richmon', 'stidder livin' here on de fat o' de lan'," replied Uncle Jonas.

The feeling of the dwellers on the plantation outside of the great house culminated in early September in an unexpected hostile demonstration on the part of Mr. Jones, the overseer.

Mr. Jones had occupied his now uncertain position on the place since the slavery days, and young Mars' Jeems had never found it in his kindly heart to discharge him as an official long since obsolete, and of as little use as the fifth wheel to a wagon.

"What could the man do?" he argued with himself, when the temptation to let him go, and thus save his scant salary, presented itself. "The profession of overseer was finally concluded at Appomattox. Mr. Jones don't know anything else. It wouldn't be right to turn him out to graze."

The overseer was elderly, but in his own estimation, as described by himself in the vernacular, he was still "purty hefty." He sympathized with the attitude of mind of the colored people at Kingsmill toward the hunchback, although he knew that their attitude toward himself had long since grown from indifference to hardly disguised contempt. After some cogitation, he had reached the sage conclusion that he might in a sense rehabilitate himself with the negroes by humiliating the Shunway.

"I'm a-goin' to git him," he remarked to Simon. "I'm a-goin' to lift the pressure. You'll see!"

So it happened one morning that upon young Mars' Jeems's return from his ride, Unk was not at the door to take Black Auster to the stable. In his place stood little Mr. William, who excitedly informed his father that when Unk had gone into the corn-crib to get Black Auster's midday "four ears," Mr. Jones had followed him, and had locked the door on the inside.

"I listened to 'em, father," said the boy. "He accused Unk of stealing your corn. They are locked up in there now, fightin' like crazy men."

In a few minutes father and son were at the door of the corn-crib, from the interior of which the noise of conflict was distinctly audible.

"Let me up, you blue-gum rascal!" came the stifled voice of the overseer.

The sole answer was what sounded like a chuckle from the Shunway.

"I'll have you discharged before night, you thievin' scound'el!" gurgled Mr. Jones, and again there was an unmistakable note of confident glee from the hunchback.

"Open the door, Mr. Jones," called young Mars' Jeems, who had already tried the latch and found the door locked. "What have you got this door fastened for?"

"The nigger is chokin' me," responded the overseer in an unnatural and suffocated voice.

"Let him go, Unk," called young Mars' Jeems.

In a moment there was quiet inside the corn-crib.

"Open the door, Mr. Jones," again demanded the owner of Kingsmill.

A key grated in the big wooden lock and the door opened. Out stepped the overseer with dishevelled hair and bloodshot eyes. His clothes were torn and his collar was gone. Blood oozed from a wound in the side of his cheek. Behind him came Unk, serene and unruffled.

"What did you do it for?" queried young Mars' Jeems of his dismayed employee. "Don't you know you might as well have locked yourself up with a Bengal tiger?"

"He had been stealin' your corn, and I caught him," said Mr. Jones defiantly.

"I ain't," said Unk.

Neither young Mars' Jeems nor little Mr. William had the slightest doubt as to which spoke the truth.

"I ain't nuver had no use fur oberseers," commented Ommirandy, when she heard of the affray. "Neither is young Mars' Jeems, nur Ole Mars', 'scusin' dey bofe had 'em, 'case Kingsmill is had 'em sence it was Kingsmill. But oberseers somehow nuver did fit in betwix' dese here white folks an' de niggers in dis place. De bes' thing ter make a cornfiel' nigger work, is ter have another nigger arfter him—a head man what came f'om some o' dem Affigan kings on de t'other side o' de water."

"I dunno 'bout dat," replied Simon. "Mr. Berkeley's Affigan Tom at Barnoaks mighty nigh beat all dem niggers ter death over dar. What ole-time niggers needs is ole-time white gennulmans on de plantations. Who uver heerd o' Mars' Jeems hittin' one o' his niggers? Neither is he sho' nuf cussed 'em; nur Ole Mars' befo' him."

"Simon," said Ommirandy, "I b'lieve you is got some sense, arfter all."

The leaves were turning yellow and red along the river-way, and the chill in the air and the ploughmen in the fallow fields alike bespoke the nearing step of autumn. There had been more than one consultation of late in the library between little Mr. William and his father and mother, at which Ommirandy was invariably present. These meetings involved always the ever urgent question of the boy's education. He had gone through the county public schools, and was ready for the academy, and the financial situation demanded early solution.

Finally, by dint of curtailing here and collecting there, and by selling twenty acres near the Wharf, which Ommirandy said "nuver had been no account, nohow," little Mr. William's career at the academy, in the Piedmont section of the State, was assured.

"He gwi' do all right up dar, I tell ye," asserted Ommirandy proudly to Uncle Jonas and to Simon. "Den, when he quit dar, he gwine down ter de college at Williamsbu'g. Arfter dat he gwine ter de University. Den he gwi' come back an' rule Kingsmill. Dat de way dey all on 'em is done done."

In late September the boy left home for the academy, and it seemed to Ommirandy when he went that the sunshine had lost its charm. She saw the hunchback, the evening after little Mr. William's departure, standing at the end of the back porch, where the brass-bound water-bucket sat on its perennial shelf, surmounted by the accustomed long-handled gourd. He was foolishly fingering the boy's fishing-tackle.

"He done gone," said Ommirandy, and the deformed man turned and looked at her with such a wistfulness as a dog has who has lost his master. He made no reply, but turned away, and no one saw him again on the Kingsmill plantation.

The Shunway's going was like his coming, unheralded and unexpected. Ommirandy addressed the kitchen on his disappearance.

"He like de Book say 'bout dem dat is born an' dem dat dies. Dey fetches nothin' inter de worl' an' dey takes nothin' outer it. He done disappear like de sora when fros' come. De ma'shes full o' sora one day—nuthin' but sora. Nex' mornin' de fros' done come, and de sora done gone. De fros' hit de hunkback when little Mr. William went ter de 'cademy. I seen de po' little creetur cryin' out dar by de fishin'-poles."

She wiped the corner of her eye with the corner of her blue-checked apron. When she repeated to young Mars' Jeems what she had said to the kitchen-company about Unk's departure, he remarked gravely:

"You're mistaken, Mirandy. He brought much with him and he took away much when he went. I hope he'll come back."

For a time Ommirandy did not quite understand what young Mars' Jeems meant. Then it dawned on her.

Simon after a little while stealthily voiced a suspicion that soon became current on the plantation. It travelled in whispers and took shape in vague intimations; but its hold grew steadily more tenacious upon the superstitious darky mind with the continued progress of time that brought no solution of the mystery. It came to Mr. Jones, too, at last in some vague, inescapable way that appalled and terrified him. He held his peace, and at last departed also.

"Mr. Jones, he gittin' ole," commented Simon sardonically. "He say oberseers is out o' fashion sence de war, nohow. I 'spec' he's right."

Little Mr. William came home from the academy in the following June, and the sora thronged the marshes in the fall. But there was no sign of the Shunway. Young Mars' Jeems had raised a mild kind of hue and cry throughout the peninsula. He had written letters and sent inquiries in many directions. It seemed strange that one so distinctively marked in his person as was Unk should have so completely eluded observation, if, indeed, he were still living. Yet no human being of the negro freedmen, the boatmen, the fishermen on the river, the oyster-tongers, could be found who had seen him since Ommirandy had spoken to him on the porch, near the water-bucket, as he lovingly fingered little Mr. William's fishing-tackle.

Sometimes in the dark winter evenings young Mars' Jeems, sitting by the window near the big desk in the library, would involuntarily have strange thoughts of his late overseer, and of the sullen vindictiveness that the man had not infrequently shown; and on the heel of these thoughts would come others of the mysterious and untraversed recesses of the Dragon Swamp that bordered the eastern fields of the Kingsmill place.

"It would be very easy to hide anything away forever in that swamp," a speechless voice would whisper in his ear; and then he would think of Unk's "dem."

"I wonder what 'dem' said to him that he had to run away to get rid of 'em?" communed young Mars' Jeems with himself.

By degrees, and with the lapse of time, Unk, the Shunway, faded from the memory of Kingsmill, save that now and then its owner would recall the deformed man's affection for little Mr. William, and his tenderness to all dumb creatures; and Ommirandy would recollect some kindly thing that he had done for the boy. It was no fault of little Mr. William's that he soon forgot the hunchback. It is no fault of youth, the beautiful, that it possesses the divine capacity to forget.



Drawn by Walter Biggs.

Ommirandy was invariably present.—Page 289.

In October of the second autumn after the Shunway had blown in and blown out again, young Mars' Jeems had an invitation from an old army comrade to go upon a hunting-trip to one of the many islands that border the ocean side of the Eastern Shore. Times had grown more and more strenuous at Kingsmill, and ready cash for even the cheapest excursion was hard to raise. But his friend was a near and dear one, and the call was alluring, and his household all conceived that the master of Kingsmill needed a change of air and scene.

"I don't think I ought to go," he said to Ommirandy doubtfully. "I can't afford it."

"You got ter go," said the old woman. "I got ten dollars right here in my pocket I been savin' fur ye."

"Mirandy, you're a damned old idiot," he said, turning his face away and fumbling with some papers on the desk.

They had been on the little island about two days. The hunting was fine, and young Mars' Jeems and his friend had brought back each evening to the little hotel in the tiny fishing-hamlet a substantial bag of ducks and marsh-fowl. On the morning of the third day they came upon a tumble-down hut, near the high pines in the upper part of the island, almost in the shadow of the government lighthouse. A thin smoke was curling up from the chimney in the crisp autumn air; but there was no sign of life visible about the place.

"Thar's a hunchback nigger stays thar, sometimes," said the guide, "but he spends most of his time with the ponies. He's a natural. He's pow'ful shy o' strangers an' folks genully. But I often stop by to see him, and he's told me all about himself. We're purty good frien's."

The guide told them that the absent occupant of the cabin had once lived on the mainland, with a master who was kind to him, and with his master's son, Ben, whom he adored. The boy had been drowned, and the boy's father had sold the place and moved away.

"The darky stayed there awhile, and then people that he couldn't see began to talk to him," said the guide. "They asked him where his friend Ben was, and why he didn't go look for him. So the little chap went away to get rid of the voices. He got across the bay somehow, and there he came to another place, where he found Ben—only now they called Ben little Mr. William. And there was a horse there named Black Oyster, and they were all good to him. Then the people with the voices came and took Ben away again, and he couldn't stay. So he came here."

"How does he manage to get along?" asked young Mars' Jeems.

The guide said that the hunchback had an old boat, and that sometimes he tonged for oysters, but that the people at the lighthouse took care of him.

"I wonder if he would like to go back?" soliloquized young Mars' Jeems.

"He says he wouldn't go anywhere away from the ponies. He says he's happy here, and that he's got his work to do."

Then he explained that the droves of wild ponies on the island, which subsist on the coarse grass of the marshes, often have a hard time to get water. There are no springs or streams, and the tough little beasts, with all their resourcefulness, often suffer from thirst.

"Unk makes a business of diggin' the water-holes for 'em. And in the wintertime he cleans off the snow in places, so that they can get to the grass. The ponies are wild enough with everybody else, but sometimes you'll see a drove of 'em followin' the Shunway about the marshes. He's closer to the dumb creeturs than he is to folks. No, sir. He wouldn't go away, with the winter comin' on. He thinks thar wouldn't be nobody to take care o' the ponies if he left.

"If you want to see him, yonder he is now."

They looked beyond the shadows of the pines, and saw the Shunway standing in the sunshine between two of the little animals, with his arms about their necks.



Drawn by Walter Biggs.

"He's closer to the dumb creeturs than he is to folks."—Page 292.



From a photograph by Underwood & Underwood.

King Albert I.



From a photograph by Keturah Collings.

Queen Elisabeth.

KING ALBERT OF THE BELGIANS

By Demetrius C. Boulger

Author of "The History of Belgium," "Belgium of the Belgians," etc.

SOME men attain the full development of their force and character while still young; others develop slowly, and only reveal their true merit after many years. The former often make the occasion for their greatness, like Napoleon; the latter are often discovered only when the occasion arrives to show what they have in them; and among such leaders of men Albert I, King of the Belgians, will now be given a foremost place. During the eighteen years that he filled the difficult position of heir presumptive to his uncle Leopold II he remained in the background, keeping rigidly aloof from politics—no one knew, for instance, whether his sympathies were with Catholics or Liberals—and displaying most interest in military matters as an officer of the Grenadier regiment. The pleasant people of Brussels are not averse to talk of and magnify petty scandals, but Prince Albert escaped the shafts of envy and calumny, and the most habitual detractors admitted that he was immaculate. But, on the other hand, the world of gossips found little or nothing to say about him, so that when he ascended the throne in December, 1909, he was the least known monarch in Europe.

The young kingdom of Belgium, in the eighty-four years of its existence, has been ruled by three kings, each in his sphere one of the most remarkable men of his day. Leopold I, who lived to be styled the Nestor of Europe, was an excellent general as well as a wise statesman, and it is not doubtful that in a larger state than Belgium he would have filled a still more

prominent place in history than he does. His son Leopold II was beyond question one of the greatest men of his time, achieving the most brilliant colonial success since the British conquest of India, with trifling resources, and to the astonishment and envy of his competitors. His nephew Albert, grandson of the founder of the dynasty, has already proved himself the foremost hero of the great war now raging, and if the Fates are only kind it may well be that his future reign, after peace is restored, will add a still more brilliant chapter to the checkered history of Belgium. We have read how in the palmy days of Ottoman power one Amurath succeeded another; the house of Saxe-Coburg may claim a similar tribute when the tale of Belgian prowess and achievement is complete.

Born on 8th April, 1875, as the second son of Philippe, Comte de Flandre (*Anglice*, Count of Flanders), the youngest son of Leopold I, it did not seem at all probable that Prince Albert would ever come to be the head and for a long time the sole male representative of his family. Not only had he an elder brother, Baudouin, or Baldwin, but the King, Leopold II, who had lost his only son in 1869, was still so young that no one could assume that he would never have another direct heir by his then living or by some future queen. Even after the death, therefore, of Prince Baudouin, in 1890, his younger brother's chance of succeeding to the throne depended on the length of life granted to the Queen Marie Henriette, for Leopold II wished, above all things, to have a direct successor, and it was not until after his nephew's marriage and the birth of a young prince that he became fully reconciled to the idea that the line of succession should pass in that direction. The Count of Flanders was a far more amiable personage than his elder brother Leopold II. In fact, he was a very kind-hearted man, of a studious turn of mind, addicted to dilettanteism and struggling with the malady of deafness. For that reason he had resigned his claims to the succession when little over middle life, first to his son Baudouin and then to Albert. The Count of Flanders had married, in 1867, the Princess Mary of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen (the Catholic branch), sister of the late King Carol of Roumania. Besides the two sons named, they had two daughters, one married to the Duc de Vendôme and the other to a cousin, Charles of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen.

King Albert was fifteen years of age when the death of his elder brother made him heir presumptive. His education and training had been essentially military, and Colonel, now Lieutenant-General, Harry Jungbluth was appointed as his personal mentor and guide. Prince Baudouin had been attached to the Carabinier regiment, but Albert joined the Grenadiers, then commanded by Baron Wahis, governor-general of the Congo. It was under his watchful direction, in the first place, and under that of his successor in the command of the regiment, Baron de Heusch, in the second, that Prince Albert served his apprenticeship in the profession of arms; and when the latter became chief of the headquarter staff he continued, with his aid, the study of the art of war. After he came to the throne it was the military defense of his country that principally occupied his thoughts. Even as a Grenadier officer the prince had shown keen interest in his work, and he delivered more than one lecture on subjects of interest during his regimental service. One of them was devoted to the war in South Africa, considered from a strictly military standpoint. He insisted on working through all the grades until he retired, with the rank of major, to devote his main attention to political matters.

Although he became, under the constitution, a member of the Senate when he was twenty-one, he did not take any part in its debates, and, indeed, his attitude on all public questions was one of rigid reserve. This was due to the peculiar position an heir presumptive must always fill when there can be no absolute certainty as to an heir apparent not turning up. Moreover, Leopold II did not care for any one else to fill the stage but himself, and it must also be admitted that the acute divisions of parties between Catholics at one extreme and Socialists at the other created a very difficult situation for the constitutional sovereign, so that it seemed to the late King as if silence was not merely the soundest policy but the only safe course in the interests of the dynasty.

Prince Albert, naturally a silent man, being a thinker rather than an orator, maintained a reserve which left him more or less an enigma to the public. He had a few military friends, but none in the political world, and he kept himself studiously aloof from the group of financiers and promoters who formed the entourage of Leopold II. Every one foretold that a complete change of system and personnel would follow the advent of the new King, but no one could say whether he would prove himself as able to deal with the internal difficulties caused by party bitterness as the old. People may say what they like to his detriment, but the lay figures, "the men in buckram," of the Brussels Parliament quailed before Leopold II, who was a real man and towered above them in genius as well as stature. When the young, reserved, and unknown Albert stepped into his uncle's shoes these good people imagined that they were about to have matters all their own way, whether they favored reaction or what is called progress.



From a photograph by Keturah Collings.

Leopold, Duke of Brabant.

Up to the time of his marriage, in the year 1900, Prince Albert had made but little impression on the Belgian public. Like his father and uncle, he is a man of great stature, possibly the tallest of the three by half an inch, but somewhat diminished by a slight stoop, which has been corrected since he became King. He was known chiefly by his appearance at the head of his regiment in its marches through the Brussels streets or as a motorist driving his own car through the Ardennes. He was also known to be a keen sportsman, taking part in the battues on his father's estate of Les Amerois and also on the state preserve of Hertogenbosch in the Hohe Venn. He rarely took any part in public ceremonies, or perhaps it would be more correct to say that there were few to take part in, and when he did his rôle was a silent one. But his marriage led to considerable changes both in his relations with his uncle and in his position in the country. It may be said that the Belgians had so long known him, first as a boy and then as a young officer, that they were slow in awaking to the fact that he had become a man who would be, before the lapse of many years, in the ordinary course of things, their sovereign.

His uncle was always very anxious about the continuance of the dynasty. The loss of his only son had been a terrible blow, but King Leopold had hoped to see his youngest daughter, the Princess Clementine—now Princess Napoleon—marry her cousin Prince Baudouin, but his premature death ended this hope or dream. It is possible, although no one knows any fact to support it, that he would have been glad if in this matter Prince Albert could have replaced his brother, but any expectation of this kind was short-lived. Prince Albert showed no hurry in choosing a bride, and King Leopold became so anxious about the succession to the throne, Prince Albert being the last male heir, that he selected a successor in the event of the prince dying unmarried, as he had the right to do under the constitution. His nomination was the Duc de Vendôme, who had married Prince Albert's eldest sister Henriette. But the need for such

a precautionary measure soon disappeared.

In 1899, during a trip in Germany, Prince Albert went to Munich, where he visited the clinic of Duke Charles Theodor (Duke *in* Bavaria). This prince was a famous oculist, who practised his art for the benefit of the people and who was assisted by his daughters, who had gone through hospital training. Among them was the Duchess Elisabeth, and the young Belgian prince at once fell in love with her, a sentiment which was quickly reciprocated. The announcement of their engagement was hailed with much satisfaction in Belgium, for there had been friendly relations in the past between that country and the Wittelbach family. The marriage was celebrated at Munich on 2d October, 1900, and four days later the prince and princess made their state entry into Brussels. King Leopold received them in person at the railway station, and testified in many ways his great pleasure at the alliance. This pleasure was still more publicly evinced when a prince was born in November, 1901, and received the name of Leopold. When a second son, Charles, was born on 10th October, 1903, his satisfaction was evinced in a public address affirming the consolidation of the dynasty. The two young princes are now known by the styles, respectively, of Duke of Brabant and Count of Flanders.



From a photograph by Keturah Collings.

Charles, Count of Flanders.

Although his marriage and the birth of the two sons led to a closer association with his uncle in state affairs, Prince Albert continued to keep clear of all political questions and to devote his main attention to military matters. On his marriage he established his residence in the hotel of the Marquis d'Assche, which is in the Rue de la Science, close to the American legation, and once a year he visited Bavaria to shoot with his brother-in-law Rupprecht, who had married his wife's younger sister Marie Gabrielle. This princess died at Sorrento in October, 1912, and Rupprecht is now the Bavarian crown prince who has put his name to some rather violent proclamations during the present war. Latterly, Prince Albert had become an Alpine climber, but before he became King he confined his exploits to the Tyrol. More recently he has made an annual trip to Switzerland and proved himself an expert and untiring climber. But on the whole his mode of life has been a very domestic one, and for nine months in each year he might have been found at home in Brussels.

But, although silent, he none the less followed public questions very closely, and among those to which he gave the closest attention was that of the Congo. This was only natural, seeing that every one knew that its transfer to Belgium as a national colony was inevitable and could not be long deferred. He was also very sensible of the charges made against its administration in England, and he desired very much to see the agitation ended. After a great deal of consideration he formed the intention of visiting the Congo himself, and when one of the ministers, M. Renkin, made a tour there and returned safe and sound, the young prince decided that he must and would go, too. King Leopold was much against

this visit and refused to give his sanction for a long time. Prince Albert had intended setting out in January, 1909, but it was not until the following April that the King allowed him to start.

At this period the formal arrangements for the taking over of the Congo by Belgium had been completed, and the question was under discussion in the Chambers. For this reason King Leopold may have thought that his heir ought to remain at home, but probably his real objection to the tour was due to apprehension lest anything should happen to him in the tropics. A long regency with no commanding personage to act as regent might have exposed the dynasty to serious peril, and Leopold was thinking of that, and not of such an absurd contingency as his nephew proving a severe critic of his administration, when he vetoed the projected trip for so many months.



From a photograph by Keturah Collings.

Princess Marie José.

But at last Prince Albert had his way, and he left London on 3d April, 1909, for Cape Town. From Cape Town he travelled by train to the rail-head in Rhodesia and proceeded thence to Katanga. He traversed the whole extent of the Congo State in the course of three months, and it is said that in that period he walked not less than one thousand five hundred miles, chiefly through the dense forests of the interior. From Boma he returned direct to Antwerp, where he received a great popular ovation. The Princess Elisabeth met the steamer at Terneuzen, and his children, with their grandmother, the Countess of Flanders, whose husband had died in 1905, awaited him at Antwerp. During his absence the Congo bill had passed through the Chambers and become law. The transfer of powers was in progress, with M. Renkin as new colonial minister.

Great curiosity was displayed to learn what the young prince thought of the administration and condition of things in the Congo, but neither at the time nor since was any criticism of his uncle's personal government ever extracted from him or any of his companions. A Brussels paper did hazard the audacious and mendacious statement that the prince had expressed himself as dissatisfied with what he had seen, but it was promptly declared on official authority to be absolutely without foundation. On the other hand, the prince expressed himself quite freely as to the magnificent prospect before Belgium in Central Africa, and he hoped all interested in the matter would go out there to see things for themselves. This suggestion, made the very day of his arrival at Antwerp, did not convey the idea of his thinking that they would see anything discreditable.

The Congo transfer to Belgium having been effected, the great question before the country was army reform. A bill was before the Parliament for the abolition of the right to provide a substitute by the payment of a fixed sum. Both King Leopold and Prince Albert were strongly opposed to the retention of this privilege, which had been often attacked, and at last a government was found resolved to end it. But, unfortunately for Belgium, the opposition in some circles of the Chambers was so pronounced that the abolition of the right of substitution could

only be obtained by making the new concession that only one son would be taken for military service in each family. Even in this maimed form the army bill marked a step forward, and it was a great satisfaction to King Leopold to be able, even on his death-bed, to affix his signature to the new law.

In November, 1909, the amiable Duke Charles Theodor died rather suddenly, and the funeral ceremonies in Munich were scarcely over when adverse rumors became current as to the state of King Leopold's health. For some time it was not supposed that his malady was serious, but soon the voice of rumor gave it a grave significance. On 17th December, 1909, the King died after a comparatively slight operation which was considered to have been successful. Some day it may be possible to tell the true story of his life by the aid of his own papers and correspondence, and then it will be found how much he was maligned by his contemporaries.

On 23d December the new ruler made his *joyeuse entrée* as Albert I into the capital. The royal cortège left the palace at Laeken to proceed to the Legislative Chamber, or Palais du Peuple, as it is called, where the foreign representatives, envoys, and state functionaries, as well as the members of both houses, were assembled. The Queen and her children were driven first in a gala carriage drawn by six horses. In other carriages came the King's mother and sisters, escorted by the Duke of Connaught and other princes. Then at an interval followed the King in a general's uniform, and riding. He was followed by a brilliant staff and met with a cordial reception. The slight interruption by a few Socialists was drowned in the general applause.

In the Chambers the ceremony was extremely simple. The constitution was read, and then the King was asked if he accepted it and would abide by its stipulations, to which he replied in a loud, clear voice: "I swear to observe the constitution and to defend the integrity of the national territory." Events were to lend the latter part of the oath an unexpectedly deep significance. After an interval he delivered his inaugural address, of which the following are the more important passages:

"The moment has come for Belgium to think of her destiny and to examine the needs of the future. Belgium is rich and happy, but riches create duties for peoples as for individuals. The intellectual and moral forces of the nation are enhancing its prosperity. We must continue our unshakable attachment to constitutional liberty, love of independence, and the wise administration of public affairs in order to maintain our sacred patrimony while advancing toward the peaceful conquests of labor and science.

"In the Congo the nation wishes a policy of humanity and progress. The colonizing era now opening out for us in Central Africa can but be a mission of high civilization. Belgium is governed by institutions the principles of which have been borrowed by other states. She has always kept her promises, and when she engages to apply in the Congo a policy worthy of her none has the right to doubt her word.

"The throne has prerogatives and responsibilities. The sovereign must be the servant of the law and the supporter of social peace. I love my country, and the Queen shares with me the unalterable feeling of fidelity to Belgium which we are inculcating in our children.

"Your welcome touches me deeply, and I will endeavor to deserve your confidence. Before myself and before the country I take the pledge to do my duty scrupulously and to consecrate all my strength and life to the service of our country."

The passage in which he affirmed that "none has the right to doubt her word" was delivered with special emphasis, and was considered to express his personal disappointment at the delay of the British Government in recognizing the transfer of the Congo State to Belgium. On the following day there was a state service in the Collegial Church of Sainte Gudule, when Cardinal Mercier, then and still Archbishop of Malines, preached an eloquent sermon in which he greeted the King in the following words: "Your Majesty comes to bow your sceptre before God and to do reverence above all authority to the King of Kings." The closing episode of the new succession was the voting of the civil list, which was fixed at an annual sum of three million three hundred thousand francs (or six hundred and

sixty thousand dollars). The Socialists voted against the allowance, an ungracious attitude of which they may now feel ashamed. With this exception everything passed off well, and there was a certain joyful expectation that the new reign would bring increased happiness and prosperity to the country.

From the very beginning of his reign King Albert had to deal with difficult questions. The organization of the new régime on the Congo, the settlement of the troublesome financial questions between King Leopold's executors and his heirs, and the uncertainty in the political situation owing to the bitter party feeling added to his cares; but his chief preoccupation continued to be the defense of his country in view of the increasingly menacing international outlook in Europe. With regard to the Congo he took the deepest interest in the reforms that had become necessary, and, to show his entire disinterestedness, he assigned the large annuity reserved to King Leopold as compensation for his sacrifices to some beneficent work in connection with Central Africa. One year's annuity he made the foundation of a pension fund for the Congolese service; another he assigned for medical research, with special relation to tropical diseases, and every year he refused to touch a penny of the money for any personal use or purpose.

In all those tasks he was aided by his wife, Queen Elisabeth, who devoted her attention and efforts to aid and alleviate the sufferings of the sick and the poor. Her practical experience under her father's direction of the routine of a hospital made her an expert on the subject of the treatment of the sick. She instituted the collection on her name-day of funds by the sale of an artificial rosette for the hospitals, and for the poor she established crèches and coal and blanket clubs on a large scale. She was the first of Belgian rulers to think of the poor and suffering, and it is not surprising that she became the idol of the people as their *bonne petite reine*. But her delicate health made every one of her subjects fear that they might lose their fairy godmother too soon, and none would have dreamed that she would have the physical strength to play the part of heroine as she has done during the terrible scenes through which her poor country has passed. But with great minds and brave hearts the spirit rises triumphant over bodily infirmities, and Queen Elisabeth has acquired an imperishable place in the affections and gratitude of the Belgian nation.

But of all the King's cares the greatest remained the defense of his country. The army bill of 1909 had established the right principle, but it was very soon discovered that it had not given Belgium the army she required. The concession of one son in a family signified skeleton battalions, and in September, 1911, Belgium was confronted with the spectre of imminent invasion while her regiments were depleted and her arsenals half-empty. It became necessary to face the problem of national defense without delay. But in 1912 a general election was pending, which it was confidently hoped, among both Liberals and Socialists, would bring the long tenure of power by the Catholics to an end. For the moment, too, the Liberals and not the Catholics appeared to be the real champions of military reform. At the moment of the appeal to the country M. de Broqueville, the head of the government, announced that he was prepared to institute the necessary military reforms, which insured the success of his party at the hustings.

On the reassembly of the Chambers at the end of 1912 a first army bill was brought in abolishing the limitation of the scope of conscription, increasing the annual contingent to thirty-two thousand men, and thus providing for an army of one hundred and eighty-eight thousand first-line troops. In spite of the most obvious facts, party passion ran so high that the bill was in peril, and the King, who knew far more than the Chambers, became exceedingly anxious. To save the situation it became necessary to take the representatives into his confidence. A secret session was held at which all the government information and several personal letters to the King were placed at the disposal of members, and among the latter was one from a crowned head, a kinsman of the King's, warning him that in the event of war Germany was resolved to traverse Belgium in defiance of all her engagements. It is said that the writer was the late King Carol of Roumania, the

King's maternal uncle, but, at any rate, the warning did not come from only one quarter. The Chambers were impressed and the new bill was carried. But, unfortunately, it was at a very late stage of the question, and the first contingents under the new law only joined the colors in October, 1913. The short interval between that date and the outbreak of war did not admit of the organization being made effective or of the reserves being brought up to anything like an effective total. The efforts during over twenty-five years to convert Belgium into something like an armed nation—that is to say, on a footing of military equality, due proportion observed, with her two great neighbors—had borne fruit too late.

Last summer King Albert went for his usual holiday to Switzerland, but his mind was ill at ease, for information had reached him from a sure source that the German Emperor was getting ready for the great war. It is said that he had some intention of urging the smaller states of Europe to band themselves together in a league, not only for peace but for their own preservation, and certainly if such a scheme were practicable the cases of Switzerland and Belgium were very analogous. But it may be doubted whether the King ever broached the question to the Swiss authorities. The news that reached him from Brussels compelled him to cut short his holiday and to return to his capital. The situation was as grave as it could possibly be, and orders were issued to call up the reserves and to place the Belgian army on a war footing. Down to the evening of 2d August the Belgian Government affected to believe that Germany would not violate the neutrality of the country, and the prime minister, speaking in the Chamber on the previous day, announced that he had received the most encouraging assurances from both France and Germany. From my own experiences I can vouch for the fact that throughout the Belgian public, on Sunday, 2d August, there was a hopeful feeling that the experience of 1870 would be repeated. But during the evening of that eventful Sunday the Belgian Government had been apprised as to what was about to happen.

At five o'clock in the afternoon of that day the German ultimatum was presented, to the effect that Germany had decided "to forestall the enemy's attack" by invading Belgium and moving her armies across it to the French northern frontier. She therefore called upon Belgium to allow the German forces free passage, on pain of being treated as an enemy. The reply of the Belgian Government was dignified and resolute. It ran: "The German ultimatum has caused the Belgian Government deep and painful astonishment, and Belgium refuses to believe that her independence could only be preserved at the cost of violating her neutrality." The King appealed to France and England for their support in upholding the neutrality of his country. To his entourage he made the *bon mot:* "Germany appears to believe that Belgium is a road, not a country."

It was well for the Belgian nation in its great hour of trial that it possessed a soldier King, one who from his boyhood had devoted all his attention and most strenuous efforts to acquiring a thorough knowledge of his profession. By the admission of all his commanding officers in the Grenadier regiment he had proved himself a most capable regimental officer, and after he came to the throne he made it a point to form the personal acquaintance of all the generals in active service. Military consultations were frequent at the palace, and the King took a prominent part in all the discussions. At the same time his natural modesty, which is his chief characteristic, never left him, and he was a good listener to the views of those who held superior rank in the army to himself. There is a story current to the effect that after hostilities broke out he expressed some doubt of his own capacity to lead the army in the field, to the premier, M. de Broqueville, who replied, like the thorough man of the world that he is: "Consult and listen to the members of your staff, and then decide as common sense dictates."

The greatest general is the one who displays the greatest measure of that simple but rare quality. Within the limits of the opportunities afforded, King Albert has displayed throughout the struggle for the independence of his country remarkable common sense and coolness. At first it was hoped at his headquarters, established

at Overeysk, half-way between Brussels and Wavre, that Liège would hold out long enough to enable the Anglo-French armies to arrive in time to cover Brussels. Such was the view when I saw the King, in his motor, studying the latest reports at two o'clock on the morning of 5th August, near the junction of the roads from Louvain to Waterloo. But it very soon became clear that Liège could not arrest the German advance, and that the allied armies could not arrive in time, whereupon the King transferred his quarters to Louvain. The successes which attended Belgian arms at Diest and Haelen, the advance of a small French army to join hands with the garrison of Namur, and the rumored landing of British troops on the Continent encouraged the fallacious hope that the invader might be driven back before reaching Brussels, but on 15th August—the day of the battle of Dinant—the seat of government was transferred to Antwerp. The King remained at Louvain in command of the army in the field. On 17th August the Germans, having captured the principal forts of Liège and occupied the city, began their real advance in overwhelming force. Five army corps advanced across the province of Luxembourg and the grand duchy. Seven army corps moved against Louvain, Brussels, and Namur. The Belgian army, hopelessly outnumbered, was crumpled up in its position at Aerschot and driven into Malines and Antwerp. The King in person covered the retreat with the forces left at Louvain, and was fortunate enough to save his army from the fate of the French at Sedan, which at one moment seemed imminent. This disastrous battle was fought on 19th August, and the same evening the King sent an order to Brussels that the city should not attempt a vain resistance, and that the Garde Civique should be disarmed, as the Germans refused to recognize them as belligerents. However hard to utter, these were the words of common sense. On 20th August Brussels was occupied by the Germans without a blow being struck.

Withdrawn behind the Antwerp position, the Belgian army and government enjoyed a long breathing space, while the Germans pressed on toward Paris. For a time it seemed as if Antwerp might be left altogether alone, but, unfortunately, the failure of the Germans to reach the French capital led them to desire a minor triumph. So they directed their 16.8 siege-guns, which had battered down Namur and Maubeuge, to Antwerp, and the result is well known. The King had found much in the position of that fortified camp to disappoint and alarm him, but his troops heroically supported him in his efforts to prevent the Germans reaching the left bank of the Scheldt. The desperate fighting at Termonde resulted at least in keeping the western door of retreat open for the beleaguered force. When the Germans carried the line of the Nèthe and destroyed the forts of Waelhem and Lierre, the whole position became untenable. King Albert and a considerable part of his army succeeded in effecting their escape to Ostend, but a good many thousand Belgian soldiers and about one thousand five hundred English naval volunteers were driven into Holland and interned. As a matter of fact, the German forces were fast coming up to close this route, and the King had a marvellous escape from capture. The stay at Ostend was brief. The ministers of state and the public functionaries had reached Ostend by steamer from Antwerp a few days before the King, but they had at once to be moved on to Havre, where the Belgian Government remains. The King, collecting all his forces, the Antwerp garrison being strengthened by the few troops at Bruges and Ostend, retired along the coast to Nieuport and the line of the Yser. In this position they made another stand to check the Germans. They were told that aid would reach them in forty-eight hours. It did not come for double the period, and, despite the desperation with which they fought, this last Belgian army would have been annihilated but for the providential assistance of the naval flotilla. In this four days' fighting the Belgians lost fifteen thousand killed and wounded.

During all this fighting King Albert was in the front of the battle. He often went unattended to the advance trenches to cheer his men and to stimulate their courage. Sometimes, in his undress uniform and with his star of Leopold, which he always wears hidden by his cape, the men did not know who this tall officer was, and

they tell stories over their camp-fires how on more than one occasion he took the rifle of a soldier killed at his side and took up the firing himself. If this be true, and there is no reason to doubt it, the Germans must have suffered, for the King is an unerring marksman. When Antwerp was evacuated he refused to sail with the ministers, saying simply, "My place is with my brave soldiers," and his best reward is that they have striven to merit his confidence by deeds of devoted heroism. What have been the rallying words of the Belgian soldiers?—"We must do something for our King!"

Throughout the long struggle for their common country the King has been with his men, sharing their dangers, their needs, their anxieties, nay, more than that, for on his head fell all their anxieties. "A simple, heroic figure," has said an Italian writer, reminding him of Charles Albert of Savoy after Novara. But while Belgium has sunk as low as Italy had in 1846, her destiny, her resurrection, is none the less sure. The fortitude of the King has been shown in nothing more than by his determination to remain on the continent. He has clung to the smallest corner of Belgian territory, and he has fixed the seat of his government in France because it is only a few miles away. From some points of view England would have been better and safer, but to cross the sea seemed like exile. He has more than once exclaimed: "It would be better to die here than in a foreign land." It will be remembered that William of Orange declared that if he were vanquished he would carry the liberty of Holland in his ship to America. Albert of Belgium has, perhaps, bettered the example by saying: "If Belgium loses her freedom to brute force, I will perish with the last of its defenders."

But the King is something more than a hero, or, rather, he was something great before he had the chance of proving himself a hero. He was a man, honest and straight as a die. In this age of calumny no one ever dared to cast a stone at him. Well may the leading Socialists now say, "Il a betonné la dynastie," which I may translate: "He has given the dynasty its concrete foundation." But they seem to forget what very small and contemptible people they are themselves and that the greater half of Belgium's present troubles are due to their false and disintegrating principles. A more just appreciation may be found in a nobler source. Albert of Belgium has proved himself "the very perfecte knyghte" of Chaucer; he has won his right to be classed with the Sir Galahads and Bayards, and if any one tells him that, like Francis I, he has lost everything "fors l'honneur," he may reply in the confident words of his ancestor, Henry of Navarre: "J'attends la fin" ("I await the end"). I for one am bold enough to think that he will find his aureole in a Belgium stretching to the Rhine.

When I read of King Albert sharing not merely the fortunes but the fare of his soldiers, calm in the presence of danger, dominating the scene of disaster and retreat by a demeanor which seems to defy the worst and to carry with it the harbinger of better things, I cannot but recall the somewhat similar attitude of his grandfather, Leopold I, during the disastrous week's campaign with the Dutch in August, 1831, and of Lord William Russell's words: "I admire the King. I never gave him credit for what there is really in him. It seems as if it wants external causes to move his faculties into action. The whole government rests on him." In the far graver crisis through which Belgium is passing that description would very well apply to King Albert if it did not seem too tame. He has risen to a still greater height than his predecessor, for he is the hero-King not merely of Belgium but of Europe.

THE BORDER-LAND

By Francis Parsons

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. HERBERT DUNTON

"I BEG your pardon, but are you a physician?"

I had been deep in Haussman's somewhat technical but very absorbing book on "Heredity," and the question caught me as I raised my eyes for a moment to gaze through the big window opposite at the open country into which the train was emerging from the miles of tunnel that lie just north of the Grand Central Station.

I was forty the other day and I suppose I am growing conservative. At all events, I have noticed an increasing tendency in myself to dislike being talked to by strangers in railroad trains. Probably it was with no very encouraging air that I turned to the young man sitting beside me in one of the leather chairs with which the crowded library car was furnished. But he was such an attractive-looking young man, so sunburnt and well set up, there was so little intrusiveness and so much deference in his manner, that my involuntary reserve must have melted as I looked at him and acknowledged that his guess was a good one.

"And you, I take it," I returned, looking at the sword-case and other leather trappings that the porter had deposited near him—for, as he told me later, he had been unable to get a seat in any of the other cars—"are in the army?"

He smiled agreeably, showing white, strong teeth beneath his closely cropped mustache.

"No," he replied; "I really wish I were —but I'm only an architect."

"Oh," I said, "I thought from your things——"

"Well," he broke in, "I'm as much of a soldier as the law allows. I'm in the National Guard. I'm just back from Texas."

He went on to tell me that with other National Guard officers of his State he had been sent down to the Mexican border for instruction in patrol work along the Rio Grande. He was full of the subject and full of the military education he had absorbed in his association with the regular officers.

"But I didn't mean to fan away about myself," he suddenly brought himself up short. "I couldn't help seeing the title of that book you have there. I've just had a queer experience in something of that kind. May I ask if you're interested in nervous cases, and all that?"

I admitted that that was my line, and thereupon he told me this story which I will retell from notes I made immediately afterward, as nearly as possible in his own words, naïve and youthful though they may appear.

I knew Wayne Hungerford was on the border with the —th Cavalry, but when I had nerve enough to ask our adjutant-general, who is a good friend of mine, to try to get me assigned to duty with him I really didn't have much hope that the matter would get any further. However, after a few days of lectures and other theoretical preliminary work at Fort Bliss we received our assignments, and you may imagine I was gratified when I found I was to be sent to the place, not far from there, where Hungerford was stationed in charge of a platoon of his troop.

The railroad journey to this point was hot and dusty, and it was a relief when the train stopped to drop me at a little station that was hardly more than a platform, a shed, and a water-tank. At first I thought there was no one there except a station-master who looked like a cowboy, but when I walked around back of the shed I saw two cavalry horses held by an orderly who gave me Lieutenant Hungerford's compliments and explained that one of the horses was for me. He also delivered his lieutenant's apologies for not coming to meet me himself.

"I hope the Lieutenant's well?" I inquired, mounting up.

"Pretty well, I think, sir," the soldier answered. "Nasty climate down here, sir."

My inquiry had been prompted by nothing more than the usual conventionality, but some real or fancied hesitation in the man's reply aroused my apprehension. As we rode over to the camp, about two miles distant, I wondered if Hungerford were indeed ailing. But I could not, of course, ask any more questions and we rode along in silence, the orderly dropping back behind me after he had pointed out the way which was a rough wagon-track over the desert, worn chiefly by Hungerford's army wagon on its trips to and from the station for supplies.

Ever been in Texas or north Mexico? Well, it's a queer, fascinating landscape around where we were—dry and sandy, tufts of alfalfa grass, cactus, hills and bluffs here and there along the river, but generally flat—ugly as sin for the most part in broad daylight, but along toward sundown, as it was then, gathering a touch of color and romance somehow from the long shadows and the wonderful light of those southern sunsets. I can't explain exactly, but it affects you rather strangely—it looks sort of primeval, as if the winds and the rains, the dust and the heat, had had it all their own way since the flood subsided. Man doesn't seem to count for much. It's lonesome all right.

Pretty soon we came in sight of the camp—a cluster of tents on a low hill which on its farther side, the orderly told me, broke off in a sharp bluff looking down on a small river-bottom where a little tributary of the Rio—you could almost step across it—ran southward, furnishing water that was good enough for the horses, and real grass along its margin for a certain distance.

It was easy to pick out the only officer's tent, and as we mounted the rise I saw a figure I knew must be Hungerford standing in front of it, evidently watching us. He waved his hand and I waved back. Then he began to walk down to meet me.

Hungerford and I were old friends. As boys we had been together at Exeter; then he went to the military academy and I to Yale. We both played football. He was on the West Point team, and once as substitute on the 'varsity I played part of a game against him and he put it all over me. Not that he was a rough player, but he was quick, agile as a deer, rather spare in build, but all bone and muscle—broad shoulders, small hips, a splendidly built man. I was too slow and chunky to cope with that sort of thing. I just followed him around and in the second half they put me off.

We'd kept up our old intimacy pretty well as those things go, but for the last two or three years I hadn't seen him. And now, when I did see him—when I came near enough to see his features clearly—I was so startled at the change in him that I feared afterward I hadn't pulled myself together quite in time to disguise the shock his looks gave me.

The things that most impressed me were the thinness of his face and the absolutely fagged look in his eyes.

He looked something like a man I once saw in a dory we picked up on the Banks when I was on a transatlantic liner, who had been without food or water for three days—except that Hungerford was clean-shaven and his clothing was absolutely immaculate. That struck me at once as queer—the contrast, I mean. Most men when they're all in of course don't give a rap for appearances. But Hungerford's blouse and riding-breeches were newly cleaned and pressed. His seasoned boots shone with a polish like that of old mahogany. His spurs were burnished and the buckskin gloves tucked into his belt looked new.

He was a fine figure of a soldier, but his face was that of a sick man.

Well, we sat late that night in the moonlight in front of his tent and the story came out. It was an old story—especially to you doctors.

Before he came south from Washington, where he'd been detailed on some special duty, he had been ill. He started out on this field service before he had entirely recovered and, to begin with, his nerves had gone back on him.

The army was all looking forward to actual fighting and Hungerford, in his weakened, nervous state, suddenly developed the old, hackneyed fear of being afraid. It was perfectly absurd, of course, for

there wasn't a braver officer in the army than Hungerford. Ordinarily he would have been as keen as a terrier at the prospect of active service, but something had gone wrong inside him. Some latent distrust of himself came to the surface. I believe they often refer these things back to some forgotten experience of childhood nowadays, don't they?

Then, on the steamer coming down he had an unfortunate experience.

A little boy, the son of Hungerford's major, had fallen overboard while he was climbing on the rail not far from where Hungerford was sitting alone reading in his steamer-chair.

Hungerford, who was deep in a novel, hadn't been paying any attention to the kid—had, in fact, thought that the nurse, who'd been with him a moment before, was still there. The child's cry as he fell aroused him, but you know it takes a second or two for the mind to throw off a preoccupation and grasp an utterly unexpected, desperate incident like that. Then he yelled and ran to the rail.

But he couldn't swim very well, the transport was running along about fourteen knots an hour, the screws were churning the water at a great rate, and the day before they'd seen sharks following the boat. Hungerford always did have too much imagination, anyhow.

He told me that as he ran to the side he knew he wasn't going to jump over after that boy.

When he realized the refusal of his will to act he knew, he said, that the forebodings he'd had were coming true and that there was no doubt but that at heart he was a coward.

He couldn't look over the side. He just put his head down on the rail, shut his eyes, and waited. He understood then—this is what he told me, mind you, not what I thought—that he could no longer be called an officer and a gentleman.

Well, as it turned out, the boy's fall was seen by about a dozen soldiers and men of the crew on the deck below, and a big, husky trooper, who swam so well he ought to have been in the navy, went overboard so quickly that he struck the water almost at the same time that the boy did. They were so near the stern that the screws had gone past before the suction could pull them in, and there didn't happen to be any sharks around just then. The cavalryman and the boy just floated around in the warm Gulf Stream water comfortably enough till they were picked up.

It was with Hungerford that the experience was really serious, though nobody knew about it. He had been alone on the boat deck, partly concealed by a big ventilator, where the nurse hadn't seen him, and when he found that she didn't know he'd been there and that nobody else knew it he decided he'd keep the whole matter to himself.

Perhaps it would have been better if he'd told the major the whole story. I was the first soul to whom he'd mentioned it, and I could see what a relief it was to him to get it off his mind.

Naturally I laughed at him and told him he was all kinds of a fool. He didn't believe me in the slightest but nevertheless for the next few days he was more like himself, though I could see with half an eye that he was in a genuine nervous breakdown, in spite of the fact that my coming roused him a little from his obsessions and gave him the comfort any old friend's presence would give any man at such a time. For several days he got five or six hours' sleep in each twenty-four, and he seemed to take some interest in his rations.

I learned the reason for his spick-and-span clothes. His care for these, it seemed, amounted to a sort of mechanical effort to retain his self-respect that he felt going so fast.

"Remember that chap in Kipling's story?" he asked me. "I mean the one who was absolutely alone in the heart of the jungle, who felt himself losing his grip on things, and who found it helped to dress scrupulously for dinner every night just as if he were in London?"

He certainly was in a bad way. However, in the next day or two his mind was occupied to some extent in showing me the ropes, and as for me the strange charm of the country appealed to me more and more, and I enjoyed the life so much—except for the worry about my companion—that I regretted more than ever that I hadn't made the army my profession as he had done.

It was the best kind of patrolling prac-



He waved his hand and I waved back.—Page 305.

tice. We were watching in both directions —toward Mexico for marauding bands of ruffians who were coming across the border here and there and holding up unprotected folks and even trains occasionally, and toward the north for filibustering expeditions that were slipping arms and ammunition across to the rebels. We knew well enough that the discovery of anything doing in either direction meant a fight. The Mexican bandits were scared to death of the Texans, but the government kept our regular troops so closely in hand that we realized the ordinary greaser would be apt to try them out, for a while anyhow, before he ran. And the filibusters, if they had come that close to the border, were going to push through if they had any chance at all.

Hungerford's men—all lively, healthy young fellows—were spoiling for a scrap. They were devoted to their lieutenant, who, they knew, was absolutely fair in his treatment of them and capable in his business, though I fancy they considered him something of a martinet. They recognized the fact, which he had tried to keep from them, that he was ill, and I could see that they tried to save him all they could. Of course, they had no inkling of the fear of himself that was preying on his mind. They hadn't the slightest suspicion that the ordeal of a fight—which might mean his ruin, if his will failed him—was a perfect nightmare to him.

One evening we got word from the troop commander, who was some twenty miles to the east, to look out sharp. So far as filibustering was concerned we'd been particularly watchful of the railroad and the station, for naturally by the railroad transportation was easiest. But the captain sent word that he'd got wind of a heavily armed pack and wagon train that was trying to sneak through the patrols. Apparently they had landed their stuff somewhere north of us and were coming across-country.

Well, you may be sure every one was alert that night. The information was given to the patrols as they left and the men went out grinning and confident.

After a long and rather silent smoke together Hungerford and I lay down, somewhere around eleven o'clock, on the two cots in his tent without even taking our boots off. I didn't try to go to sleep and I knew Hungerford couldn't sleep if he'd wanted to.

Outside the night was dimly lighted by

a half-clouded, waning moon. Puffs of a warm desert wind rattled the dry grasses and rippled the canvas of the tent. The



We sat late that night in the moonlight in front of his tent and the story came out.—Page 305.

picket line was close by and it was comforting somehow to hear the horses moving and grunting so near us.

I'll admit that I was feeling nervous and apprehensive. Hungerford had had a sort of relapse and had been terribly depressed all day. Perhaps there was something mentally infectious about his trouble; perhaps it was simply that the constant effort to help him was beginning to tell on my own vitality.

Suddenly he began to talk.

"Your people were all from New England, weren't they?"

"Every blooming one, so far as I know," I answered indifferently, wondering what he was thinking about.

"Know how all your ancestors in the last few generations looked, I suppose?" he went on. "Got portraits, haven't you —shirt-frills, stocks, long hair, pillars and curtains in the background, and all that?"

"We've got a lumber-room full of 'em," I said. "Why?"



He was talking in as matter-of-fact a tone as if he were describing a perfectly actual, living individual.
—Page 311.

"Ever think about your ancestors?"

"Not often. Why?"

"Ever dream?"

"Ever what?"

"Dream—dream when you're asleep?"

"I don't see the connection," I suggested.

"There is one, though," insisted Hungerford.

"Well, I may be unusually thick," I replied, "but I admit I don't follow your line of thought, old top."

"Bill," he said, turning over on his side toward me, "you've been a godsend to me down here. I've unburdened my soul to you and very likely it's saved my life. Want to let me tell you something else—something different?"

"Fire away," I answered. "Confess all the sins you want to."

"There are no particular sins in this," he said, "though I'm guilty of plenty, heaven knows. It's just a queer experience."

"All right," I murmured, pretending to be sleepy. "Let her go. But don't get sore if I go to sleep."

"Well, it's this way," he began. "My family are—or were—Missourians. They went out there in the early days from Virginia. They were pioneers—hunters and fighters, too, I imagine. They led a pretty rough life. There weren't many refinements, there probably wasn't much education, there aren't any family portraits in my history, and there aren't any heirlooms that have come down to me. My parents died when I was little and I had to reconstruct that old life for myself. But since I've grown older I've developed an interest in trying to figure out what kind of individuals some of my ancestors were, and I've got to know one of them well."

"Know one of them well?" I repeated. "How do you mean?"

"Well, for instance, I know just exactly how my father's father—who died long before I was born—looked. I know just the kind of a man he was—how his voice sounded, what clothes he wore, odd little mannerisms he had, and so on. And the peculiar thing about it is that nobody ever told me anything about him—except himself."

I began to think Hungerford was really a little out of his head.

"I mean I've dreamed about him," he went on. "And in some of my dreams my identity has been merged in his somehow. I've *been* him. I've lived through certain experiences of his just as if they were my own."

"Wayne," I said, "you're crazy."

"No," he answered perfectly soberly and judicially, "not in this thing. I may have been crazy lately, as you've so often told me—but not in this. You see, I haven't dreamed this way at all lately. Of course, it sounds like perfect rot to you, but my old grandfather's been a real friend to me in these dreams. He's helped me. He's meant good luck. You may believe it or not, but he's given me good advice. Not that I can remember his words—those things are all botched up in dreams—but I've absorbed certain definite ideas from him that have been of practical assistance. When I've dreamed about him things have gone well. But now he doesn't come. And I dream horribly—horribly."

"What you need, Wayne," I said, "is a good honest talk with your regimental surgeon, and a furlough."

"Good heavens, Bill," he said pretty warmly, "I knew you wouldn't understand, but sometimes I'd like to give you a good, swift kick. I tell you that man's spirit is alive somewhere. I know it as well as I know anything. His personality and mine are very much alike, very sympathetic. I bear his name. He's fond of me. He's tried to help me. He can only reach me in sleep. Good Lord, I can't tell you how much I wish he'd come and help me pull myself together now!"

"Perhaps he will," I said as gently as I could, for I saw the other tack wouldn't do. I was impressed, too, in spite of myself. Maybe it sounds ridiculous to you, but I tell you in the quiet of that night, in the dim tent that the wind flapped fitfully, with the waste stretches of that strange country all around us and a sort of tension in the air, lots of things looked possible.

"What did he look like?" I asked after I'd waited a moment for him to go on.

"Like a hawk," he answered. "He's tall, spare—generally wears a hunting-shirt, buckskin leggings, an old felt hat, and carries the old-fashioned, long, hunt-

er's flintlock. He has fine big eyes, a rather prominent nose, and a heavy drooping mustache. He looks a good deal like the pictures of General Chaffee. There's generally a very attractive expression in his face—rather sad but friendly. He can be stern, though."

The way Hungerford had slipped into the present tense was uncanny. He was talking in as matter-of-fact a tone as if he were describing a perfectly actual, living individual. And I recognized a very distinct likeness, but for the externals, to himself.

"He was a fighter," he went on. "He was in the old Mexican war. Maybe you didn't know it, but early in that war General Kearney marched into Santa Fé, which was Mexican then, and took possession. There was a lot of Missourians with him—among them my grandfather. Later, when Kearney went across to California, a Colonel Doniphan organized an expeditionary force, consisting mostly of Missourians, and moved south. My grandfather was in that bunch. They captured El Paso, kept right on southward, and made a wonderfully successful thing



"There!" he said excitedly. "Don't you see? No—more to the left."—Page 314.

of it. They say around here that one of their little flanking columns went across the Rio just about where we are."

There was the sound of footsteps outside and the figure of a soldier appeared at the opening of the tent-flap and stood at attention.

"That you, Harris?" asked Hungerford.

"Yes, sir," said the orderly. "The Lieutenant wished to be called at twelve. It's that now, sir."

"Very well. Bring up the horses."

Hungerford had arranged to make his first round of the patrols at midnight and I was going with him.

As we were getting on our hats and pistols, the old, strange dread seemed to come back upon him.

"He was a good old scout," he said softly, as he stood at the tent opening, watching Harris coming back with the horses. "He wasn't afraid of man or demon. Isn't it irony, Bill, that he should have a coward for a grandson?"

In a few moments we were mounted and moving slowly down the south side of the hill, followed by the orderly who was the man that had met me on my arrival. At the bottom of the grade we turned to the right, crossed the little stream, and went on westward across the country.

There was a kind of misty moonlight shining. Perhaps my imagination had been affected by Hungerford's talk, but somehow, in that queer half-light, the scene looked like a landscape in a dream —all vague, mysterious, unreal. I had the feeling every one has at times of having been in the same situation once before, but very long ago.

We rode silently, keeping a sharp lookout, especially to the right, and taking the high ground that would give us the best view.

I could see that Hungerford was as nervous as a witch. He jerked his head up queerly once in a while and every few minutes he'd draw his hand across his mouth in an odd sort of way. I knew he was in a plain blue funk—just plain frightened—and he a soldier, with not an enemy in sight and nothing worse confronting us than a perfectly simple soldier's job.

Suddenly, as we mounted a rise, a challenge rang out sharply.

"Halt! Who is there?"

And a blur that we knew was a cavalryman appeared dimly on the hillside a couple of hundred feet away.

I was close beside Hungerford and saw him start and then bow forward over the pommel.

There was an instant's hesitation, then I spoke up and gave the answer, remembering that they'd think that Hungerford was practising me; but the truth was, he couldn't have answered in the proper tone and with the proper spirit to save his life.

He got himself in hand, however, when we found the corporal in charge of that patrol, and asked the conventional questions, speaking with plenty of determination.

They had seen nothing.

Then he gave his orders with sufficient decision—the habit of command that had been drilled into him evidently helped him out—and we went on.

But when we were out of sight and hearing of the patrol he broke down completely. I saw it coming and dropped back and called softly to the orderly.

"The Lieutenant wishes you to keep well in the rear, Harris," I said, "and to watch carefully to the right and rear. We may halt ahead to reconnoitre for a moment, so stay where you are till he whistles."

"Very good, sir," said the orderly, saluting and reining in.

I hurried Hungerford forward a decent distance.

"What a skunk I am!" he kept moaning. "But I'm sick, Bill—honestly sick now."

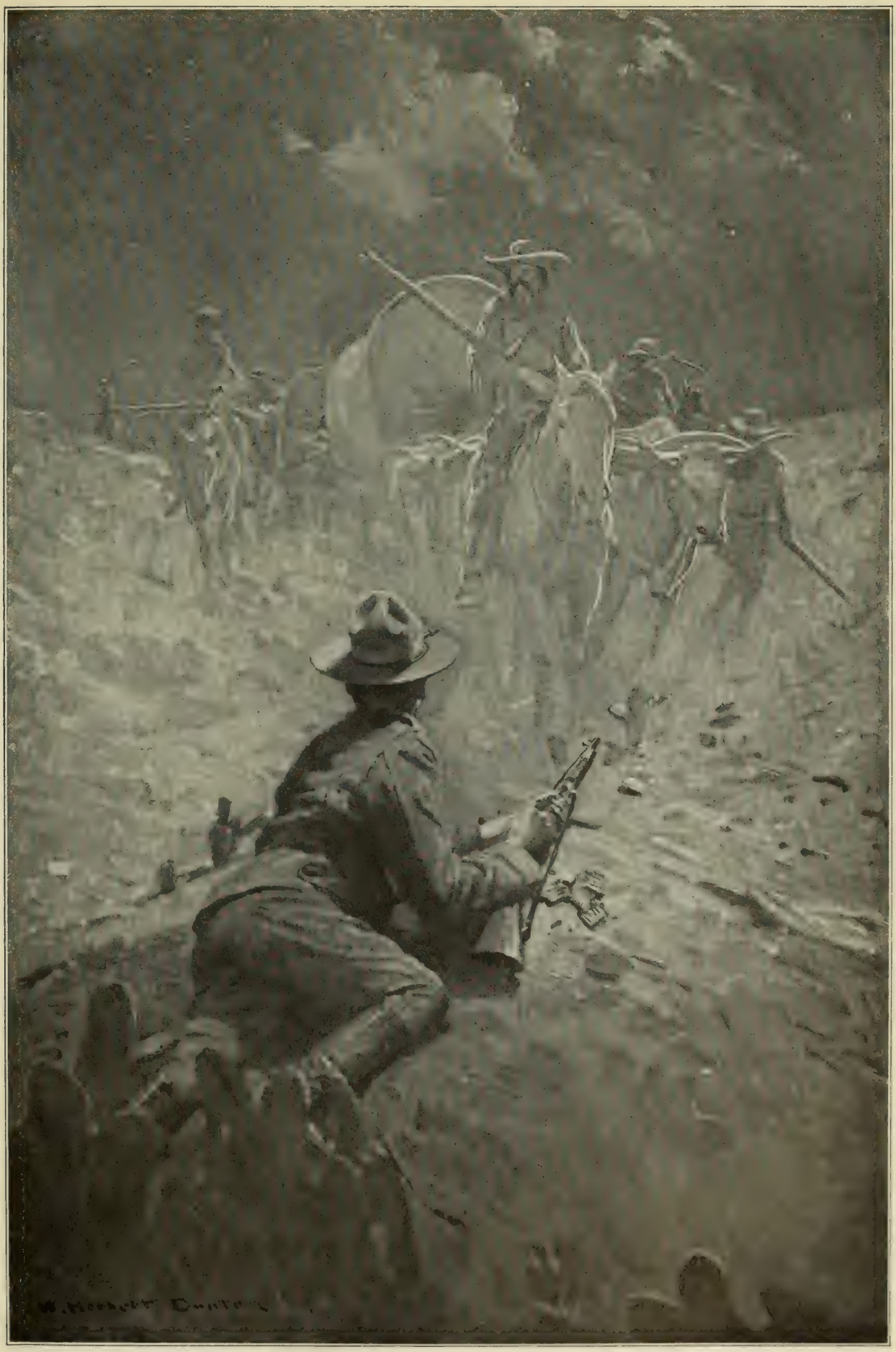
He *was* sick. I got him off his horse and hung on to him, and pretty soon he felt better.

"Good God!" he said. "Will this never end?"

"Oh, brace up, Wayne!" I exploded. I began to get a little provoked. It was so unlike him, so childish. "There's nothing the matter with you," I said, "except that you're just played out. If anything really happened you'd be absolutely all right. It's just nerves——"

"I wish to God something would happen," he groaned. "It's this imagining that's killing me."

Well, he went on like that, only worse.



Drawn by W. Herbert Dunton.

"Look at the wagons . . . old prairie-schooners, as I'm alive——"—Page 316.

It isn't pleasant to see and hear a strong man when he's nervously collapsed. It's hardly fair to him—though of course I'm not giving you his real name—to tell you what drivel he talked, because I honestly believe he wasn't responsible. He was all in and shakier, so far as nerves went, than a feeble old woman.

Suddenly, right in the midst of it, he became silent and still, and sat, bowed over, looking at the ground till I thought he was sick again and put my hand on his shoulder.

Then he looked up with the strangest expression on his face. His sickness had gone. The look of hopelessness had gone. He was alert, eager.

"Listen!" he said, holding up his hand. I could hear nothing. Then, in a minute: "There's something ahead now—it seems as if something's calling me. Blow your whistle and mount up."

Well, it was inexplicable to me. You never saw any man's whole appearance and manner change so suddenly. But he was in the saddle, starting ahead, and I whistled and followed.

He led us a long half-mile, pretty fast, and behind the crest of the little ridge we were on, evidently with the idea of keeping off the sky-line. At last we came to the end of the ridge and there was a little dry gully or ravine running north and south.

Hungerford halted and pointed off to the northwest over the rolling desert that lay before us in the dusky, dreamy light.

"There!" he said excitedly. "Don't you see? No—more to the left."

"What is it, Wayne?" I asked. "I can't see a thing."

"Why, that dim moving mass—that's a column of horsemen and wagons," he cried impatiently. "They're heading straight for us. Why hasn't the next patrol seen them?"

I strained my eyes in the direction he indicated. It was misty out there and I could not see a thing moving.

"See it, Harris?" I whispered to the orderly who had come up.

"Can't say I do, sir," admitted the puzzled Harris.

"Funny!" Hungerford soliloquized, peering through the night-glasses he was now using. "I can't seem to focus it in these. But, good heavens, I can see it plainly enough without."

He slipped out of the saddle and Harris and I started to dismount.

"Stay mounted," he ordered. "Give me your rifle and ammunition-belt, Harris. Now, Mr. Jarvis"—that's my name; he had to be formal before Harris—"I shall stay here. Harris, you will go on to patrol number two and bring all the men there to this point at once. Mr. Jarvis, you will return to the first patrol, which you will hurry here except one man who is to ride as fast as possible to the camp with my orders for the relief and all other available men to come here immediately. Leave my horse; he'll stand. Move lively now!"

And he started down into the gully with the orderly's rifle on his right shoulder and the web belt, heavy with cartridges, swinging from his left arm.

"Harris," I said softly to the orderly, before we parted, "the Lieutenant has been pretty sick to-night. He's an old friend of mine and a good friend to all you men. I don't think he's quite himself. Do as he's told you but bring the men here quietly and without saying anything—understand, without saying anything? It will be all right. I shall stay near by where I can watch him."

Harris looked at me soberly, saluted, and moved off on his errand.

I turned my horse in the direction in which we had come, rode a short distance, picketed the horse, and crawled back to the shoulder of the hill where I could watch Hungerford.

He had gone up a little way on the opposite slope and was trying again to make his night-glasses work. They were new—had, in fact, arrived that day. He tried a long time and then with a grunt of disgust threw them away and ran back into the ravine, looking the ground over carefully as he hurried along.

Near the middle of the gully, where it debouched into the level country to the north, was a low knoll. He went to this and, kneeling just behind the crest, put a clip into the rifle, which he laid on the ground at his right. Then he took a lot of clips from the belt and made a little pile of them beside the rifle.

His attention was concentrated on his



Drawn by W. Herbert Dunton.

But you ought to have seen Hungerford. He waded into that fight like a child into its birthday cake.—Page 317.

preparations and on what he saw—or thought he saw—out on the plain before him, and so I was able to get pretty close to him without his noticing me.

Did I tell you he had a habit of talking to himself occasionally when excited? As I heard him muttering to himself now I remembered that he used to do it sometimes when playing football. They say one of Yale's great ends in the nineties often did the same thing and frequently gave the plays away beforehand. I imagine that kind of thinking out loud in critical moments isn't an uncommon habit. In the stillness of the night, as I crept nearer, I could hear scraps of what Hungerford was saying.

"Look at the wagons . . . old prairie-schooners, as I'm alive—one, two, three, four, five of them . . . must be a hundred men, . . . all mounted, too . . . heading for this ravine all right . . . soldiers of some kind, Mexican guerillas, I'll bet . . . queer, though, they've got old-fashioned rifles with the polished barrels . . . you can see the moonlight catch them . . . coming fast . . . they'll be here long before the men come . . ."

He was so clear and intent about it that I wondered for an unreasonable instant if he were right. I rubbed my eyes and searched the plain, but it was all quiet and peaceful—not a thing moving that I could see.

Suddenly he sat back on his heels, threw back his head, raised his clenched hands to the sky, and laughed aloud.

It looked melodramatic, but the laugh took all suggestion of that sort of thing out of it. It was a spontaneous, boyish, happy chuckle. I hadn't heard Hungerford laugh like that since we were kids at Exeter.

"Thank God!" he breathed, with a relief in his voice that was pitiful in a way—glorious in a way—but that I really can't describe. "I'm *not afraid*—I'm not afraid any longer. I'm going to stop that whole blooming outfit."

Then, very deliberately, he stretched himself on his stomach behind the top of his little knoll, adjusted the rear sight of his rifle, and swung it forward into position at his shoulder.

"Three hundred yards—that'll be close enough," he muttered. "And I must challenge. It's an awful handicap, but I must give 'em a warning . . . just a chance they may be all right . . . but I don't believe it . . . that's the patrol-runners all right and a fighting crowd, too, I'll bet. . . . Hullo! here comes one old party riding out ahead."

He was still for a moment. Then his first two challenges sounded sharply, menacingly. Then, "Halt, or I fire!" and almost instantly his rifle roared, the report reverberating between the gully's sides like a volley.

Somehow that report broke a spell that had been over me and I had a divination that it had dissolved as well Hungerford's vision of the night, whatever it had been.

I jumped up and ran down toward him.

He had dropped his rifle, sprung to his feet, and was gazing steadily in the direction in which he had fired. Suddenly he waved his hand toward the plain and tried to call something in a half-choking voice toward somebody or something he saw there. Then he turned to me with an expression on his face I shall never forget.

"Bill," he said in a dazed sort of way, showing no surprise at my presence, "it's all right. I'm not afraid any longer. He's come back. I saw him. He's tested me out himself. It's all right."

All of a sudden, before I could say anything, from away over east, somewhere near the camp, came the popping of rifle-fire, as if in answer to Hungerford's single shot.

"What's that?" he cried, straightening up, with the old eagerness that I was familiar with in his manner. "Listen!"

Again came a spatter of shots.

"Good Lord, Bill," he gasped excitedly, "there's a *real* fight. And I'm not in it. Where the devil is my horse?"

Well, sir, half an hour later we were in as pretty a little row as you ever saw. Perhaps you read about it at the time in the papers. It seems that an aggregation of Mexicans had crossed the river, attacked the station, and killed the station-agent before he could shut the safe. They waited just a little too long, however, in their anxiety to find all the money, and the men at the camp, under the top sergeant, landed on them and got between them and the river. But they were a large crowd. They kept the station for their centre, filled it with snipers, and

strung the rest out on the prairie in real skirmish order. By the time that Hungerford and I, followed closely by Harris and the second patrol, got there, we found a big job on our hands.

I'd never been under fire before and I'll admit I was scared. But you ought to have seen Hungerford. He waded into that fight like a child into its birthday cake. And when it was all over and we'd cleaned out that dirty gang I looked at Hungerford in the trying light of the early dawn.

He was a sight. That immaculate uniform would never be immaculate again. It was covered with dirt. There was a big tear across one knee of his riding-breeches. The left sleeve of his blouse was brown with dry blood from the crease a Mauser bullet had made in the fleshy part of his shoulder. His face was streaked with dirt and sweat. But to look in his eyes you'd see he'd been having the time of his life—*there* was the look of the old, happy, sandy Hungerford I used to know.

The young man stopped, leaned forward, and pointed at the book in my lap.

"Is there anything," he asked, "like this case in that?"

"Not precisely," I answered. "But I don't think I should look for a case like that in a book on heredity. If you explain it by some theory of heredity, you're getting a little superstitious, aren't you?"

"Do you really believe," he persisted, "that the real explanation is a purely scientific one?"

"You would not deny," I returned, "that it could be explained from a pathological standpoint, would you?"

"Well," he demurred, "there were what you might call pathological elements in it, I suppose——"

His unconvinced attitude spurred me on.

"Why," I argued, "your friend had on his mind his grandfather's imagined personality that had somehow made a great impression on him; he was in a nervously weak, almost exhausted condition; he subconsciously suspected that if he got into a genuine crisis of danger his qualms would disappear. If ever there was a case of self-suggestion——"

"You make it sound plausible, doctor," he interrupted, shaking his head, "and I think I'm a fairly sane person, but I tell you I saw the *man*. And there's one more thing. When I got back to El Paso I hunted up data about Doniphan's expedition. They have some records at the public library there. At Washington, on my way home, I searched in the War Department archives and the Congressional Library. Sure enough, Doniphan sent a flanking force off to the east. I measured up on the maps and put together my scraps of information and I can prove to you that that column went down across the Rio just where that little ravine lies."

THE OLD TECHNIQUE

By Margaret Sherwood

Through the wild piping of these later years
The ancient wind undying murmur brings
Of elder poets' verse, wherein one hears
The melody at the deep heart of things.

For sun and stars an ordered motion keep;
The waves in measure break forevermore;
Our lives in rhythmic birth and death and sleep
Make endless music on the eternal shore.

THE FREELANDS

BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

"Liberty's a glorious feast."—*Burns.*

X

WHILE Nedda sat, long past midnight, writing her heart out in her little, white, lilac-curtained room of the old house above the Spaniard's Road, Derek, of whom she wrote, was walking along the Malvern Hills, hurrying upward in the darkness. The stars were his companions; though he was no poet, having rather the fervid temper of the born swordsman, that expresses itself in physical ecstasies. He had come straight out from a stormy midnight talk with Sheila. What was he doing—had been the burden of her cry—falling in love just at this moment when they wanted all their wits and all their time and strength for this struggle with the Mallorings? It was foolish, it was weak; and with a sweet, soft sort of girl who could be no use. Hotly he had answered: What business was it of hers? As if one fell in love when one wished! She didn't know—her blood didn't run fast enough! Sheila had retorted, "I've more blood in my big toe than Nedda in all her body! A lot of use you'll be, with your heart mooning up in London!" And crouched together on the end of her bed, gazing fixedly up at him through her hair, she had chanted mockingly: "Here we go gathering wool and stars—wool and stars—wool and stars!"

He had not deigned to answer, but had gone out, furious with her, striding over the dark fields, scrambling his way through the hedges toward the high loom of the hills. Up on the short grass in the cooler air, with nothing between him and those swarming stars, he lost his rage. It never lasted long—hers was more enduring. With the innate lordliness of a brother he already put it down to jealousy. Sheila was hurt that he should want any one but her; as if his love for Nedda would make any difference to their resolution to get justice for Tryst and the Gaunts, and show those landed tyrants once for all that they could not ride roughshod.

Nedda! with her dark eyes, so quick and clear, so loving when they looked at him! Nedda, so wonderful, and soft, and innocent! Nedda, the touch of whose lips had turned his heart to something strange within him, and wakened such feelings of chivalry! Nedda! To see whom for half a minute he would walk a hundred miles. She would be his star, ever guiding him to courage and nobility.

This boy's education had been administered solely by his mother till he was fourteen, and she had brought him up on mathematics, French, and heroism. His extensive reading of history had been focussed on the personality of heroes, chiefly knights errant, and revolutionaries. He had carried the worship of them to the Agricultural College, where he had spent four years; and a rather rough time there had not succeeded in knocking romance out of him. He had found that you could not have such beliefs comfortably without fighting for them, and though he ended his career with the reputation of a rebel and a champion of the weak, he had had to earn it. To this day he still fed himself on stories of rebellions and fine deeds. The figures of Spartacus, Montrose, Hofer, Garibaldi, Hampden, and John Nicholson, were more real to him than the people among whom he lived, though he had learned never to mention—especially not to the matter-of-fact Sheila—his encompassing cloud of heroes; but, when he was alone, he pranced a bit with them, and promised himself that he too would reach the stars. So you may sometimes see a little, grave boy walking through a field, unwatched as he believes, suddenly fling his feet and his head every which way. An active nature, romantic, without being dreamy and book-loving, is not too prone

to the attacks of love; such a one is likely to survive unscathed to a maturer age. But Nedda had seduced him, partly by the appeal of her sudden manifest love and admiration, and chiefly by her eyes, through which such a true, kind, loyal, and loving little soul was looking. She had that indefinable something which lovers know that they can never throw away. And he had at once made of her, secretly, the crown of his active romanticism—the lady waiting for the spoils of his lance. Queer is the heart of a boy—strange its blending of reality and romance!

Climbing at a great pace, he reached Malvern Beacon just as it came dawn, and stood there on the top, watching. He had not much æsthetic sense; but he had enough to be impressed by the slow paling of the stars over space that seemed infinite, so little were its dreamy confines visible in the May morning haze, where the quivering crimson flags and spears of sunrise forged up in a march upon the sky. That vision of the English land at dawn, wide and mysterious, hardly tallied with Mr. Cuthcott's view of a future dedicate to Park and Garden City. While Derek stood there gazing, the first lark soared up and began its bright praise. Save for that song, silence possessed all the driven dark, right out to the Severn and the sea, and the fastnesses of the Welsh hills, and the Wrekin, away in the north, a black point in the gray. For a moment dark and light hovered and clung together. Would victory wing back into night or on into day? Then, as a town is taken, all was over in one overmastering rush, and light proclaimed. Derek tightened his belt and took a bee-line down over the slippery grass. He meant to reach the cottage of the laborer Tryst before that early bird was away to the fields. He meditated as he went. Bob Tryst was all right! If they only had a dozen or two like him! A dozen or two whom they could trust, and who would trust each other and stand firm to form the nucleus of a strike, which could be timed for hay harvest. What slaves these laborers still were! If only they could be relied on, if only they would stand together! Slavery! It *was* slavery; so long as they could be turned out of their homes at will in this fashion. His rebellion against the conditions of their lives, above all against the manifold petty tyrannies that he knew they underwent, came from use of his eyes and ears in daily contact with a class among whom he had been more or less brought up. Of them, and yet not of them, he had the queer privilege of feeling their slights as if they were his own, together with feelings of protection, and even of contempt that they should let themselves be slighted. He was near enough to understand how they must feel; not near enough to understand why, feeling as they did, they did not act as he would have acted. In truth, he knew them as little as most of his class.

He found Tryst washing at his pump. In the early morning light the big laborer's square, stubborn face, with its strange, dog-like eyes, had a sodden, hungry, lost look. Cutting short ablutions that in truth were never protracted, he welcomed Derek, and motioned him to pass into the kitchen. The young man went in, and perched himself on the window-sill beside a pot of Bridal Wreath. The cottage was one of the Mallorings', and recently repaired. A little fire was burning, and a teapot of stewed tea sat there beside it. Four cups and spoons and some sugar were put out on a deal table, for Tryst was, in fact, brewing the morning draught of himself and children, who still lay abed up-stairs. The sight made Derek shiver and his eyes darken. He knew the full significance of what he saw.

"Did you ask him again, Bob?"

"Yes, I asked 'im."

"What did he say?"

"Said as orders was plain. 'So long as you lives there,' he says, 'along of yourself alone, you can't have her come back.'"

"Did you say the children wanted looking after badly? Did you make it clear? Did you say Mrs. Tryst wished it, before she——"

"I said that."

"What did he say then?"

"'Sorry for you, m'lad, but them's m'lady's orders, an' I can't go contrary. I don' wish to go into things,' he says; 'you know better'n I how far 'tis gone when she was 'ere before; but seein' as m'lady don't never give in to deceased wife's sister marryin', if she come back

'tis certain to be the other thing. So, as that won't do neither, you go elsewhere,' he says."

Having spoken thus at length, Tryst lifted the teapot and poured out the dark tea into the three cups.

"Will 'ee have some, sir?"

Derek shook his head.

Taking the cups, Tryst departed up the narrow stairway. And Derek remained motionless, staring at the Bridal Wreath, till the big man came down again and, retiring into a far corner, sat sipping at his own cup.

"Bob," said the boy suddenly, "do you *like* being a dog; put to what company your master wishes?"

Tryst set his cup down, stood up, and crossed his thick arms—the swift movement from that stolid creature had in it something sinister; but he did not speak.

"Do you like it, Bob?"

"I'll not say what I feels, Mr. Derek; that's for me. What I does'll be for others, p'raps."

And he lifted his strange, lowering eyes to Derek's. For a full minute the two stared, then Derek said:

"Look out, then; be ready!" and, getting off the sill, he went out.

On the bright, slimy surface of the pond three ducks were quietly revelling in that hour before man and his damned soul, the dog, rose to put the fear of God into them. In the sunlight, against the green duckweed, their whiteness was truly marvellous; difficult to believe that they were not white all through. Passing the three cottages, in the last of which the Gaunts lived, he came next to his own home, but did not turn in, and made on toward the church. It was a very little one, very old, and had for him a curious fascination, never confessed to man or beast. To his mother, and Sheila, more intolerant, as became women, that little, lichened, gray stone building was the very emblem of hypocrisy, of a creed preached, not practised; to his father it was nothing, for it was not alive, and any tramp, dog, bird, or fruit-tree meant far more. But in Derek it roused a peculiar feeling, such as a man might have gazing at the shores of a native country, out of which he had been thrown for no fault of his own—a yearning deeply muffled-up in pride and resentment. Not infrequently he would come and sit brooding on the grassy hillock just above the churchyard. Churchgoing, with its pageantry, its tradition, dogma, and demand for blind devotion, would have suited him very well, if only blind devotion to his mother had not stood across that threshold; he could not bring himself to bow to that which viewed his rebellious mother as lost. And yet the deep fibres of heredity from her papistic Highland ancestors, and from old pious Moretons, drew him constantly to this spot at times when no one would be about. It was his enemy, this little church, the fold of all the instincts and all the qualities against which he had been brought up to rebel; the very home of patronage and property and superiority; the school where his friends the laborers were taught their place! And yet it had that queer, ironical attraction for him. In some such sort had his pet hero Montrose rebelled, and then been drawn despite himself once more to the side of that against which he had taken arms.

While he leaned against the rail, gazing at that ancient edifice, he saw a girl walk into the churchyard at the far end, sit down on a gravestone, and begin kicking a little hole in the grass with the toe of her boot. She did not seem to see him, and he studied at ease her face, one of those broad, bright English country faces with deep-set rogue eyes and red, thick, soft lips, smiling on little provocation. In spite of her disgrace, in spite of the fact that she was sitting on her mother's grave, she did not look depressed. And Derek thought: 'Wilmet Gaunt is the jolliest of them all! She isn't a bit a bad girl, as they say; it's only that she must have fun. If they drive her out of here, she'll still want fun wherever she is; she'll go to a town, and end up like those girls I saw in Bristol.' And the memory of those night girls, with their rouged faces and cringing boldness, came back to him with horror.

He went across the grass toward her.

She looked round as he came, and her face livened.

"Well, Wilmet?"

"You're an early bird, Mr. Derek."

"Haven't been to bed."

"Oh!"

"Been up Malvern Beacon to see the sun rise."

"You're tired, I expect!"

"No."

"Must be fine up there. You'd see a long ways from there; near to London I should think. Do you know London, Mr. Derek?"

"No."

"They say 'tis a funny place, too." Her rogue eyes gleamed from under a heavy frown. "It'd not be all 'Do this' an' 'Do that'; an' 'You bad girl' an' 'You little hussy!' in London. They say there's room for more'n one sort of girl there."

"All towns are beastly places, Wilmet."

Again her rogue's eyes gleamed. "I don' know so much about that, Mr. Derek. I'm going where I won't be chivied about and pointed at, like what I am here."

"Your dad's stuck to you; you ought to stick to him."

"Ah, Dad! He's lost his place for me, but that don't stop his tongue at home. 'Tis no use to nag me—nag me. Suppose one of m'lady's daughters had a bit of fun—they say there's lots as do—I've heard tales—there'd be none comin' to chase her out of her home. 'No, my girl, you can't live here no more, endangerin' the young men. You go away. Best for you's where they'll teach you to be'ave. Go on! Out with you! I don't care where you go; but you just go!' 'Tis as if girls were all pats o' butter—same square, same pattern on it, same weight an' all."

Derek had come closer; he put his hand down and gripped her arm. Her eloquence dried up before the intentness of his face, and she just stared up at him.

"Now, look here, Wilmet; you promise me not to scoot without letting us know. We'll get you a place to go to. Promise."

A little sheepishly the rogue-girl answered:

"I promise; only, I'm goin'."

Suddenly she dimpled and broke into her broad smile.

"Mr. Derek, d'you know what they say—they say you're in love. You was seen in th' orchard. Ah! 'tis all right for you and her! But if any one kiss and hug me, I got to go!"

Derek drew back among the graves, as if he had been struck with a whip.

She looked up at him with coaxing sweetness.

"Don't you mind me, Mr. Derek, and don't you stay here neither. If they saw you here with me, they'd say: 'Aw—look! Endangerin' another young man—poor young man!' Good mornin', Mr. Derek!"

The rogue eyes followed him gravely, then once more began examining the grass, and the toe of her boot again began kicking a little hole. But Derek did not look back.

XI

It is in the nature of men and angels to pursue with death such birds as are uncommon, such animals as are rare; and Society had no use for such a one as Tod, so uncut to its pattern as to be practically unconscious of its existence. Not that he had deliberately turned his back on anything; he had merely begun as a very young man to keep bees. The better to do that he had gone on to the cultivation of flowers and fruit, together with just enough farming as kept his household in vegetables, milk, butter, and eggs. Living thus amongst insects, birds, cows, and the peace of trees, he had become queer. His was not a very reflective mind, it distilled but slowly certain large conclusions, and followed intently the minute happenings of his little world. To him a bee, a bird, a flower, a tree was well-nigh as interesting as a man; yet men, women, and especially children took to him, as one takes to a Newfoundland dog, because, though capable of anger, he seemed incapable of contempt, and to be endowed with a sort of permanent wonder at things. Then, too, he was good to look at, which counts for more than a little in the scales of our affections; indeed, the slight air of absence in his blue eyes was not chilling, as is that which portends a wandering of its owner on his own business. People recognized that it meant some bee or other in that bonnet, or elsewhere, some sound or scent or sight of life, suddenly perceived—always of life! He had often been observed gazing with peculiar gravity at a dead flower, bee, bird, or beetle, and, if spoken to at such a moment, would say, "Gone!" touching a wing or petal with his finger. To

conceive of what happened after death did not apparently come within the few large conclusions of his reflective powers. That quaint grief of his in the presence of the death of things that were not human had, more than anything, fostered a habit among the gentry and clergy of the neighborhood of drawing up the mouth when they spoke of him, and slightly raising the shoulders. For the cottagers, to be sure, his eccentricity consisted rather in his being a 'gentleman,' yet neither eating flesh, drinking wine, nor telling them how they ought to behave themselves, together with the way he would sit down on anything and listen to what they had to tell him, without giving them the impression that he was proud of himself for doing so. In fact, it was the extraordinary conviction he conveyed of listening and answering without wanting anything either for himself or for them, that they could not understand. How on earth it came about that he did not give them advice about their politics, religion, morals, or monetary states, was to them a never-ending mystery; and though they were too well bred to shrug their shoulders, there did lurk in their dim minds the suspicion that 'the good gentleman,' as they called him, was 'a tiddy-bit off.' He had, of course, done many practical little things toward helping them and their beasts, but always, as it seemed, by accident, so that they could never make up their minds afterward whether he remembered having done them, which, in fact, he probably did not; and this seemed to them perhaps the most damning fact of all about his being—well, about his being—not quite all there. Another worrying habit he had, too, that of apparently not distinguishing between them and any tramps or strangers who might happen along and come across him. This was, in their eyes, undoubtedly a fault; for the village was, after all, the village, and he, as it were, their property. To crown all, there was a story, full ten years old now, which had lost nothing in the telling, of his treatment of a cattle-drover. To the village it had an eerie look, that windmill-like rage let loose upon a man who, after all, had only been twisting a bullock's tail and running a spiked stick into its softer parts, as any drover might. People said—the postman and a wagoner had seen the business, *raconteurs* born, so that the tale had perhaps lost nothing—that he had positively roared as he came leaping down into the lane upon the man, a stout and thick-set fellow, taken him up like a baby, popped him into a furze-bush, and held him there. People said that his own bare arms had been pricked to the very shoulder from pressing the drover down into that uncompromising shrub, and the man's howls had pierced the very heavens. The postman, to this day, would tell how the mere recollection of seeing it still made him sore all over. Of the words assigned to Tod on this occasion, the mildest and probably most true were: "By the Lord God, if you treat a beast like that again, I'll cut your liver out, you hell-hearted sweep!"

The incident, which had produced a somewhat marked effect in regard to the treatment of animals all round that neighborhood, had never been forgotten, nor in a sense forgiven. In conjunction with the extraordinary peace and mildness of his general behavior, it had endowed Tod with mystery; and people, especially simple folk, cannot bring themselves to feel quite at home with mystery. Children only—to whom everything is so mysterious that nothing can be—treated him as he treated them, giving him their hands with confidence. But children, even his own, as they grew up, began to have a little of the village feeling toward Tod; his world was not theirs, and what exactly his world was they could not grasp. Possibly it was the sense that they partook of his interest and affection too much on a level with any other kind of living thing that might happen to be about, which discomforted their understanding. They held him, however, in a certain reverence.

That early morning he had already done a good two hours' work in connection with broad beans, of which he grew, perhaps, the best in the whole country, and had knocked off for a moment, to examine a spider's web. This marvellous creation, which the dew had visited and clustered over, as stars over the firmament, was hung on the gate of the vegetable garden, and the spider, a large and active one, was regarding Tod with the misgiving

natural to its species. Intensely still Tod stood, absorbed in contemplation of that bright and dusty miracle. Then, taking up his hoe again, he went back to the weeds that threatened his broad beans. Now and again he stopped to listen, or to look at the sky, as is the way of husbandmen, thinking of nothing, enjoying the peace of his muscles.

"Please, sir, father's got into a fit again."

Two little girls were standing in the lane below. The elder, who had spoken in that small, anxious voice, had a pale little face with pointed chin; her hair, the color of over-ripe corn, hung fluffy on her thin shoulders, her flower-like eyes, with something motherly in them already, were the same hue as her pale-blue, almost clean, overall. She had her smaller, chubbier sister by the hand, and, having delivered her message, stood still, gazing up at Tod, as one might at God. Tod dropped his hoe.

"Biddy come with me; Susie go and tell Mrs. Freeland, or Miss Sheila."

He took the frail little hand of the elder Tryst and ran. They ran at the child's pace, the one so very massive, the other such a whiff of flesh and blood.

"Did you come at once, Biddy?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where was he taken?"

"In the kitchen—just as I was cookin' breakfast."

"You?—Ah! Is it a bad one?"

"Yes, sir, awful bad—he's all foamy."

"What did you do for it?"

"Susie and me turned him over, and Billy's seein' he don't get his tongue down his throat—like what you told us, and we ran to you. Susie was frightened, he hollered so."

Past the three cottages, whence a woman at a window stared in amaze to see that queer couple running, past the pond where the ducks, whiter than ever in the brightening sunlight, dived and circled carelessly, into the Tryst kitchen. There on the brick floor lay the distressful man, already struggling back out of epilepsy, while his little frightened son sat manfully beside him.

"Towels, and hot water, Biddy!"

With extraordinary calm rapidity the small creature brought what might have been two towels, a basin, and the kettle; and in silence she and Tod steeped his forehead.

"Eyes look better, Biddy?"

"He don't look so funny now, sir."

Picking up that form, almost as big as his own, Tod carried it up impossibly narrow stairs and laid it on a dishevelled bed.

"Phew! Open the window, Biddy."

The small creature opened what there was of window.

"Now, go down and heat two bricks and wrap them in something, and bring them up."

Tryst's boots and socks removed, Tod rubbed the large, warped feet. While doing this he whistled, and the little boy crept up-stairs and squatted in the doorway, to watch and listen. The morning air overcame with its sweetness the natural odor of that small room, and a bird or two went flirting past. The small creature came back with the bricks, wrapped in petticoats of her own, and, placing them against the soles of her father's feet, she stood gazing at Tod, for all the world like a little mother dog with puppies.

"You can't go to school to-day, Biddy."

"Is Susie and Billy to go?"

"Yes; there's nothing to be frightened of now. He'll be nearly all right by evening. But some one shall stay with you."

At this moment Tryst lifted his hand, and the small creature went and stood beside him, listening to the whispering that emerged from his thick lips.

"Father says I'm to thank you, please."

"Yes. Haven't you had your breakfasts?"

The small creature and her smaller brother shook their heads.

"Go down and get them."

Whispering and twisting back, they went, and by the side of the bed Tod sat down. In Tryst's eyes was that same look of dog-like devotion he had bent on Derek earlier that morning. Tod stared out of the window and gave the man's big hand a squeeze. Of what did he think, watching a lime-tree outside and the sunlight through its foliage painting bright the room's newly whitewashed wall, already gray-spotted with damp again; watching the shadows of the leaves playing in that sunlight? Almost cruel, that

lovely shadow game of outside life so full and joyful and careless of man and suffering; too gay almost, too alive! Of what did he think, watching the chase and dart of shadow on shadow, as of gray butterflies fluttering swift to the sack of flowers, while beside him on the bed the big laborer lay? . . .

When Kirsteen and Sheila came to relieve him of that vigil he went down-stairs. There in the kitchen Biddy was washing up, and Susie and Billy putting on their boots for school. They stopped to gaze at Tod feeling in his pockets, for they knew that things sometimes happened after that. To-day there came out two carrots, some lumps of sugar, some cord, a bill, a pruning knife, a bit of wax, a bit of chalk, three flints, a pouch of tobacco, two pipes, a match-box with a single match in it, a sixpence, a necktie, a stick of chocolate, a tomato, a handkerchief, a dead bee, an old razor, a bit of gauze, some tow, a stick of caustic, a reel of cotton, a needle, a thimble, two dock leaves, and some sheets of yellowish paper. He separated from the rest the sixpence, the dead bee, and what was edible. And in delighted silence the three little Trysts gazed, till Biddy with the tip of one wet finger touched the bee.

"Not good to eat, Biddy."

At those words, one after the other, cautiously, the three little Trysts smiled. Finding that Tod smiled too, they broadened, and Billy burst into chuckles. Then, clustering in the doorway, grasping the edibles and sixpence, and consulting with each other, they looked long after his big figure passing down the road.

XII

Still later, that same morning, Derek and Sheila moved slowly up the Mallorings' well-swept drive. Their lips were set, as though they had spoken the last word before battle, and an old cock pheasant, running into the bushes close by, rose with a whir and skimmed out toward his covert, scared, perhaps, by something uncompromising in the footsteps of those two.

Only when actually under the shelter of the porch, which some folk thought enhanced the old Greek-temple effect of the Mallorings' house, Derek broke through that taciturnity:

"What if they won't?"

"Wait and see; and don't lose your head, Derek."

The man who stood there when the door opened was tall, grave, wore his hair in powder, and waited without speech.

"Will you ask Sir Gerald and Lady Malloring if Miss Freeland and Mr. Derek Freeland could see them, please; and will you say the matter is urgent."

The man bowed, left them, and soon came back.

"My lady will see you, miss; Sir Gerald is not in. This way."

Past the statuary, flowers, and antlers of the hall, they traversed a long, cool corridor, and through a white door entered a white room, not very large, and very pretty. Two children got up as they came in and flapped out past them like young partridges, and Lady Malloring rose from her writing-table and came forward, holding out her hand. The two young Freelands took it gravely. For all their hostility they could not withstand the feeling that she would think them terrible young prigs if they simply bowed. And they looked steadily at one with whom they had never before been at quite such close quarters. Lady Malloring, who had originally been the Honorable Mildred Killory, a daughter of Viscount Silport, was of medium height, slender, and not very striking, with darkish hair going rather gray; her expression in repose was pleasant, a little anxious; only by her eyes was the suspicion awakened that she was a woman of some character. They had that peculiar look of belonging to two worlds, so often to be met with in English eyes, a look of self-denying aspiration, tinctured with the suggestion that denial might not be confined to self.

In a quite friendly voice she said:

"Can I do anything for you?" And while she waited for an answer her glance travelled from face to face of the two young people, with a certain curiosity. After a silence of several seconds, Sheila answered:

"Not for us, thank you; for others, you can."

Lady Malloring's eyebrows rose a little,

as if there seemed to her something rather unjust in those words—'for others.'

"Yes?" she said.

Sheila, whose hands were clenched, and whose face had been fiery red, grew suddenly almost white.

"Lady Malloring, will you please let the Gaunts stay in their cottage and Tryst's wife's sister come to live with the children and him."

Lady Malloring raised one hand; the motion, quite involuntary, ended at the tiny cross on her breast. She said quietly:

"I'm afraid you don't understand."

"Yes," said Sheila, still very pale, "we understand quite well. We understand that you are acting in what you believe to be the interests of morality. All the same, won't you? Do!"

"I'm very sorry, but I can't."

"May we ask why?"

Lady Malloring started, and transferred her glance to Derek.

"I don't know," she said with a smile, "that I am obliged to account for my actions to you two young people. Besides, you must know why, quite well."

Sheila put out her hand.

"Wilmet Gaunt will go to the bad if you turn them out."

"I am afraid I think she has gone to the bad already, and I do not mean her to take others there with her. I am sorry for poor Tryst, and I wish he could find some nice woman to marry; but what he proposes is impossible."

The blood had flared up again in Sheila's cheeks; she was as red as the comb of a turkey-cock.

"Why shouldn't he marry his wife's sister? It's legal, now, and you've no right to stop it."

Lady Malloring bit her lips; she looked straight and hard at Sheila.

"I do not stop it; I have no means of stopping it. Only, he cannot do it and live in one of our cottages. I don't think we need discuss this further."

"I beg your pardon——"

The words had come from Derek. Lady Malloring paused in her walk toward the bell. With his peculiar thin-lipped smile the boy went on:

"We imagined you would say no; we really came because we thought it fair to warn you that there may be trouble."

Lady Malloring smiled.

"This is a private matter between us and our tenants, and we should be so glad if you could manage not to interfere."

Derek bowed, and put his hand within his sister's arm. But Sheila did not move; she was trembling with anger.

"Who are you," she suddenly burst out, "to dispose of the poor, body and soul? Who are you, to dictate their private lives? If they pay their rent, that should be enough for you."

Lady Malloring moved swiftly again toward the bell. She paused with her hand on it, and said:

"I am sorry for you two; you have been miserably brought up!"

There was a silence; then Derek said quietly:

"Thank you; we shall remember that insult to our people. Don't ring, please; we're going."

In a silence if anything more profound than that of their approach, the two young people retired down the drive. They had not yet learned—most difficult of lessons—how to believe that people could in their bones differ from them. It had always seemed to them that if only they had a chance of putting directly what they thought, the other side must at heart agree, and only go on saying they didn't out of mere self-interest. They came away, therefore, from this encounter with the enemy a little dazed by the discovery that Lady Malloring in her bones believed that she was right. It confused them, and heated the fires of their anger. They had shaken off all private dust before at last Sheila spoke.

"They're all like that—can't see or feel—simply certain they're superior! It makes—it makes me hate them! It's terrible, ghastly." And while she stammered out those little stabs of speech, tears of rage rolled down her cheeks.

Derek put his arm round her waist.

"All right! No good groaning; let's think seriously what to do."

There was comfort to the girl in that curiously sudden reversal of their usual attitudes.

"Whatever's done," he went on, "has got to be startling. It's no good pottering and protesting, any more." And be-

tween his teeth he muttered: "'Men of England, wherefore plough?' . . ."

In the room where the encounter had taken place Mildred Malloring was taking her time to recover. From very childhood she had felt that the essence of her own goodness, the essence of her duty in life, was the doing of 'good' to others; from very childhood she had never doubted that she was in a position to do this, and that those to whom she did good, although they might kick against it as inconvenient, must admit that it *was* their 'good.' The thought: 'They don't admit that I am superior!' had never even occurred to her, so completely was she unself-conscious, in her convinced superiority. It was hard, indeed, to be flung against such outspoken rudeness. It shook her more than she gave sign of, for she was not by any means an insensitive woman—shook her almost to the point of feeling that there was something in the remonstrance of those dreadful young people. Yet, how could there be, when no one knew better than she that the laborers on the Malloring estate were better off than those on nine out of ten estates; better paid and better housed, and—better looked after in their morals. Was she to give up that?—when she knew that she *was* better able to tell what was good for them than they were themselves. After all, without stripping herself naked of every thought, experience, and action since her birth, how could she admit that she was not better able? And slowly, in the white room with the moss-green carpet, she recovered, till there was only just a touch of soreness left, at the injustice implicit in their words. Those two had been 'miserably brought up,' had never had a chance of finding their proper place, of understanding that they were just two callow young things, for whom Life had some fearful knocks in store. She could even feel now that she had meant that saying: 'I am sorry for you two!' She *was* sorry for them, sorry for their want of manners and their point of view, neither of which they could help, of course, with a mother like that. For all her gentleness and sensibility, there was much practical directness about Mildred Malloring; for her, a page turned was a page turned, an idea absorbed was never disgorged; she was of religious temperament, ever trimming her course down the exact channel marked out with buoys by the Port Authorities, and really incapable of imagining spiritual wants in others that could not be satisfied by what satisfied herself. And this pathetic strength she had in common with many of her fellow creatures in every class. Sitting down at the writing-table from which she had been disturbed, she leaned her thin, rather long, gentle, but stubborn face on her hand, thinking. These Gaunts were a source of irritation in the parish, a kind of open sore. It would be better if they could be got rid of before Quarter Day, up to which she had weakly said they might remain. Far better for them to go at once, if it could be arranged. As for the poor fellow Tryst, thinking that by plunging into sin he could improve his lot and his poor children's, it was really criminal of those Freelands to encourage him. She had refrained hitherto from seriously worrying Gerald on such points of village policy—his hands were so full; but he must now take his part. And she rang the bell.

"Tell Sir Gerald I'd like to see him, please, as soon as he gets back."

"Sir Gerald has just come in, my lady."

"Now, then!"

Gerald Malloring—an excellent fellow, as could be seen from his face of strictly Norman architecture, with blue stained-glass windows rather deep set in—had only one defect: he was not a poet. Not that this would have seemed to him anything but an advantage, had he been aware of it. His was one of those high-principled natures to whom breadth was synonymous with weakness. It may be said without exaggeration that the few meetings of his life with those who had a touch of the poet in them had been exquisitely uncomfortable. Silent, almost taciturn by nature, he was a great reader of poetry, and seldom went to sleep without having digested a page or two of Wordsworth, Milton, Tennyson, or Scott. Byron, save such poems as 'Don Juan' or 'The Waltz,' he could but did not read, for fear of setting a bad example. Burns, Shelley, and Keats he did not care for. Browning pained him, except for the poems: 'How They Brought the Good

News from Ghent to Aix' and the 'Cavalier Tunes'; while of 'Omar Khayyám' and 'The Hound of Heaven' he definitely disapproved. For Shakespeare he had no real liking, though he concealed this, from humility in the face of accepted opinion. His was a firm mind, sure of itself, but not self-assertive. His points were so good, and he had so many of them, that it was only when he met any one touched with poetry that his limitations became apparent; it was rare, however, and getting more so every year, for him to have this unpleasant experience.

When summoned by his wife, he came in with a wrinkle between his straight brows; he had just finished a morning's work on a drainage scheme, like the really good fellow that he was. She greeted him with a little special smile. Nothing could be friendlier than the relations between these two. Affection and trust, undeviating undemonstrativeness, identity of feeling as to religion, children, property; and, in regard to views on the question of sex, a really strange unanimity, considering that they were man and woman.

"It's about these Gaunts, Gerald. I feel they must go at once. They're only creating bad feeling by staying till Quarter Day. I have had the young Freelands here."

"Those young pups!"

"Can't it be managed?"

Malloring did not answer hastily. He had that best point of the good Englishman, a dislike to being moved out of a course of conduct by anything save the appeal of his own conscience.

"I don't know," he said, "why we should alter what we thought was just. Must give him time to look round and get a job elsewhere."

"I think the general state of feeling demands it. It's not fair to the villagers to let the Freelands have such a handle for agitating. Labor's badly wanted everywhere; he can't have any difficulty in getting a place, if he likes."

"No. Only, I rather admire the fellow for sticking by his girl, though he is such a 'land-lawyer.' I think it's a bit harsh to move him suddenly."

"So did I, till I saw from those young furies what harm it's doing. They really do infect the cottagers. You know how discontent spreads. And Tryst—they're egging him on, too."

Malloring very thoughtfully filled a pipe. He was not an alarmist; if anything, he erred on the side of not being alarmed until it was all over and there was no longer anything to be alarmed at! His imagination would then sometimes take fire, and he would say that such and such, or so and so, was dangerous.

"I'd rather go and have a talk with Freeland," he said. "He's queer, but he's not at all a bad chap."

Lady Malloring rose, and took one of his real-leather buttons in her hand.

"My dear Gerald, Mr. Freeland doesn't exist."

"Don't know about that; a man can always come to life if he likes, in his own family."

Lady Malloring was silent. It was true. For all their unanimity of thought and feeling, for all the latitude she had in domestic and village affairs, Gerald had a habit of filling his pipe with her decisions. Quite honestly, she had no objection to their becoming smoke through *his* lips, though she might wriggle just a little. To her credit, she did entirely carry out in her life her professed belief that husbands should be the forefronts of their wives. For all that, there burst from her lips the words:

"That Freeland woman! When I think of the mischief she's always done here, by her example and her irreligion—I can't forgive her. I don't believe you'll make any impression on Mr. Freeland; he's entirely under her thumb."

Smoking slowly, and looking just over the top of his wife's head, Malloring answered:

"I'll have a try; and don't you worry!"

Lady Malloring turned away. Her soreness still wanted salve.

"Those two young people," she murmured, "said some very unpleasant things to me. The boy, I believe, might have some good in him, but the girl is simply terrible."

"H'm! I think just the reverse, you know."

"They'll come to awful grief if they're not brought up sharp. They ought to be sent to the colonies to learn reality."

Malloring nodded.

"Come out, Mildred, and see how they're getting on with the new vinery." And they went out together through the French window.

The vinery was of their own designing, and of extraordinary interest. In contemplation of its lofty glass and aluminium-cased pipes the feeling of soreness left her. It was very pleasant, standing with Gerald, looking at what they had planned together; there was a soothing sense of reality about that visit, after the morning's happening, with its disappointment, its reminder of immorality and discontent, and of folk ungrateful for what was done for their good—after all this miasma of unreal agitation. And, squeezing her husband's arm, she murmured:

"It's really exactly what we thought it would be, Gerald!"

XIII

About five o'clock of that same afternoon, Gerald Malloring went to see Tod. An open-air man himself, who often deplored the long hours he was compelled to spend in the peculiar atmosphere of the House of Commons, he rather envied Tod his existence in this cottage, crazed from age, and clothed with wistaria, rambler roses, sweetbrier, honeysuckle, and Virginia creeper. Freeland had, in his opinion, quite a jolly life of it—the poor fellow not being able, of course, to help having a cranky wife and children like that. He thought of a talk at Becket, when Stanley, still under the influence of Felix's outburst, had uttered one or two rather queer sayings. For instance, he had supposed that they (meaning, apparently, himself and Malloring) *were* rather unable to put themselves in the position of these Trysts and Gaunts. He seemed to speak of them as one might speak generically of Hodge, which had struck Malloring as singular, it not being his habit to see anything in common between an individual case, especially on his own estate, and the ethics of a general proposition. The place for general propositions was undoubtedly the House of Commons, where they could be supported one way or the other, out of blue books. He had little use for them in private life, where innumerable things such as humanity and all that came into play. He had stared rather hard at his host when Stanley had followed up that first remark with: "I'm bound to say, *I* shouldn't care to have to get up at half past five, and go out without a bath!" What that had to do with the land problem or the regulation of village morality Malloring had been unable to perceive. It all depended on what one was accustomed to; and in any case threw no light on the question, as to whether or not he was to tolerate on his estate conduct of which his wife and himself distinctly disapproved. At the back of national life there was always this problem of individual conduct, especially sexual conduct—without regularity in which, the family, as the unit of national life, was gravely threatened, to put it on the lowest ground. And he did not see how to bring it home to the villagers that they had got to be regular, without making examples now and then.

He had hoped very much to get through his call without coming across Freeland's wife and children, and was greatly relieved to find Tod, seated on a window-sill in front of his cottage, smoking, and gazing apparently at nothing. In taking the other corner of the window-sill, the thought passed through his mind that Freeland was really a very fine-looking fellow. Tod was, indeed, about Malloring's own height of six feet one, with the same fairness and straight build of figure and feature. But Tod's head was round and massive, his hair crisp and uncut; Malloring's head long and narrow, his hair smooth and close-cropped. Tod's eyes, blue and deep-set, seemed fixed on the horizon, Malloring's, blue and deep-set, on the nearest thing they could light on. Tod smiled, as it were, without knowing; Malloring seemed to know what he was smiling at almost too well. It was comforting, however, that Freeland was as shy and silent as himself, for this produced a feeling that there could not be any real difference between their points of view. Perceiving at last that if he did not speak they would continue sitting there dumb till it was time for him to go, Malloring said:

"Look here, Freeland; about my wife and yours and Tryst and the Gaunts, and all the rest of it! It's a pity, isn't it?

This is a small place, you know. What's your own feeling?"

Tod answered:

"A man has only one life."

Malloring was a little puzzled.

"In this world. I don't follow."

"Live and let live."

A part of Malloring undoubtedly responded to that curt saying, a part of him as strongly rebelled against it; and which impulse he was going to follow was not at first patent.

"You see, you keep apart," he said at last. "You couldn't say that so easily if you had, like us, to take up the position in which we find ourselves."

"Why take it up?"

Malloring frowned. "How would things go on?"

"All right," said Tod.

Malloring got up from the sill. This was '*laisser-faire*' with a vengeance! Such philosophy had always seemed to him to savor dangerously of anarchism. And yet twenty years' experience as a neighbor had shown him that Tod was in himself perhaps the most harmless person in Worcestershire, and held in a curious esteem by most of the people about. He was puzzled, and sat down again.

"I've never had a chance to talk things over with you," he said. "There are a good few people, Freeland, who can't behave themselves; we're not bees, you know!"

He stopped, having an uncomfortable suspicion that his hearer was not listening.

"First I've heard this year," said Tod.

For all the rudeness of that interruption, Malloring felt a stir of interest. He himself liked birds. Unfortunately, he could hear nothing but the general chorus of their songs.

"Thought they'd gone," murmured Tod.

Malloring again got up. "Look here, Freeland," he said, "I wish you'd give your mind to this. You really ought not to let your wife and children make trouble in the village."

Confound the fellow! He was smiling; there was a sort of twinkle in his smile, too, that Malloring found infectious!

"No, seriously," he said, "you don't know what harm you mayn't do."

"Have you ever watched a dog looking at a fire?" asked Tod.

"Yes, often; why?"

"He knows better than to touch it."

"You mean you're helpless? But you oughtn't to be."

The fellow was smiling again!

"Then you don't mean to do anything?"

Tod shook his head.

Malloring flushed. "Now, look here, Freeland," he said, "forgive my saying so, but this strikes me as a bit cynical. D'you think I enjoy trying to keep things straight?"

Tod looked up.

"Birds," he said, "animals, insects, vegetable life—they all eat each other more or less, but they don't fuss about it."

Malloring turned abruptly and went down the path. Fuss! He never fussed. Fuss! The word was an insult, addressed to him! If there was one thing he detested more than another, whether in public or private life, it was 'fussing.' Did he not belong to the League for Suppression of Interference with the Liberty of the Subject? Was he not a member of the party notoriously opposed to fussy legislation? Had any one ever used the word in connection with conduct of his before? If so, he had never heard them. Was it fussy to try and help the Church improve the standard of morals in the village? Was it fussy to make a simple decision and stick to it? The injustice of the word really hurt him. And the more it hurt him, the slower and more dignified and upright became his march toward his drive gate.

'Wild geese' in the morning sky had been forerunners; very heavy clouds were sweeping up from the west, and rain beginning to fall. He passed an old man leaning on the gate of a cottage garden and said: "Good evening!"

The old man touched his hat but did not speak.

"How's your leg, Gaunt?"

"'Tis much the same, Sir Gerald."

"Rain coming makes it shoot, I expect."

"It do."

Malloring stood still. The impulse was on him to see if, after all, the Gaunts'

affair could not be disposed of without turning the old fellow and his son out.

"Look here!" he said; "about this unfortunate business. Why don't you and your son make up your minds without more ado to let your granddaughter go out to service? You've been here all your lives; I don't want to see you go."

The least touch of color invaded the old man's carved and grayish face.

"Askin' your pardon," he said, "my son sticks by his girl, and I sticks by my son!"

"Oh! very well; you know your own business, Gaunt. I spoke for your good."

A faint smile curled the corners of old Gaunt's mouth downward beneath his gray mustaches.

"Thank you kindly," he said.

Malloring raised a finger to his cap and passed on. Though he felt a longing to stride his feelings off, he did not increase his pace, knowing that the old man's eyes were following him. But how pig-headed they were, seeing nothing but their own point of view! Well, he could not alter his decision. They would go at the June quarter—not a day before, nor after.

Passing Tryst's cottage, he noticed a 'fly' drawn up outside, and its driver talking to a woman in hat and coat at the cottage doorway. She avoided his eye. 'The wife's sister again!' he thought. 'So that fellow's going to be an ass, too? Hopeless, stubborn lot!' And his mind passed on to his scheme for draining the bottom fields at Cantley Bromage. This village trouble was too small to occupy for long the mind of one who had so many duties. . . .

Old Gaunt remained at the gate watching till the tall figure passed out of sight, then limped slowly down the path and entered his son's cottage. Tom Gaunt, not long in from work, was sitting in his shirt-sleeves, reading the paper—a short, thick-set man with small eyes, round, ruddy cheeks, and humorous lips indifferently concealed by a ragged mustache. Even in repose there was about him something talkative and disputatious. He was clearly the kind of man whose eyes and wit would sparkle above a pewter pot. A good workman, he averaged out an income of perhaps eighteen shillings a week, counting the two shillings' worth of vegetables that he grew. His erring daughter washed for two old ladies in a bungalow, so that with old Gaunt's five shillings from the parish, the total resources of this family of five, including two small boys at school, was seven and twenty shillings a week. Quite a sum! His comparative wealth no doubt contributed to the reputation of Tom Gaunt, well known as local wag and disturber of political meetings. His method with these gatherings, whether Liberal or Tory, had a certain masterly simplicity. By interjecting questions that could not be understood, and commenting on the answers received, he insured perpetual laughter, with the most salutary effects on the over-consideration of any political question, together with a tendency to make his neighbors say: "Ah! Tom Gaunt, he's a proper caution, he is!" An encomium dear to his ears. What he seriously thought about anything in this world, no one knew; but some suspected him of voting Liberal, because he disturbed their meetings most. His loyalty to his daughter was not credited to affection. It was like Tom Gaunt to stick his toes in and kick—the quality, for choice. To look at him and old Gaunt, one would not have thought they could be son and father, a relationship indeed ever dubious. As for his wife, she had been dead twelve years. Some said he had joked her out of life, others that she had gone into consumption. He was a reader—perhaps the only one in all the village, and could whistle like a blackbird. To work hard, but without too great method, to drink hard, but with perfect method, and to talk nineteen to the dozen anywhere except at home—was his mode of life. In a word, he was a 'character.'

Old Gaunt sat down in a wooden rocking-chair, and spoke.

"Sir Gerald 'e've a-just passed."

"Sir Gerald 'e can goo to hell. They'll know un there, by 'is little ears."

"'E've a-spoke about us stoppin'; so as Mettie goes out to sarvice."

"'E've a-spoke about what 'e don't know 'bout, then. Let un do what they like, they can't put Tom Gaunt about; he can get work anywhere—Tom Gaunt can, an' don't you forget that, old man."

The old man, placing his thin brown hands on his knees, was silent. And thoughts passed through and through him. 'If so be as Tom goes, there'll be no one as'll take me in for less than three bob a week. Two bob a week, that's what I'll 'ave to feed me— Two bob a week—two bob a week! But if so be's I go with Tom, I'll 'ave to reg'lar sit down under he for me bread and butter.' And he contemplated his son.

"Where are you goin', then?" he said.

Tom Gaunt rustled the greenish paper he was reading, and his little, hard gray eyes fixed his father.

"Who said I was going?"

Old Gaunt, smoothing and smoothing the lined, thin cheeks of the parchmenty, thin-nosed face that Frances Freeland had thought to be almost like a gentleman's, answered: "I thart you said you was goin'."

"You think too much, then—that's what 'tis. You think too much, old man."

With a slight deepening of the sardonic patience in his face, old Gaunt rose, took a bowl and spoon down from a shelf, and very slowly proceeded to make himself his evening meal. It consisted of crusts of bread soaked in hot water and tempered with salt, pepper, onion, and a touch of butter. And while he waited, crouched over the kettle, his son smoked his grayish clay and read his greenish journal; an old clock ticked and a little cat purred without provocation on the ledge of the tight-closed window. Then the door opened and the rogue-girl appeared. She shook her shoulders as though to dismiss the wetting she had got, took off her turn-down, speckly straw hat, put on an apron, and rolled up her sleeves. Her arms were full and firm and red; the whole of her was full and firm. From her rosy cheeks to her stout ankles she was superabundant with vitality, the strangest contrast to her shadowy, thin old grandfather. About the preparation of her father's tea she moved with a sort of brooding stolidity, out of which would suddenly gleam a twinkle of rogue-sweetness, as when she stopped to stroke the little cat or to tickle the back of her grandfather's lean neck in passing. Having set the tea, she stood by the table and said slowly: "Tea's ready, father. I'm goin' to London."

Tom Gaunt put down his pipe and journal, took his seat at the table, filled his mouth with sausage, and said: "You're goin' where I tell you."

"I'm goin' to London."

Tom Gaunt stayed the morsel in one cheek and fixed her with his little, wild boar's eye.

"Ye're goin' to catch the stick," he said. "Look here, my girl, Tom Gaunt's been put about enough along of you already. Don't you make no mistake."

"I'm goin' to London," repeated the rogue-girl stolidly. "You can get Alice to come over."

"Oh! Can I? Ye're not goin' till I tell you. Don't you think it!"

"I'm goin'. I saw Mr. Derek this mornin'. They'll get me a place there."

Tom Gaunt remained with his fork as it were transfixed. The effort of devising contradiction to the chief supporters of his own rebellion was for the moment too much for him. He resumed mastication.

"You'll go where I want you to go; and don't you think you can tell me where that is."

In the silence that ensued the only sound was that of old Gaunt supping at his crusty-broth. Then the rogue-girl went to the window and, taking the little cat on her breast, sat looking out into the rain. Having finished his broth, old Gaunt got up, and, behind his son's back, he looked at his granddaughter and thought:

'Goin' to London! 'Twud be best for us all. *We* shuldn' need to be movin', then. Goin' to London!' But he felt desolate.

(To be continued.)

ALICE'S CHILD

By Katharine Holland Brown

Illustrations by May Wilson Preston

ALICE saw her for the first time on a windy August afternoon, as she was dawdling home from the drug-store. Billy was at home asleep, getting over a headache. Poor Billy always had such a bad headache the first day of the month. This time Alice had wheedled half his pay-check out of him before he set off for Washington Park, so she had been able to give the grocer a little on account, and buy Billy an elegant new lilac shirt at Rothengill's, too. So, in spite of the thick blue vial in her bag, and the thought of Billy, swollen and darkly flushed, sprawled on the cot by the air-shaft, she felt quite contented.

She turned into West Madison Street, and crossed to the broiling sunny side so as to pass St. Anne's Orphanage, for she liked vaguely to look at the children. To-day they were playing in the sooty cinder-paved yard; a decorous crowd of small stubby boys in blue denim, and small pig-tailed girls in blue gingham. Alice stopped at the high-barred grating. As she looked her tired eyes clouded, but her mouth curved in a wistful smile.

Suddenly she leaned hard against the rail. Her sallow dull face turned white. Her body swayed as beneath a vast unseen wind.

A knot of little girls stood near the gate. In their midst, very wee, very grave, utterly confident, stood a child of two, dressed in a dirty embroidered frock, and grimed pink shoes. Her little golden head lifted high. Her small features were as delicately clear as if carved in pearl. Her eyes, dark violet, with shadowing lashes, glowed like soft stars. A newcomer to the orphanage, this. But what a flower to bloom in St. Anne's cinder-paved garden!

Alice stared and stared. The hot wind blew her rough hair awry. Her bony hands gripped white on the iron bar. She tried to speak. Her throat would not make a sound, but her mouth moved as if she screamed.

Presently the baby turned and saw her. A puzzled look came over her tiny face. She took two wavering steps toward her and stretched out both dimpled arms.

Alice made one leap for the gate. Had it been bolted, she would have torn her way in.

"M'ree Addolorata! Where'd she come from?"

Maria Addolorata, Patricia Finnegan, and a vociferous chorus poured forth explanation. The police had brought the little blessed one not an hour ago. Her father and mother were newcomers to the Halsted Street tenement. Nobody knew their names. "Quare folks they was, wid fine clothes, but always rushin' the can, an' fightin' somethin' fierce. An' the woman—sure, she was a bad lot. Stramashin' around, half drunk the whole time, an'—an' *no ring!*" Patricia whispered in tragic wisdom. And they'd had one grand shindy that morning. Neighbors had heard the screaming, but forbore to interfere. Later, one, braver than the rest, had heard the baby crying piteously, and had dared push open the unlocked door. "An' down she come, lickety-cut, screechin' like a banshee!" Patricia's eyes popped with horror. "A-yellin' that they was both kilt, intirely. An' right she was. There lays the woman stone dead, an' the man spread out flat at her feet. He'd stabbed her to the heart, then turned the knife on himself. An' this weeny precious, a-settin' there beside 'em, callin' 'Mamma!' to break your heart in two!"

"Mamma," murmured the baby. Her little face quivered. "Mamma! Daddy!"

A strange flame swept through Alice. She caught the little shrinking thing up into her arms.

"And Sister Veronica knows not what to do with her," bellowed Maria Addolorata, getting her second wind. "And she says: 'Canst thou beat it?' For we are now packed, so says she, like to infant sardines. To-morrow she will send her to the House of the Destitute——"

"Not on your life she will." Alice sprang up, the baby tossed high on her gaunt shoulder. "Where's Sister Veronica? Hunt her up, you kids. Quick!"

The Sister Veronicas of this world are clear-eyed and swift of judgment.

"Yes. You may take her for to-night, Mrs. Holt. Bring her back in the morning. Then, if you are determined to have her, you can apply for papers of adoption. But you are doing a rash thing. Her parents were professional thieves, the sergeant told me. Look at the costly, filthy clothes she has on. And her mother, that drunken, painted— Ach!" The nun's calm face sickened, revolted. "To take a child from such a home!"

"The home she came from ain't no matter," said Alice evenly. A dark flush burnt in her cheeks. "My home will be her home, now. And if her folks was as tough as you say, she shan't never know it. Believe *me!* She's little enough to forget, thank the Lord. And I'll see to it that she hasn't no chance to remember."

Ten minutes later she stumbled up the long, dark stairs and into her own flat. She set the baby down on the orange-plush davenport. The little thing looked uneasily around the tawdry little room. Then she turned, with an enchanting, shy gesture, and tucked her silky head down on Alice's arm. Alice gasped out.

"Oh, *you!*" she cried, and then her very soul and body fused in ecstasy. She clutched the little soft face into her throat and locked the tiny soft body into trembling arms. The baby whimpered, then gave way resignedly. Alice's hungry lips mumbled the little satin shoulder. Over and over she muttered angry, tender words. "Send you to the Destitute! Well, I guess not. You're mine, I tell you. You're mine. Mine!"

She was still crouching there when Billy shambled in.

"Well, for the love of Mike!" Billy gaped. His slack jaw fell. Alice eyed him steadily.

"I saw her at St. Anne's. I brought her home. I'm going to name her Mary. And adopt her to-morrow."

Billy listened. At last:

"Well, what do you know about that! Adopt a little tike and pay for her grub and clothes, when we haven't a blame cent but my sixty a month! When all we know about her is, her dad up and shot her ma, then killed himself. Nice crowd!"

"Billy, I've got to have her." Alice did not raise her voice. But it was taut as wire.

"We can't afford her, old girl."

"We've got to afford her. She's mine."

"But, Alice, it ain't sensible. You——"

"Billy, you hear me." Alice's face was wet with sweat. Her mouth was gray. Her voice shook on a desperate note. "The minute I saw her, it's like something says inside of me: 'She's mine! She's mine!' Billy! It's no matter how poor we are. It's no matter who her mother was. She never belonged to nobody but me. Even though she was born to another woman—*she was meant for me!*"

"Well, if you've got such a hunch as all that—" Billy gave up reluctantly. But as time passed he came not only to love the little Mary, but to speak with reverence of the chance that had led to her coming.

"Smart?" he would say loftily. "Didn't I see the smartness in her the very first day? And her good looks and her sweetness? Hunch? Don't say a word. If I could once get a hunch like that on the Hawthorne track, we'd roll in diamonds, old girl. Only—when she grows up, how you going to tell her who she is? Tough luck, for a girl kid to come of such stock."

"She's going to come of the best stock there is." Alice's face grew defiant. "She shan't never know the truth. She shall believe always that her folks was as white as they make 'em. There, now!"

Alice was as good as her word. She coaxed Billy to move to another flat, some distance down-town. This cut off direct communication with the asylum and its neighborhood. Presently Billy lost his job as shipping-clerk and had to take a poorer one, away out near the stock-yards. After this second move Alice quietly forgot to make any more reports to St. Anne's. Nowadays a close watch is kept

on the fortunes of adopted children, but at that time the rule was exceedingly lax. Moreover, it is easy for the poor to drift from sight. Sister Veronica never saw Alice or Mary again. And a fire which ravaged Halsted Street the very month of Mary's coming gave Alice a basis for her tender lie.

"Nobody knows why your pa and ma didn't escape," she would say, opening the warped drawer of her golden-oak bureau, which held Mary's baby dress, exquisitely clean, and laid in a treasured old leatherette box, beside the tiny scoured pink shoes. "But I've figured it out like this. Your pa carried you out to safety, then went back for your ma. Nobody really knows. . . . But one thing we do know. Your folks must a' been an elegant family. Look at that dress you was found in, all lace and embroidery, and eleven hand-run tucks. Your ma thought the world of you, all right, to sit and put in all those stitches. Look at those pink satin shoes. Your pa spent a big chunk of his pay-envelope for those shoes, you bet. Yes, you come of swell folks, Mary. Mind you live up to them, darlin'."

"You and Billy are swell enough for me," Mary would say. And she would come and lay her rose-leaf cheek to Alice's sallow one, and Alice's heart would clinch like a shut fist in an agony of love and gratitude and vague, torturing fear.

"If only she wasn't so loving to everybody!" For Mary's sweet, gay, affectionate nature woke in her always a strange, aching dread. Like Rosalind, to love, for Mary, was to be made "all adoration, duty, and obedience." She never questioned, she never held back. Always she gave with a golden overflowing, an eager lavishness. But deep in that glad, young, giving nature lay passionate hidden fires. That Alice knew. And as Mary grew taller and taller, and lovelier and lovelier, that fear grew, a mastering terror. So soon, she could almost count the inexorable days, her darling must go out to earn her bread. Then all that beauty and lovingness would be but a poisoned cloak. For Billy had lost one job after another, and Alice was taking in sewing, and keeping up the home as best she could. But she knew cruelly that her strength was failing, hour by hour.

"If I can just make Mary proud enough! Proud of herself and her kin, so's she value herself high! Else she'll give herself, soul and body, to whoever she loves. She can't help loving, the blessed, no more than the sun can help shining. If I can just live till she grows up! And if I can just live till Billy—" There Alice stopped. For Billy—poor Billy would never grow up.

However, the tired heart could not hold out. At twelve years old Mary found herself alone, and trying to comfort poor, stricken Billy. But Billy's own life flickered out in the Cook County Hospital, six months after. As Mary sat by him, trying her scared, childish best to give solace, he turned his face and looked on her.

"You're a good girl, Mary. You're Alice's own child. She's made you nigh's good as she was. Now promise me something, precious." He stopped for breath. His dying eyes clung to her, pleading. "Promise me, you'll always go by what Alice taught you."

"I will, Billy, dear." Mary clasped the poor, cold hand against her cheek.

"And when you're older—don't you just take up with any man that comes along. Your pa and ma—you want to honor their memory, lovey. And—and Alice's memory, too. But remember this: If you do take a man, and he's straight, then you stand by him. Stand by him through everything. Like Alice stood by me. Stick by him till hell freezes over. And you'll make a man of him, if he's got any sand at all." And then the poor dying lips spoke their own most piteous epitaph: "Like Alice would a' made a man of me—if the stuff had been there to do it with."

The county buried Billy next day. And the Children's Aid took Mary. In due course she was again adopted, this time by the Brewitts, a prosperous family living near Cole's Landing, on the Illinois River. They were honest, commonplace people. They understood Mary's radiant, sensitive nature quite as much as they understood the iridescence on a white morning-glory. They had a healthy contempt for useless courtesies; they looked on her shy little acts and words of love with hilarious scorn. Mary soon learned to break her habit of little gentle services. She learned

to silence the love-words that had been always on her tongue. She learned to flock by herself—the hardest task of all.

She was not unhappy. The green fields and the wide, quiet river were a de-

When Mary was sixteen the drainage fever seized southern Illinois. By the next March the farmers had hired a dredging contractor to cut a new channel through the district's twisting, wasteful



"But you are doing a rash thing. Her parents were professional thieves."—Page 333.

light. And she had no time for brooding. There was plenty of baking and dish-washing to do. Odd minutes, she worked fiercely on her school-books. Her father and mother had been educated, cultured people. Of that she was sure. Then Alice had wanted her to be a teacher. And Billy had been so proud of her reports. Alice and Billy—her thoughts never strayed far from the two dull, faulty, gentle souls whose love had built her house of life, whose pitying falsehoods had built the fair ideal of her own being. So she grew up, a slender, silent, anemone thing, too pale and aloof to catch the roving Cole's Landing eye. She had not even a schoolboy admirer.

creeks. The contract camp was pitched three miles up-river from the Brewitt farm. A rival contractor won the levee-building, which followed hard on the ditching. Between the rival bosses there was bad blood from the start. The laborers took up the grudge. The dredgemen were mostly Irish, the levee laborers Bohemian. Almost every day saw a mild fracas. Cole's Landing and the district looked on with glee.

"Them levee fellows are getting plumb dangerous roiled at you drainage-men," said Mr. Brewitt, with unction. He stopped his surrey, loaded to the gunwale with five strenuous young Brewitts, to hold parley with Terry Mayo, the head dredge-runner.



"Oh, *you!*" she cried, and then her very soul and body fused in ecstasy.—Page 333.

Mayo threw back his curly red head with a shout of laughter. He was twenty-four years old, and something over six feet, with a chest like a barrel, and hazel eyes with reddish lights in them. His mouth and jaw were a shade coarse, but strongly cut. When he laughed the color streamed to his temples, glowing through a skin like bronzy silk, and his hazel eyes gleamed and darkened. He was a superb cub, with more than a touch of the swaggerer.

"Those Bohunks don't mean any harm, sir. They're just fooling."

"Huh. I don't know. Down to the Landing a parcel of 'em was braggin' yesterday that they'd bust up your machines first chance."

A spark lit in Mayo's eye.

"That's all hot talk. Any fellow that monkeys with our machinery is going overside. We've no time for jokers."

"Yes, the high water is crowdin' you considerable." Brewitt looked out over the wide, swollen stream.

"I want to climb on the dredge," commanded Reginald, the four-year-old, scrambling from Mary's lap.

"Let's all go aboard," Brewitt floundered out. "No objections?"

"Sure no. But watch the kids, or they'll be overboard."

"Oh, Mary will mind 'em." Mr. Brewitt waddled into the engine-room, followed by Mayo. The five Brewitts promptly scattered to five appalling posts of danger. They were spirited children. Commands they could not brook. Mary, clinging to Reginald's tempestuous petticoat, called wildly to the twins.

"Boys! Please don't climb the A frame. You can see it just as well from the deck. No, no, Reggie, that's tar in that bucket. Theodore, if you crawl up that beam— Oh, oh!"

Theodore's foot had missed a cleat. Down he pitched, landing flat on deck with a heart-stopping thump.

Mary flew to pick him up. This was Reginald's heaven-sent chance. With a glad yelp he trotted to the edge of the deck. The deck slanted slightly, and was greased like the slide to Avernus. A minute Reginald teetered deliciously, then— briefly, he skidded. Mary turned at his shriek, just in time to see his towhead go under water.

An instant she stood, dazed. Then she leaped straight in. She could not swim a stroke. But she had only the one thought, to get to Reginald. She sank like a stone.

Ten seconds later Mayo struck the water. He caught Reginald by the slack of his garments, threw him on deck like a

catfish, then seized Mary and swung her within Mr. Brewitt's reach.

On deck the three confronted each other. Mary and Reginald were a forlorn sight. Mary's clothes were muddy, her lips were blue, her hair hung in wet strings around her bloodless face. Mayo, laughing and aglow, shook the water off himself like a Newfoundland.

"How'm I going to take them drowned rats home? They'll drip all over the surrey," complained Mr. Brewitt.

"Leave them here. I'll take them over to the cook's house-boat. Mrs. Clancy will dry 'em out." Mayo looked amusedly at the two drowned rats. "Then I'll drop them at your landing. I'm taking my launch down-river at noon, anyway."

"Well, that's neighborly. Morning, sir."

Mayo led the sodden pair across a maze of gangplanks to Mrs. Clancy's tight, hot little cabin, then went back to work. He was starting down-river when he thought of them again.

"A plague on them soaked kids! I near forgot them entirely. Wisht I had, too."

He strode across to the house-boat and rapped. No reply, for Mrs. Clancy was getting dinner ashore. He shoved open the door.

On a low bunk, close by the window, lay Mary and Reginald, fast asleep. Reginald lay like a slumbering cherub. But Mayo stared past the child. A curious, awed light came into his sun-browned face.

Mary lay bundled warmly into Mrs. Clancy's vast, woolly red wrapper. Her hair, now dry, spread in a great gold web over the pillow. Her lashes lay black against her cheeks. Her little pure face was like alabaster in its broad wreathing of pale gold.

The wonder deepened in Mayo's face.

"An' her name's Mary, too!" he said, under his breath. Suddenly he turned scarlet. He bolted out and shut the door.

"Shame on me f'r a great, gogglin' loon! A woman she is, no kid at all. Hi, Mrs. Clancy! Folks ready yet?" That shout would have roused the peaceful dead.



"She shan't never know the truth."—Page 333.

Mary sat in the bow of the *Nixie*, with Reginald on her lap. She looked wan and subdued in her shrunken, spotted clothes. Mayo hardly spoke during the short run down-stream. Once or twice he looked at her. In his eyes lurked still that curious, shamefaced awe.

"Thank you, kindly," she said, as he put them ashore.

"You're welcome," said Mayo gruffly. The launch shot away at full speed.

Mary took Mrs. Brewitt's scolding with her usual quiet. She was used to scoldings nowadays. Two days later the family drove into town to spend Sunday. Mary remained, to do up some baking. She was frying doughnuts when the door-bell rang.

On the step stood Mayo, spruce and fine in his Sunday clothes. He carried a long pasteboard box in his hand. The reddish lights glinted in his hazel eyes. A deep flush burned under his bronze skin.

"Good-morning, miss." He stopped, crimsoning.

"Good-morning, sir. The folks are all gone. Will you leave any word for Mr. Brewitt?" Mary looked up at him, puzzled by his embarrassment. Her cheeks were pink from the heat of the stove. In her big blue apron, her hair in a braid, she looked like a little girl.

"No, miss. I didn't want to see Mr. Brewitt." Mayo choked. All his swaggering young life, girls had smiled and fluttered at his approach. Always he had known himself the conquering male. But he stood before this gentle little waif as abashed as if he stood before an empress.

"I just stopped to—to pass the time of day, miss. To ask if you'd took cold with your wetting."

"Why, no, thank you. I'm all right." Mary glanced nervously toward the kitchen. Surely her doughnuts would scorch.

"And I—I happened to run up to Springfield yesterday. And I saw these at a florist's. So I—I brought them to you." Desperately he jammed the long box into her floury hands.

"For *me?*" Mary, dazed, untied the box.



"Look at that dress you was found in. . . . Yes, you come of swell folks, Mary. Mind you live up to them, darlin'."—Page 334.



"If I can just live till she grows up!"—Page 334.

There lay a spray of fern, then a handful of white roses, long-stalked, with hearts of palest pink.

"For me! But nobody ever gave me a rose in all my life! For *me!*" The astonished joy in her little face loosed Mayo's tongue.

"For you, sure. Who else? Now I'll be going back to the dredge. But—but—" his eyes met hers, then fell. "But we lay off at four to-day. Would you honor me by goin' for a bit ride in the *Nixie?* Sure 'tis warm as June on the river."

Now, at last, Mary's own cheek flushed like an anemone in the wind. But she answered up, bravely sweet:

"Thank you, Mr. Mayo, sir. I'll be pleased to go."

Then, as the door closed behind Mayo, she dropped on the stair-step, holding the wonder-box tight. Strange exquisite pulses thrilled to her finger-tips.

"Roses!" she whispered. "And a ride in his launch! And all for me!"

All that enchanted afternoon, the river lay blue and calm as a river of turquoise. Already the willows were plumy silver; the young wheat veiled the bottom-lands in powdery green. At sundown, for the first time in her life, Mary helped boil coffee over a camp-fire, and watched in delight while Mayo deftly broiled their steak and toasted bread over the coals. After, while they idled down-river through the sunset, she listened breathlessly to Mayo's eager boyish confidences. To Mary, his were the ventures of a knight of high romance. Such a man as this her hero-father had been, she thought proudly. And Mayo, led on by her hushed sympathy, poured it all out. His poverty-stricken boyhood; his toiling fight for an education—"Anyhow, I got one year in high school. Nothing can cheat me out of that!" The years he had worked in a foundry all day and studied engineering by correspondence at night, and now, to-day, the glorious turn of the wheel—"A hundred and fifty a month, and the boss as polite to me as if I was a real college engineer, mind you!" Then his wildest, daring hope. "And some day I'm going to be a real college engineer, mind that. Once I get mother well fixed, and the boys through school, I'm going to the State university. You can bet on that."

He lifted Mary ashore. They loitered up the dim twilight path. A young moon hung low in the west. Its pale light gleamed on Mary's hair, blown aureole-wise about her grave little face. Mayo looked at her. The boasting was silenced

on his lips. That curious awe deepened in his eyes.

"And your name's Mary, too," he said very low.

Mary lifted her face. That fair, questioning look swept the boy past himself. trustfully as a child lays a flower in your hand; she could not half believe in the miracle of his love for her, so poor and so obscure. But soon she felt a lovely pitiful pride in the knowing that, while nowadays she was as nothing, yet behind her



"But remember this: If you do take a man, and he's straight, then you stand by him."—Page 334.

"Mary—Mary!" he whispered. "The loveliest woman-name in all the world. And you— Oh, Mary, I've been lookin' for you my whole life. I've loved you always. Darling, darling!"

And Mary was in his great arms, and his hot young lips were clinging on her own. And from that breath she was as utterly his as the flesh and sinew of his own hand. But Mayo wrenched himself back to sanity.

"I hadn't no right to touch you," he said angrily. He hurried her roughly up the path and unlocked the door with shaking hands. "Go in, now. And goodnight. But—oh, Mary! You're going to learn to love me, my girl! Promise me! Promise you'll learn!"

Mary need not promise. She told those spring days like pearls on her white rosary. All her locked, loving nature, so long repressed, brimmed over. Her beauty, always so pale and folded, blossomed in a night. She fairly blazed alive. Alice, seeing, would have trembled for her. She had put her love into Mayo's keeping as there had stood so stately a fabric of fair lives. Like a magic background rose the lovely mist-castle of belief that Alice and Billy had reared for her. Her brave father; her wonder-princess of a mother, whose white hands had sewed the treasured little dress—when she thought on her traditions, she was reassured. She must go to Mayo empty-handed. But she knew her worth, the worth of her fine, gracious, stately past. And, against her own shining legends, she felt a quaint pity for Mayo and his harsh childhood and humble beginnings. But she would make it all up to him, never fear!

Four days later, Mayo amazed the Brewitts and sent Mary into ecstasies by appearing at the front door and boldly demanding permission to take her to the Landing, to the movies.

"Mary? Why, nobody ever beaus Mary anywhere," said Mr. Brewitt. "She's nothin' but a little girl. And no looks to mention, neither," he added, with simple candor.

"She has a-plenty looks to suit me," re-

torted Mayo. To the movies they went. But to Mary the evening was only a rainbow mist. Nothing was real. Nothing did she remember but the white moonlight, the cool river wind, the road of rippled silver behind the *Nixie*, and Mayo's arm around her, Mayo's whisper in her ear: "Mary, Mary! And you do love me! You are learning, my sweet! Mary, Mary, my own!"

"You don't want to take any stock in that Mayo feller. Here to-day and gone to-morrow, those contract men." Thus Mrs. Brewitt, sourly, the next day.

Mary scarcely heard. Her face shone, luminous.

"What's more, did he tell ye about his day crew's fight yesterday with the levee-men? Thrashed those Bohunks like sixty. Mayo wasn't in it, but they do say as he egged his men on. Reckon he'll get his later, all right."

Mary's face shadowed.



"Good-morning, sir. The folks are all gone."
—Page 338.

"So now the Bohunks are all layin' for him and his boys. They threaten they'll stop his dredges, by fair means or foul. If they do, Mayo's boss stands to lose a heap, for the river's raising every minute."

Mary glanced out. The river had already overflowed its banks. The willows alongshore stood knee-deep. A veil of water spread for half a mile into the fields.

"And Mayo himself. If that levee gang once lays hands on him!"

The shadow deepened to fear.

"And—hark you, Mary. You've always been a nice, well-behaved girl." Mrs. Brewitt's dour mouth hardened. Her voice held an ominous note. "But girls as take up with these here fly-by-nights—well! You know, Mary, you ain't got no real claim on us. You can't expect us to put up with any foolishness. And Mayo—no man ever wants a girl as comes cheap. He'll throw you over like an old shoe."

Mary was not listening. She was white and shivering now. Mayo in danger! The terror of it chilled in her blood, misted thick before her eyes. Her day dragged through miseries.

At late dusk she sat peering through the kitchen window. She was all but mastered by panic now.

Presently she caught the gleam of a launch-light. Then, dark against the twilight, she recognized Mayo's tall figure.

She rushed out. Mayo caught her into his arms.

"Blessed child! Were you watching for me?"

"Oh, Terry!" All her delicate shyness vanished in a storm of love and fear. She clung to him, burying her face on his shoulder. "Oh, if they'd dared to lay hands on you! Oh, Terry, Terry!"

Mayo drew her back into the willow shadows.

"What's all this, my girl? What's terrified you so?"

Sobbing, Mary poured it out. Mayo frowned.

"All this sufferin' day for nothin'! Listen. 'Tis naught to fret about, girl. I've been warned that the levee crowd is planning to mischief our machinery. A car-load, for the new dredge, is stuck two miles down-river. The high water washed out the tracks yesterday, and the wreckin'



"You don't want to take any stock in that Mayo feller. Here to-day and gone to-morrow."—Page 341.

crew can't reach it till the river falls. Now, my boss suspicions that them Bohunks may slip down in a skiff and muss things up. They've been idle an' drinkin', and they're ripe for devilment. So I'm going down-river this minute, to take a look round. I just stopped for one glimpse of you, honey-girl. Run home now, dear."

Mary raised her face, colorless in the dim light.

"No. I'm going with you."

"Why, Mary——"

"I'm going down-river with you. I can't let you go alone."

"But, love, there's no danger." Mayo laughed, bewildered. "And look at the big storm a-coming! Stay here, there's a good girl."

Mary pulled herself away and started toward the launch. Mayo stared. Then, with a stifled word, he caught her up and carried her to the boat.

"Go you shall, then, the sweet comrade you are! It will be only a half-hour's run. And the storm won't strike till midnight, I'm thinking. Here we go!"

The eastern sky heaved black and glinted with far lightning when the *Nixie* slackened speed near the flooded track. But the moon still shone high and clear. Mayo nosed the boat close among the submerged willows. He stood up and peered at the abandoned cars.

"This is a fool's errand. A man couldn't reach the cars without wallowing through a half-mile of mud. Sure, that levee gang would never plough across that bog, just to be doin' us a mean trick."

Yet he looked again, keenly. Suddenly he spoke, very low:

"Mary! What's those shadows yonder?"

Away up the track came five black figures, clearly outlined in the strong moonlight. Two carried axes, the others heavy bars. They splashed down the track straight toward the marooned car.

"The levee gang! They're schemin' to wreck our brand-new engines, the hounds! Let me go, Mary! Quick!"

Mayo thrust past her, seized a crowbar, crammed his revolver into his belt, and struggled up the flooded slope. The men were not a hundred yards ahead, but their splashing steps drowned his own. Mary stared after him. Her breath all but stopped. Her body shook under thundering heart-beats.

Now Mayo was within thirty feet of the group. Suddenly one man turned and saw him. With a yell he raised his axe and rushed at the boy. The other four came whooping up behind. Five to one; but Mayo was ready for them. He backed against a telegraph-pole. The first man made a spring for him. Mayo let fly with his crowbar. His assailant went down in a heap. But the other four closed in like wolves. Above their yells Mary heard Mayo's piercing shout:

"Let go me, you drunk scamps, or I'll shoot. Take your hands off me, Lovinski. Drop that knife, you swine. Drop it! A-ah!"

Mary snatched up a heavy wrench, sprang from the boat, and dashed across the flooded ground. She reached the swaying, fighting group. She swung the bar and struck the nearest man squarely on the back of the head. He crumpled down, limp. The others wheeled on this new attack. Mayo seized his chance. He jerked out his revolver and covered the three.

"Now, then, gentlemen!" He was breathing in great gasps, but he laughed at their dumfounded faces. "Pick up yer friends an' march. Where's yer boat?"

Stupidly one pointed to a willow clump.

"Quite a walk. But ye'll make it, an' carry yer wounded, too. Step lively, now."

The three roughs stared and muttered. The completeness of their defeat stupefied them. They hoisted one injured man between two carriers. The third man was still stunned, but he managed to walk. They started toward their boat, a pitching, stumbling crew.

"Mary, go to the *Nixie*. Wait there for me till I see our friends off."

"No. I go with you." Doggedly she clung beside him. Mayo did not speak again. He breathed in hoarse wheezes. He seemed queerly heavy. At every step he lurched deeper into the mire. Finally they reached the levee-men's boat. Gun in hand, Mayo pointed up-river.

"Hike back to your camp now, boys. Let me catch you meddling again, and I'll knock your heads off f'r ye. Scoot!"

The crowd, scared and dumb, needed no second bidding. Their launch jibed away up-stream. A roll of thunder and a quick dash of rain followed. The moon vanished under black, driving clouds.

"Now for our own boat." Mayo spoke between slow painful breaths. "In this murk, I can't—see—quite. Can you make it, lovey? Can you find the way —back?"

"Terry! Terry, darling! You're hurt! Tell me!"

"No, no. Lovinski gave me a mean jab, that's all. But 'tis the knock on me head that makes me so silly-like. Now we've got to get you home, before the storm. Beat it now, honey-girl. Beat it!"

He was reeling now, his head sunk on his chest, his cold hand clinging lax on her arm.

A wave of power streamed through Mary. She grasped Mayo's swaying body and half-carried him down the shore. Mayo was double her weight, but terror gave her the strength of ten. As she dragged him aboard the storm struck. The launch swayed and tugged on its ropes. Torn branches hurtled round their heads. Sheets of rain washed over the boat. Luckily the *Nixie* had a tiny kennel of a cabin. Mary dragged Mayo inside and laid him on the floor. After a frantic hunt, she found matches and lit a lantern.

Mayo lay inert, his face gray, blood oozing from an ugly stab under his left arm. Mary tore off his sweater and bandaged the wound as best she could with strips torn from her muslin skirt. Then she tried to start the launch toward home.

But she did not know how to steer, and Mayo was past helping her. Minute by minute he seemed sinking into deeper stupor. Once or twice he stirred and mumbled: "Go home, Mary, love. Go, now. Beat it, honey-girl. Beat it!"

Finally she started the machinery. By amazing luck she swung the boat round and headed it up-stream. Beaten by rain and wind, she crouched at the wheel and urged the *Nixie* ahead. Peering into the blind night, her hands gripping the wheel, she forced her dizzy brain to plan.

The contract camp lay five miles up-stream, a hard, dangerous run through storm and darkness. The Brewitt farm lay three miles this side of the camp—only two miles away. She could take Mayo there. The Brewitts would give him shelter, however grudgingly. Moreover, by so doing, she would save herself from a measure of blame. It was not yet late; the Brewitts would not refuse her entrance. She would be thoroughly scolded, very like, on general principles, but that was the worst she need fear. But as for Mayo, the Brewitts could do nothing for his injuries. His stab wound must wait till morning for attention. They could never bring a doctor across the flooded country that night.

Should she push on to the camp, Mayo would receive prompt and skilful attention. The boss kept a full first-aid outfit, and had some knowledge of surgery. If she could once get him into the boss's hands, his chances of recovery would be ten to one against his chances at the Brewitts'. But she would have to spend the night there. And there was no woman at camp. Mrs. Clancy, she knew, had gone to the Landing for her Sunday.

She thought of Mrs. Brewitt's hateful threat. Her heart grew sick. To stay away the night, would mean homelessness. The Brewitts would turn her out. No chance of clemency there.

And once turned out—what then?

She had no other place to go. And Mayo would not want her any more. What he so adored in her was her purity. Ignorant child though she was, Mary understood that. More, he had commanded her to go ashore, to save her good name, even at the cost of leaving him. "Beat it, honey-girl! Beat it!" Even now he was moaning the words in his tormented sleep.

"'Make yourself cheap, and see how long he'll want you!'"

Her head reeled. Her heart turned to water.

Mayo tossed and muttered. She crept inside and bent close.

"What is it, Terry? Tell me."

"Go home, Mary. Go home." His dull tongue stumbled on the words.

"Go home, Mary. Go home." His dull eyes flared an instant awake. "Never mind—me. Go home—or you'll see trouble. Mrs. Brewitt— Beat it now, honey-girl. Beat it!"

Mary looked down at him—his splendid, prone body, his dark, coarse, handsome face, so blurred and marred with pain. Like every other human soul at some place on its dark earth-road, she stood confronted with a supreme choice. And like every other creature, she faltered back for support to the only past she knew.

Before her eyes lay Alice's dingy bedroom: Alice's battered, golden-oak bureau, Alice kneeling by it, to lift out the precious leatherette box, then the tiny frost-white embroidered dress, the pink satin shoes.

"Your folks must have been elegant people, Mary. Look at your mother's handiwork for you. And think of your father——"

Then, clear on her sight, Billy's dying face, Billy's tired, dying voice:

"An' mind you stand by him, Mary. Like Alice always stood by me——"

Oh, the supreme choice is not so hard to make, after all. When one has such traditions to lift one's shaken heart!

Her lips set. Her small white face shone with inward light. Black and craven was her piteous blood-inheritance, but love and faith had transmuted it to purest fire.

"Terry, you hear me. I won't give up. I'll stay by and take you on to camp. My folks weren't the kind that give up. Alice—Alice always stood by Billy. No matter what happened. And my own people—why, my father gave his life trying to save my mother. You needn't say any more, Terry. I'm going to stay by."

Again Mayo had fallen into lethargy. Mary hung out her lantern. Then she crouched at the steering-wheel. Pluckily the *Nixie* fought on up the river, against the heavy current, the thrashing wind.

They passed the Brewitt landing. Mary caught a gleam from an up-stairs window. Her heart trembled in her breast. To-morrow! But she leaned against the wheel. The boat forged on.

Two miles more: that was Lone Tree Point, revealed by a glimmer of lightning. Another mile and they would reach camp. But what could ail the launch? It was hardly crawling. Something was wrong with the engine. It missed fire, creaked, labored. Suddenly Mary cried out:

"No gasolene! Terry said we were short. Oh, if it just holds out till we get to camp——"

The engine stopped dead. An eddy caught the launch and swept it like a chip into a tangle of willows. Low branches slashed at Mary's face. Desperately she threw out the small anchor. It fell into a tangle of roots and held fast. Mary cried out for relief. At least they would be safe there. They would not be swept into midstream and, very like, capsized by floating timber. But now—no hope of reaching camp to-night.

The night long she sat by Mayo, her eyes never leaving his face, her little hand gripping his big, cold fingers, as if her passion would pour life into his exhausted veins. The storm raged on. At daybreak the rain still poured: the river had risen incredibly. Lashed among the willows, the launch rocked and heaved. Terry slept always, moaning in his sleep. From daybreak on, Mary knelt in the bow, peering out in vain hope that a steamer might pass. But no living being came their way. To their left rolled the swollen river. To their right stretched mile on mile of bottom-lands, flooded now three feet deep, and impassable as a bottomless swamp. They two were as remote, as utterly lost, as if they stood together on a drowned world.

Somewhere past noon Mary heard a far-away whistle. Away up-stream she saw a weft of smoke. Round the bend came the contract tug at full speed. Rumor had reached camp of the fight the night before. The boss himself had started out to search for Mayo.

Mary called and signalled. The steersman saw her. Two minutes more and she and Mayo were lifted aboard, and she was wrapped in the engineer's overcoat, and the boss had laid Mayo on a bunk and was binding up the deep stab with quick, skilful hands.

"He's not badly hurt, miss. Only the loss of blood. You've managed fine," said the boss kindly. "But we'll run on down to the Landing with him and put him on the train, and one of the men will take him up to Iowa to his own home. He'll get well at home quicker'n anywhere else. Now, where shall we take you?"

"The Landing will do as well as anywhere." Mary spoke dully.

"Mary!" Mayo stirred. His cavernous eyes opened full upon her. Slow amazement lit in that look. He spoke in a husk whisper. "Why are you here? Didn't you go home, like I told you? Were you on the boat with me all night?"

Mary's whole body seemed turning to lead. She could only stare back at him.

"Mary!" Under the bandages his ashy face was terrible. "I told you to go ashore. I told you to get back to the Brewitts. Mary! Didn't you obey me?" Deep anger shook him. "Didn't you *know*——"

Mary stumbled out of the room. Somehow she crawled to a stateroom near by and sank by the window. She was one throbbing pulse of agony now.

No use to go back to the Brewitts. She would find only closed doors. The Landing would do as well as any place. A few rich folks there kept hired girls. She might be able to find a place. Possibly the minister there would help her. Maybe not, though. The Brewitts were very influential. He might hesitate to befriend her on that account. Well, maybe he'd lend her the fare to St. Louis. Surely she could find work there. And Terry—Terry had wanted her for his wife. But she had given too much. She had thrown away what he most valued. He would not want her now. She need not dream——

The boss pushed open the door.

"Mayo wants you a minute, miss. He's pretty weak, but he's livenin' up right smart."

Mary stooped over the bunk. Weakly he grasped her hand.

"Mary!" Mayo's eyes burned on her. "You went off an' never answered me. You didn't stay by me all night! When I'd told you to beat it! I'd told you they'd turn you out!"

"I know." Mary spoke through stiff lips. "I couldn't help it, Terry. I had to stay with you."

"But——"

"It'll be all right, Terry. I'll go to the Landing. I'll get a job. I'll get along."

"You'll go to the Landing? You'll get a job? What are you talking about? What in blazes——?"

He stopped, gasping with a wrench of pain. Mary smiled back at him with white, unflinching lips.

"You're going home, Terry. To your mother, to get well. And I'll go to work somewhere. I'll get along all right. Don't you worry."

"I'm going home, yes. Right straight up to me mother. So are you. Mary, what are you hangin' back for? What's vexin' you, sweet? Tell me."

"It—it doesn't matter." But Mayo had caught the anguish in her eyes. Terrible and piteous understanding flashed through his numb brain. With a cry he sprang from the bunk. He snatched the little, cowering, trembling figure in his arms.

"Mary, Mary! You loveliest! You dearest! Oh, you little— You blessed little *fool!*"

Mary's head swam. Her sight grew dim. She felt only Mayo's lips on her cheek, his sobbing whisper in her ear.

"And you thought I was such a beast as all that! You saved my life, you sat by me the whole night long, you threw away the one home you've got, just to keep the breath in my worthless body. And you thought then that I'd throw you away! Because you'd stood by me in trouble! Because you'd chanced your white name for me. Mary, Mary! You —you precious little mutt, you! Ain't my house, that I built with my own hands, fine enough for you, say? Ain't my mother's heart big enough to hold us both? Mary, Mary, my wife! You'll stand by me always? You'll go with me always, wherever it be?"

Mary raised her head. Her face shone on him like a white star.

"I'll go wherever you say, Terry. And I'll stand by you always. Forever and forever," said Alice's child.



He would not want her now. She need not dream . . .—Page 345.



General von Haussmann and Mr. Archibald.

THE NEW CONDITIONS IN WAR

AS SEEN FROM THE GERMAN SIDE

By James F. J. Archibald

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

IT seemed to me rather curious that the first shot I saw fired in this great European war, after I arrived at the front, should have been aimed at an aeroplane and be fired from an automobile, for it brought me suddenly to face with an entirely new order of things. This is my first campaign of importance since the advent of aviation and the first in a country where the automobile can play an important rôle. I have seen both aeroplanes and automobiles used in manœuvres, but I had no conception of the extent of their importance in warfare. I therefore received a distinct shock on that afternoon, a month ago, when I saw a French monoplane circle quickly over our heads and saw the puffs of shrapnel breaking all around it while the German gunners attempted to bring it down as a party of

hunters would attempt to bag a partridge. Since that day in the field I have seen many daring examples of aerial scouting, but nothing which has given me the thrill that I received the first afternoon in Saint Mihiel.

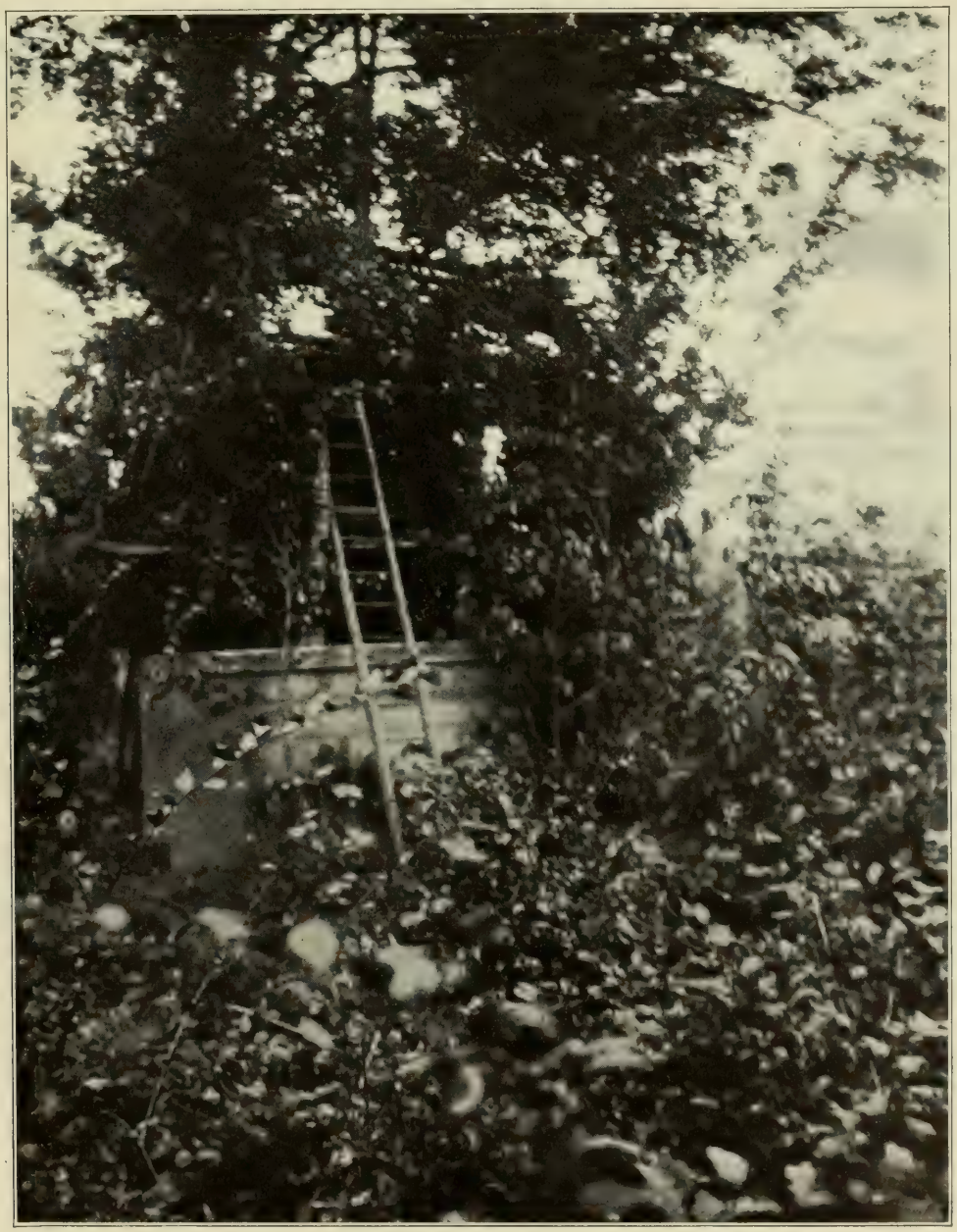
I had only remained four days in Berlin when I received permission to proceed to the front, and was instructed to report to Friedrichstrasse railway-station on a certain morning at eight o'clock, where I was met by a staff-officer, who accompanied me to Metz. Commander Gherardi, the naval attaché to the American embassy, was also of the party, and when we arrived at Metz we were given an automobile and taken to various points of interest along the entire left wing. Here I might incidentally mention that never, in my many years' experience as a war correspondent, have I received such considerate treatment as from both the Austrian and German military authorities. My good friend Richard Harding Davis (of the enemy) has written that the day of the war correspondent is past, but he should have taken seats in the other grand-stand, for on our side we have been shown all that we could expect and given every possible liberty within military reason. Their methods of handling the "necessary evil" of correspondents are so well ordered that I shall some time write fully of them. The operations around Verdun and Toul were at the moment of the greatest importance in this military division, and therefore, on the first day, we were hurried forward to the advanced lines at Saint Mihiel, where a thin wedge of blood and steel had penetrated the great ring of French forts.



German trenches covered to protect them from aerial observation.

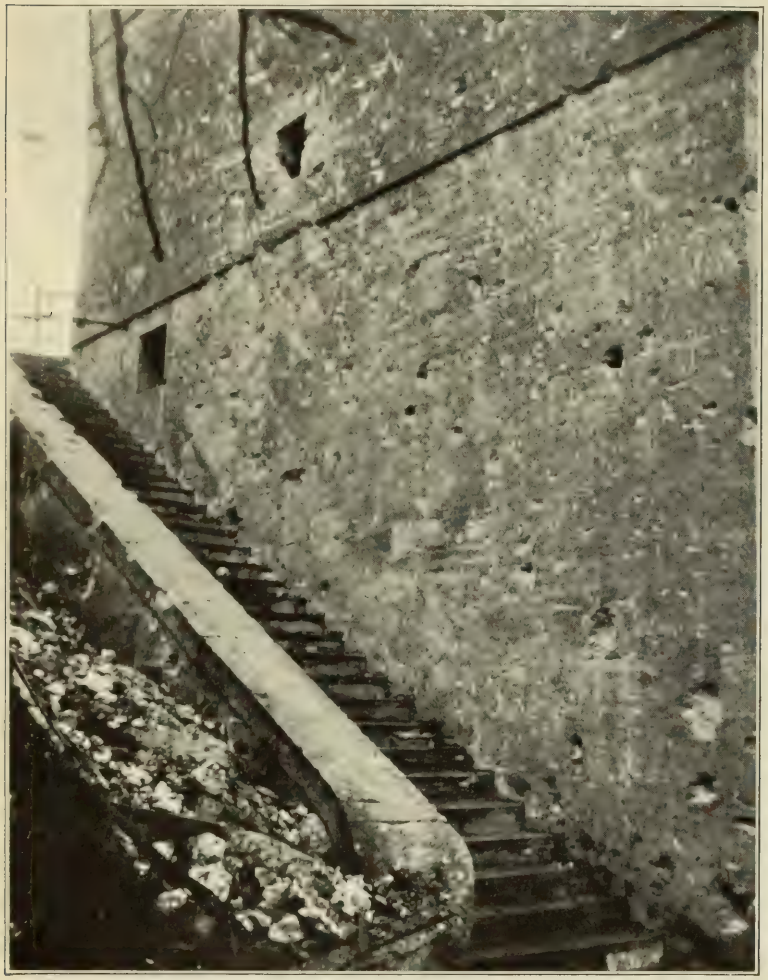
I had already pictured in my mind the enormous bodies of troops comprising this vast army, and as we approached the main position I felt that I had been cheated, for, with the exception of a few straggling battalions and an occasional supply-train, there was no army anywhere

to be seen. There were more than two million men somewhere in the vicinity, and yet there were but a few thousand in evidence. I could not believe that we were at the front. I felt sure that we were being deceived by the genial Oberlieutenant Kliever of the General Staff, who conducted us into the active zone of operations. There was no use to ask any one regarding the disposition of the forces, for the only answer would be a shrug of the shoulders and an apparently sincere "Ich weis nicht." Perhaps they did not know, but certainly I did not. When that first French aeroplane soared over our heads, I realized that I was seeing an entirely new phase of warfare, new conditions and new problems. I then realized why I had seen no troops. They were hidden under the cover of the many thick forests which beautify the hills of France. The entire German army had burrowed itself into these hills as a hunted animal would hide from a hawk. When the army moved, it came out from its cover at night or during the gray mist of the morning. When it struck, it was when the air above was free of the watching eye of the aerial observer. I shall never forget my feeling when I first ap-



German outpost lookout on the front line of trenches screened against aerial observation.

proached one of those forests which gave cover to the tens of thousands of the ever-ready German soldiery. It was between Thiaucourt and Pont-à-Mousson, where the German left wing turned sharply to the west above Nancy. I had been invited to the headquarters of the great cavalry leader, General von Haussmann, and as we approached the line of trenches we left our motor-car and made our way cautiously across a great open plain toward a dense forest. There was not a soldier, horse, or gun in sight in any direction. Across a heavy, ploughed field we tramped until we were within a few paces of the woods, when gradually I made out the indistinct forms of men under the trees. The forms took shape and the gray mass was seen to move like a swarm of bees clustered under a tree branch. At first I made out a small group, then another farther on, until suddenly the whole wood seemed fairly teeming with the gray, ghostlike figures. A staff-officer met us at the edge of the wood and conducted us back into the dark recesses under the trees, where we found a great camp of many thousands.



Effect of shrapnel fire in a French village.

The headquarters of the general and his staff were comfortably built huts of pine boards. The windows and doors had been borrowed from a near-by village, and on the walls were odd bits of decorations ranging from horseshoes to cuckoo-clocks. So cleverly was that cavalry division hidden that a hostile aeroplane might pass over the forest time after time and not discover its presence. A little farther down the line we visited the artillery positions, and again I realized that we must learn the game of war all over again from a new beginning.

The day before, I had noticed wagon after wagon on the road to the front loaded with pine lumber, inch boards and two-by-four scantling. I could not imagine what such great quantities of lumber had to do with an active advance, but when I saw those field-guns in position I discovered what it all meant. Every gun was carefully covered with a little houselike structure of boards, while the top was completely covered with sod and earth. The floor of the gun-house was about a foot below the level of the ground, and the muzzle of the gun stuck only about a foot out of what might be called the front window. The gunners sat inside the hut and were served with ammunition through a covered trench. The infantry supports were also living in most comfortable, houselike trenches, which were, in some cases, permanently built of logs and timber with such a heavy covering of earth on top that they acted as bomb-proofs against the rain of shell falling almost incessantly from the French artillery. One of the most important developments of the use of the aeroplane, as far as artillery is concerned, is that the guns now do more indirect



Results of shell-fire in Longwy, France, directed by aeroplane.

firing than ever before. That is, they are stationed well behind a hill or a wood and fire over it at a greater range, depending upon the aerial direction of their scouts for ranges and distances. When a position is to be shelled an aviator hovers over that position and from a great height his observer watches the result of the firing. He then sails back over his own lines and drops a little form, not unlike a telegraph-blank, upon which he makes the necessary notes to correct any error in range or period of the explosion of the shrapnel. I saw one of these little reports just after it was handed to the general commanding, and I was amazed at the accuracy of the drawing. The report had been made in the air at an altitude of several thousand feet, but it showed perfectly the position of two batteries of the enemy's field-artillery and also their position as compared to the river and a near-by church tower. The wonderful maps of the German General Staff gave the artillery commander the exact range to a yard, and in a few moments the German guns had silenced the French batteries. Of course, I do not know from personal observation what precautions the French took to cover their pieces, but the German staff-officers say that they have been somewhat negligent in the matter, and in many cases it has cost them dearly.

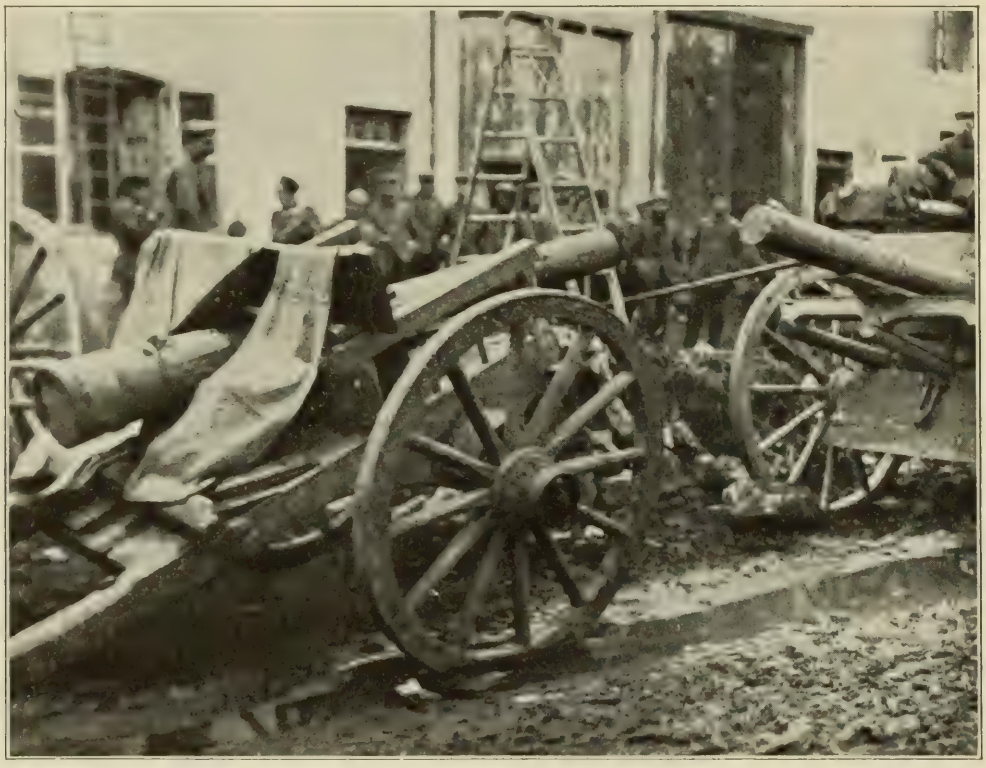


Automobile detailed with two men to Commander Gherardi and Mr. Archibald.

The new conditions have caused a revival of one of the oldest tricks in warfare: that of

showing dummy guns along the front so that the aviators may be misled into false reports and therefore misdirect the artillery-fire. I saw many of these dummy guns which had been captured from the enemy and I also saw a couple of very clever imitations of the great mortar batteries which have done such marvellous work for the Austrians and Germans, made from barrels mounted on huge wheels of old trucks. These mock batteries were in well-built emplacements, and surrounded by all of the necessary equipment to make them appear quite real. They were even partially covered by branches of trees so that, in a photograph taken from an aeroplane, they would look as though they had been imperfectly screened. Some artillery officers showed me, with apparent amusement and relish, many scars in the ground around one of these dummy batteries which was placed in the open behind the hill upon which stood one of the Austrian thirty-one-centimetre batteries. The scars were made by the exploding shells fired at the dummy battery, the range of which had evidently been ascertained by an aerial scout. The real battery was well shielded in some thick woods at a closer range to the French guns, and therefore the shells went directly over their position.

The operations along the entire west front of the German line have settled into what really amounts to a siege of the splendid chain of French forts, so there is ample time in every case for these preparations to be very thorough.



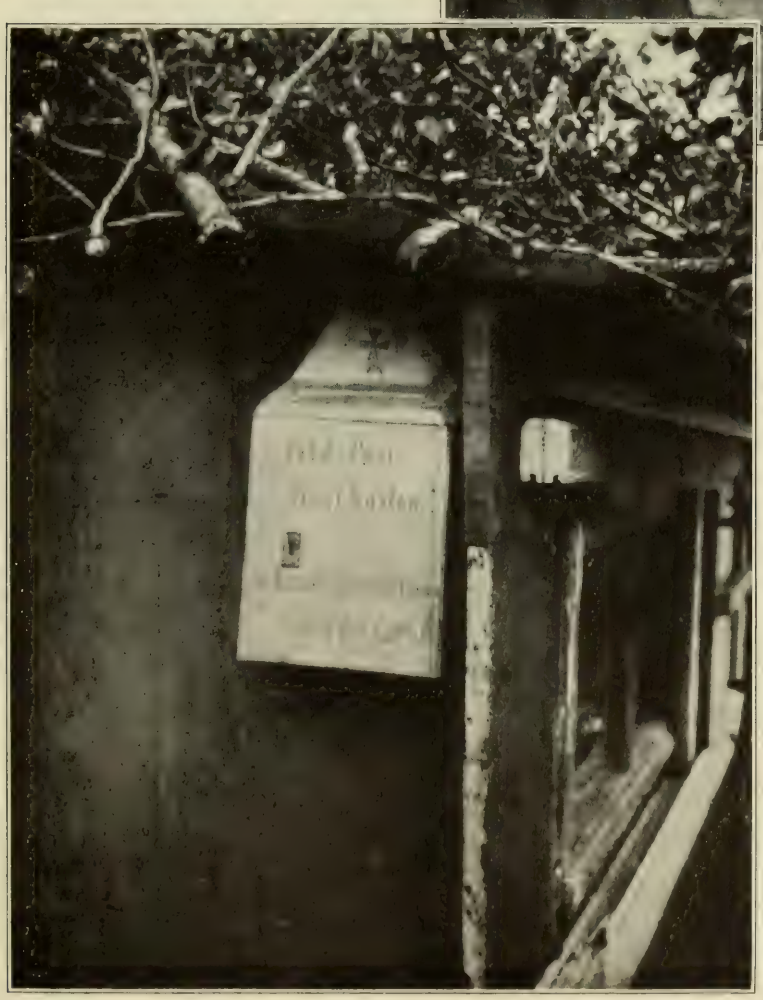
Captured dummy guns used by French to mislead aeronauts.

In the matter of bomb-dropping from aeroplanes, this campaign has not developed anything of great importance, as the accuracy of the aim is greatly impaired by the enormous altitude at which the aviators must work to avoid shell and rifle fire. The aeronautic corps of each army has done a little bomb-dropping, but on the whole the result has been of very little importance, as the danger radius of a bomb such as is carried by an aeroplane is very small. It is an entirely different matter, however, when the bombs are dropped from the great dirigibles, for their carrying capacity is so much greater that the charge can be of such enormous strength that it will be of material offensive power. Apart from the actual damage, the moral effect caused by these newly invented carriers of death and destruction is of the greatest possible value. There has been a great storm of objection

raised by many who apparently do not realize the full import of war and who consider bomb-throwing from aeroplanes or dirigibles into a city as outside the code of civilized warfare. There is no question, however, as to the immense value of the moral effect obtained if an army is able occasionally to drop a bomb into the cities of an enemy at war. The mental attitude has a great bearing on the defeat or victory of a country, and if that mental strain can be kept continually near the breaking-point by the use of bombs it certainly is of actual value. It is undeniably unfortunate that occasionally the innocent bystander is hurt, but if those who feel



General von Haussmann's headquarters.



Mail-box at headquarters.

that this form of warfare is unjust could follow the advance of an army and see village after village and town after town unexpectedly shelled by the advancing artillery, they would then realize that the onlooker has no place in the theatre of war. There are times when a besieging commander has the opportunity of warning the non-combatants, but it is not the case in bomb-dropping. Antwerp and Paris have been kept in constant dread of an aerial attack, and both have experienced it many times. That dread has been of material benefit to the Germans. London is almost in darkness every night as a preventive measure, and the

very gloom has its influence on the mind of every recruit and every statesman. They may not realize that its effect is depressing, but it is so, nevertheless. That is the great moral effect which I mean. It is unfortunate that this new condition makes it possible and even necessary to wage war on the unoffending non-combatant, but it is a fact, and it is a method of warfare that is not going to be stopped, but, on the contrary, will be developed to the utmost degree. This dropping of bombs on cities has the same effect on the inhabitants that is produced all along the fighting-line by the continual night fire of the artillery. It simply keeps the enemy from resting, and the nervous strain on the mind is a part of the terrible toll of war. After all, war is really waged on the minds of the women, for it is the women who suffer most in these great conflicts.



General von Haussmann at his headquarters in the woods.
The plate under the horseshoe is a steel breastplate taken from a French prisoner.

The French have developed a new phase of attack upon troops from aeroplanes, which is ingenious and at times might be effective, although I have not been able to discover a case where more than one or two men have been killed. They use a small steel arrow or dart about four inches long. These darts are about as large around as the modern rifle-bullet, pointed and solid at one end for about two inches. The other end has four light flanges which act as do the feathers on an arrow. A great number of these darts are dropped from the aeroplane when it is directly over a position and are not unlike a volley of rifle-fire. As they fall, the heavy, pointed end naturally gravitates downward, steadied by the lighter, fractured end, and when dropped from a great height strike the earth at an incredible velocity. Specimens are very rare, indeed, because they go so deeply into the earth that they are not found except when they strike a log or heavy piece of wood.

The use of the automobile in the present-day warfare is almost as spectacular and quite as interesting as that of the aero-



Ammunition-shed showing branches to screen it from aeroplanes.

plane. Before the war broke out Germany and Austria-Hungary had well-organized volunteer automobile corps, and when hostilities began a great many of the sporting set of both countries volunteered with their cars. If any of them thought that it would be a comfortable and comparatively easy way to render their service they were soon disillusioned, for it has been proved that the automobile corps is a far more dangerous service than any other branch of the army, not even excepting the flying contingent. There has been a much greater percentage of loss among the automobilists than in any other arm of the service. The reason, when one stops to consider, is most obvious. Automobiles are used for scouting and for messenger service and must go into every quarter of the field of operations. In former times when an aide-de-camp carried a despatch to a distant commander he could choose his route, and in time of danger could take any convenient cover. But to-day the automobilists must take such roads as the country affords and cannot leave them for a short cut across fields, nor can he jump the fence and escape an oncoming enemy. Another reason the automobilist's work is more dangerous than that of the mounted aide is that the noise of his motor proclaims his approach in no uncertain terms. In spite of all its dangers and difficulties, the automobile service has, however, become indispensable to army commanders by reason of its speed. At this day men are sacrificed by twos and fours for scouting purposes; where before an entire troop of cavalry or company of infantry would be sent, the same mission is now performed in less time by one automobile.

The equipment of the cars of the active motor corps now afield is exceedingly interesting and is being improved each day by the inventive genius of the various members of that particular branch of the service. Every car in both the Austro-Hungarian and the German service has a rifle for each occupant. These rifles are carried in a rack built in some convenient position on the running-board,

where they may be reached at a moment's notice. The change of tires is, of course, a very important problem, and in practically every case spare wheels are used, as it would mean death to stop to change tires, even with detachable rims, while under fire. Spare gasolene-tanks are also carried on the running-board. One of the most interesting essentials of equipment is the system of wire-cutters attached to how few of the cars are equipped with powerful hand search-lights which can be turned in any direction and also that not once have I seen one of the volunteer cars equipped with a rapid-fire gun. I am sure the cars in an American military motor corps would be more thoroughly up to date in this respect. Of course, it would be easier for us, as the use of electricity is far more general here than it is in Europe.



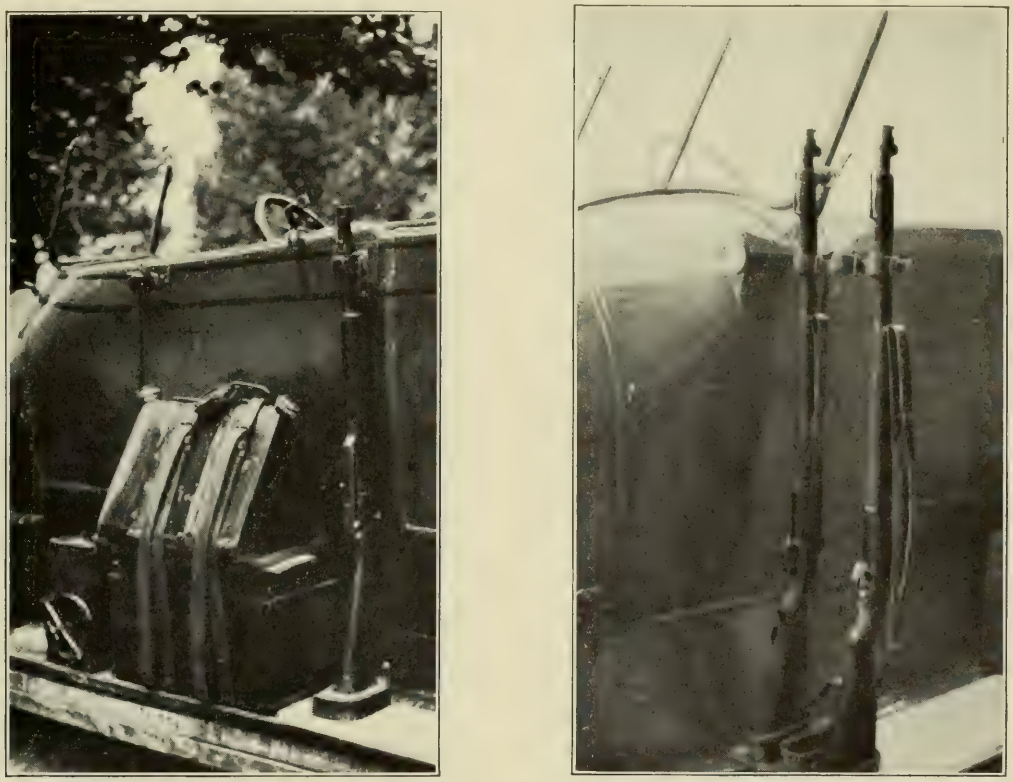
Ober-lieutenant Kliever and little French children near Longwy, France.

every car called upon to do work in an enemy's country. It was found that the inhabitants of some of the invaded territory were in the habit of stretching a wire across the roads at night, which, if not discovered, was liable to prove fatal to one or more occupants of a fast-moving motor-car. Nearly every car now used at the front has a long steel, knife-like bar fixed over the hood and wind-shield reaching from a point a few inches from the ground in front of the car back up over the driver. By this means a wire across the road would be scooped up just as the cow-catcher of one of our engines throws off any object on the track. As the motor rushes on it cuts the wire or rope on the sharp edge of the protecting knife. In some cases there is an automatic clipper at the top of the steel rod which severs the obstructing line.

I have been rather astonished to note

The secretary of war, Mr. Garrison, took up the matter of an American motor corps just before this war began, along lines which I suggested after having seen the Austrian corps in manœuvres, and I am positive that the reports of our military observers in Europe will bear out the necessity of such an organization. I do not want my cavalry friends to think that I suggest that the day of the horse in war is over, for it is far from the fact, but the "benzine lieutenant," as they call the officers of the motor corps, will certainly do the major portion of the real work of war from now on. It must be remembered that the very first advance of the invasion of Belgium was done in automobiles. Not only do the motor-cars play an important rôle in this war, but also the motor-cycles have their share of the work to do, and that work is often of the most dangerous character.

Apart from the spectacular, dashing corps of motor messengers, the plodding motor-trucks play a terribly earnest part in the great tragedy of war. Supplies are being brought up in surprisingly short order; ammunition reserve is now many miles farther back of the line than ever before; in fact, the whole scheme of transport and commissary has been revolutionized by the advent of the gasolene-driven vehicle.

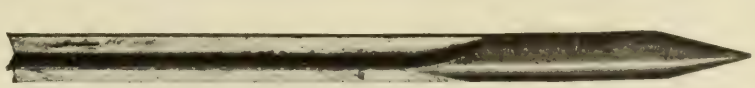


Method employed by Germans of carrying arms and extra gasolene-tanks on motor-cars.

One of the most interesting features of this new service is a complete steam laundry in three motor-trucks which are drawn up side by side, connected by lowering side doors, and so making a gangway and forming the three trucks into what is really one room. These field laundries have a capacity of ten thousand pieces a day, and every German army corps has one with its transport.

Great motor-omnibuses from the big cities have been turned into hospital tenders. The back has been removed and twelve cots or litters replace the old interior furnishings. The use of the motor-vehicles as Red Cross ambulances allows the field-hospitals to be established much farther from the actual line than heretofore and obviates the necessity of frequent movement of the wounded on account of the changes in the position of the army.

The greatest achievement of all, however, is the marvellous Austrian motor battery, which has been a complete surprise to the military world. Great thirty-one-centimetre guns of incredible power and range are mounted on motor-trucks and are therefore so mobile that each gun is equal to at least five horse-drawn guns of the old type. All of the ammunition, supply, and forage wagons are motor-drawn. Even the men who serve the batteries are comfortably accommodated in trucks so that the entire battery is entirely independent of any other transportation than its own. These guns are to



Aeroplane dart used by French.
About three-quarters actual size.

an army what the great turret-guns of a battleship are to the navy. Nothing can withstand them and no gun the enemy has can outrange them.

This has certainly been a "gasolene war," but, above all, it should be taken as a lesson to our nation. It has been proved that no nation has the right to neglect building military motor-roads to every part of its domain.

BELGIUM

By Benj. Paul Blood

A VIRGIN whose heroic mould
O'ershadowed death with graver harm,
To bar the portal of her hold
Thrust in the hasps her naked arm.
. . . . . .
Oh, dauntless maid, of faith inwrought,
That fortune's worst for virtue braved—
So quaintly fair, but now distraught,
A ruin but for honor saved,—

Oh, trampled sister of the race,
The elder Brother knows thy call;
Thou'lt share His guerdon of the grace
That, falling, stays another's fall.

Ye battling Powers, of battle birth,
Whose flaming tongues through rifled steel
Preach War's evangel, "earth to earth,"
O'er altars where the front files kneel,

Your bale-fires paint the murderous van
With gouts of red: the Hours unfold
A rubric where the wrath of man
Shall praise Him for this HEART of GOLD.
. . . . . .
Wild bells that muffling laurel wreathes,
How far your pæan thrills the years!
God help us, that while Valor breathes
The Soul shall laugh, though drowned in tears.

THE WAR FROM AN AMERICAN POINT OF VIEW

By George B. McClellan

Former Mayor of New York City; Professor of Economic History in Princeton University

EVER since the beginning of the war the English and Germans have been unceasing in their efforts to influence American public opinion. Friendly newspapers have been supplied with carefully edited news, books favorable to one or other of the belligerents have been put upon the market, while distinguished men have flooded the press with their arguments and travelled the country in speech-making and lecture tours. Because of her command of the seas, which permitted her early in the war to cut the only cable under German control, Great Britain has possessed a great advantage over her chief opponent in being able to censor and color in her own interest all the cable news and much of the mail matter that we have received. On the other hand, Germany has conducted an extremely able campaign, in view of her handicap of having no cable and using a language other than ours.

Unfortunately, many of us have been so influenced by the extremely clever German and English efforts to capture our sympathies that we have lost our sense of proportion and assumed an attitude of open belligerency on one side or the other entirely inconsistent with our national position as neutrals in the war. Let us show our heartfelt compassion to the unhappy Belges and aid them to the limit of our means, let us give our sympathy and our admiration to either side we please, to the French and to the British for their dashing valor and for the magnificent stand they have made, or to the Germans for their marvellous efficiency and courage, but in doing so let us never forget that as neutrals we owe our first duty to our own country.

In these days of intense war partisanship it is not only morally and spiritually wholesome, but it is also patriotic, if we occasionally forget that we are either German or French sympathizers, Russian or Austrian advocates, or even that we were once British colonials, as some of us have never ceased to be, and only remember that we are Americans. If we were to keep that fact constantly in mind we should not only help in some small degree in upholding our President in his very difficult and exceedingly patriotic task of maintaining neutrality, but as Americans we should see clearly enough through the smoke of battle to learn a much-needed lesson for our future national guidance. There are some generous souls who insist that neutrality is cowardice, that there is a higher duty than that which we owe to country, and that is the duty we owe to civilization. They would, therefore, have us throw national interests to the winds and embark upon a war in behalf of what they consider the cause of civilization; that is, they would have us join in the fighting on the side which they favor, regardless of the fact that we can better serve civilization by best serving our own country. Moreover, we are rapidly placing the United States beyond the possibility of being of any use to Europe at the close of the war.

It is becoming more probable every day that there will be no overwhelming victory on either side, and it is possible that before long the belligerents will be glad to accept the good offices of a neutral power in bringing about peace. But as mediator no power will be acceptable that has not been really neutral. Neither side will consent to the arbitration of a government whose people have been violently partisan during the war. Unmeasured and unreasoning abuse accomplishes nothing but injury to the cause it is intended to help.

There has recently been much insistence that it is our duty as one of the signers of the thirteen conventions and one declara-

tion adopted at the Second Hague Conference, in 1907, to protest against any violation of their terms by any of the belligerents. As a matter of fact, none of these conventions or the declaration "apply excepting between contracting powers and then only if all the belligerents are parties" (British Foreign Office, Misc. No. 6, 1908). The conventions involved were not ratified by all the belligerents in the present war, and are therefore neither morally nor legally binding upon any of those who did ratify. If we are to interfere in the affairs of Europe we must find some other reason than what occurred at the last Hague Conference, for The Hague conventions and declaration of 1907 fall of their own weight, and, if they mean anything at all, mean that they have no present application.

Those who, in the interests of what they call the higher duty, are seeking to embroil the United States in the European war, in their zeal for the ambitions of countries not their own, lose sight of the fact that they are imperilling the interests and the happiness of a hundred millions of Americans. What these ambitions are is, of course, open to an honest difference of opinion. All the belligerents claim to have been forced into the war and to be fighting in the cause of righteousness against a false and perjured foe. The question of who first attacked whom, of whose troops first crossed whose frontier, is not of so much importance to us neutrals as are the fundamental causes which brought about the war. If we can arrive at even an approximation of what those causes were we may be able to determine on which side, if either, our true interests lie.

To assume that the present war is the work of any one man or any group of men is to permit prejudice to warp judgment and to allow sympathy to befog a clear understanding of the facts. The real cause of the war must be sought more deeply than in the ambitions of any individual or of any single caste. The spark that set all Europe ablaze may have been lighted by individual action, but the train was laid and the conflagration set long before either Wilhelm II of Hohenzollern, or Franz Ferdinand of Este, or Sir Edward Grey of England had become figures of international importance.

Ever since the wars of the French Revolution the history of the white man's world has been moulded by one all-inspiring, ever and everywhere dominant force, the spirit of nationality. The rise of that spirit as a world-compelling power is not only one of the most extraordinary features of modern development, but is the most interesting and characteristic phenomenon of the period in which we live. Whether we sympathize with it or not, whether we believe that it has been and is a force for good or evil, we must concede that the spirit of nationality has been the inspiration of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. It has been the dominant note, the *leit motif* running through all the comings and goings, the doings and strivings, political and economic, of all the peoples of the Western world for more than a hundred years. In these days of materialism and disbelief it has been for thousands the only ideal that they knew. Many a man who has denied his God has given his life and his all for his flag.

According to the doctrine of nationality, political conditions are intolerable unless states and nationalities are conterminous, and ordinarily it insists that races should be governed as distinct units by themselves.

By it and because of it, during the last hundred years, Europe has been entirely transformed. It brought into being the German Empire, modern Italy, Greece, and Hungary. It awoke the Panslavic sentiment, created the Balkan states, and drove the Turk almost out of Europe.

Long before the French Revolution conditions were ripe for the creation of the nation, and Europe was ready for the touch of the enchanter's wand.

The ragged army with which Dumouriez won Jemappes called into being the modern spirit of nationality. Frenchmen suddenly awoke to the realization that there was a France which was not an appanage of the crown, which was not the property of the Bourbon lilies, but which was the birthright of her sons, the heritage and possession of all Frenchmen, to be fought for, to be died for, and to be lived for.

The men of the Revolution believed it to be their mission to force their doctrines and ideas upon Europe, just as, later, Napoleon believed it to be his mission to

force his rule upon the world. And the countries of Europe, realizing that if they were to live free from France they must fight each for itself, as an independent unit, sprang to the fray inspired by the new spirit of nationality evoked by French world ambition. The moment that it was conceded that the people might rule themselves in their own way the spirit of nationality became more self-assertive. Masses of men having the same interests, the same hopes, the same ideals, naturally tended to separate from those who differed from them, while groups of men with like interests strove to join themselves together.

This new spirit of nationality has been criticised as being egotistic, as being the utmost limit of calculating, cold-blooded selfishness.

Unfortunately, human nature has always been more or less selfish. Yet as time has passed and as humanity has moved forward and upward in its evolution the selfishness of the individual has tended more and more to be absorbed in the selfishness of the group.

The impelling motive of humanity during its evolution from the village to the nation has been group or class selfishness, constantly growing broader as the unit of organization has increased in size.

Every nation on earth has been striving for years, in its own way, to realize to the full its national aspirations by uniting within itself all the component parts of its nationality and by making of itself a self-contained whole, just as in the ages past the territorial states, the cities, and the villages, excluding the stranger without their boundaries, strove to make themselves independent of their neighbors.

The necessary corollary of this aspiration has been the policy of territorial expansion followed during the last thirty or forty years by all the Western nations, as well as by Japan, at the expense of the dark-skinned races. The nations have tried to satisfy their need for land with an utter disregard of the feelings and rights of their victims, while often seeking to gloss their acts with an equal disregard of ingenuousness.

Most have claimed that they were conferring a great benefit upon their new subjects by introducing them to the blessings of a civilization dignified by such grandiose names as Kultur, Japanese progress, and the English mind, as in the case of Persia, whose independence was snuffed out by Great Britain and Russia; Egypt, pocketed by Great Britain alone; Bosnia and Herzegovina, taken by Austria-Hungary; and the Congo Free State, stolen by Belgium and subjected by that country to horrors of cruelty and misgovernment. When the civilization of the conquered is very similar to that of the conqueror, as in the cases of the South African republics, Korea, and Finland, appropriated, respectively, by Great Britain, Japan, and Russia, the resort has usually been had to the excuse that the government of the conquered is corrupt and needs reform.

Germany's violation of the neutrality of Belgium and Japan's violation of the neutrality of China in the present war, like Great Britain's violation of the neutrality of the Portuguese colony of Lourenço Marques during the Boer War, all absolutely unjustified, were all excused and explained by pettifogging quibbles tending to lend a respectable hue to piracy and to make Captain Kidd seem honest. This spirit of hypocrisy has been largely confined to the Teutonic nations, the Latins having been much more open in frankly acknowledging that they have been influenced by no altruistic motives in striving for their territorial conquests. After reading, *ad nauseam*, of the German desire to spread German Kultur and of the whole-hearted and unselfish efforts of the British to disseminate the English mind, it is refreshing to find that France has acquired her enormous colonial empire with neither apology nor excuse and that Italy has appropriated Tripoli and Cyrenaica simply because she coveted them.

Nevertheless, the underlying cause of the European land lust has not been altogether ignoble. In their struggle for national self-sufficiency—in other words, in their efforts to completely realize their national ideals—the nations have felt the imperative need of national territorial expansion so as to provide for surplus population and surplus products. The boundaries of Europe being rigid, the expansion has had to take place across the seas, and it has been for a place in the sun, or rather

for many places in the sun, that each nation recently has been striving.

Modern economic, industrial, and scientific progress has been so extraordinary that population and production have increased beyond all expectation, making the problem of caring for surplus products and surplus people a very vital one.

The greatest colonial empire of them all, that of Great Britain, won by devotion and self-sacrifice as well as by craft and blood and iron, has been to her of absolute necessity under the doctrine of nationality. For at home she is wofully deficient both in supplies for her people and her industries and in demand for her people and her products.

France, still chiefly an agricultural country with a falling birth-rate and a very slowly growing population from immigration, has nevertheless felt the need of new markets for her surplus products, and so in her case also, from the nationalistic point of view, a colonial empire has been an absolute necessity.

It has been said that while France has colonies she has no colonists; that Great Britain has both colonies and colonists, but that Germany, while having colonists, has no colonies.

Germany came late to the game of land-grabbing, only to find most of the desirable white men's colonies already absorbed. Her population and her industrial production were increasing constantly and enormously, so that it became evident, long before the close of the last century, that if Germany was to retain the allegiance of her surplus population and market her surplus products under the German flag—in other words, if she was to realize her ambition of national self-sufficiency—she must bestir herself in the acquisition of colonial possessions. Germany has stolen less land than other nations because she did not feel the need until too late. If she had had the opportunity, it is probable that as a land thief her record would have been as sinister as that of Great Britain, and it is even possible that her colonial misgovernment might have been as wicked as that of Belgium in the Congo.

Until some three months ago many of us were under the impression that national boundaries were, in great measure, only geographical expressions and that the dawn of a universal brotherhood of man was not far distant. Those of us who held this comfortable belief predicated it upon the universality of commerce and banking and credit, on the vast system of commercial treaties that covered the world, and on the apparently excellent understanding existing among all the states of the earth.

The events of last August rudely dispelled the dream, and people awoke to the fact that nations had been dealing with each other, not because they wanted to, but because they had to; that the apparent internationalism of the last quarter of a century was due to the force of economic necessity and not to the call of human brotherhood; and that the all-powerful spirit of nationality tends to national selfishness and exclusiveness.

In the same way the recent political alliances of Europe came into being for the purpose of individual aggrandizement and national development and not because the high contracting powers had any particular love for each other or altruistic interest in each other's welfare.

The so-called Three Emperors' League ceased to exist in 1879, as soon as Russia learned that Germany and Austria had formed an offensive and defensive alliance chiefly aimed against her. Under Bismarck Germany's commercial ambitions were directed down the Danube toward Asia Minor. Austria-Hungary was essential to his policy, and Austria-Hungary became and has since remained the devoted and humble friend of Germany, once more, economically at least, the east mark (der Österreich) of the empire. In 1882 the Triple Alliance was completed by the adhesion of Italy, driven into the arms of Germany by her quarrel with France, due to the latter's annexation of Tunis, upon which Italy had cast longing eyes. Since then, upon its expiration, the Triple Alliance has been constantly renewed. Under its terms the three contracting powers agree to defend each other in case of attack. It may be said, in passing, that Italy's neutrality in the present war is based upon the theory that both Germany and Austria were the aggressors.

In 1895 Russia and France, who for some years had been gravitating to one another, came together in the so-called

Dual Alliance, like the Triple Alliance, organized for mutual defense. In 1904 England and France reached a diplomatic understanding, as did England and Russia in 1907. The Dual Alliance thus became what is called the Triple Entente (or Triple Understanding), like the Triple Alliance, a mutually defensive undertaking. Japan subsequently adhered to the Entente by entering into defensive treaties, limited to the East, with Great Britain and France and forming a close alliance with Russia.

It is as absurd to say that the seven great powers grouped themselves because of international likings or racial sympathies as it is to assume that either of the great alliances was brought into existence as a purely protective and peaceful force.

A Barnum's happy family containing in one alliance perfidious Albion, the land of the Corsican, "the Bear that looks like a man," and that Bear's tamer is no more unnatural or preposterous than one including Italy and her hereditary enemy, Austria, and the latter's conqueror, Germany.

The powers grouped themselves, not as they might have liked, but as best they could, in the interests of their aspirations for complete nationality. Each had some definite end in view, the accomplishment of which in the comparatively near future was deemed by it of vital importance in the cause it had most at heart. Each knew that, in reaching this end, war with its chief industrial and commercial and political rivals was an almost absolute certainty, that victory was almost a condition precedent to complete national success. Therefore, for the past quarter of a century each has been playing for its own hand, feverishly preparing for the war which all Europe has believed to be inevitable.

Great Britain long ago realized that her world supremacy was seriously threatened by the marvellous industrial progress of Germany. Accordingly, her century-old policy of maintaining the largest navy afloat was accentuated, and she enunciated the principle, to which she has for some years adhered, of having a fleet larger than that of any two other nations. Her jealousy and hatred of Germany, as expressed on the platform and in the press, have been so evident that it has been perfectly obvious for whose benefit the fleet was being supported. The old hatred and fear of Russia were forgotten in the new and stronger hatred and fear of Germany.

France has never concealed her ambition to recover Alsace and Lorraine. "La Revanche" has been the watchword that has guided and governed her statecraft ever since the last war. Added to this has been the further inducement to war of the evident desire of Germany to interfere with French ambitions in Africa. French military writers have never concealed their hope that the moment France was ready war would be declared against Germany, the *casus belli* having been given as long ago as 1871 in the annexation of the two Reichsländer.

Russia, having put herself at the head of the Panslavic movement, has insisted that the accomplishment of Russian nationality was dependent upon the realization of the Panslavic dream. This in its turn required the destruction of the thoroughly artificial Austro-Hungarian Empire and the release from bondage of the Slavic peoples subject to the house of Hapsburg.

Besides, for nearly a century Russia has never ceased to strive for the possession of a door to the open sea, an ice-free harbor on the Pacific and an entrance to the Mediterranean; Dalny in the one case, Constantinople in the other.

Japan fo a generation has been ready and anxious to fight all comers as a means of establishing herself as a first-class power in the family of nations; like an ambitious young prize-fighter, she is seeking to acquire "a reputation."

Of the members of the Triple Alliance, Germany has been preparing for war for the purpose of winning her place in the sun, colonies as an outlet for German men and products. She has reciprocated Great Britain's hatred and for years looked forward to the day of British humiliation. Italy has been doing all in her power to complete her national aspirations by spreading her people and her language around the Mediterranean; while Austria-Hungary has been getting ready for the absorption of more Slav peoples in the effort to preserve her dual nationality by the increase of her subject states.

All the great nations in their strivings for the realization of their hopes extended themselves to the utmost in the race for military power. The charge of militarism lies with equal force against all, if militarism means the crushing weight of enormous armament, for their expenditures in time of peace upon their armies and navies have been about the same. In 1911 the military and naval expenditures were as follows: France, $262,150,000; Germany, $315,000,000; Russia, $321,500,000; and Great Britain, $363,250,000. On a per-capita basis the expenditures were: Russia, $2.25; Germany, $4.80; France, $6.75; and Great Britain, $8.00.

The armed peace became too crushing to be borne longer. The enormous naval expenditures of Great Britain and the army budgets of the other powers at last reached a point beyond human endurance. So much was this the case that the French Government was only able to pass its recent three-year law by agreeing to pay most of the increased cost by means of a loan and by promising that the increase would be only temporary. All the nations were rapidly reaching a point of colossal military expenditure so great as to have only two alternatives before them, disarmament or war. National hatreds and jealousies and ambitions were too deep-rooted and intense to permit of a serious consideration of the former alternative. It then became merely a question of which power would be ready to strike first.

We all know that because of greater foresight and superior organization the initiative was taken by the Triple Alliance, and, no matter what special pleaders or apologists may say, the fact remains that the peoples of Europe took up arms as nations inspired by the consciousness of the honesty of their intentions and the justice of their cause. Whatever blame or praise may be deserved in this war must be shared by all the peoples involved, for this is a peoples' war, a national war, in the broadest sense popular. However much we may deplore its existence and its horrors, however fervently we may, and rightly, pray for peace, however sincerely we may believe that last August it might have been avoided, let us in common fairness concede that sooner or later it was bound to come and that it is being fought not to gratify individual ambitions, but as a consequence of the dominance of the spirit of nationality which rules the century in which we live. Rival national ambitions were too antagonistic to permit the states to live longer at peace, and the nations of the world who had prided themselves on their Christian civilization, forgetting what they had learned during a thousand years of evolution and progress, submitted the righteousness of their aspirations to the mediæval court of justice, the red arbitrament of the sword.

Apart from our sympathies for and against the various belligerents, we Americans as Americans are vitally interested in the war because of the direct effect its outcome may have upon the welfare of our country and the happiness of our people. It is our duty to remember that in this far from perfect and very human world conditions must be faced as they are and not as we should like to have them. We must not delude ourselves into the belief that under any circumstances the end of the war will inaugurate an era of universal human brotherhood and peace. The bitterness of defeat, the sting of disappointed ambition, the arrogance of victory, and the blood-lust of conquest will require generations for cure. It may be that mankind will emerge from the conflict chastened and humbled, yet, on the other hand, centuries may pass before the dreadful passions this war has aroused are laid to rest.

Whatever of change the far-distant future may hold, there is absolutely no reason to suppose that the end of the war will find the spirit of nationality any less dominant or aggressive than it has been for a quarter of a century. On the contrary, as this war is the direct and logical outcome of the world rule of the national spirit, so, no matter who may win, the result of the war must be the triumph of nationality.

The nations fought as a step in the realization of their national ambitions. When the war is over, the victors, no matter who they may be, with far greater boldness and with far less concealment than ever before, will continue their progress toward the accomplishment of national self-sufficiency and national world power.

With the hopes and aspirations of France, Austria-Hungary, and the Balkan

States we have no concern, but the ultimate ambitions of two great powers clash directly and of two others indirectly with American interests. While Russia seeks territorial aggrandizement in Europe and Asia, and while the United Kingdom is willing to remain as she is as long as her world supremacy in industry and commerce is not menaced, both Germany and Japan believe that in their national growth they must expand beyond the seas, and it is their desire for expansion that is our greatest national danger. Should Germany triumph, her national aspirations will scarcely be satisfied with the acquisition of French North Africa or even British South Africa. Both territories are peopled with unfriendly races and would require generations for Germanization.

To the south of us, however, the case is entirely different. German interests in Latin America are so great, the number of Germans living in the southern republics and the amount of German commerce with them are so large, that it is scarcely possible that a victorious Germany will, or from the nationalistic point of view ought, to refrain from establishing coaling stations, spheres of influence, and colonies in different parts of South America. This she will accomplish peaceably if she can, forcibly if she must. For the assurance recently given by Count von Bernstorff that she would not attack Canada only referred to the present war and in no way suggested an acceptance of the Monroe Doctrine. The national theory has always insisted that it is national loss for emigrants to live beyond the jurisdiction of the flag. If Germany succeeds in covering into the empire her sons who have emigrated, she will be doing no more than every other nation has tried to do.

On the other hand, should the Allies win we shall be confronted by a problem quite as serious as that presented by a German triumph.

Japan contains a population of nearly 70,000,000, with a density of more than 300 per square mile. Economically, she needs colonies for her national development; politically, her aspirations are boundless. Not satisfied with the acquisition of Formosa from China, and of Korea nine years ago, she has recently seized the Marshall and other South Sea islands from Germany and, violating Chinese neutrality, has conquered the German colony of Kiau Chow. She has said that she would give the Marshall Islands to Australia, but has not done so, and does not conceal her intention of retaining Kiau Chow. The spirit of her nationality is so ambitious and so aggressive that it looks forward to the certainty of dominating the Pacific and the possibility of ruling the world. On the mainland of China and Korea, whatever may be the chances of political control, the door is closed to immigration, because population is even denser than in Japan, while the might of Great Britain precludes the possibility of Japanese settlement in Australia or New Zealand. But across the Pacific the way lies open and in Mexico the colonies are waiting to be seized. Hawaii is a convenient half-way house, and is already to all intents a Japanese colony, for, out of a total population of 192,000, 84,207 are Japanese subjects (Japs, 79,674; Koreans, 4,533) and less than 15,000 are pure whites.

Those who concede the existence of German ambitions in South America laugh at the suggestion of Japanese designs against Mexico. Yet they cannot deny the Japanese desire for territorial expansion or that the hatred of the Japanese for us is almost as great as is that of our Pacific coast people for them. If heretofore the Japanese have made no move against Mexico it has been because they have feared the outcome, but, should the Allies win, the strength of Japan will be enormously increased.

But no matter who may win it is almost certain that at some not far-distant date we shall be confronted with the alternative of either abandoning the Monroe Doctrine or of fighting to maintain it. We have made of it a great national principle, a question of national honor, so that if we abandon it we must concede that we are not strong enough to retain it, that we are only a second-class power at the mercy of all the swaggering bullies of the earth. If we fight for it, in our present condition of unpreparedness, there can be but one outcome. A triumphant and victorious Germany would have little to fear from us, and, while we might possibly in the end be able to check Japan by herself, for her

financial resources are limited, we could scarcely hope to do so if she receives help.

Unquestionably, the Russian-Japanese alliance is extremely close, and nothing would better please Russia than our humiliation, for she hates us quite as much as does Japan. She has never forgotten that in 1905 President Roosevelt's interference deprived her of almost certain victory over her enemy, for Japan was nearly bankrupt; nor has she forgiven President Taft's unnecessarily brutal abrogation of our commercial treaty in 1911. Japan, with Russia standing behind her, England neutral and even possibly fighting with her, and Germany crushed, would be a problem past our solution.

There are those who assume that Great Britain would fight with us in any great war in which we might be engaged. But why should she? She has never shown any particular fondness for us, one of her two greatest industrial rivals, unless she could use us to her advantage. Neither her conduct during our Civil War, nor in the Venezuela matter, nor her recent seizure of neutral cargo bound for neutral ports in American ships, shows any particular regard for us or our rights. Besides, there is a treaty between Great Britain and Japan. It ought not to be difficult for Japan to manœuvre us into an aggressive position at the outbreak of any future war, in which case Great Britain must go to her defense unless the Anglo-Japanese treaty is "only a scrap of paper." Japanese help to Great Britain in the present war has been of very great importance. It is quite certain that Japan will expect payment for her services cent for cent.

If we do not wish, sooner or later, to reckon with the alternative of either living shamefully or dying gloriously, we must be prepared to defend ourselves and fight for our national honor single-handed, for we can expect no assistance from any other nation on earth. We must realize that whatever nations may say in their hours of stress, in their hearts none of them like us. All fear us and are jealous of us, for they know that we are the nation of the future. There will be no general disarmament after this war, for, while financial necessity may cause a great reduction in the size of armaments, the armies and navies that survive will be more than sufficient to account for ours, as at present constituted.

For the sincere and honest non-resister we should have nothing but respect. We may not approve of his doctrines, but we can at least admire the consistency of the man who, believing war to be the greatest of evils, advocates peace at any price. But most of our people are in no sense non-resisters and have the most profound belief in the greatness and the might of our country. Yet, while they urge the expansion of American industry and commerce and in its support advocate a spirited foreign policy, they are unwilling to make the necessary sacrifices to insure our country's future. They believe that because we have never been obliged to fight a serious foreign war there is a special Providence watching over us to protect us from our mistakes. Trusting to this special Providence, we have negotiated a series of treaties with foreign powers in which it is agreed that, in case of any dispute arising between the contracting parties, neither shall resort to arms until after the expiration of a year. A sort of political moratorium is provided which under the millennium might be very effective but which under existing conditions is hardly practical.

"He must needs go that the devil drives." When the inducement to break a treaty is sufficiently strong, none is worth more than waste paper unless there is power behind the treaty to enforce its terms. Depending upon treaties for our national development and growth is like trying to climb to heaven by means of a rope of sand. The truth of the matter is, that in some respects as a nation we have deluded ourselves into a sense of false national security, and we imagine that because our progress has been phenomenal in the past nothing will ever check it. Our wealth and our luxury have become so great that we are unwilling to make any sacrifice even for our own salvation, and we violently oppose any one who criticises our enjoyment. We treat the voice crying in the wilderness as a public nuisance, and, because it disturbs us, either ridicule or abuse any one who points out our national dangers. Most of the fear of so-called militarism in this country is a fear of its

possible cost and not of its consequences. Yet many men who will earnestly oppose the appropriations for two battleships will cheerfully vote double the sum for unnecessary river-and-harbor work for the benefit of some of their favorite constituents.

Europe has shown that no state is immune from war. As long as we profess the Monroe Doctrine, sooner or later the United States will be obliged to defend it by force of arms. We can only survive if we are prepared, and to be prepared we must be willing to pay the cost. An adequate navy and a sufficient and an efficient army cannot be had without the expenditure of time, men, and money. Although in 1911 our military budget was the fourth largest on earth in time of peace, amounting to $266,500,000, a per capita of $2.66, we have only 7 dreadnoughts against Great Britain's 18, and 25 submarines against Great Britain's 72. General Wood has told us that we have 43,000 regulars available, less than an army corps, and that, while in time of war 300,000 men will be required to defend and support our coast-defenses, we have 17,000 for the purpose. For each torpedo-tube afloat it has been charged that we have just one torpedo, and they take time to make; we have no spare guns, nor rifles, nor ammunition, and, worst of all, we have no trained reserve of men. Modern wars come with dreadful swiftness, and yet to put this country in a condition of even partial preparedness will require years of time, millions of money, and thousands of men. If we decline the alternative of living shamefully or dying gloriously, and prefer to live with honor, we must be willing to face the necessity of sacrificing some of our wealth, much of our ease, and all of our self-satisfaction.

As the much-abused Treitschke has said: "Weakness is nothing intrinsically ludicrous, but the weakness that tries to pose as power is indeed so."

Without being a militarist, one cannot help feeling that the national character would be strengthened if we should bring ourselves to face the future. We should be a better people morally and spiritually if we would think less of making money and spending it for pleasures not always intellectual or wise and more of defending the honor of our country against future perils. Only too many who denounce the ideals of militarism have no ideals whatever of their own. The men of the Civil War who fought on both sides for what they thought was right, and the women who stayed at home and suffered, were a nobler generation than is ours, for they gave all they had for an ideal, while we are unwilling to sacrifice even present comforts for the happiness of future generations.

It is the duty of every American to take thought for the national safety while forethought is still possible. It is our duty to fortify our coasts, to organize the nucleus of what may be expanded in time of war into a great army of defense, to build ships strong enough and numerous enough to meet our national needs, and to do all this in no spirit of aggression, with no intention of forcing ourselves where we do not belong, but with the purpose of meeting the future calmly and bravely. Firmly resisting the efforts of both sides in this war to entangle and embroil us, preserving a strict neutrality between the combatants both now and hereafter, we should prepare to defend ourselves so that if attack ever comes we may be able to resist successfully.

The American people have never failed to rise to all the emergencies with which they have been confronted, because it has always been humanly possible for them to do so. Yet by our refusal to make adequate preparation for defense we are making it impossible for our countrymen to rise to the emergency of a war with a powerful opponent.

In the next few years the American people will determine the future of their country. They must decide whether she is to continue to drift unarmed upon the seas of chance, her safety menaced and her progress checked, the sport and perhaps the victim of any pirate nation that chooses to attack her, or whether, forewarned and forearmed, able to command respect and to enforce the Monroe Doctrine, she shall continue toward the fulfilment of her ultimate destiny, constantly nearing the goal of her ambitions as the greatest, the most mighty, and the most righteous nation the world has ever known.

TURKEY AND GERMANY

By H. G. Dwight

AMONG the most interesting experiences of the Balkan War, for a certain sojourner in Constantinople, was a certain motor spin to the Chatalja Lines. As we skimmed along the brown uplands behind the Russian war memorial of 1878, of which the Turks have now left not one stone upon another, we saw a long gray cruiser making for the city. At that moment, on the eve of the battle of Chatalja, when the harbor was full of foreign men-of-war and suspense was at its height, the spectacle contributed very little to an exciting day. But we had occasion to remember that long gray cruiser. Even then the *Goeben*, as we later learned she was named, created an incident. Before she appeared on the scene, almost the last European ship to do so, the Germans refused to give out the name and rank of her commander. Not even the American ambassador was able to get the coveted information for his English colleague. When the international squadron finally constituted itself, however, it was found that the ranking officer was the French admiral Dartige du Fournet. The admiral of the *Goeben* was accordingly obliged to take second place, although his ship was by far the most formidable in the Bosphorus, and Admiral Dartige du Fournet directed the subsequent operations of the international fleet.

It is a French admiral who now directs the larger operations of the Allied fleets in the Mediterranean. But the situation of 1912 has reached its logical conclusion, and the German cruiser that steamed so quietly into the Bosphorus two years ago is there to-day, the arm and the symbol of a counter supremacy. I will not venture to say that the Turks would never have entered the war without the *Goeben*. The escape last August into the Dardanelles, however, of that henceforth historic ship and her consort the *Breslau* brought to a climax the situation which broke Turkish neutrality, and it was the *Goeben* that eventually forced the Turks into the war.

It is perhaps worth while, for their bearing on the larger aspects of the war, to consider the circumstances which made it possible for a single adventurous corsair to dictate the policy of an empire. It is not given the present writer to read the heart of any man, and least of all those of Kaiser Wilhelm II and his Chancellors. We all know, however, the old catchwords of the *Drang nach Osten* and the Place in the Sun; and the affairs of China, Morocco, and Asia Minor, to say nothing of the last four or five European wars, look very much as if the Teutons had set out to make for themselves by force and by forethought such an empire as England has gained chiefly by accident. It also looks very much as if Turkey had been expected to contribute to that empire the richest of her European and Asiatic provinces. Exactly what, in connection with the *Drang nach Osten*, the two branches of the Teutonic race secretly thought of each other's destiny, it is not here necessary to inquire. It must be some generations, however, since any member of the rising house of Hohenzollern has thought it likely that the house of Hapsburg would survive his own. Has not the whole trend of modern history been toward the unification of cognate peoples? And it is not too impossible to conceive that at least one Hohenzollern fancied the *Drang nach Osten* might one day carry him or some happy descendant from Berlin to Bassorah on German soil.

As for the Turks, they seem to have thought very little. They are not greatly given to thought, the Turks, being at heart honest and very simple. As a race they know little of *Weltpolitik* or any other kind of *Politik*. They blundered by chance into an empire for them the one most impossible to govern, and the attempt to govern it has brought out much of the worst in them. Nevertheless they

remain at heart surprisingly simple. And used as they always have been to the clash of races, they are not the men to be unduly suspicious of any one. On the contrary, they were the men to be moved by the visit which Kaiser Wilhelm II paid to Sultan Abd-ül-Hamid II in 1890. Since Enrico Dandolo and Frederick Barbarossa no other European sovereign of the first rank had visited Constantinople. Indeed, most of the great and good friends of Abd-ül-Hamid on the thrones of Europe had shown him anything but friendliness. So it was that the Kaiser himself laid, twenty-five years ago, the bases of the present situation. Until that moment Germany had been a cipher in the Levant, whereas England, France, and Russia had been intrenched there for generations. But the Emperor's two visits—for he returned to Constantinople in 1898 and extended his journey to Syria—the *coup* of the Bagdad railway, which was begun as a British line, the long embassy of Baron Marschall von Bieberstein, and the military missions of Field-marshal Baron von der Goltz and General Liman von Sanders, were only the more salient features of an intelligent and patient campaign that gradually undermined the position of the present Allies.

The outbreak of the Turkish revolution in 1908 seemed for a moment to have undone the work of nearly twenty years. A less astute and tenacious ambassador than Baron Marschall von Bieberstein would have been obliged to resign his post. The Young Turks, whose blow had been struck a little prematurely by their desire to save Macedonia from further European intervention, wished to do away with the growing German hegemony in Asia Minor, as a part of the old régime. They therefore welcomed with unusual public demonstrations the new British ambassador who arrived at that psychological moment. Sir Gerard Lowther, however, was too much the British sportsman to avail himself or his country of the opportunity. Within a few days of his arrival three important members of the mysterious Committee of Union and Progress waited on him. Sir Gerard felt that he must decline to receive them, having not yet presented his credentials to the constituted authorities of the country. Baron Marschall, I fancy, would have found a solution of that delicate point without touching the sensibilities of any one concerned. But the Committee of Union and Progress, which at that moment was and which to a degree still is the paramount power in Turkey, never forgave Sir Gerard. And subsequent events only tended to widen the breach.

Baron Marschall would not have been the formidable diplomat he was if he had missed any opening afforded by the tactics of his opponents. It was not long before he had so consolidated the shaken position of Germany in the Near East that he could safely move to another strategic point of German diplomacy. And one cannot help wondering whether history would have taken quite the course it did if he had lived to be in London last summer. However, events continued to play into the hand of Germany. Not the least important of those events was the Balkan War. At the outset of that conflict the Powers announced that they would permit no extension of territory in consequence of the war. No one imagined for an instant that the Balkan states had a shadow of a chance against their greater neighbor. The declaration was merely a warning to Turkey that she would not be allowed to profit by the war. But the Turks did not take it in that way. They therefore were extremely bitter against Europe in general, and against the Triple Entente in particular, on account of the territorial settlements of the war. Neither did the subsequent adjudication of Chios and Mitylene to Greece do anything to alleviate their bitterness. While the various decisions were collective, they were issued in London, by Sir Edward Grey. Moreover, Germany several times allowed it to be seen, both during the earlier negotiations and those relating to the reforms in Asia Minor, that she held out in the interest of Turkey. Whereas England and France, as the special protectors of Greece, were correspondingly felt to be the special enemies of Turkey.

Germany also knew how to profit by the growing sentiment of Pan-Islamism. Abd-ül-Hamid II was the first in his country to exploit the political possibilities of that sentiment. The successors of Abd-ül-Hamid continued even more seri-

ously his policy of maintaining relations with the different Mussulman peoples. Their efforts would not seem to have been crowned with any great success, if we may judge by the results of the Holy War. The fact is that the Moslem world is still too ignorant and too incoherent for any effective Pan-Islamism. But the propaganda at least availed to invest Germany, who alone of the six Powers has not one Mohammedan subject, with the halo of Protector of Islam; whereas it was not difficult to excite a certain amount of animosity against England, France, and Russia, as being the arch-oppressors of Islam.

In a series of events longer than I can take space to recapitulate, one of the last and one of the least was the one that came nearest the hearts of the populace. I refer to the seizure by the British Admiralty of two dreadnoughts built in England which were on the point of being delivered to Turkey. The embargo was provided for in the contract, and such embargoes are neither unjustifiable nor unknown. But the Turks, as I have said, are a very simple people. They are also a very poor people. With infinite difficulty they had scraped together, in all sorts of ways, from high and low, piaster by piaster, the money for those two dreadnoughts. Nothing else could have touched so many individuals. In those dreadnoughts they saw a promise of recompense for the disasters of the Balkan War. The dreadnoughts would have assured their preponderance in the Ægean, would have backed up their unrelinquished claim to Chios and Mitylene, might even have opened the way again to Salonica. The embargo, therefore, filled them with a very live and wide-spread bitterness against England. England already had more dreadnoughts than any one else in the world: what difference could two more or less make to her? And then, just at another psychological moment, the *Goeben* and the *Breslau* ran into the Dardanelles.

It would be interesting to know whether that *coup de théâtre* was entirely so accidental as it looked. At all events, the entrance of Turkey into the war from that moment became inevitable. Yet the case was not quite so clear as it would have been in any other country. The Turks, as I keep repeating, are a simple people, individually of perfect manners but collectively not greatly versed in international usages. Their extraordinary conception of neutrality, therefore, as exemplified by their welcome of the German ships and their subsequent treatment of the British naval mission, could not be judged altogether as such things would be judged in any other country. But, as a matter of fact, they were no longer their own masters. Austrians and Germans had long controlled the two chief railroads of the country, the communications of the capital, the native press. With the advent of General Liman von Sanders, Germany took command of the army and the straits. And between the breaking out of the general war and the participation in it of the Turks, Germans streamed into the country by the hundred, by the thousand, both soldiers and civilians, securing their hold on all the reins of government. Everything was provided for, in the methodical German way. An acquaintance of mine in Asia Minor met in a German house an officer who made no secret of the fact that he was to be, when the moment arrived, the governor of that particular district. Silently, but in the end very swiftly, Turkey became a Prussian province, administered from Berlin. Very likely the Turks, or a good many of them, really believed themselves to have bought the *Goeben* and the *Breslau*. Having no money to pay for them, however—for England, in order to make it more difficult for Turkey to break the peace, had kept back the price of the sequestered dreadnoughts—they could make no effective protest when Admiral Suchon refused at a stormy council of war to hand the *Goeben* over to Turkish officers or even to allow any Turk in certain parts of the ship. So it came about that German sailors proceeded to masquerade in Turkish fezzes. And so it was that the *Goeben* forced Turkey into opening hostilities by the raid on Odessa.

The true story of that exploit has yet to be written. It is not for me, therefore, to say how many of the responsible heads of the government were in the secret. In Constantinople, however, the war is commonly spoken of as Enver Pasha's war. Enver Pasha, as every one knows, popularly known as the hero of the revolution, is

the young Minister of War, formerly military attaché in Berlin, who organized the Turkish resistance in Tripoli and who during the Balkan War headed the *coup d'état* against the cabinet of Kyamil Pasha. And it would seem that the attack on the Russians was a genuine surprise to such exalted colleagues of Enver Pasha as the Grand Vizier, who is a cadet of the Khedivial family of Egypt, and Jemal Pasha, the late Minister of Marine. Certain it is at any rate that Javid Bey, Minister of Finance, Oskan Effendi, Minister of Posts, Telegraphs, and Telephones, and Jemil Pasha, Prefect of Constantinople, with others of the most competent administrators, resigned their posts rather than be party to that rash adventure. Previously to the *fait accompli*, furthermore, the Sultan, who as a rule has very little to say about public affairs, insisted that he would never sign a declaration of war; while his cousin and heir presumptive, Youssouf Izzedin Effendi, is known to be a strong partisan of the Triple Entente. Indeed, there have been rumors of a personal encounter between the latter and Enver Pasha that nearly had a fatal ending. As for the country at large, many of the better-educated people really believed that their existence had come at last to the stake. They put no faith in the assurances of the Triple Entente, after the Balkan War, and they told themselves that the victory of England, France, and Russia would inevitably mean the partition of Turkey. They therefore argued that they had nothing to lose and everything to win by casting in their lot with Germany. There is likewise a rising generation of Young Turks who have learned chauvinism with their letters, who are fervent partisans of the belated theory of Turkey for the Turks—the Turks being a minority and the latest arrived in their own land—and who are just educated enough to be caught by the plausibility of Pan-Islamism. This is the timber out of which in every country jingoes are hewn. But the mass of the people, who are very simple, very ignorant, and very fatalistic, have already accepted the consequences of the Balkan War and are by no means eager for a new one. They have borne in their own persons and property the brunt of two disastrous wars. The mobilization of last August forced them to leave the largest crop of years to rot in the fields. It is only because they can endure more than any Western race and are born to a habit of obedience that they have followed Enver Pasha into this war. For any one who was in the country at the time, however, it was easy to see that they did so without enthusiasm. On the night the British and French ambassadors left for the frontier I went, mindful of the departure of the ambassadors from Berlin, to see what might be seen at the station. I saw nothing, however, to indicate the slightest popular hostility against the two great "enemies of Islam." Nor were the demonstrations that a few days later celebrated the declaration of the Holy War a sign of any popular feeling. They were, rather, a sign of the docility of the Constantinople mob, even to the point of breaking no more than the indicated windows. And they gave rise to many amusing stories of how much certain demonstrators were paid, and what trouble the police had to round them into the procession.

There is less of comedy than of tragedy, though, in the present plight of the Turks. They have allowed themselves to be led into a dilemma of which either solution can hardly mean less than their ruin. Their own ignorance and folly are to blame. It is because they are too incapable of energy and of concerted action that a man of energy like Enver Pasha has been able to lead them where he chooses, that they were unable to disown the high hand of their too powerful protectors at Odessa. Yet even of Enver Pasha, as of his German mentors, one feels that there is something sincere and gallant in his folly. He has led his country into a hopeless adventure not merely from personal ambition but from conviction. It is more than possible, too, that he will pay for his conviction with his life. He has so many enemies that any day he may be shot. And it is entirely conceivable that Constantinople may attempt to solve the ruinous dilemma by a revolution that would open the Dardanelles to the Allied fleet.

These possibilities, and others contingent upon them, lend to life in that kaleidoscopic town a quality of uncertainty.

Life is peculiarly uncertain for those who happen to be Russians, Frenchmen, or Englishmen, for the Turks and the Germans between them are doing all they can to eradicate the influence of their enemies. Even for us Americans, I fancy, conditions might be made rather difficult if the Turks were to win their war. We have a great many schools and hospitals in Turkey, perhaps the largest and most completely equipped in the empire, and Turks and Germans alike are prone to see in them the arm of a deep-laid national policy. They have already adopted toward these institutions an attitude which, if submitted to, would ultimately entail their suppression. Nevertheless, in Constantinople, as elsewhere nowadays, it is a good thing to be an American. Even if revolution were to break out, or the war were otherwise to disorganize the country, it does not seem to me that any one who has friends there need be unduly alarmed about them. But if the war were to end in a disaster, I confess I would not care to be a German in Turkey.

GROWING OLD

By P. Deming

I HAVE been in this world eighty-five years. It is safe to assert that (in the main) any who may read this item will never be as old as I am. It seems allowable, therefore, for me to try to tell them something, or perhaps "several somethings."

The first thing I wish to mention is a curious trait of radical kindness in human nature—a trait so manifest, so important and universal, that I wonder why it is not more talked about.

The first hint I had of this kindness was when I was perhaps about seventy-one years of age. My attention was then drawn to the fact that if a chair was to be placed for my convenience or a door was to be opened that I might pass through, or any little service was to be performed (such as I had been accustomed to do for myself), a pair of hands (or perhaps several pairs) would be extended to do the act for me.

It is pertinent to say here that I am and always have been (since I was a boy) merely a "single gentleman."

I had not become a noted man suddenly. I did not carry official honors. What did these new attentions mean? They surprised me, and they amused me.

I am glad to say that I have long had several lady friends who claim to know all about society matters, to whom I submit social questions which I cannot understand. When I gave my little puzzle to one of these excellent ladies, she looked at me long and steadily, and then remarked that I was beyond seventy and that the acts I had described were deeds of compassion, and that she would not like to be the object of such attentions. I knew she was very sensitive in regard to her age, and at once understood her meaning.

But somehow the view of the lady did not seem to have any effect on my feelings in regard to the matters in question. I saw that the acts of kindness which were more and more coming to my aid were very genuine. The young, and the very young, joined in them, and so naturally and heartily and unconsciously that I could not feel otherwise than deeply

grateful. If a little humility on my part was called for in consenting to receive such aid, that item came to me naturally, and seemed to be provided by some law of my being which I did not understand.

It seemed at times laughable, but it seemed right. A dozen years earlier I might have spurned all offers of aid. When I was sixty no one offered them. All the people scrupulously kept their distance. But in some mysterious way, at seventy nature began to take down the bars between us. I saw this or felt it or in some way became conscious of it. The result was a large increase in happiness and kindly feeling.

It is to the point here to state that I reside in a city of more than a hundred thousand people, and a city which is all the while considering public affairs of great importance. And yet before I was eighty I became slightly conspicuous on the sidewalk, in the neighborhood, and in the municipality. I was one that everybody had a right to speak to and to treat with kindness. It was sometimes amusing to accept the arm extended by some one, to me unknown, who desired to help me up or down the high steps of a public edifice. It was amusing because I thought I had no need of such assistance. But I made it a matter of conscience not to refuse aid, and always thanked the one who rendered it. I could not help seeing that the party who gave such aid was made glad by doing so. A little later on in life I began to find that the aid I sometimes had in climbing up or going down the same lofty steps (where there was no banister) was an actual benefit. But I wondered how others had found this out before I did.

There is not a little commendable curiosity mingled with that kindness of human nature which so honors and helps the aged. In some respects the curious and friendly eye of the young fellow will search and know the old chap better than the old chap knows himself. Perhaps it is curiosity that makes a man of eighty a little conspicuous. There are but few men of fourscore who are seen walking the streets with a firm tread, and perhaps a large gold watch-key. It is rather a fine thing to grow into this kind of prominence or even part-way into it. If there is any item the citizens can get hold of to the credit of the old chap they will make the most of it. If the gold key mentioned above is merely the *Phi Beta Kappa* which has been worn since college days in peace and quietness, until quite forgotten, there is still danger that some one will mention to the very old boy "the honorable key" he wears. He knows very well that the remark about his key would not have been made to him if he were not so very old. He accepts the remark with thankfulness and humility.

I am reminded here of the circumstance, that when William Cullen Bryant in his last years came to our city and was greatly honored, he said in his neat little speech in response, that he supposed the honors were given him because he was so old. That was very modest, and much less than the whole truth, but it tells us that he knew the human heart and its genuine, radical kindness for the aged.

And I remember that when Julia Ward Howe, in her eighties, consented to give us an evening's talk in a little church auditorium, she began her lecture and captured the audience by bravely mentioning her age, and telling how surprised she was at finding herself on the platform. When younger it had seemed to her entirely impossible that as an octogenarian she could be or would consent to be a talker in public. But she had lived to learn, and had come to know how erroneous those young thoughts were.

If the admiration and applause we gave Mrs. Howe can be construed as compassion, it was surely a very attractive manifestation of that feeling. It blessed both those who gave it and the grand old lady who received it with so much grace and dignity.

It occurs to me just here that there is a matter of discrimination in my subject which I would not wish to omit. I wish to say or concede that the kindness of the very young for the aged is largely an outflow of a perishable animal nature. The man or the woman has not come yet. The true kindness which is spiritual and which men and women show, is that which is so genuine and so helpful to those who by reason of their many years have come to need it.

While not all men and women are truly kind to those who are growing old, it is

a glad surprise to find by experience how many are so. While the crowd that jostles all of us fails in regard to many of the virtues, it does not so signally fail in regard to this. The few who dare to be unkind to the aged are known and blamed and avoided. They are looked upon as radically bad. They are understood to be incapable of reform or repentance.

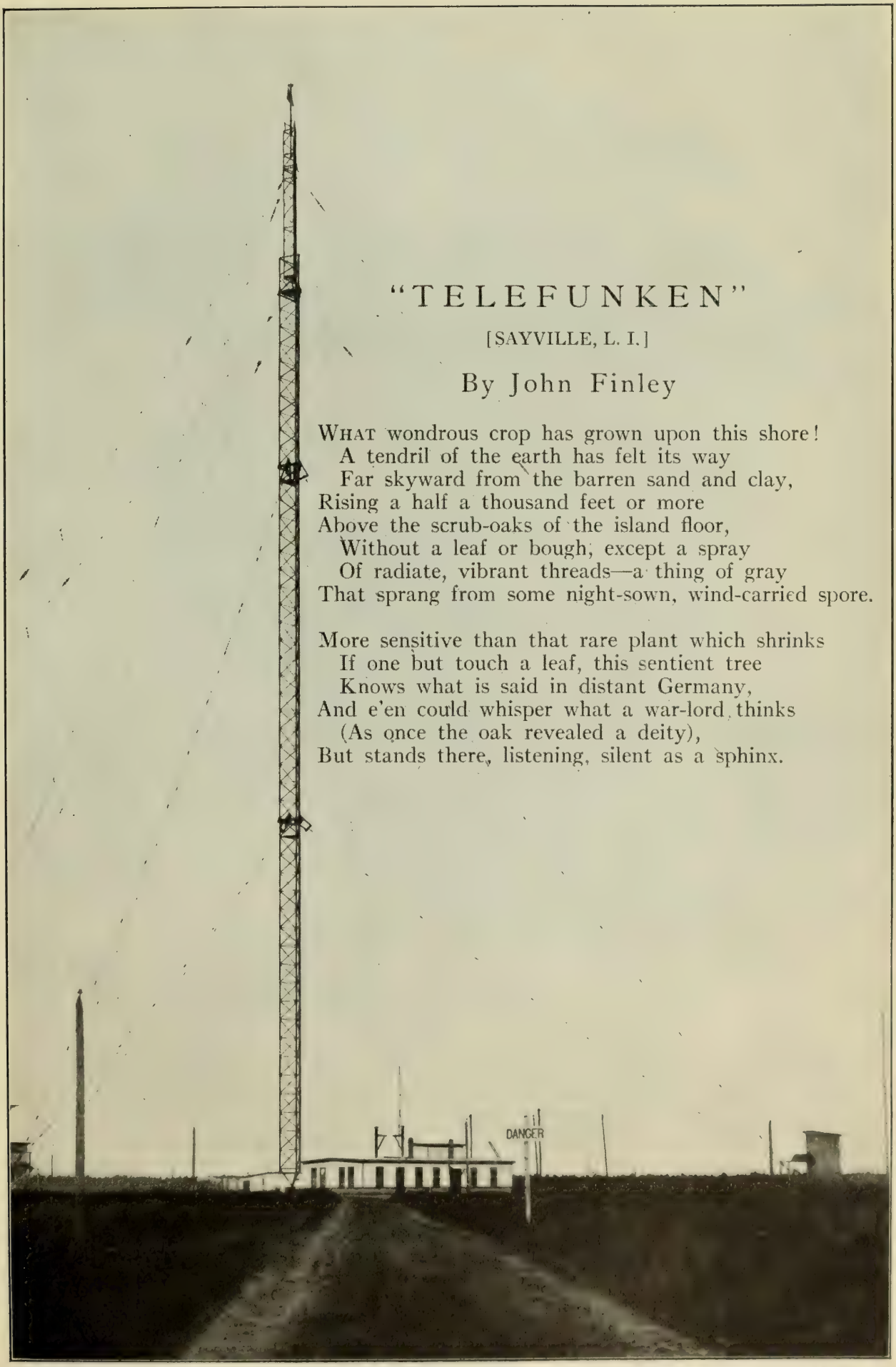
And here I come to the next of those somethings which I wish to say. It is not something new, but a something that has been emphasized by my experience. It is the fact so often discovered by the aged, that folks of any sort do not, in the depths of reality, change or grow old. The outside of the man or the woman waxes and wanes, but the "I myself within me," that something of which we are conscious, that spark of the infinite flame, seems as changeless as eternity. To himself and to those who know him very intimately and most completely the man is and seems just as young and just as old at twenty as at fourscore. I have had exceptional opportunities to know about this. We were a family of seven children, of the old New England stock, and Puritan. We have all lived to be several years beyond seventy. We grew up together, and have continued to dwell in our native land in concord and harmony. Each has read the others, as the saying is, like the pages of a book. Changes have come—the usual changes. And these have been many. But the dispositions, tendencies, tastes, preferences, loves, hates, and all the long catalogue of personal qualities, have remained the same, and seem bound to continue unchangeable forever.

I remember with contrition efforts to turn Puritan feet out of one channel or pathway into another. Little brothers who are fond of each other struggle hard to harmonize their likes and dislikes and tendencies, so as to pursue the same objects with enthusiasm. I can never think without smiling of those boyish days in the lone forest solitudes when the spirit nearest to mine, my nearest brother, my Achates, tried to be interested in fishing and hunting, both of us half knowing that he was interested in these pursuits merely because I was. It became a joke between us that most of his success in fishing was in the way of getting his hook caught in the bushes. But he had his success when at our home he brought out his books relating to Wilson and Audubon and the birds and the flowers we had found in our wanderings in the wilderness. When he painted his pictures it was my turn to try to harmonize. I tried to paint, both of us knowing that I did so chiefly because he did.

There was no real transfer of tendencies and could be none.

And so it has been with all of us and always. It is as impossible to lift a little Puritan out of the socket where eternity has placed him as to lift the Atlas Mountains with a crow-bar.

In the light of the above facts, I suggest that a man is neither young nor old in the way the young folks imagine. The real personality, the man himself (except in the case of spiritual conversion), comes into this world and goes out of it without radical variation.



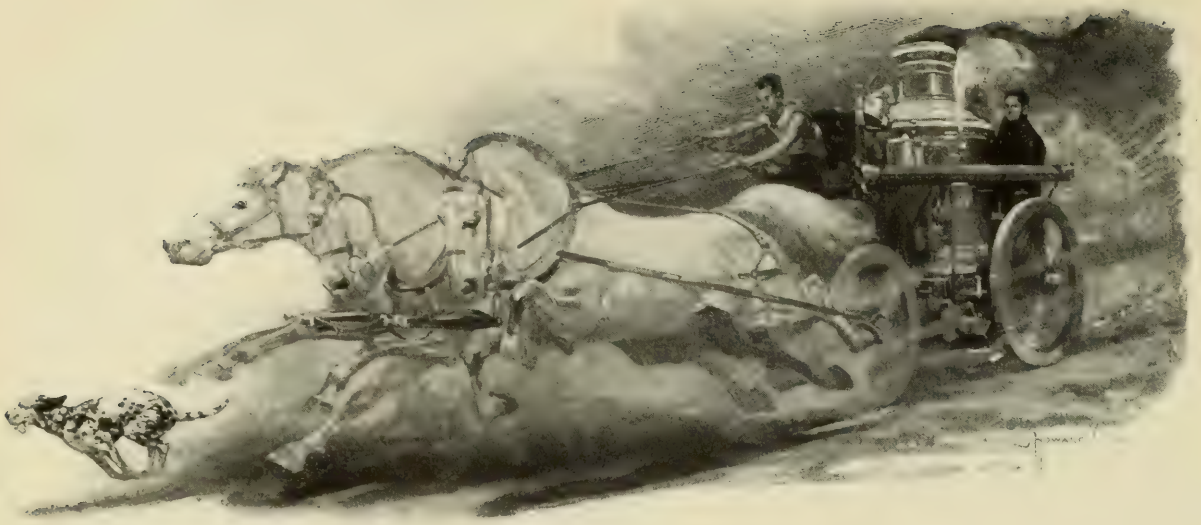
"TELEFUNKEN"

[SAYVILLE, L. I.]

By John Finley

WHAT wondrous crop has grown upon this shore!
  A tendril of the earth has felt its way
  Far skyward from the barren sand and clay,
Rising a half a thousand feet or more
Above the scrub-oaks of the island floor,
  Without a leaf or bough, except a spray
  Of radiate, vibrant threads—a thing of gray
That sprang from some night-sown, wind-carried spore.

More sensitive than that rare plant which shrinks
  If one but touch a leaf, this sentient tree
  Knows what is said in distant Germany,
And e'en could whisper what a war-lord thinks
  (As once the oak revealed a deity),
But stands there, listening, silent as a sphinx.



Not a fire had Pal missed since he joined the company six years before.

PAL

THE STORY OF A DOG WHO RE-ENLISTED

By Lloyd Dorsey Willis

Illustrations by Howard V. Brown

WHEN the big white horses dragged Twenty Engine and the hose-wagon away and did not return, Pal could not understand what it all meant; which was not strange, considering the fact that Pal was only a fire-dog and not given to reasoning things out.

Even the men of Twenty Engine Company felt the change keenly. For a while they could not accustom themselves to the powerful motor-engine and the automobile hose-carrier which took the places of the old-fashioned apparatus and its horses. They felt as though they had lost old friends; and in fact they had, for there was not a man in the company who had not a warm spot in his heart for the teams of Normans which had carried them to hundreds of fires and back again.

But the firemen had other things to think about, for these were busy days in the department. With Pal it was different. The horses were nearer his own kind. Their stamping in the stalls; the soft neighing when meal-time was approaching; the friendly snort when Pal would touch noses with one of them; even the animal smell of the six big fellows—all combined to make Pal feel that they fitted more snugly into his simple scheme of things than did the firemen themselves.

Pal had led the way on that last "roll" of the horse-drawn apparatus from Twenty Engine; led the way gayly as was his wont, for how was Pal to know that Twenty was not responding to an alarm that day? Not a fire had Pal missed since he joined the company six years before. Often he had led the way to far-off stations, where Twenty's crew had been called on third and fourth alarms. And in the district there was scarcely a box to which Pal had not piloted the company at one time or another—scampering joyfully ahead, just out of reach of the galloping hoofs and taking the turns as he noted, out of the tail of his eye, the veering of the horses' heads.

There was not a fireman in the company

who would not tell you that Pal enjoyed responding to an alarm even more keenly than did the horses. And certainly the fire-dog was more demonstrative about it. His staccato barks, which seemed timed between the clanging of the bell, sounded sharply above the clatter of iron shoes on the cobbles. And even at the fire, when the horses had been unhitched and Twenty's men were working in the building, Pal's excitement did not wane. Often he would scamper about the firemen's feet as they dragged a line of hose through blinding smoke on the lower floor of a burning structure.

"He's the best smoke-eater we've got," said Captain Donahue proudly one day when Pal had attracted the notice of a visiting commissioner from another city. "I've had to drive him out of a building more than once when the smoke was thick enough to cut with an axe. If the little devil had a pair of hands instead of all those feet he would be after 'stretching in' on a line of hose along with the boys."



"He's the best smoke-eater we've got," said Captain Donahue proudly.

The return trip from a fire was always a source of keen joy to Pal. Not only was there the chance of an encounter with another dog while the horses were travelling slowly, but, on the last lap of the journey, the firemen usually allowed him to ride beside the driver on the front seat of the hose-wagon; so that he came back to the engine-house in state as it were.

Pal's encounters with street dogs were relished greatly by the men of Twenty

Engine. A sudden rush, a growl, a whirl of flying legs, and Pal would usually have his antagonist by the scruff of the neck or by the throat; a few brisk shakes and the fire-dog would let go and stand a moment, watching the whipped one making tracks for shelter. Sometimes, though, Pal overestimated his strength, and on such occasions strategy always saved him from defeat.

Constant practice in dodging the horses' hoofs had made Pal as adept as a circus dog. And straight into the maze of powerful legs, each as deadly as a battering-ram, Pal would lead a more powerful antagonist and would emerge unscathed on the opposite side of the team, while the other dog was beating a hasty retreat, voicing his protest.

Back in the engine-house, while the horses were being rubbed down and the stains of fire service removed from the apparatus, Pal would solemnly watch the proceedings. "Bossing the job" the men called his show of interest. And when quiet had returned to the apparatus floor Pal would curl lazily on his mat at the feet of the house-watch and doze away the hours. Such was the daily routine of Pal's life with Twenty Engine and its crew before the horses went away.

He left them at the training-stables—those six big fellows who had thundered along behind him to so many fires. And when he returned to the engine-house after that last run with his friends, the stalls had been ripped away, the motors were installed, and, instead of that animal smell which had been a part of the very life of Twenty Engine and its team, there was the reek of gasolene.

There was no alarm for Twenty Engine



Pal would solemnly watch the proceedings.

during the first few days following the installation of The Giant and The Flying Dutchman, as the new pieces of motor-apparatus were named by Twenty's firemen. And Pal began to grow accustomed to seeing the big machines standing there ready for the first call. But, if Pal thought about the matter at all, he must have wondered how the new apparatus was ever going to leave the house, with no horses ready for the stroke of the gong, no harness hanging from the ceiling.

Twenty's firemen will tell you gravely that Pal thought it all out and made up his mind long before the motors went out in answer to their first alarm. But that is only their opinion. The fact remains that Pal refused either to lead or follow when Captain Donahue and his men rolled out of quarters on The Giant and The Flying Dutchman.

The sputter and the roar of the powerful motors was all very terrifying to Pal. With his tail between his legs he crept under the house-watch desk as the two fire-fighting machines got under way. And there Pal remained until they were far up the street, when he crept out and watched them disappear.

Alone in the fire-house, Pal waited until the engine crew returned. And alone he waited there on other occasions when the company was away on fire duty. His days of responding to fires with Twenty and its crew were over. Pal was a fire-dog in name only from the moment they took the horses away.



He would scratch at the Donahues' door until Mrs. Donahue or one of the children opened it.—Page 380.

In the old days, before the motorization of Twenty Engine, Pal had never allowed the apparatus out of his sight. Whether in the quarters or at fires the dog was always on hand. It was as though he were a part of the company's machinery. But now it was different. Pal's devotion to duty was a thing of the past. Sometimes he would disappear for days at a time. Where he went, the firemen never learned. Perhaps the dog was seeking his old friends the horses, who had been assigned to other companies.

"Old chap, we will be putting you up on charges for absence without leave," said Captain Donahue one day when Pal had returned from one of his disappearances. But Pal only wagged his tail as though he did not care.

A strong friendship had grown between the captain and Pal. Of course, other members of the company were fond of Pal, too, and made as much of him as in the old days. But Pal accepted their show of friendship in a matter-of-fact way. Only Captain Donahue could call forth that show of affection which a dog can convey in silence.

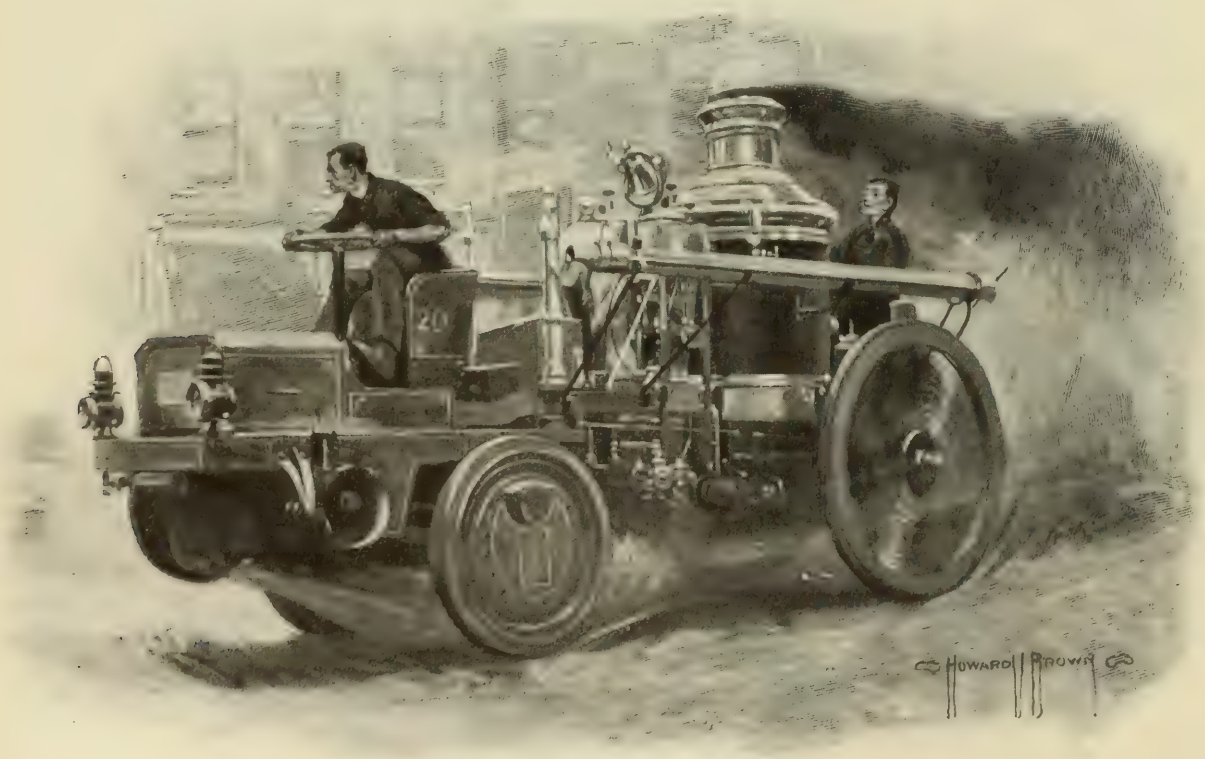
The captain's home was in the heart of the East Side tenement district, a dozen blocks away from Twenty Engine. The journey home at meal-time was always made afoot, for there was no car-line that ran his way. Pal became the captain's companion on these trips. And there, in Captain Donahue's modest apartment, Pal grew quite popular with Mrs. Donahue and the three little Donahues, who would romp with the fire-dog and drag him about the floor while the captain smoked his pipe and chatted with his wife after the meal was over.

Pal's fondness for the children seemed to increase as time went on. Sometimes the youngsters would grow too rough, but Pal never showed resentment. He apparently enjoyed the romps quite as much as they. Frequently Captain Donahue would leave him there with young Mike and the two girls, Sarah and Bess, and the fire-dog would not return to quarters until bedtime.

After a while Pal did not wait for the captain to go home, but would make the journey alone. He would climb the four flights of stairs and would scratch at the Donahues' door until Mrs. Donahue or one of the children opened it. These new friends seemed to compensate Pal somewhat for the loss of the horses. Of course, there was not the excitement of the former life, but the children, scarcely larger than himself, were such amiable playfellows and Mrs. Donahue was so kind. Altogether Pal's life now seemed cast in pleasant places.

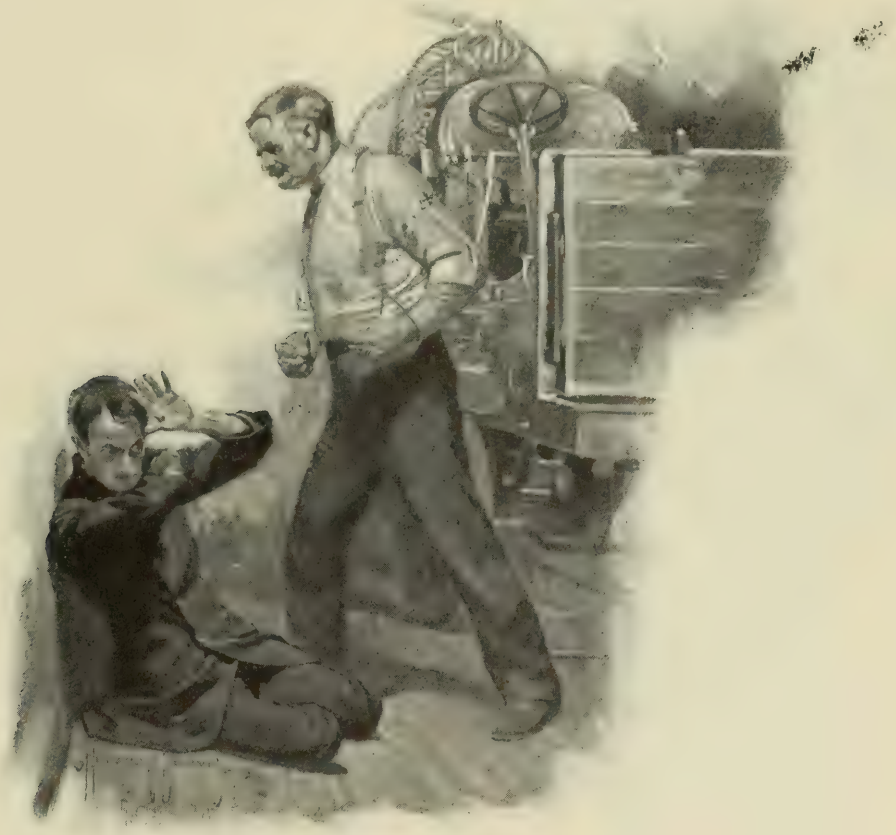
New faces were in the company since The Giant and The Flying Dutchman took the places of the old apparatus. Twenty's former driver, Tom Stevens, who knew much about horses but nothing at all of motors, had been transferred to another company and in his place was one Hartmann, a fireman not long in the department. It was Hartmann who drove The Giant to fires. He drove a commercial motor-truck before he wore a fireman's uniform; so it was only natural that the handling of the big motor-engine was turned over to Hartmann when he became a member of Twenty.

Jim Acres, too, who drove the horse-drawn hose-wagon and beside whom Pal used to sit on the return journey from a fire, had left the company when the horses were banished. A graduate from



A graduate from the department's auto school was driving The Flying Dutchman now.

the department's auto school was driving The Flying Dutchman now. And there were other firemen, with some knowledge of motor-engines, who had taken the places of Pal's old friends in the company.



"You'd kick our fire-dog, would you?"

Somehow the new men were different from the firemen who had preceded them. They had not the same show of sympathy. Possibly the long association with horses had given the old firemen the power to appreciate the feelings of a dumb beast. At any rate, the new men showed no affection for Pal.

One day Captain Donahue was reading in his office on the second floor when he heard a yelp and a howl of pain from Pal on the floor below. Down the pole came the captain like a shot and in a moment was facing three of his firemen in front of the house-watch desk. Hartmann was one of the three.

"Who kicked that dog?" asked Donahue, a flush of anger in his cheeks, his eyes narrowed to slits. And, as no one answered, he growled the question again. Two of the firemen edged away from Hartmann, their action answering the captain's question as convincingly as words. And Hartmann, seeing that the evidence was against him, stammered that he had accidentally stumbled against the dog and that Pal had snapped at him.

"You lying hound, take that," exclaimed the captain, and his fist caught Hartmann flush upon the jaw and sent him reeling across the apparatus floor to the opposite wall, where he crouched, with arms upraised, shielding his face as though afraid the captain would follow and strike him again.

"You cowardly cur," said Donahue, "you'd kick our fire-dog, would you? When you've been to as many fires as he has, you'll know better, maybe. I'll stand for none of that. You leave that dog alone or you will be having a hard time of it in this company. Remember that!"

And Hartmann did remember it.

Captain Donahue ruled his company as a backwoods schoolmaster rules his class

—a bit rougher perhaps, but the principle was the same. His one boast was that he had never preferred charges against one of his men. The trial commissioner at headquarters was never bothered by cases from Twenty. Donahue administered punishment after his own fashion, and there was no better-disciplined company in the service than was his.



"My own wife and kids are up there on the fourth," he shouted. —Page 384.

"I don't like that Hartmann," said Captain Donahue to Lieutenant Hogan shortly after the episode on the apparatus floor. "I'm afraid there's a streak of yellow in him. We've never had a coward in this company and I hope I'm wrong about this man. But I've noticed him several times lately at fires and he don't show up well beside the other men. Down at that Fifty-fourth Street garage fire the other night he quit the engine when that explosion broke the windows of the top floors. The men on the hose didn't budge when the crash came, but Hartmann looked as though he were going to run away. If I hadn't been there on the street I believe he would have quit cold until the danger was over. I don't like the way he acts."

Although the captain watched Hartmann closely at many fires after that, his suspicions were never confirmed, for Hartmann's work was above criticism.

Captain Donahue was preparing for bed one evening after a day of heavy duty. Four alarms had come in since morning and every one had been a "worker," as the firemen call these fires at which the company goes into action. Pal was curled comfortably on a rug near the captain's desk. He had adopted the captain's room as a resting-place since that distasteful experience with Hartmann.

"I hope we've heard the last of that bell tonight," said Captain Donahue as he placed his rubber boots close to the bed and arranged the legs of his "turnout" trousers carefully in the boot-legs. Pal looked up and blinked sleepily at the captain, then sighed and tucked his nose under his left hind foot.

But the words were scarcely out of Donahue's mouth before the bell down-stairs began to tap. Five-twenty-three it sounded, and then came the repeat, five-twenty-three, an alarm-box which Captain Donahue had been passing each day for many years as he went home to meals. He remembered the box, for it stood at the corner of his own home block.

The captain had often wondered whether an alarm from that box would cause a feeling of fear in his heart. It was so near home. And there were the wife and youngsters alone in the flat, in bed perhaps, up there on the fourth floor.

There was a strange, sinking sensation in Captain Donahue's breast as he thought of this. But it passed away even before his legs were in the turnouts. There was no fireman in the company who could scramble into his clothes so quickly as could the captain.

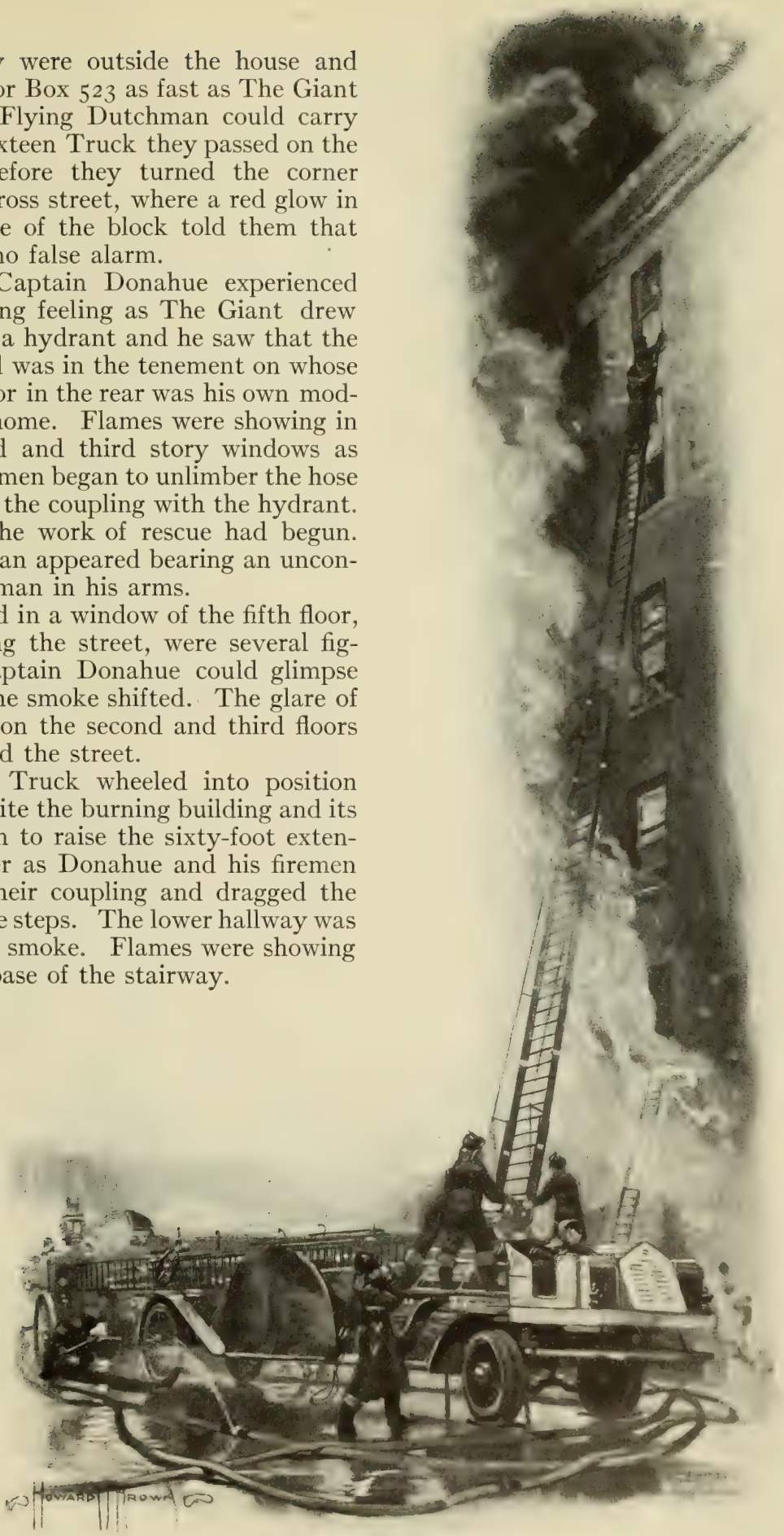
Less than a moment after the alarm was in, he was down the pole and cranking The Giant's engine. And a moment

later they were outside the house and heading for Box 523 as fast as The Giant and The Flying Dutchman could carry them. Sixteen Truck they passed on the avenue before they turned the corner into the cross street, where a red glow in the middle of the block told them that this was no false alarm.

Again Captain Donahue experienced that sinking feeling as The Giant drew up beside a hydrant and he saw that the fire indeed was in the tenement on whose fourth floor in the rear was his own modest little home. Flames were showing in the second and third story windows as Twenty's men began to unlimber the hose and make the coupling with the hydrant. Already the work of rescue had begun. A policeman appeared bearing an unconscious woman in his arms.

Grouped in a window of the fifth floor, overlooking the street, were several figures. Captain Donahue could glimpse them as the smoke shifted. The glare of the blaze on the second and third floors illuminated the street.

Sixteen Truck wheeled into position just opposite the burning building and its men began to raise the sixty-foot extension ladder as Donahue and his firemen finished their coupling and dragged the hose up the steps. The lower hallway was filled with smoke. Flames were showing near the base of the stairway.



The laddermen of Sixteen Truck were adjusting the extension to a fifth-floor window which as yet was free from fire.—Page 384.

The fire had apparently started in the cellar and had drawn quickly up the dumb-waiter shaft, spreading with alarming rapidity as it rose. It had already eaten through the wall in the rear of the stairway and was spreading to the adjoining building, the first floor rear of which was occupied as a paint-store and plumbing-shop, with apartments on the upper floors.

Captain Donahue's impulse was to dash up the smoke-filled stairway to his own apartment above. But his duty lay there in the lower hallway, directing his men. Two truckmen of Sixteen were entering the building now. In a moment they would be rescuing those who had been caught on the upper floors.

Captain Donahue caught one of the truckmen by the sleeve.

"My own wife and kids are up there on the fourth," he shouted. "For God's sake get them. They are—" But the sentence was never finished. There came a blinding flash; the wall at the base of the stairway seemed to split and crumble, and Captain Donahue felt himself hurled backward through the doorway and to the sidewalk, where he lay half-stunned, his legs crumpled up beneath him.

Out of the hallway, now aglow with flames, stumbled several firemen, groping blindly. One fell a few feet from where the captain lay. And now there stumbled another, his helmet gone, his face seared and blistered, his clothing ablaze.

The line of hose, released from the hands of those who had held it, writhed like a giant serpent. Donahue knew from the pain that one of his legs was broken. He managed to rise to a sitting posture and look about him.

Hartmann was beside his engine, his face white and tense, his eyes shifting from his captain to the blazing hallway from which at any moment another explosion might burst forth; for he knew that one tank of gasolene in the paint-shop had already been reached and that another might be there.

With one hand upon the writhing hose Donahue beckoned with the other to Hartmann and as the chauffeur joined him they dragged the hose-line to them until the nozzle was in their hands. They trained the stream directly at the blazing hallway and held it there. Under the two-inch stream the blaze began to die.

Other companies were also at work. One had mounted the stairway of a building across the street and was sending a horizontal stream into the window of the third floor. The laddermen of Sixteen Truck were adjusting the extension to a fifth-floor window which as yet was free from fire.

Gradually the red glow in the lower hallway faded as the stream from The Giant's hose-line was guided slowly from right to left by the injured captain and the fireman chauffeur.

"Get into that, Hartmann," said Donahue when the last sign of fire in the hallway had gone. "Get into it and up that stairway to the fourth floor. My own wife and my own little children are up there. You can make it now."

There were tears in the captain's eyes, and in his voice too—tears and pleading. "I can hold this pipe and I'll keep the water playing over your head until you make the stairs," he continued.

Hartmann made no answer. He looked helplessly at his captain, then at the hallway, from which smoke was pouring. And as he looked, a small gray body, flecked with black spots, trotted up the steps and disappeared into the smoke.

Pal had waited awhile in the engine-house after Captain Donahue had left. But it was lonely there, with no one around, so Pal had decided to visit his friends, the younger Donahues. Possibly they had not yet gone to bed. At any rate, it were better to take that chance than to remain in the silent, empty fire-house.

The excitement in front of the Donahue home must have reminded Pal of the old days when attendance at fires was a part of his daily routine. The smoke, too, must have seemed quite natural to him. Certainly neither the noise nor the smoke halted Pal; he kept right on and into the building, just as he had done so many times before, and scampered up the smoky stairway to the fourth floor, where he began scratching as usual upon the Donahues' door. And Hartmann was close behind him.

Hartmann knew nothing of Pal's former visits there. To his excited mind there was something uncanny in the action of the dog—something supernatural, past Hartmann's comprehension. He

was impelled by an irresistible force to follow Pal through the blinding smoke.

The sound of Pal's claws upon the door guided Hartmann when he reached the fourth floor. In a moment he and Pal were in the Donahue apartment. The place was empty, but upon the fire-escape were Mrs. Donahue and the children, huddled for all the world like a hen and her chickens, the mother's skirt over the heads of her little brood. Below them the fire-escape had been torn away by the explosion.

With the three children in his arms Hartmann plunged back and down the stairway, his lungs well-nigh bursting from the pent-up breath.

The chief of the fire department was bending over Captain Donahue when Hartmann, with the three youngsters, emerged from the building. Two medical officers, under the chief's direction, carried Donahue to the opposite pavement. The injured man would allow them to carry him no farther.

"What of my wife?" he asked, as Hartmann relinquished his hold upon the little Donahues. But Hartmann did not pause for reply. Back into the burning building he ran. A few minutes later he reappeared with Mrs. Donahue in his arms. Pal trotted at his heels.

"You'll get the department medal for this," said the chief as he laid his hand kindly on Hartmann's shoulder. "You've done a brave deed, boy."

Hartmann looked around for Pal. But the dog had left them. He was touching noses with a big white horse down the block—one of the Normans who had served with Pal in Twenty Engine.

When the Norman and his team-mates clattered away from the scene of the fire early in the morning, Pal gayly led the way. He had deserted Twenty and its crew and had enlisted with another company, a company from which the horses had not been banished. Pal was again in active service.



He was touching noses with a big white horse down the block—one of the Normans who had served with Pal in Twenty Engine.

IMMORTALS IN EXILE

By Arthur Davison Ficke

Beneath a goblin yew-tree's shade,
When autumn night was furled,
I saw them gather who have made
The history of the world:—

Those great obscure momentous souls
Whom fame does not record,—
Whose impulse still our fate controls
With deathless deed or word.

There walked the postman from whose face
No shock the smile could oust,
Who lost, beyond our power to trace,
The sketch of Lessing's "Faust."

There came the snivelling servant-maid
With injured peevish look,
Who on the lagging fire-coals laid
Carlyle's long-labored book.

One plodded by whose father-love,
Surmounting all defeats,
Had made a first-class plumber of
A boy who was a Keats.

And ambling amiably along
The Man from Porlock strode,
Whose visit broke the wizard song
Of Kubla Khan's abode.

And many more, to me unknown,
Gathered beneath the trees,—
Men who perhaps down wells have thrown
Plays of Euripides,

Or sold some budding Shakespeare drink,
Or shut in cells some Blake,
Or forced some Shelley to death's brink
For true religion's sake.

I heard them say: "We are oppressed,
Damned by a cruel wrong,—
We who have ever meant the best
And have meant nothing long.

"Most cruelly damned, to such degree
That sinners, faring well
In warmth and good society,
Eject us even from Hell.

"Hence we are forced to seek on earth
The form of mortal wight;
And entering at the gates of birth,
Renew our ancient might."

THE POINT OF VIEW

AMONG the casualties of the great war, don't forget the slaughter of that vigorous veteran of so many wars, General Ideas. Now, General Ideas, like all the members of the Venerable Idea family, is an entertaining old humbug; he has helped to pass the time for us on many trying occasions. But there are limits to one's toleration even of General Ideas. Especially when they concern nations, not just men and things taken individually.

Rubber Stamp Lies

Generalizing about national types has been a favorite sport of all kinds of tourists, from Chateaubriand—who said somewhere that every traveller is a historian, whose duty it is to record what he sees and hears—right down to the American débutante going abroad with an elderly aunt from Boston, who promises to take good care of her. Now, the tragedy of travel is, briefly, this: all these travellers have "written up" their wanderings, and some of them have been taken seriously. Less galling than those earlier writings about America (from Captain Basil Hall and Mrs. Trollope down to Kipling himself), the resultant books are too much like travellers' conversation in smoke-room or at *table d'hôte*.

I remember an Englishman at Pau who informed a roomful of cosmopolitans, most of them now on the firing-line, that American women rich enough to afford it always had their teeth filled with diamonds. I denied vigorously ever having seen such a deplorable waste of the jewel, but my testimony was brushed aside by the cock-sure Briton. He had read the item in his favorite London newspaper. I was an American, and had never seen diamond-filled ladies; but that was readily explained by the fact that it was several months since I had resided in my own country. Habits might have changed in the mean time; every one knows how fast Americans *do* change. I writhed, but was helpless. I was thinking of the Texan I met on a railway in south-eastern Massachusetts. He was just the type of American our foreign visitors tell about in their odious travel-books, and was complaining of the dreariness of New England. "Look at this town," he said, waving his hand at the car window and its prospect of a village with its white steeple and common—a village founded early in colonial times. "It's dingy—dingy with age; there's not a building there that might not be thirty years old. Now, down in San Antonio I repaint every year, and my daughter sells off all the old furniture, too, and refurnishes the house new. Down in San Antonio we keep things looking *fresh*." That is the only time I ever met such an American anywhere—though half my New York friends change their apartments so often I never know where they do live. The answer to that is, New York is not America—only New York. But foreigners don't wait for answers. For them, all Americans are flat-dwelling New Yorkers and St. Anthonies tempted by brand-new furniture. They see some trifling instance—to their eyes, though, symbolic—and, *presto!* from it they deduce a whole national conscience or plot a national psyche—as scientists, granted three bad teeth from some South American

fossil, construct a mammoth skeleton done in Paris-plaster.

When I went abroad this last summer I chose Ireland for the scene of my travels. I chose Ireland because civil war seemed to be likely to break out, and a journalist makes straight for trouble wherever he scents it. One of the first letters that reached me scolded me in an affectionate way for risking my skin among the savage Irish. It reached me the day after Germany declared war on France and Russia; a quiet Sunday it was in Dublin, in spite of hectic "extras"—that they call "stop-press!" So I sat down and wrote a letter in reply explaining that Dublin was, indeed, the most pacific capital in all Europe—as it truly was. And to-day Ireland—the country proverbially looking for a fight—is the one part of the British Isles blamed by the recruiting agents for insufficient participation in the great war. So much for "General Ideas."

One of the tragedies of this war is going to be the tons of books and essays it will incubate. Even their titles appall the humble reader: "The True Teuton," "The Real Russia," "The New France," "The Truth about John Bull." We had settled down to one set of generalizations; now they are all upset. It seems a dreadful waste of second-rate material.

Take Germany: We had all made our minds up about Germany. The best beer and ugliest architecture. The cleanest city streets and the most deplorable pictures. A home-loving people, lovers of peace, whose sons nick one another's faces in college duels and whose army officers shove women and children into the gutter for the joy of honoring the "Kaiser's coat." A musical, sentimental, philosophical race, with a wonderful gift for "historical objectivity." Germans make uncouth noises eating soup, are undesirable as fellow travellers, but furnish all the novelties of industrial chemistry. German women wear ugly hats and are excellent plain cooks—if you like German cookery.

And England: England was "perfidious Albion." Her army was no great matter, except in Kipling's short stories, but on the sea she was so much better than any of her adversaries that there was no resisting her on any terms. Her tea was excellent and her Whitechapel unspeakable. She was the richest country in the world. She had no sense of humor, and therefore had the best comic weekly. She was the most sportsmanlike country in the world, and took defeat in polo or boating harder than any other. She was decadent. She had invented the nonconformist conscience. She had bulldog courage. She was the home of pre-Raphaelism, philistinism, phariseeism, and Lloyd-George.

Likewise France: The most excitable and impulsive of nations. The most industrious, the heaviest drinker of absinthe, the most immoral, the best road-builder, the most thrifty and atheistical and witty. Frenchmen were undersized and flabby. They wore black beards. They produced the best middle-weight boxers and the utmost theatrical depravity. They were a nervous wreck and excelled at aviation. France was a hotbed of antimilitarism, jingoism, love of children, and childlessness. In war, the French were irresistible in attack, but were soon defeated and were incapable of maintaining their morale under defeat. So much for poor France—degenerate for twenty or so centuries and still intellectual mistress of the universe.

Here we are at the starting-point again. Our national psychology is all to make over. Even our generalizations about the Russians—wonderful idealogues and clog-dancers, natural revolutionaries, depraved vodka-drinkers, unpractical mystics, and cruel cavalrymen and creators of the most pitying, pitiless, humanitarian, terrible novels ever imagined—even our brilliant generalizations about the Russians (that made that nation *very* real to us) now go by the board. For Russia's revolution has died a natural death since the war broke, and the government has abolished that great revenue-producer, the national monopoly of vodka. So we must revise all our notions of the Raging Russ. And it is a large contract.

What lies, what incomplete and unrepresentative half-truths, shall we divert ourselves with once the war has ended? There will be a great field open to those war correspondents of ours who have been kept at such an unconscionable distance from the firing front. I shouldn't be surprised if some of them have already blocked out their books and articles: "The True Teuton," "The Real Russia," "The New France," "The Truth about John Bull."

SOME one in the Russell Sage Foundation has been investigating the amusements in which the youth of to-day indulge, and reports that such old-time games as prisoner's base, hare and hounds, blind man's buff, leap-frog, and the like are almost unknown to this generation. The great diversion of contemporary youth seems now to be attendance at the movies, with baseball running a poor second for the boys, and "social dancing" for the girls.

Old-Time Games and New

So the progress of science creates a swell which breaks on unanticipated shores. What a lot of idle moments we must have had when young which were undoubtedly turned to some mischief-making. How much easier for the parents of to-day to provide for the leisure of their offspring by sending them to the movies to witness gallant deeds, romantic adventures, and the punishment of villainy all the afternoon and evening.

Easy for the parents and pleasant for the children, but is it really an improvement on our own childhood? Do our children really have more fun than we did? Do they really keep out of trouble and grow up more approximately spotless?

When we were boys, we remember, we smoked cigarettes because we considered it manly. We did not like to smoke particularly, but it helped the imagination in the pursuit of early maturity, and we doubt if it ever did us much harm. We refrained, whenever possible, from bursting into tears for the same reason; and it was that same ambition which drove us to talk very tough on occasion, to chew gum and expectorate (preferably without opening the teeth, as the chore-man did), and to avoid the society of girls.

Our games were usually violently competitive, and calculated to develop a somewhat unscrupulous resourcefulness. They were generally either very noisy or else involved the destruction of property to which we had no color of title.

What the ladies of our age did is still a mystery. They aired dolls up and down the sidewalk, they tried to keep their clothes clean, and they attended insufferable tea-parties, where they played, with apparent enjoyment, such games as still-pond-no-more-moving and hunt-the-slipper. When they were permitted to witness one of the competitive struggles in which their indifferent boy-coevals participated, their presence invariably proved a stimulus to the wildest hyperbole and most extravagant deportment. They were always a disturbing influence and generally a source of demoralization.

When our generation indulges in introspection it is, on the whole, pleased with itself. It thinks itself intelligent, industrious, and highly competent; and gives some of the credit for these qualities to its hardy youth and sound upbringing. The children were giants in those days, and we were those children! We smile indulgently at our own offspring, but there is no doubt that they are effete as compared with their parents. The children of to-day, on the other hand, refer to our ideas as "mid-Victorian," and openly insinuate they are better men than we, and could show us how to drive this band-wagon to far greater advantage if only they had the reins and a seat on the box.

Maybe so; anyway, we never went to movies. It may not be a source of particular credit to us that we didn't, and probably if there had been movies available we should have patronized them; but the point is—we never did. Nor did we go to the theatre—much. Being an audience was not in our line. We wanted to be the show, and whenever possible the whole show, and we usually so contrived. Perhaps we were unpleasant. Perhaps we were objectionable. Undoubtedly we were a bother. But we still think we turned out very well, and give certain credit to the schooling—though, of course, the material was quite unusual.

About all we know we learned by doing, and we have great faith in that method. We learned to merge our individuality in a team or a crew; and when we played alone we learned self-reliance. We learned not to rely on favors when we sailed a boat, and we learned perseverance and patience on the golf-links. We are now very remarkable. How fortunate that about the time this wretched next generation comes along we shall be due to receive our final reward and shall not have to sit up with our successors!

TRULY, it is a vulgar paradise which the syndicalist orator (recently quoted in "The Point of View") holds up to the admiration of the working people. His utopian "plant" is a thing of horror. Far

better, of course, than even the best communal dwelling is the cottage with its slanting roof, its open fire, and its "brave west door"; infinitely desirable the little place of one's own. But the writer in "The Point of View" would seem to think that the sense of possession can only be attained by actual ownership, or, at least, by sole and exclusive tenancy. What a misfortune, if that were true! I love, as well as another, "my own hearth, my own poker, my own back door," but these things may be impossible for me, or, since all life is a balancing and a choosing between the lesser and the greater good, I may decide that they are inexpedient. Must I, then, lacking an actual roof, an actual hearthstone, be deprived of the sense of ownership? Surely, one need not be so literal as that.

As to Individual Ownership

Working people cannot all live in the country, and, even to some of those who have lived there, the sound of the snow sliding from the roof would be far from cheerful, and the problem of getting the paths shovelled in the morning would detract somewhat from the charm of their ownership. Troublesome, too, is the plumbing, and worse the lack of it—not to speak of other perplexities. In order to inhabit that cottage with the slanting roof, we may pay a price in physical fatigue and mental worry which will rob us of the effective ownership of our minds and souls.

In the city one's own roof and one's own hearth are far too costly for the worker even to consider; and we may as well face the fact that we are tending more and more toward the communal dwelling. It is a matter of importance to improve it in a sensible way, and we seem to be working to that end, though not according to the ideal of the syndicalist orator. The advanced courses of domestic science in our universities are training women for that work in the same way that the army schools train mess sergeants. We have some reason, I think, to hope that discomfort will be abated. Nor need we be without a sense of ownership. What are we good for if we cannot make any corner which we may chance to inhabit our very own—the abode of our souls as well as of our bodies? In an apartment house, a hotel, a modest boarding-house, yes, if worst comes to worst, even in the gorgeous caravansary of the orator, one may isolate oneself. Let the band bray, let the swimmers splash, let the whole "plant" hum and buzz with its various machine-made activities. My little table in the big dining-room is an island of safety where I may shut my ears and, buried in my own thoughts, forget that food cooked in mass is less appetizing than food cooked over my own fire, or, if at times I must remember it, may steel my heart against homesickness and remember also that, in the balancing and choosing, I chose it as the lesser evil. In the sanctuary of my own room the light falls on my desk and chair—mine, whether in strict fact they belong to me or not. The room may not boast even a gas-log, far less a hearthstone, but surely I can in imagination kindle a little homelike flame—taking example of childhood, which the writer bids me watch. Childhood is splendid at make-believe.

Yes, we all want a place of our own, and we dream of it, and long for an actual blaze at which to warm our hands and our hearts, but let us learn to adapt, not ourselves to our generalized surroundings, but our surroundings to our individualized selves. In that is our salvation from the "swimming-pool" type of existence. I can do what I will with this infinitesimal corner of the earth, for it is mine, and I am my own. And, when all is said, is it not of more account to possess your soul than to own your back door?

·THE FIELD OF ART·

THE NEW ART IN AMERICA

IN so far as the fine arts are concerned, the great world tragedy, if it had to come at all, came, as it happened, at an opportune moment—for the art balance of the world has been shifting of late. At the present moment America is beginning to lead the world in art. In the departments of landscape-painting, of portraiture, of the small bronze, she more than holds her own, and in the other arts, of figure-painting, of sculpture, and of architecture, competent and unprejudiced judges generally place her on a footing of equality with her European competitors. But it is a curious thing that this rising star of American art is seen less clearly at home than it is abroad. For generations we Americans have regarded ourselves as mere students at the feet of the great European masters. And, now that the balance has changed, it is difficult for us to reconstruct our point of view, to recognize the fact which is recognized by others, that the student has himself at last become a master. This doubting attitude is national in its scope, and it might even be held to be creditable in view of a certain widely diffused opinion in regard to our national modesty; but it is no longer *necessary*, and it is no longer justified by the facts. Unfortunately, it is reflected only too clearly in the hesitating character of the official recognition of American art in America. It is true that there has been some recent improvement in this respect, but it also is true that in the matter of national and municipal patronage of native art we still lag far behind the smallest European nations.

While this lack of appreciation of our own art is, as I have said, country-wide in extent, it reaches its apogee in the greatest of all our great municipalities, the city of New York. New York has, in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, an institution for the housing and display of the great art of the past which compares favorably with any of the great art museums of Europe, but its one public gallery for the display of our own current art is very small and utterly inadequate. And the remedy is not yet in sight. For the past twenty years the National Academy of Design has been struggling to secure a suitable site on which to erect for itself a new and permanent home, a spacious gallery which should be both beautiful in design and adequate for the purposes and uses to which it would be dedicated. It will continue to fail, because, being a *private* institution, it cannot evoke in its favor the law of eminent domain. It will be readily understood, of course, that the first essential for the site upon which a great art gallery is to be erected must be the perpetual guarantee of free and unrestricted daylight, and the absolute certainty that in time to come this daylight cannot be shut off or obstructed by the erection of towering sky-scrapers upon the adjoining property. Unfortunately, the only land remaining to-day within the limits of New York City which can extend this guarantee with any degree of certainty lies within the various public parks and along the water-fronts, and only the municipality as a municipality can dispose of a single foot of this precious space for any purpose whatsoever. It would appear, therefore, that the second largest city in the world must remain for an indefinite period without an adequate gallery for the display of modern art. While our national art is growing daily in strength and in beauty, the citizens of New York are permitted to see it only in fitful glimpses and under most trying and unsatisfactory conditions. There is only one

remedy for this state of affairs, and that is education. Only when our rulers can be made to understand that art is one of the chief glories of a nation, one of the highest sources of pleasure among civilized peoples, one of the best of educators, and one of the chief deterrents to crime, can there be any serious hope of an adequate solution of the problem; for the one adequate solution lies in the hands of the city fathers. The great new exhibition gallery must be a *municipal gallery*, owned by the city, supported by the city, run by the city—with the help and advice of competent artist advisers and experts. It is sincerely to be hoped that the National Academy of Design may, in some way, succeed in overcoming the formidable obstacles which lie in its path, and may at an early date secure the new home which it has so long and so sorely needed. But even if their much-desired exhibition gallery should materialize in the near future, it would by no means fill the place of the great municipal gallery which I have here suggested. Art has been changing of late. It has been venturing into many new paths, and reaching out in many new directions. This new movement is fundamental in character. It has in it the vitality of youth and the irresistible impulse of something primeval. We cannot at the present moment discover its goal, nor say just where it will lead us. But we can at least be sure that such outbursts as the Post-impressionist and Futurist movements are but as the froth upon the crest of a great wave. Beneath it the ocean heaves—slow but irresistible. It is more than doubtful, therefore, if the best interests of art would now be served by the continued control of a small band of academicians—however able, however intelligent, however well-meaning, they were individually and collectively. I am an academician. I am unable to discover anything of value in any of the new movements which have come to my attention that does not in some way conform to one of the three great and ancient canons of art—beauty of color, beauty of line, and beauty of effect. Yet some such new beauty *may* exist all the same; and if it does exist the sooner the world comes to a knowledge of it the better for humanity.

The worst feature of academies, and of organized art bodies generally, is the jury system upon which they are all founded—this jury system which is held to be the guarantee of fair dealing and equal justice to all comers in art! According to this system each picture, each statue, each art object presented for exhibition must pass before a regularly constituted jury, whose members are selected from among the most eminent and capable practitioners in the various arts of design. I have myself served upon many of these juries, and I can state from long experience that they are generally fair and high-minded in their judgments, that they endeavor to make the best possible selections from among the works submitted, and that this is generally accomplished with the smallest amount of bias and favoritism that is consistent with average human nature. They are damned from the beginning, however, by the very manner of their selection, for the juries are inevitably chosen from among the older and more academic of the artists—those whose reputations are already assured—and it is inevitable that these men will judge the art of the future by the art of the past, and thus very possibly refuse a hearing to some obscure and unknown genius who presents a new truth, or the old truth in some strange, new garb. The juries of the past did thus refuse a hearing to Delacroix, to Corot, to Millet, to Manet, Sisley, Degas, Whistler, Cézanne, and many another great painter who was in advance of his own generation. The jury system must be considered, therefore, to have outlived its uses, and it must go by the board. It will not die easily, however, and the radical reform which this suggested change connotes can be accomplished more readily under the democratic system of control of a great municipal gallery than in any other conceivable way.

But all of this does not necessarily mean that the academies must themselves cease to exist. On the contrary, they will continue to render a great and necessary service to art. It will be their function to act as a balance-wheel which will control the art movement and prevent artistic excesses; and it will also be one of their functions—and a very noble one—to act as the conservator and guardian of the great art traditions of the past, and to pass these on to future generations.

And in this connection it may be well to remind the shouting iconoclasts that the new beauty never destroys or obscures the old beauty, or the new art the old art. That

which was once beautiful remains always beautiful, and we still treasure—and whatever surprises the new art has in store for us we will continue to treasure—the truly great art of other days. From the time when art made its first nebulous appearance in ancient China, down through the early civilizations of India and Persia and Egypt to the great days of Greece and the final outburst of the Italian Renaissance, the great ones produced masterpieces which are still recognized as such.

On the other hand, it would be well if the academicians could be brought to see and to admit the fact that in the dim shadows of the future there must lie hidden many new forms of beauty which have hitherto been unguessed at; if they could be persuaded at least to keep the open mind, so that when some newcomer of this sort bursts the veil and rises into view his kinship should be recognized and he be bidden welcome.

For the reasons which I have endeavored here to place before the reader it would seem clear that the problem of an adequate, sympathetic, fair, and open-minded system for the exhibition of our great and ever-increasing current art product could be met and solved in no way so satisfactorily as by the establishment of the municipally owned gallery which I have mentioned. Certainly in no other way could the freedom and the democratic system of control which are so essential under the new conditions be so readily achieved and so easily maintained.

This great exhibition building should serve as a sort of general clearing-house of art. It should furnish reasonable accommodations for all of the various independent art associations of the city. It should have many well-lit galleries of moderate dimensions where constantly recurring exhibitions might be held throughout the year—it being the intention to replace the present unintelligent system of one monster annual exhibition followed by months of artistic starvation by another which would offer small, enjoyable group exhibitions at all times. Its management should be broad enough to include every form of art known to humanity—not pictures, drawings, prints, and statuary only, but architectural designs, artistic photography, jewelry of an artistic character, silverware, bookbinding, textiles, and even furniture and artistic feminine costumes, the intention being to broaden the scope of the exhibits constantly rather than to narrow them, to bring art into the closest possible touch with life; for no nation can claim to be truly artistic which does not demand beauty of design even in its kitchen-utensils. We treasure in our museums the cook-stoves, the kettles, and the candlesticks of the Greeks and the Etruscans!

In an exhibition of the broad and far-reaching nature which is here suggested there would probably be something, some one exhibit at least, which would interest and attract every single member of the population—and once within the building there would be the temptation to wander into other rooms, to inspect other exhibits than the special one which he or she came here to see—and thus the interest would grow, and the good work of instruction in the arts would go on automatically and quite independent of any special teaching. A higher and higher standard of criticism would be the inevitable result, and out of this there could not fail to develop a higher and higher standard of general living. The community as a whole would benefit.

Now, as liberty is not to be confused with anarchy, it is evident that some new scheme would have to be devised to replace the old discredited jury system in the selection of the exhibits. In the department of the fine arts certainly the simplest and most satisfactory arrangement would be to allot a reasonable amount of space to every organized art association which might apply, and to extend the same hospitality to every self-organized group of artists who might desire to exhibit. The exhibits gathered in this way would still be selective, and they would thus be free from the blight of amateurism which afflicts every one of the so-called "independent" exhibitions. Each group of painters, sculptors, illustrators, and so on, organized under the above-described plan, would have at heart the high quality of its own exhibition, and would exercise a rigid censorship in regard to the artists who were invited to join its ranks; but, once selected, each artist would have absolute freedom in the selection of his own exhibits. But he would also be under the greatest emulative stimulus to put forth his best work. The groups thus formed, moreover, would be the result of natural selection. They would be harmonious and homogeneous, each group expressing strongly some distinctive move-

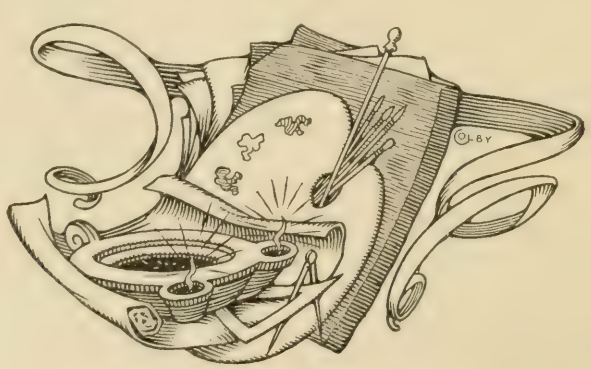
ment, some well-defined phase, of art. A message thus forcibly delivered would have a chance to "carry," to make itself understood. And in this true artistic republic there would be as many different messages as there are individual varieties in our race; for art in its final analysis is the expression of human personality—first, of course, racial personality; and in the present case this would mean in a broad sense the expression of the American life and temperament in the twentieth century. But inside of these racial boundaries there would be an individual expression as diverse as the difference between a New England old maid and a Western cowboy. The city man, the farmer, the dude, the mechanic, the crook, the materialist, the poet would all find expression according as each of these types lay dormant at the bottom of the soul of each artist represented. But all of them would be *American*, just as painters whose work differed as fundamentally as did the paintings of El Greco, Velasquez, and Goya were all Spanish, and artists as unlike one to another as Rembrandt, Vermeer, and Frans Hals were still all Dutch.

But, most important of all, the new art in its manifold expressions will be assured a hearing, and will be judged not by a one-sided jury but by humanity at large. If it is good it will the sooner be acclaimed. If it is bad it will the sooner be buried. And is it not evident what an intense and varied interest this great variety must give to these group exhibitions? In one gallery there might be a collection of pictures by the most eminent of our academic painters, dignified and restrained, reflecting the best traditions of the past in art. In another gallery would perhaps be found an exhibit by the painters of the futurist, of the vorticist school; in still a third a strong showing by our own fine American school of portrait-painting; in the adjoining gallery a collection of American landscapes; in still others individualistic groups marking the new directions in which the younger generation of American painters are moving. Among these latter there will certainly be some whose strange new versions of old truths will exasperate exceedingly the academic mind—but who may, nevertheless, be stating the great truth. It is these whom we would discover.

In an exhibition, or a series of exhibitions. of this character there can be no monotony. Nothing is prejudged. The public is no longer spoon-fed in art. It is asked freely to make its own selections, and this will be good both for the public and the painter.

Under this new dispensation the great painters with the new vision will no longer be obscured by an academic clique and forced to languish for ten or twenty years in outer neglect and poverty before they obtain a hearing and recognition. Here in America and in our own day, for the first time in the history of the world, the new art will be treated fairly. Only under some such system as I have here described can this new art which has come to America have a chance to expand and grow, and reach its best development. The impulse which underlies it has all the strength and power and splendid vitality of an extraordinarily vigorous young nation. Unless all signs fail, unless history is to reverse itself, this movement promises to develop into one of the most magnificent outbursts of art which the world has ever seen; but while a strong and vigorous plant will live and continue to grow under the most adverse conditions of soil and climate and moisture, it can only reach its finest development when all conditions are most favorable to its growth. And so it is with art.

Birge Harrison.





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LES SOUVENIRS.

One of the Fragonard panels in the Morgan Collection, now on exhibition in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.

—"The Field of Art," page 519.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

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THE BUILDING OF THE PANAMA CANAL*

II.—LABOR PROBLEMS CONNECTED WITH THE WORK

BY GEORGE W. GOETHALS, U. S. A.,
Governor of the Panama Canal

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

THE wide-spread reputation of the Isthmus of Panama as a "pest-hole," which prevailed when the Americans took possession of the work in 1904, increased materially the cost of the Canal. In order to induce skilled labor of the requisite character and quantity to go to the Isthmus, it was necessary to adopt a scale of wages higher than had been known on previous construction work anywhere, and to continue that scale unmodified after the Isthmus had ceased to be more perilous to health than any other tropical country. Existing dread of the Isthmus was confirmed and enhanced by an outbreak of yellow fever among American employees, which occurred in 1905, and which reached the proportions of an epidemic. When the Americans arrived at Panama they established their official headquarters in the old Administration Building in Panama City, which had been used by the French Canal Company for the same purpose and had been acquired by the American Government in the Canal purchase. The American employees were obliged to find living quarters in various parts of the city, since no others were obtainable, and as the city was infected with yellow fever, of which there were sporadic cases from time to time, they, being non-immune, fell victims to it. One hundred and thirty-three of them were stricken and thirty-five died. Wide publicity was, from the nature of the case, given to this disaster, and the effect was to render still more difficult and expensive the task of assembling a force of skilled men.

Although the prospectof active resumption of Canal construction had attracted a few hundred men from Mexico and Central and South America, the available working force composed of these and others brought from the United States formed only a fraction of the large number required. It was realized that a plan of systematic recruiting of both skilled and common laborers must be put into operation. This was done, and the assembling of a working force divided into what were known later as "gold" and "silver" employees was begun. American employees, who desired to be paid in the money of their own country, were called "gold" men, and the natives of Panama and the West India islands, being familiar only with the coinage of their own lands, desired payment in silver. As a consequence, the designations of "gold" and "silver" employees were adopted and prevailed till the completion of the work, notwithstanding the fact that

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subsequently the Panama coinage was put upon the gold standard. The "gold" force comprised officials, clerks, superintendents, mechanics, steam-shovel operators, locomotive engineers, and, broadly speaking, all classes of skilled American labor, while the "silver" force included all common laborers, both European and West Indian, and alien artisans. This divisional designation was found not only convenient but politic, since it avoided all reference to the color line.

Prior to 1907 efforts had been made to secure common laborfrom various sources. About five hundredof the European laborers had been recruited in Cuba, but opposition developed on the part of the planters, and no large supply could be secured from this source. Southern negroes had not been brought down except in small numbers as teamsters, because of the objections that would be raised to their removal in large numbers from the farms. Because of the inducements offered by the railroads in the western part of the United States, it was impossible to secure emigrants at Ellis Island. Bids had been invited and received for Chinese labor, but had been rejected. Mr. Stevens, considering the character of West Indian labor, was of the opinion that the labor problem could be solved successfully by securing laborers of several different nationalities. As a result, in April, 1907, three recruiting agents were in the field, two operating in the West India islands and one in Europe, to obtain common labor.

In Europe, efforts were principally directed toward securing Spaniards from the mountain province of Galicia, as it was found that they were hardy, intelligent, and tractable. Opposition to recruiting in Europe developed from official sources; in Italy a press agitation was started, with official support, and laborers were warned against coming to Panama, and finally prohibited. The King of Spain, in November, 1908, issued a decree temporarily forbidding emigration to Panama. Notwithstanding these obstacles, 8,298 laborers were recruited from Spain, 1,941 from Italy, and 1,101 from Greece, with the understanding that they should be paid at the rate of twenty cents, gold, per hour for a nine-hour day and be supplied with free quarters, free medical attendance, and meals, if desired, at the rate of forty cents, gold, per day. In addition to the laborers recruited directly, many came of their own accord, induced to do so by letters from friends or relatives. There were occasional difficulties with European laborers, but not of a serious nature. The food furnished at the messes was one cause and inability to understand the language another. These were overcome, however, largely through Mr. Giuseppe Garibaldi, who was employed to investigate their grievances. He enlisted cooks, arranged their menus, and with his assistance the commissary was enabled to cater to their tastes and provide the foodstuffs to which they were accustomed. Trouble resulted because colored policemen were placed to guard their camps, but this was remedied by detailing whites for this duty.

The Europeans were used largely on track work in the central division, which included Culebra Cut, and were often obliged to continue at work from 7 A.M. to 1.30 P.M. without intermission, clearing and aligning tracks during the noon hours. Their morning meal was not a substantial one, so the men carried a roll or sandwich with them, which they would eat in the course of the morning. To this the division engineer objected, and some of the men were suspended five days in consequence; then an entire gang was suspended, with the ultimate result that upward of six hundred quit work, a number of them leaving. They were orderly, presented their grievances for consideration, and I directed that they be allowed ten minutes during the morning for their repast, the foremen to fix the time.

Jamaica offered the most promising field for recruiting in the West Indies, but arrangements could not be made with authorities to permit it. However, a great many Jamaicans have been employed on the Canal as artisans, cooks, janitors, and petty clerks. Recruiting from the other islands brought to the Isthmus 19,000 men from Barbados, 5,542 from Martinique, 2,053 from Guadeloupe, and 1,427 from Trinidad; 1,493 were also secured from Colombia. These figures do not show the large numbers who came of their own accord, including East Indians.

This class of labor was employed at ten cents, gold, per hour, given free quarters and medical attendance, and furnished three meals a day at a total cost of thirty cents. West Indian laborers were never entirely satisfactory. Their standard of living is low, and as a class they are sluggish and lack vitality; but their efficiency was increased by introducing competition through the European laborer, by supplying them with proper food, by training, and by familiarizing the American foremen with their peculiarities. The ratio of efficiency between the European and West Indian, which at the beginning was fixed at 2 to 1, did not hold good through the entire period of service; while that of the latter increased, that of the former decreased, as the result of working in juxtaposition.

At the beginning of the work, carrying out the wishes of President Roosevelt, an effort was made to recruit all American employees from the classified civil service, but this proved impracticable and highly unsatisfactory, and by executive order of January 12, 1906, the civil-service rules were amended so as to exempt all employees of the commission except those for the positions of bookkeeper, clerk, stenographer, typewriter, surgeon, physician, trained nurse, and draughtsman.

The recruiting of the "gold" force was carried on through the Washington office of the commission by means of correspondence, by advertising, and by agents in the field, of whom at one time three were employed. In making these employments the requirements were, broadly, that the applicant must be an American citizen in good physical condition, as shown by a medical examination just prior to departure, not less than twenty nor more than forty years old (for some positions the maximum age limit was less), and capable of performing the duties for which employed.

The Panama Railroad Company, a corporation operating under a charter from the State of New York and a concession from the republic of Colombia, had for years, as a health measure, provided certain privileges in the way of vacation and sick leave, and it followed naturally that similar privileges must be accorded to the Canal workers. As a consequence the commission allowed certain privileges in addition to salary, and because of the intimate relations between the two interests, the Panama Railroad Company and the Isthmian Canal Commission, the same conditions were made applicable to both. Compensation of employees began on the date of sailing from a port of the United States, and they were furnished with free transportation to the Isthmus, including subsistence. Where available, quarters were provided free of charge, including fuel, lights, and water, and, except at the very beginning of the work, bachelor quarters were always available. Free transportation was also allowed to a port of the United States upon termination of service by or at the instance of the commission, provided such service had been satisfactory. All employees whose salary was fixed on a monthly or annual basis were allowed sick leave during the period of disability, not to exceed thirty days in any calendar year for an employee appointed in the United States, and not to exceed fifteen days in any calendar year for an employee appointed on the Isthmus. Such leave was not cumulative, was not given to an employee appointed with a rate of pay per hour, and could be granted only upon the certificate of an authorized physician in the employ of the commission.

All employees, whether on a monthly or hourly basis, in the discretion of the proper official, were allowed leave for injury incurred in the performance of duty, while incapacitated by reason of such injury, but not to exceed thirty days in any calendar year. In the case of an employee paid by the month or year, pay for injury leave was at the rate of compensation received at the time of the injury, while an employee paid by the hour received pay on the basis of eight hours constituting a day. In the case of all employees, free medical and hospital attendance was provided. An employee whose salary was fixed on an annual or monthly basis was to receive no pay for overtime work required of him, but as compensation and in consideration for such overtime as was anticipated and expected, such employee could be granted six weeks' leave of absence with pay for every twelve months' service, and such leave was to be cumula-

tive for a period of two years. The leave for one year could be taken at the expiration of eight months' continuous service. This leave also carried with it the privilege of a twenty-dollar rate each way on steamers of the Panama Railroad, operating between New York and Colon, for the employee and members of his family. It was expressly stated that "This grant of leave is not to be considered a vested right, but is made to promote the welfare and best interests of the service." Compensation for such leave was made on the return of the employee to the Isthmus. The compensation of employees appointed with rate of pay per hour was based on an eight-hour day, with time and half for overtime, including Sundays and holidays. Employees of this class were not allowed vacation leave, though they were allowed the reduced steamship rates when travelling on leave at their own expense.

In February, 1907, the commission adopted new conditions of employment, to become effective on April 1 following, which modified the leave privileges then in force. The sick-leave privilege was extended to all classes of "gold" employees, but payment was to be made for a period not to exceed fifteen days for each six months' service, and then only at the expiration of the six months, provided the time roll showed that the employee had worked ninety-six per cent of the working days or hours during the period, less the time the employee was absent on account of sickness. In no case was this sick leave cumulative; in other words, if no sick leave were taken the first six months, the employee could receive only fifteen days during the remainder of the year. The injury-leave privilege remained as formerly. The conditions governing annual leave, still applicable only to men on the monthly or annual basis, were changed. While six weeks' leave with pay for each twelve months' service was granted if leave were taken in the United States, only thirty days with pay were allowed if taken outside of the United States. This leave was not cumulative and was sacrificed if not taken. Furthermore, no portion of it was to be allowed until the completion of ten months' service. When taken in the United States, the government rate was to be given on Panama Railroad steamers, but no specific rate was mentioned.

While these new conditions granted sick-leave privileges to men on the hourly basis, they were objectionable to the men employed by the month or year, on the ground that certain rights were taken from them, and they claimed that they should receive the privileges assured to them at the time of their employment. There was general complaint on the part of all employees at the changed conditions of employment. Hourly men were still excluded from the vacation leave, and were dissatisfied on this account, while monthly men found fault because their sick leave was restricted, were allowed only thirty days with pay in case they did not go to the United States, were denied the cumulative feature of the former regulations, and because the rates on the Panama Railroad steamers were indefinite. In addition, a demand for increases in pay had been made by locomotive engineers and conductors, and by steam-shovel engineers, cranemen, and firemen. Notwithstanding the high rates of pay, demand for increases in pay was constant, and other classes of employees were waiting to see the outcome of the demand made by the transportation men and steam-shovel operators, as the whole wage scale seemed to hinge on the pay given to these classes. This condition of affairs with respect to labor on the Isthmus developed in the early part of 1907, just as the work, and particularly that of excavation in Culebra Cut, was getting into full swing.

When work began with steam-shovels, crews were paid on the basis of $190 per month for engineers and $165 for cranemen. They claimed that they had been promised a bonus for each additional thousand yards excavated per month per shovel over 25,000 yards. In view of the limited transportation facilities, which prevented equal treatment to all in regard to this bonus, Mr. Stevens, in 1905, increased the wages of all steam-shovel engineers to $210 and of the steam-shovel cranemen to $185 per month; at the same time "gold" firemen were placed on the rolls at $83.33; the crews worked eight hours per day.

In January, 1907, the general secretary and treasurer of the International Brotherhood of Steam-Shovel and Dredge Men,



Boating party of employees on a holiday.

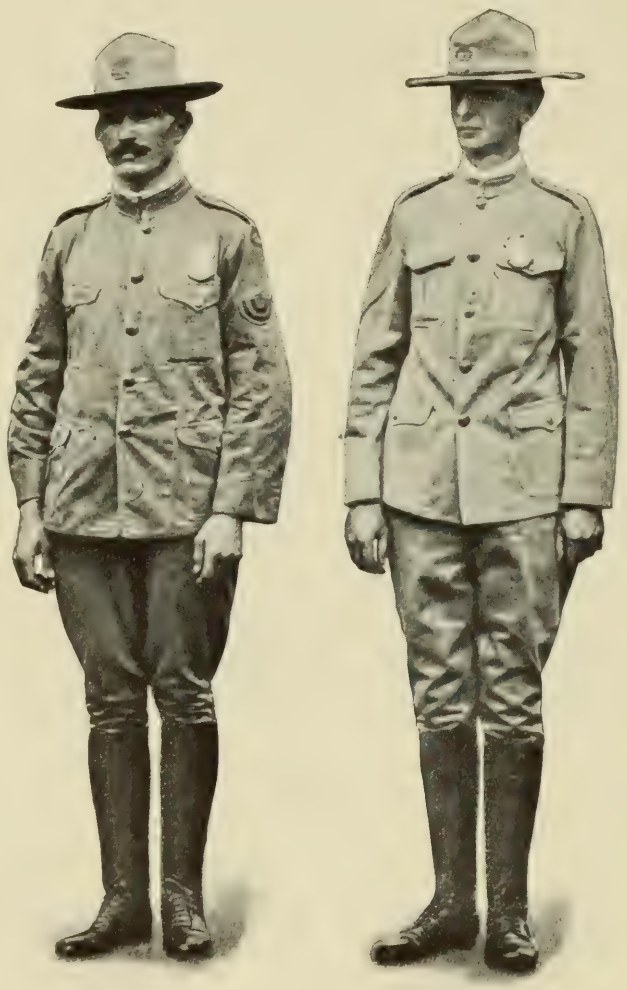
acting in compliance with a resolution adopted by the general executive board of the order, requested an increase in wages for the men on the Isthmus, engineers to receive $300, cranemen $250, and firemen $110 in lieu of the scale then in force. At the same time he took up the question with the President of the United States, claiming that the men on the Isthmus were the highest type of steam-shovel men and that the wages paid elsewhere for similar work warranted an increase for the Panama service, supporting this last statement by data of wages paid in the States. He requested that the new scale be adopted, effective March 1, 1907.

The President referred this to the commission, asking for a report and verification of the figures, expressing the intention of submitting the facts to Congress if found correct. A comparison made by the commission of the wages paid on the Isthmus with those paid by eighty-one firms throughout the United States showed that the engineers at Panama were receiving thirty per cent higher pay than the average paid by firms in the United States, while the cranemen were getting eighty per cent higher pay, and in both cases no consideration was taken of the fact that the men on the Isthmus were provided with continuous work, free furnished quarters, lights, fuel, and other privileges granted employees of the commission.

Under the circumstances the President stated that while he desired to have the highest class of men that could possibly be secured, and wished as high a wage paid as could be given consistently in order to secure such men, in view of the data presented to him he did not feel justified in instructing that the wages of steam-shovel men be raised at that time. He realized further that if the wage scale of the shovel-men was raised it would mean a demand for increase by all other classes of mechanics. However, if a continued increase in the wages of workmen in the United States warranted increase in the

wages of Isthmian employees, he would see that the necessary action was taken.

At the time this question was under consideration by the authorities at Washington, the steam-shovel men on the Isthmus asked for a readjustment of the wage scale, requesting the same increase that had been proposed to the Washington authorities. After receiving a report from the various officials, Mr. Stevens gave a hearing to the committee having charge of the matter, as the result of which he notified the men that he was unable to comply with their request. On receipt of this information the committee asked permission to visit Washington to lay their claims before the President. This request was transmitted to Washington, and the Secretary of War (Mr. Taft) replied that, as he was to visit the Isthmus some time during March, the President directed that the delegation should await his arrival on the Isthmus. In the meantime, however, they were instructed to send all the facts in the case to him for such consideration as he would be able to give it prior to his arrival.



Officers of the Zone police.

During the construction period the Zone police force numbered about two hundred and fifty men, about seventy-five of whom were Jamaican negroes. All the officers were white Americans. The Jamaicans were used to police West Indians only.

About the same time the locomotive engineers of the Panama Railroad and of the commission requested a hearing for the purpose of adjusting their wages and the conditions of employment which were to take effect on April 1 following. In the latter part of 1905 the pay of locomotive engineers and conductors employed by the Panama Railroad was fixed by an agreement between a committee and the officials of the railroad at $180 and $170 per month, respectively, eight hours to constitute a day's work, they to be paid for overtime in excess of eight hours, and double time for extra work on Sundays, when four hours were to constitute a day's work. This agreement provided that engineers and conductors were to receive full pay for time spent in the hospital from sickness or injury received or contracted while in the employment of the railroad. At the same time the pay of engineers and conductors in the service of the commission on work trains was fixed at $150 and $125 per month, respectively. By a subsequent agreement made in 1906, vacancies in the Panama Railroad service, instead of being filled by new employees, as had been the practice, were to be filled by promotion of commission employees. The manner in which this portion of the agreement was carried out caused dissatisfaction, and when spoil from Culebra Cut was run over the main line of the Panama Railroad, the discontent was increased by reason of the difference in pay while the service was practically the same.

As a result a new agreement, effective April 1, 1906, was made, by which all lo-

comotive engineers in the service of either the Panama Railroad or the commission were to receive $180 per month and the conductors $170 per month. The engineers and conductors employed by the Panama Railroad were to work eight hours per day, overtime to be paid in excess of nine hours, while engineers and conductors of the commission were to receive no pay for overtime. As to the latter, however, it was agreed that time in excess of nine hours was to be recorded, and, when the excess time equalled or exceeded eight hours, a day off with pay would be allowed. The Panama Railroad engineers and conductors were to receive full pay for the time spent in hospital on account of sickness or injury sustained in service, while those in the employ of the commission were to be governed by the rules of the commission. This agreement was signed by representatives of both interests and was to continue in force until either party should serve thirty days' notice that it wished dissolution, amendment, or change.

In their letter of March, 1907, the locomotive engineers and conductors of the commission and Panama Railroad stated that their request would be on the same line as that of the steam-shovel men, who had already been given a hearing, and, anticipating that the answer would be the same as that given the latter, they asked that a committee be granted the privilege of going to Washington by the first ship sailing after the meeting to lay their requests before the President and the Secretary of War. Their demands, while not specifying the same rate of pay as the steam-shovel men, went further in that they provided for special privileges and desired modifications of the conditions of employment that were to become effective April 1. They asked for pay for overtime, full pay for all time spent in the hospital or quarters from sickness or injury contracted in line of duty, also free medical and hospital attendance for themselves and families, free transportation over the Panama Railroad for themselves and families upon request, and, finally, that they should not be required to continue on duty when in their judgment they needed rest.

After giving a hearing to the committee and considering the demands in detail, Mr. Stevens declined to make any modification in the conditions of employment, to allow any pay for overtime, or to grant any privileges not accorded other classes of employees. So far as pay was concerned, he agreed to amend the existing rates by making the pay of qualified engineers $210 and qualified conductors $190 per month, specifying that by qualified engineers and conductors he meant men who were fitted, in the opinion of operating officials, by experience, character, and judgment, to handle trains on the main line of the Panama Railroad and who could pass a satisfactory examination on standard or Panama Railroad operating rules.

This settlement of the question was not acceptable to the men. I arrived on the Isthmus on the 12th of March, 1907, and a committee of steam-shovel men and of locomotive engineers and conductors requested a meeting. The steam-shovel men demanded the increase of pay already noted, and the locomotive engineers adhered to their demands, with the proviso that the pay of locomotive engineers was to be the same as that fixed for steam-shovel engineers, on the ground that in the States the locomotive engineers, as a rule, received higher rates of pay than the steam-shovel men. The conductors contended that their responsibility was greater than that of the engineers, especially in work-train service, and that they should receive compensation equal to that of the engineers, if not greater. Another question raised was their right to a fair and impartial hearing, with representation, in case of discharge or punishment. As the whole matter had been referred to the authorities in Washington, and was to be taken up by the Secretary of War on his approaching visit, action was declined.

Secretary Taft arrived on the Isthmus on March 30, 1907, and gave a hearing to the various committees a few days later. The reasons which they advanced for the increases of pay demanded were based on the discomfort which service on the Isthmus imposed, due to distance from home and friends; the utter lack of usual and rational amusement; greater risk of illness and death due to climatic conditions; hard service in a humid climate and high temperature which undermined the health and

unfitted the men for work elsewhere; the risk of personal injury due to the negligence of superiors, for which no damages were recoverable against the government; and that prior to coming to the Isthmus they had been promised a gradual increase of pay with length of service. They brought up also the method of dismissals and suspensions without a hearing, claiming this was often unjust and the result of spite or prejudice.

While a system of promotion had been arranged by which men could be advanced from steam-shovel fireman through the grade of craneman to engineers, thus offering a substantial increase with each advancement, and similarly from trainman to conductor, some of the steam-shovel and transportation men had not received such advancement, and felt that there was no hope of any increase no matter how long they might remain on the Isthmus. When Secretary Taft informed them at the conclusion of the hearing that he would take the matter under consideration, advising them of his conclusion from Cuba, where he was going, the committee of steam-shovel men insisted on an immediate settlement of the question. They had waited, they said, several months for an adjustment of the matter and did not intend to submit to a longer delay. The Secretary of War replied that if that was their attitude, if they could not afford him time to consider the question and confer with the President, he would drop the matter there and then and they could take whatever course they pleased. This had its effect, and the committee concluded to await the decision which Mr. Taft thought should reach the Isthmus by the middle of the month.

Mr. Stevens and Mr. Bierd, the general manager of the Panama Railroad, opposed increase in wages for steam-shovel men, on the ground that they were already receiving a very material advance over the average paid for similar service in the States. They recommended such an increase in the pay of transportation men as would put the locomotive engineers on a par with steam-shovel engineers. This would take care of the pay for this class of employees, but their claim for overtime could not be allowed, for, under a ruling of the Treasury Department, the monthly or annual pay of an employee is full compensation for all service rendered and he is entitled to receive nothing additional. An eight-hour day for the transportation service could not be conceded, for time must be consumed between leaving the engine-house and reaching the shovel, and a similar allowance was necessary at the close of the work, otherwise the shovels would not be able to work eight hours, and these must be the determining factor. The arrangement then in force by which overtime was credited and days off allowed when the work permitted seemed the only solution of this issue, if any consideration were given to it.

If the transportation crews received an increase in pay while that of the steam-shovel men remained unchanged, it was anticipated that trouble would result, and Mr. Taft thought something should be done for them, assuming that the suggested solution was the outcome. It appeared during the hearing that the force was constantly changing; that difficulty was experienced in retaining men for any length of time, thereby causing increased expenditure in securing new employees; and the Secretary of War thought that the government might well afford, in its own interests as well as the interests of employees, to pay a premium for length of service. Under such an arrangement there would be probably an increase for some of the steam-shovel men, and others could look forward with certainty to securing it if they continued in the service for a sufficient length of time. If this were to be done the system of longevity in the army was suggested, making the increase a percentage on the basic rate paid, as more satisfactory than a lump sum. If a parity of wages was to be maintained between locomotive engineers and steam-shovel engineers, it naturally followed that if such a provision was to be made for the latter it must be granted to the former, and if length of service was to be recognized and rewarded in certain classes then it should be made applicable to all classes of employees.

The minor points raised by the committee relative to conditions of employment were questions which affected all employees, and should be left for determination on the Isthmus and settled



West Indian drilling squad.

During the period of active construction work, about five hundred and fifty drills, tripods, and mechanical churns were in use. The gangs operating them were composed mainly of West Indians under white foremen.



Pay car at Culebra, January 12, 1908.

While the work was in progress a pay car, arranged with counters like an ordinary pay office, went to the centres of greatest activity twice a month. The men entered through a door on one side, went past the counters, and out at a door on the opposite side.



Group of Gallegos.

Over eight thousand laborers were brought under contract from the northern provinces of Spain, chiefly from Galicia, and hence were called Gallegos. They were hardy, vigorous men, and were the most efficient members of the working force. Like the Italians, they were provided with food similar to that which they had been accustomed to at home.



Group of Italians on a dirt train.



A group of Italians at a camp.

About two thousand Italians were brought from Italy and proved to be fairly good laborers. They were given quarters or camps separate from other laborers and provided with food similar to that which they had been accustomed to in their own country.



Ancon village.

Ancon was the chief American settlement on the Pacific side during the construction period. It is near to and partially upon the slopes of Ancon Hill, contains the Government Hotel Tivoli, seen in upper centre of photograph, and adjoins the city of Panama.



Fourth of July in the Canal Zone.

On Fourth of July each year an elaborate programme of exercises and sports was arranged, including an athletic meet in which there were contests of various kinds for prizes. The photograph was taken on July 4, 1912, when the meet was in the baseball park at Ancon, near the Hotel Tivoli.



A Fourth of July swimming contest.

The photograph shows the contestants assembled at the diving stand near Cristobal at the Atlantic entrance to the Canal.

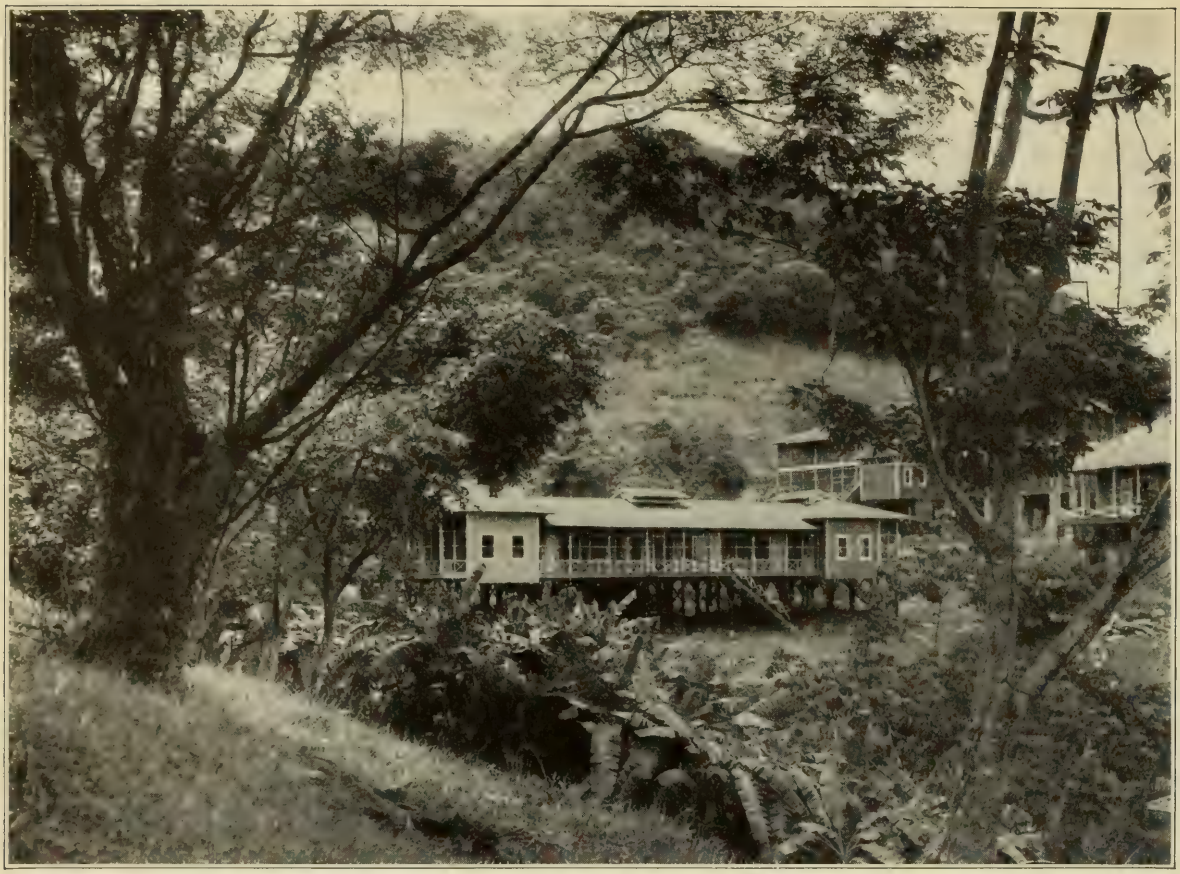
by the commission. Furthermore, these matters affecting the wage scale had been under discussion since January, causing unrest, dissatisfaction, and discontent, and naturally the efficiency of the force was affected.

It was held that all such questions should be settled on the ground, where all the conditions were known and understood, at the time they came up; but so long as recourse could be had to the authorities in Washington, it would be useless to attempt an adjustment with a view to prompt settlement unless the men were given what they demanded, for, if denied, they would immediately take it to Washington. As, after April 1, 1907, the members of the commission were to reside on the Isthmus, the handling and final settlement of all questions of employment should be left with the commission, thereby not only avoiding the condition of affairs that existed, but materially strengthening the hands of the Isthmus authorities. It was also arranged that provision would be made for giving the men hearings in case of dismissals or other complaints.

Secretary Taft left for Cuba, and on April 7 directed that one of the Panama Railroad steamers should put in at Guantanamo, Cuba, to pick up an important letter. By cable advice, it appeared that this was to be a copy of a letter addressed to the President making recommendation in the questions at issue, and, if approved, the men would be advised of the decision by April 16 or 17. The decision, however, was not received until May 6, in the form of a cable message giving the changes that were to be made in the letter sent from Guantanamo, and so modified it was sent out to the committees. By its terms no increase in wages would be given to the steam-shovel crews, but the qualified locomotive engineers were to be paid $210 and qualified conductors $190 a month, nine hours to constitute a day's work, all time in excess to be credited and to be allowed in days of eight hours as additional leave or to be taken on the Isthmus. The time so credited was denominated "lay-over days." Overtime for steam-shovel crews was to be compensated in the same way. Longevity was to be granted on the basis of five per cent increase for the first year's service and three per cent increase for each succeeding year, and was made applicable to all skilled workmen, engineers, conductors, and mechanics.

When a corrected copy of the letter was received in due course by mail, it showed that the percentage of increase for the first year had been fixed at three per cent instead of five per cent, but conditions on the Isthmus at the time did not warrant any modification in the rate that had been announced. There was considerable dissatisfaction with the decision. The men charged bad faith on the part of the officials, for it was assumed that we were holding up the decision which they were to have had the middle of the previous month, and at a meeting of the locomotive engineers and conductors on May 4 it was resolved that unless a reply was received on the 6th they would resign in a body. The decision in regard to the steam-shovel men was not satisfactory to them, though by a vote of the order they decided to continue in the service. The following day the steam-shovel men from Gatun, learning that they were not to get a flat increase of five per cent, which was their first information, resigned, and endeavored to secure similar action by the men working in Culebra Cut. With such a condition of affairs I was not willing to announce that a mistake had been made and change the longevity rate for the first year, and so it was allowed to stand at five per cent.

The men at Gatun decided to quit at the close of the day's work, and, being unable to communicate with those on the other parts of the work, went over on an early train to Culebra and proceeded through the Cut, where the shovels were working, and urged the men to leave. This excited one of the commissioners, who feared that violence would result as well as damage to the equipment and other public property, and he had induced the chief clerk of the chairman's office to telephone to the marines stationed on the Isthmus to patrol the Cut, remove the agitators, and protect government property. Fortunately, the commanding officer refused to comply unless the request came from me, but said he would hold the men in camp ready for such action should it be desired. When I returned to the office at noon and learned of this state of



Section of Ancon Hospital grounds.

The main buildings of the hospital, which is the central hospital of the Canal Zone, are on the other side of Ancon Hill, one slope of which appears in the photograph. It cares for an average of about one thousand patients daily.

affairs the chief clerk was instructed to countermand his request, for no emergency existed warranting such action, and the move was ill-advised and might be productive of trouble.

That night another meeting of the steam-shovel men was called which resulted in a vote to leave, and out of a total of forty-eight steam-shovels that had been at work, in two days' time only thirteen shovels were left with crews. A large majority of the men had no desire to leave, but feared that should they remain it would work to their disadvantage after they left the Isthmus, so that some of them asked permission to be absent until the agitators left the Isthmus or they were able to determine the course they should pursue; as a result, the majority left the service. The mechanical trades had received longevity, which was entirely unexpected; the transportation crews had received a substantial increase in pay, so that the sentiment was against the steam-shovel men, and numerous applications were received for the vacancies created. Crews were obtained from the mechanical trades and in some instances from clerks with mechanical training. The disturbance affected the work and reduced the output for the time being, but the action taken had a wholesome effect on all classes of employees, for the steam-shovel crews had appeared to be indispensable, yet the outcome showed conclusively that defection by them or any other one class of men could not tie up the whole work.

By the action of the President in approving the recommendations of the Secretary of War, all questions affecting conditions of employment, the hearings that the men demanded in case of unsatisfactory conditions, as well as all future questions affecting wages, were left to the commission —though it was intimated that in good faith the men should receive the privileges which were promised them at the time they entered the service.

After matters had settled down a joint committee of locomotive engineers and conductors asked for a hearing, and thereat presented a written agreement which they



Four-family quarters at Culebra, 1914.

The Canal Commission provided, free of rent, for its employees, quarters for a single family, for two families, and for four families. Culebra village has been vacated by the Canal force, and the quarters there are now used for the regular army troops.

had drawn up embodying the wage scale and such additional recommendations of the Secretary of War as had received the approval of the President, with the wish that the agreement be signed by myself as chairman of the commission and president of the Panama Railroad. They had already affixed their signatures, and under the provisions of the agreement it was to terminate on thirty days' notice given by either party. They also desired to take up the grievances of some of their members. I declined to sign the agreement, for, though it was in accord with former practice, it was not in accord with government practice, and the Canal, as government work, so far as concerned the various classes of employees, was an "open shop." All the locomotive engineers and conductors on the Isthmus were not members of the local orders. Furthermore, the wages and conditions of employment were fixed, and they were accepted or not as an individual seeking employment might decide for himself. I also informed the committee that it was ill-advised to make *demands* for increases in pay or other concessions, and thereafter none such would be given any consideration. Requests, if properly made, would be received and acted on according to their merits. I also declined to take up with any committee a grievance of any individual of the order that it represented, for the best party to present it and with whom to discuss it was the person aggrieved. Any one having a grievance could take up the question with his immediate superior, and, if this was not productive of satisfactory results, the matter could be brought to me, in which case it would be investigated and the necessary remedy applied if action were required. This, naturally, brought protests from the various labor organizations, through the President and the Secretary of War, and a representative of the Civic Federation, sent here by the Secretary of War, considered this course unwarranted.

During President Roosevelt's visit to the Isthmus in November, 1906, in an address to an assemblage of employees,

he complimented them not only on the manner in which they were carrying on the work, but also congratulated them on their good fortune in being associated with such a task. He compared the men at work with the picked men of the country engaged in a great war, and remarked that he would see if it were not possible to provide some badge which would distinguish those who, for a certain space of time on the Isthmus, did their work well. From this resulted the Canal medal, given to all American citizens who rendered two years' continuous satisfactory service on the Isthmus, and to which were added bars, one for each additional two years, provided the entire period was continuous. The medal is made of bronze, the material for which was taken from old French scrap found on the Isthmus. It has been an inducement for many men to continue longer in the employ of the commission than otherwise would have been the case.



The Canal medal.

Suggested by President Roosevelt in 1906—More than six thousand of them have been awarded.

In May, 1908, a special labor commission of three members was sent to the Isthmus by the President "to investigate conditions especially as regards labor and accommodations." It submitted its report in August of that year, and among other recommendations was one for the employment of a labor secretary, whose duty should be to investigate all complaints in relation to the conditions of employment, subsistence, and accommodations. While commending the practice in vogue of handling complaints, the commission claimed that a strong appeal had been made by the men for one who by training and experience would be familiar with the work from their point of view and who would be more freely called upon for the investigation of grievances and complaints. The labor commission believed that the appeal should be granted and that such an appointment would promote harmony and give increased efficiency. The report of this commission was sent to the Isthmus for comment and recommendation, and, naturally, a labor secretary was not advocated.

The chairman of this special labor commission took up the question with the President in January, 1909, advocating the appointment of a high-priced labor secretary at a salary of at least eight thousand dollars per year, to be selected from the experienced labor leaders, whose position should be next in importance to that of the chairman of the Isthmian Canal Commission. He claimed that such an appointment would relieve me of much of the detail of adjusting difficulties between the government and its employees. The Secretary of War, Mr. L. E. Wright, was called on for a report, in consequence of which I received a cable message requesting a recommendation and statement of the action taken, if any, on the report of the labor commission relative to such a position; the President had suggested the name of a suitable person, whose salary was five thousand dollars, and I was to recommend what salary should be paid if he were selected.

I was in close touch with the labor conditions through the grievances which came to me almost daily, and particularly on Sunday, and in this way had acquired inside information which could not be secured in any other way. I felt certain that the men themselves did not want such an official. Fortunately, at that time the committee on interstate and foreign commerce of the House was on the Isthmus investigating conditions of the work, and had arranged to meet the committees of the various labor organizations on the afternoon of the day on which the cable message was received. The labor-unions always desired a hearing whenever a congressional committee visited the Isthmus, with a view to securing additional advantages, higher pay, or

restitution of something which had been taken away, and I had always urged the congressional committees to comply with their requests, but had refrained from attending such meetings, preferring that the men be unhampered in the expression of their views and opinions.

To the Honorable William P. Hepburn and the Honorable Frederick C. Stevens I showed that portion of the report of the labor commission dealing with a labor secretary, and also the cable message received from the Secretary of War, and asked them to question the various committees with a view to getting the ideas of the men on the subject. This they did, and later told me that the men were unanimously of the opinion that such an official was not needed. Consequently, I asked them to see the President on their return regarding the matter, and to gain time I cabled, in response to the message received, that a report would go forward on a ship to sail after the departure of the congressional committee.

By the decision rendered in May, 1907, the wage scale for the different classes of work on the Isthmus was to be determined by the Isthmian Canal Commission, and, as every effort was being made to eliminate the discriminations mentioned by the special labor commission, the appointment of a labor secretary for this purpose was not only unnecessary but inadvisable, as it would tend to upset existing conditions. The method of handling grievances had proved satisfactory, and, though the labor commission's main argument seemed to be based on the belief that I should be relieved of work of this character, I did not care for such relief, for, though considerable time was thus consumed, the advantages accruing were such that it could not be better spent. By handling this work as had been done in the past, I was kept more closely in touch with the men, learned to appreciate more fully the relative merits of the various officials, and at the same time acquired a more intimate knowledge of the details of the work itself. Everybody visiting the Isthmus was impressed with the spirit of enthusiasm and loyalty which pervaded the force, and it was not possible for a labor secretary to increase these or to secure greater harmony or efficiency. There were, and always would be in a work of this magnitude, a number of malcontents whom even a labor secretary could not satisfy. I was convinced from my conversations with the men that no one man would be able to satisfy all classes of labor, for no one man would have the laborer's special view-point unless he belonged to the particular class or craft of which the complainant was a member. The government was endeavoring to maintain an "open shop," and the appointment of a recognized labor leader would be satisfactory only to those of the same order, not satisfactory to those of the same class not belonging to the same order, and more or less unsatisfactory to all other crafts or classes of labor. Furthermore, to justify the position and high salary advocated, grievances would have to be the order of the day. For these reasons I recommended against the establishment of such a position. Before my report reached Washington, Colonel Hepburn and Mr. Stevens had had an interview with the President, as the result of which the Washington office cabled me that the President agreed with the views expressed by these gentlemen and was opposed to any such appointment.

The President-elect, Mr. Taft, visited the Isthmus in the latter part of January, 1909, and among the various matters that came up for discussion was this one of a labor secretary or commissioner. Though I still held to my views concerning the reception of committees in general, he thought my position was untenable, for organized labor was recognized everywhere, and transacted all of its business with employers of labor through committees. We had gone along for nearly two years without such recognition, he had expressed himself as gratified at the progress that had been made and the team-work that had been secured, and if a wrong position had been taken good results had, nevertheless, been secured. The upshot of the matter was, however, that I should have to change my policy and receive committees or he would be obliged to appoint a commissioner to look after labor interests. Under such circumstances I was willing to choose the less of two evils and receive committees on all questions affecting any class of labor, but I asked that individual

grievances be handled as formerly and not through committees; this he accorded.

After my return to the Isthmus in March immediately following, and up to the present time, committees have been received, and with them I have discussed all questions affecting salaries, hours of labor, and conditions of employment affecting the particular class of employees represented by the committee, but personal grievances I have handled with the individuals affected; demands have not been considered nor discussed with any one, individuals or committees.

It is possible that some advantage has resulted to the men through these committees, but I doubt it. On the other hand, it was not to the advantage of the men serving on the committees in most cases, for the officials have seemed to regard them by reason of their being on the grievance committees as "kickers" and malcontents, and the minor officials, taking advantage of this point of view on the part of their superiors, have made life somewhat more burdensome for the committeemen.

The conditions of employment, changes in which were objected to in 1907, were revised by the commission in June, to become effective July 1 of that year. The sick-leave privilege was granted to all "gold" employees on the basis of fifteen days for each six months, cumulative up to thirty days for each year, and payment made at the next pay period after discharge from the hospital on certificate of a commission physician that the sickness was due to no fault of the employee. The annual leave was fixed at forty-two days and was not cumulative, but employees in the service prior to April 1 were authorized to accumulate their leaves, not to exceed eighty-four days up to the time of taking the next leave. The hourly employees were still denied such leave privilege. The rate on the Panama Railroad steamship line was left indefinite, but it continued to be twenty dollars until January 1, 1909, when it was fixed at thirty dollars for all those employed subsequent to this date. Free quarters for bachelors were stipulated, and married quarters as well, when these became available.

The hourly employees then began a movement to secure the same rights with respect to annual leave as the monthly men. They protested that the amount of overtime work was being greatly reduced, and what they received did not reimburse them for the expense of leave. The special labor commission, in its report of August, 1908, advocated equal treatment to all with respect to leave, setting forth that the overtime earned early in 1908 was not equivalent to the pay they would have received were the privilege granted, and that in this respect there was discrimination in favor of the monthly men. While basing their calculations on the amount of overtime earned in one month and the amount that would be expended if the leave privilege with pay were extended, and comparing these with the money value of the leave granted monthly employees, they failed to consider the overtime that was put in by the greater majority of the monthly employees not belonging to the few special classes such as transportation and steam-shovel crews. While recognizing the great expense that would be added to the work if their recommendation were adopted, they proposed to reduce the cost by granting six weeks' leave with pay every two years, to be taken in the United States, and four weeks each alternate year, to be taken in the vicinity of the Isthmus. They understood from the chief sanitary officer that leave was granted in the interests of health, to give the men annually an opportunity to secure a change of climate, omitting to mention the fact that the same authority, for advertising purposes, was announcing that the Isthmus was a great health resort.

The Canal Commission, after discussing the report of the labor commission, did not consider it advisable to change the conditions. The hourly men, based on this report, however, succeeded in securing from the Secretary of War, Mr. J. M. Dickinson, when he visited the Isthmus in 1909, leave not exceeding two weeks per year with pay. At the expiration of the leave they were to receive pay for eight hours each day at the same rate per hour they were receiving at the time leave was granted. Such leave was cumulative, not to exceed six weeks.

This did not satisfy them, and they lost no opportunity to seek an increase through committees of Congress visiting the Isthmus, the Secretary of War, and the President. When President Taft visited the

Isthmus in 1910 he received the committees of the various labor organizations as usual, and again this question was brought up. The last committee to receive an audience was that of the boiler makers. It was late in the afternoon, and the President was obliged to excuse himself after a short hearing in order to keep a dinner engagement with the President of the republic of Panama, and in doing so he promised to give the matter consideration on his return to the United States. The men desired an answer at once, which he would not give. A meeting of the order was called that evening, and the following morning the boiler makers served the requisite five days' notice of their intention to resign. Their resignations were promptly accepted; almost immediately they began to seek reinstatement, and finally a large number of the men were re-employed. An instance occurred showing the advantage of granting family quarters. One of the boiler makers came to me and said that he was in trouble. The cause was that he had lost his job and might lose his wife if I didn't help him, for she had vowed that if he left he would go alone, for she liked the Isthmus and didn't intend to leave. He kept his wife, but by breaking his service lost his longevity. The advantage of offering inducements to married men to bring their families to the Isthmus was here demonstrated.

The result of these hearings was that the President directed that, effective January 1, 1911, men on the hourly basis should receive four weeks' leave for each year, computed as twenty-eight consecutive days at eight hours each.

The committee on appropriations visited the Isthmus in November of 1907 and severely criticised the granting of longevity and "lay-over days," since it was definitely understood that monthly and annual employees received full compensation for all time that they worked. The policy of granting longevity to special classes and not to all was not regarded with favor by those who were omitted from the privilege, and I took up with Secretary Taft, in December, 1907, the question of extending its benefits to all. Because of the views expressed by the committee on appropriations, the Secretary of War concluded that longevity should not be granted to any classes other than those then receiving it. The pressure became so great, however, that in January, 1909, when I appeared before the committee on appropriations, I announced that the time had come when longevity had to be granted to all employees or denied to those receiving it. In consequence, by legislative act, longevity and "lay-over days" were denied after June 30, 1909, but this did not affect the rates of pay of employees who had earned longevity prior to that date. This action in rescinding the provision that employees might earn longevity increase in pay and "lay-over days" for overtime was protested by those affected, and representatives of the steam-shovel men, locomotive engineers, mechanics, and others were heard by members of the appropriation committee on their visit to the Isthmus in November, 1909, and each subsequent year. However, from the facts developed at the hearings, it was so evident that the rates of pay and the privileges accorded employees were sufficient to compensate them for the disadvantages attending service on the Isthmus that the appropriation committee refused to take any action toward granting further longevity increase.

The question of overtime was a constant source of trouble, and when "lay-over days" were no longer allowed the locomotive engineers invited one of the officials of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers to come to the Isthmus. He arrived in November, 1909, and claimed that he came on advice that trouble with the engineers was imminent. The committee on appropriations visiting the Isthmus at the time, while giving a hearing to the local committee, refused to permit this representative to be present, which somewhat aggravated the situation. Labor trains were operated to get employees to and from their work in the morning and evening, and also during the noon hour, and dinner engines were run at noon time for this purpose, as well as at night, from the distant stations. Spoil was being taken from Culebra Cut to Tabernilla, a distance of fourteen miles, and to Gatun, a distance of twenty-nine miles, and the object was to get the men home, thereby adding to their comfort. The engineers and conductors, however,

considered all of this extra work as overtime, even those riding on the labor trains and dinner engines.

The representative of the order explained that the custom of getting the men to their homes was not the practice in the United States; that the men were obliged to remain at such points on the road as the noon hour or the termination of the day found them. The committee of engineers and conductors at his suggestion asked for a readjustment of the force by distributing them at points most convenient to the work, so as to cut out the overtime; to stop the dinner engines and let the men get the noon meal wherever it could be obtained, and to keep them overnight at the localities where the close of the day found them. It was seen that this would seriously interfere with the comfort and convenience of the men, but they were told that if this were the wish of a majority of the engineers, including those not members of the order, I was willing to put it into effect. A meeting was advertised, and I understood was largely attended, and all were in favor of sacrificing individual considerations in order to reduce the overtime. The scheme was made effective and caused more irritation and greater grounds for complaint than had the overtime, for personal convenience and comfort loomed up larger when these were affected than they did at the meeting, where personal considerations seemed of little moment. It is curious to note that one of the first to object to the change was a member of the committee that had advocated it, when he was obliged to be away from home overnight. Overtime was much preferred to the new arrangement, which gradually fell into disuse.

The Panama Canal Act, approved August 24, 1912, provided that when the organization was effected to take care of the operation and maintenance of the Canal, the salaries paid should not exceed by more than twenty-five per cent the salaries paid for similar service in the government service in the United States, and a general reduction of wages would result April 1, 1914, when the act was made effective. The Secretary of War, Mr. Garrison, on visiting the Isthmus in 1913, conceded that those men who had been employed with the understanding that longevity increase would accrue had equity on their side, and so stated to the labor committee which interviewed him. Taking advantage of this, a determined effort was made to secure a revocation of the provision of law which had been incorporated in each Sundry Civil Act, prohibiting payment for longevity and overtime. I still took the position that longevity should be granted to all or to none. When I visited Washington in the early part of 1914, two questions brought up by the labor leaders were the reduction in wages that would take effect the following April and longevity. There seemed to be no prospect of securing longevity for any one, so I combined with them to secure a continuation of the existing wage scale during the construction period, but on my part sacrificing longevity and "lay-over days." The Urgent Deficiency Appropriation Act, approved April 6, 1914, settled the question of longevity and "lay-over days" by decreeing that no payment should be made for any claims covering either.

Compensation for injuries was provided by Congress in 1908, and under the Panama Canal Act of 1912 the President was authorized to fix a schedule for injuries sustained while engaged in actual work. The schedule made effective is a very generous and liberal one, so that this ground for complaint in 1907 has been removed.

While there have been numerous minor complaints and grievances, and one threat of tying up the work if a locomotive engineer were not released from the penitentiary, where he was confined by sentence of the courts for criminal negligence, there has been no serious labor disturbance at any time. An effort has been made to treat the men fairly and humanely, straightening out their difficulties and differences when possible, assisting them when necessary, as well as taking a personal interest in their affairs when advisable so to do. The result has been an earnest, zealous, and enthusiastic co-operating body of employees, responding promptly to all calls for extra work in emergency, even to the extent of personal sacrifices, to which is attributed in greater measure than to any other factor the success that has been attained. It is a body of men to be proud of and a source of pride to be one of them.

[Colonel Goethals's third article, "Organization of the Force," will appear in the May number.]

THE EARTHQUAKE IN THE ABRUZZI

BY THOMAS NELSON PAGE
American Ambassador to Italy

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN P. S. HARRISON

WHEN one finds his mansion which has stood for generations suddenly shaken and quivering as though its solid walls were of cardboard, he is likely to receive a thrill himself. And when he learns that only some forty miles away, as the crow flies, a dozen flourishing towns and villages, some with beautiful homes and fine buildings, have, in a few seconds, been levelled to the ground and become mere heaps of rubbish, with the inhabitants buried beneath them, while perhaps a score or more other villages have lost from a quarter to half of their people, and all have been so shaken that the terrified inhabitants fear to remain in their homes and prefer to brave the rigors of winter in the open fields, he becomes conscious of a curious and wholly new point of view of buildings. The massive structures which have stood for strength and permanence and have endured through the ages take on suddenly an ephemeral character, and the heavy, rumbling wheels and throbbing cars which once annoyed no longer annoy as they shake the windows. They awaken a more serious feeling; at least such has been the experience of those with whom I have talked since the morning of what is known as the Avezzano earthquake.

We were not conscious that sunny morning of the thirteenth of January, about eight o'clock, when the house began to shake and shiver and the pictures to swing, that we were alarmed—perhaps, like children, we had the courage of ignorance—we were thoughtful enough to get in the embrasure of a window in the thick walls, partly because we had heard that this was the proper thing to do and partly to look out in the street and see whether anything had happened. Outside, however, people were strolling in the Venti Settembre quite unobservant of anything unusual; the little newspaper woman at the fountain across the way was quietly counting her papers; and the one-armed mendicant who performs a semiofficial function in touching his hat was standing quietly at his post, like the Roman soldier at Pompeii. But, meantime, our big chandeliers were swinging back and forth, the pictures on the walls were still swaying, and we felt that there must have been grave damage done somewhere. In the hall the servants were assembled—the men grave, the women scared and white. Perhaps, being more familiar with earthquakes than ourselves, they knew.

It was not long before we found that the earthquake must have struck heavily not far from Rome. At Tivoli, some fifteen miles from Rome, a house had fallen and a woman had been killed; at Monte Rotondo, only a few miles farther away, several persons had been killed. And even in Rome itself some damage had been caused, though no lives had been lost. One or two churches had been sufficiently shaken to call for closing temporarily the narrow streets below them; the arch of the Porta del Popolo, on one side the city, had been cracked, and on the other side one of the great figures of the apostles that towered above the imposing façade of St. John Lateran—at first said to be that of St. Paul, but later charged to be that of Judas—had crashed to the ground, splintering into fragments and crushing a huge hole in the marble steps; and, most significant of all to the Romans, the bronze statue of St. Paul which crowns the column of Antoninus Pius was said to have twisted around and turned its back on the Austrian Embassy!

Up to noon, however, no one had heard

of any great disaster. Soon after noon rumors began to fly around. In the Abruzzi—it was rumored—a town had been seriously damaged, with many persons killed; then the name of Avezzano was heard—Avezzano was isolated, the railway was interrupted, the telegraph-wires were down. Soon the news became more pronounced. "Two hundred and fifty persons had been killed." Some enterprising newspaper men were on the way to find out where and what the trouble was. "The King had gone." This was the first certain information that even the most eager part of the public had received. Wherever there was real trouble, among the first was always the King. He knows first and he goes first—always. Meantime, the news came slipping in, always blacker and blacker. No trains, or very few, were coming from the Abruzzi. That evening we heard that both the valley of the Liri and the whole region of the basin of Fucino had been stricken and that eight thousand people were under the ruins. It seems to have been about nightfall that the first outside aid reached the stricken region. A train of soldiers started that evening and were there the next morning, but in that time many—none will ever know the number—who might have been saved could they have been reached earlier had died of wounds and despair, pinned beneath the ruins of their homes. Even after ten days a few were found alive and were rescued. The age of miracles is not yet past in the Abruzzi.

It was twenty-four hours and more before the full magnitude of the catastrophe was known. The region devastated by the earthquake covers, roughly, an extent of thirty by forty miles, taking in the valleys of the Fucino and the Liri, running through the Abruzzi. The repercussion was felt sensibly for over a hundred miles beyond this irregular oval. At Orvieto the Duomo and San Giovanni, precious works of art, were injured, though not seriously, and even in Florence the shock was felt. But it was in the valleys and along the slopes of the Abruzzi, bristling with villages, that the destruction was vast and terrific. "Worse than Messina," men say who knew both. I know not if such be possible, but this is certain: nothing could be worse than this. It surpassed all imagination. At Messina more lives were lost, but here the disaster swept over almost an entire province.

The basin of Fucino—and the same may be said of the valley of the Liri—was a beautiful and wonderfully fertile valley, which might have been the Happy Valley of Rasselas, surrounded by snow-clad mountains, heavily snow-clad at this season, with villages perched like birds' nests on the spurs that jut out above the plain—all plunged at once on a sunny morning, in a few seconds, into a scene of ruin, death, and despair, towns blotted out, villages thrown down, homesteads levelled, with their occupants dead or dying beneath their ruins. It is commonplace enough to write the terrible fact, but it is one of the merciful provisions of Providence that the mind refuses to grasp it. To be told that twenty-five, thirty, or thirty-five thousand have perished gives less idea of the horror of great darkness that has fallen on that once smiling region than one glimpse at one of those prostrate villages which in a twinkling reverted to their original elements of loose stone and unadhesive mortar, turning a thriving town into a rubbish-heap, constituting one vast and unsightly tomb. Indeed, even in figures the undeniable list of the dead buried beneath the ruins fails to convey any idea of the total number of those reaped in the protracted harvest of mortality consequent on the catastrophe. In battles the list of the dead comprises the killed, wounded, and missing, but not so here—only the dead are numbered in earthquakes. Or at least only the seriously wounded are added. No account is made, for none can be made, of the unnumbered multitude of those who, homeless and shaken in body and mind, with husbands, wives, parents, children gone, find life suddenly changed from light to darkness.

An eye-witness, who escaped destruction at Avezzano that morning only because he had not quite reached the town at the instant of the catastrophe, described in simple words what he saw. The earth all of a sudden shook violently beneath his feet; there was a great roar and crash and the town before him in the

morning light, as his eyes rested on it, sank to the ground in a cloud of dust. Presently a wounded man staggered out from a pile of ruins and sat down, bleeding and dazed, and here and there another followed and sank down; but beneath the ruins were some nine thousand persons of whom nine-tenths are still there. When a wounded refugee on the way to Rome that evening was questioned he gave a fairly rational account of himself, and when asked as to Avezzano his reply was simply: *Non c'e niente.* It was quite exact, and what was said of that town was true of many others—there is nothing left. Throughout that entire section covering the valleys mentioned, with their surrounding foot-hills, the earthquake, even where it did not destroy, shook every house to its foundations. A list of over forty stricken towns lies before me. At San Benedetto the percentage of those who perished is almost equal to that at Avezzano. All is reduced to a waste of refuse. It is difficult to tell in places where lay the streets. At Gioia dei Marsi, whose name told the story of its charm, all is gone. Of five thousand inhabitants over four thousand have perished. It was a town with a palazzo and sumptuous villas. In ancient times the old Romans fought for it; in mediæval times, first the Saracen and then the mediæval Romans, Colonnas, and Piccolomini. The earthquake has accomplished what neither Roman nor Saracen could do.

Avezzano is the central point of the desolated region and has been used as representative of the entire region struck by the catastrophe. Though it is the largest of the destroyed towns, its population was not the most completely destroyed of all. There only about nine-tenths were killed. In certain of the smaller towns, so far as accounts go, a yet greater proportion perished. In one village, for example, the report is that only eight persons survived. In Lecce nei Marsi the people, as reported, were at early mass; at another town a funeral of a child was taking place; in both instances the churches fell, crushing all within.

The Avezzano region was not unknown to the Romans, and the old Roman roads across the mountains may still be traced in places. A man beside the way, of whom the distance was asked, replied: "By the Roman road it is so far."

The Romans, having conquered the Marsi, tried to drain the basin of the Fucino, but the task was beyond their ability and was abandoned. What ancient effort, however, failed to do modern enterprise, with modern science and appliances, accomplished. About fifty years ago Alexander Torlonia headed an enterprise which pierced the mountains with a tunnel which extended under the lake and through it drained the waters of Lake Fucino into the Liri, which runs southward through the valley to which it has given its name. The reward was great. The fertile land recovered yielded immense returns, and in the valley sprang numerous towns, chief among them Avezzano, at the juncture of the roads which ran in from three or four directions.

The region, with its birds'-nest villages perched on the peaks pushing out from the main range, sometimes dominated by an ancient castle, was picturesque enough to be a haunt of artists, and many artists, in recognition of their indebtedness to its charm, now so greatly marred, have sent contributions to the succor of its unfortunate inhabitants. The people were a strong and sturdy race almost untouched by outside influences. "Among the best in Italy—so good, so religious, so industrious," said one who knew them to me. It is said that they furnished the shepherds and the cooks of the Roman province. They still retain many of their customs and with their customs the old picturesque costumes.

In mediæval times the fertility of the valleys and the sturdiness of the stock made it a region well worth fighting for and holding, and over many of the villages towered a mediæval castle. At Avezzano itself the Colonnas had one of their numerous castles, which, strong enough to resist the ravages of time and the elements, was not strong enough to withstand this earthquake, and shared in the general ruin.

Dante embalmed this valley and an episode in its history in his immortal verse. In the 28th canto of the "Inferno" he pictures some who fell at Scurcola in the battle in which, in 1268, the general of

Clement IV, by stratagems, defeated and captured the young Conrad.

With agricultural success, after the draining of the lake by Prince Torlonia, came commercial advance, and Avezzano rose a handsome modern town with seminaries, churches, beautiful parks, and a fine palace owned by the Torlonias. Perhaps it grew too rapidly to grow strong. It was undoubtedly badly built. When nature with a sudden convulsion shook it the city simply reverted to its original elements of loose stones and dry mortar. The older towns were ruined—roofs fell in or walls fell out. At Avezzano the whole town was shaken into refuse. Possibly also the shock centred here or hard by. A great crack was reported to have extended across the plain toward San Benedetto, as far as the eye could reach.

In those first hours of succor the few men present had opportunities which could probably never occur again in a lifetime. Among the very first from Rome to reach the spot was a gentleman who represents one of the leading journals of the capital, who belongs to that great order of journalists, able, prompt, and resourceful, to whom the world is indebted the world over, day after day, for the earliest, clearest, and exactest information as to the most important events of humanity. Led by instinct, he was on the ground that evening, having traversed a mountain pass with three doctors as his companions.

His account to me was one which no pen, not even his, can reproduce. Its naked simplicity was its strength. It dealt not in description; all this was left for later comers. It dealt only with deeds and facts. The fact of helping to save was all that he gave and the tragedy of their powerlessness to save more.

"What was done on arrival?" I asked.

"Work, work."

"How many were saved?"

"We must have saved between three and four hundred, but there were only some forty or fifty there to work. Had we had a thousand men that night we might possibly have saved a thousand—none can know what we suffered." He brushed his hand across his forehead as if to clear away the nightmare of that memory. It could be understood somewhat when on the spot we clambered over the continuous pile of débris that filled, many feet high, the streets into which the walls had crumbled, slaying alike those without and those within.

Within twenty-four hours of the catastrophe many were on the spot; the tortuous mountain road over Monte Bove pass was filled with automobiles heavily laden with supplies, swaying perilously as they wheeled around the sharp curves. But, numerous as they were, what were they among so many? The work was titanic. The whole Marsian region was stricken, dozens of villages were in ruins, and scores so racked and damaged that their inhabitants had fled to the open fields, where they cowered in the depth of winter without food or shelter.

The single-track railway has done its best conveying food and supplies in and wounded and stricken refugees out; and the mountain pass, as long as it was open, was filled with motor-trucks, military trains, and private automobiles by scores; but the whole region is desolated and dependent on outside aid.

It is impossible to give even approximately the number of those homeless. Men vary in their estimates, not by thousands but by scores of thousands. I will only say that it is the most thickly settled mountain region I ever saw except, possibly, the Jura-Jura in Grand Kabylia. More villages were visible from one point than I ever saw elsewhere, save in that region; and their surviving population, whether few or many, were all without shelter, and without any supplies whatever save those carried to them from the outside.

One of the first acts of the Americans was naturally the tender of sympathy and an inquiry whether aid would be acceptable. The sympathy was accepted with appreciative thanks, but the government made it known that aid would not be accepted from outside governments or associations. The reason given was the international situation in Europe and the apprehension that embarrassment might be caused by such acceptance.

The press, in indorsing the decision, which it did with unanimity, hinted at another cause when it declared that it was more dignified for Italy to stand on her



A wrecked building at Sora.



Firemen of Bologna rescuing a girl found alive eight days after the earthquake.



Refugees in Isola del Liri.



A roadside hamlet near San Benedetto.



From a photograph by E. Navone & Company.

Ruins of Via Napoli, Avezzano.



Sora, in the valley of the Liri.

own feet and do her own work even under such a catastrophe. Sometimes it is a comfort not to have to pass judgment.

The organizations here, like individuals universally, did their utmost to meet the appalling situation. The Red Cross, the Green Cross, the White Cross, and, indeed, every organization, lay and religious, worked laboriously. The Roman ladies organized, under Madame Salandra, the wife of the prime minister, and gave themselves unreservedly to the task. The important journals all opened relief subscriptions and organized relief expeditions which have plied constantly between Rome and the stricken districts. Fashion doffed its fine robes to put on the garments of service. Earthquakes, however, unlike even battles, have no advance-guards and give no warning. All has to be done without warning and at once.

By the evening of the day following the catastrophe help began to find its way in considerable quantities to the desolated regions, though it was some time yet before the magnitude of the disaster was wholly known, and even after ten days the aid, although great, is, under the terrible conditions which have supervened, not wholly adequate. The single-track railway is worked to its utmost capacity, and until the passes were blocked the road over the mountains was full of automobiles packed to their utmost capacity. But what is this when the whole population of a province is homeless and starving, without shelter, food, or covering? And, what is more, with every energy shocked and paralyzed beyond expression? What struck the visitor, if possible, even more than material damage was the look of dazed horror in the faces of the survivors. Their minds seemed to be in abeyance. The wheels of life had suddenly stopped.



From a photograph by E. Navone & Company.

Rescuing a survivor several days after the earthquake, Avezzano.

On the day following the catastrophe two automobiles from the embassy went for observation to the stricken regions, one to the southern part in the valley of the Liri, where the principal towns which had suffered—such as Sora, Pescina, Gioia dei Marsi, etc.—could be reached by road from Frosinone. The other went to Avezzano. The two parties returned next evening, haggard and worn. They



From a photograph by E. Navone & Company.

Ruins of Castle Orsini, Avezzano.

had seen sights which they could never forget. The valley of the Liri was less stricken than the basin of Fucino and the intervening region; but it was bad enough even there—only the dead in the towns along that valley were numbered by hundreds, not by thousands. For the survivors the tragedy was well-nigh the same.

The government's decision not to accept outside aid rendered futile the good intentions of our government and of the American Red Cross, which promptly offered their aid, as did other governments, if not formally, at least tentatively; but this decision did not preclude individual offers of assistance, and, in a situation which made all brothers, the Americans in Rome promptly associated themselves to do what could be done by individual effort, as was being done not only by the Italian authorities but by all classes of the people, individually and collectively. The number of subscription lists was impressive. Besides the newspaper subscription lists and those started by relief organizations, many of the upper class set to work with private subscriptions secured among their friends, and others not of that class did the same. In some of the automobiles which plied back and forth across the mountains were among the best-known of the fine ladies of Rome, who went, not to see, but to carry aid and succor. In Rome a complete organization was effected. Every available place was opened as a hospital, and provision was made to receive and care for the thousands of wounded who were brought in as rapidly as the limited means would allow.

The syndic, or, as we should say, mayor, of Rome is Don Prospero Colonna, one of the best names and best men in Rome. When I saw him at the railway station superintending the reception of the wounded and of refugees he had been on his feet substantially fifty hours; behind him were the litter-bearers and a number of nurses in their white uniforms, among them patrician ladies, princesses, and countesses, whom I had hitherto associated only with drawing-rooms and the lighter side of life. I was sensible of a feeling of pride to recognize one whom I knew to have been an American lady who harked back to the Lees of Virginia. A line of ambu-

lances was drawn up close to the platform, and as the wounded were taken from the train the litter-bearers bore them to these conveyances or, if they needed immediate surgical attention, to the surgical room in the station where the white-clad nurses and surgeons tended them without delay.

It was a sad procession and seemed interminable. Some were placed in a more completely closed van. They were the dead who had died on the train on the way to Rome. A young priest with sorrowing eyes stood beside the way opened through the crowd along which the sufferers were borne. As each litter passed he bent over and touched the form upon it and made the sign of the cross above it. To those able to understand he uttered a word of consolation. Assuredly, he had never rendered, nor ever can render, a service more grateful to God.

Those refugees who were able to walk were conducted a step farther on to where, in a restaurant made ready for them, they were given hot food, the first they had had since the catastrophe occurred, served to them by young ladies turned waitresses by that touch which makes the whole world kin. Roman society never appeared to such advantage as in that dusky station that rainy night.

The rich and poor were there together, united in one common fellowship of mercy. From the kaleidoscopic scene of bustle and wretchedness and kindness comes a picture of a young belle of the Roman drawing-room, now in a waitress's dress, with a little peasant child of two or three years in her arms, going in and out of the thronged department searching for the child's mother. One of the most useful and merciful of all the provisions for relief was that organized by the Marchesa de Viti de Marco, who was an American, for finding the mothers of lost children. The number of children who had got separated from their mothers would seem extraordinary to one who had not seen the conditions at the other end of the line. In all the hospitals there are numbers who cannot yet be identified. In one apartment scores of little ones lie in baskets provided for them, some awaiting identification, others, happily, being cared for while their mothers are in some other ward being nursed back to life. Like others, the Americans helped in the hospital work. Two ladies offered to the syndic as a hospital a large building on the Janiculum which had been used as a school by the Methodists. It was accepted promptly and others of the same church came forward to carry it on. Other Protestants bore their part. The Anglo-American hospital was opened and filled immediately. In fact, all divisions passed out of sight in face of this calamity which has known no distinctions. The universal outpouring of kindness is the single consolation that can be drawn from the disaster.

On Sunday, having shipped our car of supplies by railway, we took four automobiles over the road to meet the car at the station of Scurcola, not far from Avezzano, to act as transport vehicles for the goods sent down by rail.

Our part was nothing. It was only what every one else was doing according to means and opportunity, from the King to the poorest man and woman. It gave, however, to our people the infinite satisfaction of relieving some misery, and it gave to those who went to the spot an opportunity to see for themselves what once seen can never be forgot. The chief value of the Americans' gift came from the fact that we were among the first to arrive with aid in some of the outlying places—in one or two small villages possibly the very first. *Bis dat qui cito dat* is a universal verity.

The winding, snow-filled road over Monte Bove pass had many automobiles on it that morning which from time to time would pass each other as the steep, winding ascent tested their power or some small accident delayed one or another of them. No one waited for another, for all were hastening to the relief of those in desperate need.

It was hard to believe, as one looked down from the top of the snow-covered pass into the beautiful valley below, that it was a scene of such desolation as we had heard described. But when in the early afternoon we reached the scene of the catastrophe all descriptions were beggared.

At Tagliacozzo, a good-sized town ranging up the mountain's foot at the

point where the mountain road down which we wound reached the plain—

"Tagliacozzo,
ove senz'arme vinse il vecchio Alardo,"

—the refugees began—dazed groups standing inert as frightened cattle brought to stand at some point of fancied safety. Here and there a family with many children was trying to set up a little booth of loose boards and rags for shelter, for Tagliacozzo had escaped, being on the mountainside.

A few miles farther on in the plain the signs of the earthquake began—first a wide crack in a little railway station, then, another mile or two farther on, a small house down flat, and from this point to Avezzano, twelve or fifteen miles beyond, destruction at its worst. Small, solid, one-story houses were shattered, and even walls beside the road, apparently solid, were shaken out of the supporting banks.

At Scurcola, a fair-sized town on the edge of the plain dominated by a castle, there were reported many killed. The White Cross had already established a relief station there on the roadside under a capable doctor, but had no means to bring from the ruined railway station, a half-mile out on the plain, some supplies which had been sent there for them. The first work, therefore, which our representative, Mr. Lowrie, did was to convey these supplies to them in his automobile. The next was to take a load to a little valley which we heard had received no succor, where was a ruined village some eight or ten miles back from the main highway. He arrived there in the dusk just as another automobile arrived, sent by the Gioventù Cattolica, which had established a station at Tagliacozzo. This act of common succor naturally brought us afterward into close touch with the Gioventù Cattolica, and later on we were able to aid them somewhat in their excellent work.

The station at Scurcola was in ruins, but the inside walls had mainly stood and the station-master had, after two hours' work, dug his family out and found them all alive. When the shock came he was at the instrument sending a message to Avezzano. He gave a graphic account of his instinctive rush out-of-doors just in time to see the outer walls of the building torn away and dashed to the ground. It was only what hundreds of others did—some, alas! with less fortunate results.

And to Scurcola and its surrounding region might well be applied to-day the lines in which Dante referred to them in that far-off time:

"Chi poria mai pur con parole sciolte
dicer del sangue e delle piaghe appieno,
ch'i' ora vidi, per narrar più volte?

"Ogni lingua per certo verria meno
per lo nostro sermone e per la mente,
c'hanno a tanto comprender poco seno." *

Neither memory nor language are adequate to picture what we saw.

As our design was to reach some of the outlying villages, away from the general centre, which had not yet been relieved, we went first to Torano, where we had heard many had been killed. The way wound up a little valley, on either side of which, on high-pointed hills, were half-ruined villages, looking, with their gapped and broken gray houses, like old wasps' nests. Capelle, the first town which we passed, was completely destroyed. Some of the walls had fallen into the street and a road had been made over them. Soldiers were at work among the ruins, dragging out the dead, whose bodies, as they were found, were laid out beside the way in startling numbers. The unforgettable odor of death was on the air. Capelle was on the level and, as at Avezzano, nine-tenths of the population had perished.

At the fork of the roads, in what was once the centre of the town, stood a young priest at a long table, with an officer beside him, receiving such supplies as might be given by passing automobiles, while a tin basin was used as a receptacle for any contributions in money which might be handed out. The church, which once faced the little piazza, was a ruin and in front of what had been the portal had been set up a little rude altar of a board across two fragments with a small crucifix behind it. When we returned a little

* "Who, even with words set free, could ever fully tell, by oft relating, the blood and the wounds that I now saw?

"Every tongue assuredly would fail, because of our speech and our memory that have small capacity to comprehend so much."

later on two little vases of flowers had been added. I have seen many grander but never a more impressive place of worship. The gathering of the stricken survivors around that ruined altar is one of the striking features of the situation, and the night processions, so long as the weather permitted, kept one in mind that religion still gave its holy consolation.

Alba Fucense, the first town passed after Capelle, crowned a hill at the back of Capelle. Its cyclopean walls survive from the time of the ancient Marsi, and later on, after its conquest, the Roman presidio was there. In the old church was possibly the finest work of art in the Abruzzi, a choir-screen by the Cosmatis. It is all gone now, buried beneath the ruins of the church.

Next came Magliano dei Marsi, also in ruins. Several other towns on peaks across the little valley showed plainly in gaping houses the ravages of the shock, but they could only be reached on foot or horseback. On the way we were met by a local doctor from Russolo, who, with tears in his eyes, told us of the distress there. He was on his way to secure aid. A promise was given him to go there later, and we passed on to Torano, a ruined village at the foot of the mountains. Soldiers had arrived there but were without provisions—like the surviving inhabitants with whom they had doubtless divided the rations sent with them. The supplies for the place were handed over to a lieutenant and the counsellor of the village, and one of the automobiles was turned into an ambulance to take two wounded girls to Scurcola to be sent to Rome by train that afternoon. Returning on our tracks to visit another village, we found at the crossroads a group who told us of a stricken village up a little valley, Santa Anatolia, which as yet had received no succor and was in a desperate plight.

And the report was less than the fact. Santa Anatolia had stood on a hill overlooking the little valley from which a curving road had recently been built up to the village. Its houses were now razed or shattered; its inhabitants were either in the ruins or in the fields below the town—a few huddled under little booths beside the way. It grips the heart to see those who weep and pray for gratitude that succor has come. We asked for the officials of the place.

"The assessore."

A dozen men and women dashed up the road to find him. He came—a plain countryman in the prime of life, a man of the soil and a man to be remembered. The supplies were turned over to him—sacks of bread and *salame*—and he stored them in a single-story structure built into the hillside. He said nothing at the time, scarcely a word, but when we left he thanked us in the name of the people about him in the simplest but most eloquently touching words I ever heard. Before we left, the advocate of the place, who with the vicar had joined us, walked with us through the main street of the village, pointing out the houses in which four or twice four persons had been killed. They were still under the ruins. He was a man of consideration and wealth for that region. His house, which had stood at the end of the street overlooking the valley below, had been a fine one, with a carriage drive up to the door. Three of the outer walls had fallen; fortunately the cross walls had stood, though broken, and the family was saved. They had found shelter in a cow-shed, where we saw them. But they were all living.

Our railway-car, having been emptied of its stores, was turned into a hospital car for the wounded from Torano and Scurcola, and on the arrival of the train for Rome the car was pushed from the siding and attached to the train—the wounded in charge of the benignant old paroco, who was truly a father to those broken and bereaved children of his care. There were no beds, and the straw which had been promised did not arrive in time, but there were several doctors on the train, to whom the wounded were commended, and we kept our young Kentucky doctor with us, as there were other places to visit.

It was mid-afternoon before, having distributed our supplies, we visited Avezzano. It was the largest town in the stricken region and, as has been stated, was a place of wealth and refinement. An old Colonna castle and a new Torlonia palace fronting the fine park added dignity to its modern mansions. The houses, however, though handsome, had been

badly built, constructed mainly of round stone laid in an indifferent mortar, and beneath the shock they had simply crumbled to the ground. Only one house in the place stood—a house constructed of reinforced concrete. Even the old Colonna castle and the Torlonia palace were down. The streets were piled high with the débris and the once thriving town looked a simple field used as a dumping-ground. Nature had crushed it out of all semblance to that which it had been. The fine park alone remained uninjured. A single hydrant, twisted and broken, still gave water to the place.

The organization here was good. Many soldiers had been sent to this as a central point for relief and the Red Cross had also established a central station here which did a great and efficient work. Everywhere the soldiers were engaged digging, digging, digging. It was a hard task and at the end only the mangled bodies of the dead to be lifted out. Happily, for some days yet a few living were found here and elsewhere and the work, however laborious, was done with zeal. Sometimes the young soldiers dropped at their posts, overcome by their toil and the horror of it all; for even those who saw it but for a moment the horror, though dimmed, can never be wholly forgot. The dead one got used to; it was only the mangled one cannot forget. Men passed by with coffins made with their own hands and borne on their back or shoulders as naturally as though they were ordinary burdens. At one corner the colonel who had charge of the quarter through which we were passing met a brother officer, also on duty, who said to him as he greeted him: "I have had a great misfortune; my only brother is beneath that ruin; I am the last left of my family." It was not an unusual incident. Many cases occurred in which soldiers dug out the bodies of those near to them. At another point, where many soldiers were working in the ruins, the officer said, that was a seminary. Over sixty dead were lying there; only one of the students escaped.

These instances are given not because they were worse than others, but only because they were representative. Happily, the instances of preservations were sometimes not less remarkable than those of destruction. The last person saved at Avezzano was a young woman with her child in her arms who had been pinned under the ruins for ten days. A baby was shown me twenty-four days old which had fallen three stories without being apparently hurt. Indeed, the number of young babies who were saved must strike every one who has been on the ground or visited the hospitals.

To the horrors of the original catastrophe has been added of late the new horror of what we should in America term a "blizzard." For days the mountain passes have been reported to be covered by six feet of snow and the plains below by more than three feet. So bitter has been the weather that wolves are reported to be prowling around the towns, drawn possibly by the scent of that which is ever in the air. When it is reflected that nearly the entire population of that region are without homes or shelter, and without food save what can be got to them from the outside, one inclines to recast his opinion that war is the greatest evil that can visit humanity, and feels that possibly such an earthquake as this can rival war. In battles only men perish, but in such a catastrophe as this men, women, and children perish alike.

ESAU'S DAUGHTER

A STORY OF THE NORTH COUNTRY

By Mary Synon

Illustrations by T. K. Hanna

BLACKIE was just back from home, telling us of springtime in Devon, when the strange woman came into the big room that served the King George Hotel for parlor and foyer. The coming of any woman was event enough in those days when the Porcupine promised the chance of a permanent gold camp and when men were speeding from Rhodesia, and New Zealand, and from all over the two Americas to the muskeg of the Canadian Bush; but this woman would have commanded our notice even at the Covent Garden opera, so tall, so straight, so regal was she, with her blue-black hair, and her sea-gray eyes, and her upflung chin. She wasn't young. No woman under thirty could have stood unflinching under the stares that all of us—prospectors, miners, gamblers, and our own little group in the corner of the room—levelled at her. The woman at the doorway never deigned us a glance after her first flashing scrutiny clicked a shutter on the lens of her mental snap-shot. The crowd in front of us stopped talking of leads and locations to give her undivided attention. Captain Marshall put up his eye-glass to look at her. Mrs. Deake, who knew every woman in the North Country from Cobalt up to Fort Albany post, leaned around past Ledyard to glimpse the newcomer. Ledyard whistled softly in admiration. Blackie halted in the middle of the story he had been telling. Behind the back of his chair his hands clenched while he stared at the woman, his keen blue eyes going dark with wonder. In a moment he went on as if he had not been interrupted, but he had been talking about Clovelly, and now he set the same tale in Tintagel, where Iseult "shut her sad eyes from sense of aught save tears," he quoted. "We'd been there over night," he was telling, "and just at dawn——"

"Oh, I say!" Mrs. Deake sprang up from behind Ledyard. "It's Moira Drummond." She whirled past Blackie, almost breaking Captain Marshall's eye-glass, as she rushed toward the tall woman. The woman had taken her packs from the miner who'd brought them over the trail from the railroad and was ordering a room from the curious clerk when Mrs. Deake swung her around. "Don't you remember me?" she cried to her. "I'm Rosamund Deake, Parker Deake's wife, y' know. Knew you in Aroyo ages ago."

The tall woman turned to her, pushing away the packs and giving her both hands in greeting. "Remember you?" she echoed, her voice sounding like the sighing of summer winds through the Bush. "Oh, little Rosie Deake, could any one in the world who'd known you—and Aroyo—ever forget you?"

I looked sidewise at Blackie, for he had been in Aroyo when the Deakes had lived in the Peruvian mining town. If the strange woman had been there then, Blackie must have known her well. Rosamund Deake had told me how tiny Aroyo was and how few white women had ever climbed to its height. But if Blackie had ever known this woman he gave no sign. His face was set in that noncommittal stare that an Englishman holds for those to whom he is about to be introduced. The woman in Rosamund Deake's wake gave him the same well-bred smile of acknowledgment that she gave to Ledyard and Captain Marshall.

Ledyard set his chair for her. She sank into it with a pantherish grace that her khaki skirt and blouse could not conceal and with no evidence of the weariness that might have come from her ten-

mile tramp through the muskeg. She smiled at us impartially. "To think," she murmured in that liquidity of tone that marked her as an Irishwoman, "of coming across a world to find a wilderness and in that wilderness to find one's friends." She raised the last word almost to interrogation.

"Isn't the wilderness always the place where one does find his friends?" Captain Marshall hazarded heavily.

"You're an Englishman," she laughed, "and you English have a wonderful way of herding in the vacant lots of the world."

"And you Irish have a wonderful way of finding us out in them, Moira Drummond," Mrs. Deake declared. She had been watching the other woman with an affectionate friendliness I'd never seen Rosamund Deake show to any woman before. "Where did you come from, and what have you been doing?" she queried.

"Paris," the other woman smiled. She held up the sailor hat she had slipped from her head. "It doesn't look like the Rue de la Paix, does it, Rosie? But I assure you that I did buy it in France."

"I know what you do," said Ledyard with the excitement of one who makes a great discovery. "You paint pictures. You're the artist who painted the big prize picture in this year's salon. I saw your photograph in *L'Illustration* with a photograph of the painting. Must be glorious in color, that picture. Man on horseback on a hilltop outlined against the sky. I'll get the paper and show it to you," he told Mrs. Deake. "It's the one I loaned you, Marshall."

"You don't tell me!" said the captain. "Why, that's the picture I said reminded me of Blackie. Time I met you on the Frazer, Blackwell," he explained. "White man's country that, where men ride. Here they wade."

"What way did you come from Paris?" Rosamund Deake demanded. She and I were seated where we could see Blackie's hands clasp and unclasp.

"Havre and Montreal."

"How did you ever happen to set forth for the Porcupine?" Ledyard queried.

"That's the question that every conductor, and guard, and porter on the line from Toronto has been asking me," she laughed. "They have asked me if I were coming to my father, to my husband, to my brother. I wondered that they didn't include a son in the category of male relatives I might be seeking. I'm sure they thought me a lunatic. Perhaps I am. For I met old Jim Wishart up in the Crillon one day—did you ever run into him, Rosie, the big fellow who prospects for the Morgans?—and he told me of the Porcupine. Wilderness people don't track on the Champs Elysées, Mr. Ledyard, and horse-chestnuts haven't the fragrance of pines."

"What a long explanation!" Mrs. Deake said. "You ought to be flattered that you brought it out. Moira usually says, 'I tired of Paris,' or 'London ran dry for me,' and packs her kit for the ends of the earth. Have you been everywhere yet, Moira?"

"Not yet," she said. "But tell me, what are all of you doing here?" Her glance swept over Blackie with a casualness that excluded him from her interest in the rest of us.

"Parker's managing the North Star mine eight miles out on the track. I walked in to welcome Blackie to-day. He's been over home since March. And this is my neighbor, Dorothy Nicoll"—Mrs. Deake turned to me—"who's come from Surrey to stay with her sister, who's my neighbor. Her brother-in-law runs Ledyard's mine. And Ledyard comes from New York, and Captain Marshall from British Columbia. And we're all seeking gold."

"And Captain Blackwell?" There was nothing in the velvety softness of the question to stir Blackie, but he threw back his head in much the same gesture that she had used when she came into the hotel.

"I, too, am still a seeker, Miss Drummond," he said.

"For quartz or for free gold?" A trill of mockery lighted her voice.

"For quartz," he said.

"Doesn't that require patience?" she asked. "And hold you to one place too long?"

"Both," he said shortly. He leaned forward slightly as if he were about to say more when Captain Marshall boomed in: "Oh, I say, Blackie's a regular anchor now. When I knew him on the Frazer he was in a different town every month. Cheddescombe—he's the earl now, did

you know that, Mrs. Deake?—used to call Blackie the Wandering Jew."

"Well, he stayed long enough in Aroyo," blurted Rosamund Deake. The instant she had spoken she colored hotly under her tan. "Isn't any one going to have tea?" she demanded. "Here I've walked eight miles to a tea-party and I haven't even seen a can of condensed cream."

"Come down to my bungalow," Ledyard implored. "The Chinaboy makes nectar out of tea-leaves." His bidding included us all, but he looked at Moira Drummond. She alone hesitated. "I must get my room first," she demurred; "I know gold-camp hotels in rush times." But Rosamund Deake interposed. "Oh, but you're going to stay with me, Moira." Ledyard, whose bungalow stood just around the corner at the lake-edge from the hotel, glared at Mrs. Deake as if demanding that she withdraw her invitation.

"If there's any difficulty about Miss Drummond getting a room at the hotel here," Blackie said, "I'll be very glad to give up mine." His offer seemed to answer some question in her mind and to decide her course.

"I think I'd better go with Mrs. Deake, thank you," she said; "that is, if you really want me, Rosie." To prove her desire Rosamund Deake was ordering one of Ledyard's prospectors to pack Miss Drummond's kit to the North Star mine.

Under the watchful gaze of the loungers in the King George we went over the ditches of the camp town to Ledyard's bungalow, Mrs. Deake keeping with her guest and Ledyard, and Captain Marshall trailing with Blackie and me. The captain talked of Moira Drummond. "Fine girl," he kept saying. "Must be one of the Athlone Drummonds, don't you think, Blackwell? Looks like the Viscountess Strang—she was an Athlone Drummond—a little, wouldn't you say, Blackwell?"

"Miss Drummond comes from Athenry," Blackie said.

"You don't tell me?" said the captain. "Owen Drummond's daughter." Then he talked of Drummond genealogy while Blackie and I went on in silence until we came to Ledyard's veranda. Mrs. Deake and the tall woman were already in Ledyard's hammocks and Ledyard's Chinaboy was setting out a tea-table when Captain Marshall flung his garnering into the conversation. "Captain Blackwell tells me," he boomed at Moira Drummond, "that you're from Athenry."

Rosamund Deake's eyebrows shot upward, but Moira Drummond negligently rearranged the pillows of the hammock. "Captain Blackwell has remarkable"—she paused for the fraction of a second—"perception. I am so often confused with the Athlone Drummonds."

Her tone held challenge, but Blackie, smoking in the corner, ignored it. Ledyard came back with the Chinaboy and started the phonograph on a record that chanced to lie on the disk. It whirred into a tenor solo, "Believe Me, if All Those Endearing Young Charms." Instantly Blackie flung away his cigarette and crossed the veranda to the machine, snapping the lever till the needle rasped to a standstill. Ledyard regarded him frowningly. I thought that Moira Drummond was about to rise to set back the needle on the record when Rosamund Deake spoke. "Good boy, Blackie," she said; "that's no music for a party. Let's be festive."

But the festal spirit resisted her invocation, though she set on all the dance records that Ledyard's cabinet held. Ledyard did more than a host's duty toward the latest comer to camp, but Blackie's hostile silence conquered us all. The sun hadn't touched the rim of pines across the lake—the signal for the ending of Porcupine tea-parties—when I arose. "We've a long way," I said. Ledyard arose to come with us, but Mrs. Deake laughed off escort. "We'll be home before dark," she declared. Blackie said nothing, but kept beside me as we went through the town and out upon the Wallaby Track, that road blazed through the bush to the big gold-mines of the Porcupine.

Rosamund Deake and Moira Drummond, walking ahead of us, sped over the corduroy with the easy swiftness of wood rangers. I had always admired Rosamund Deake's tireless stride, but I had thought it the triumph of years of training in the hard ways of mining-camps and I had never tried to imitate it. Nor had I envied her for it. But this woman with her, carelessly swinging over the logs with

a sureness equal to that of her companion and a grace infinitely greater, aroused in me a sudden fierceness of longing, such passion as the brown thrush may sometimes feel when she sees the flight of an eagle's mate. There was poise for flight in Moira Drummond's grace, a suggestion of daring soaring into realms above vision. Her freedom of movement, I thought, mirrored a freedom of soul. I tried to find phrases to explain her, but only the words of a song that Blackie had once read to me from his thumbed copy of Swinburne answered. They came to my lips:

"No maid that strays with steps unwary
Through snares unseen,
But one to live and die for, Mary,
The Queen."

"What's that you said?" Blackie asked me sharply, roused from some gloomy revery. I repeated the verses. "You mean Moira Drummond?" I nodded. He walked a long time silently again, his gaze fixed upon the woman before us. "And yet," he said at last, "that's not all of her. Did you ever think," he went on, "that there's a certain spirit that runs through life, through one generation after another, entering into certain personalities? It's not heredity," he explained, while I stayed silent, knowing that Blackie's philosophic moods, springing from surcharge of feeling rather than from meditation, required no understanding from me beyond mere listening. "It doesn't run in families. It's not even a national characteristic. There seems to be just enough of this spirit for one woman in each generation. Mary Stuart had it, I fancy, all the spirit that the world held in her day. Queen Maeve had it, and Grainne. Mary of Burgundy had it, too. It triumphs over time, and loss, and even over death, I'm sure. Do you know what I mean?"

"Did you know her before?" I asked him.

"In days we buried," he tried to laugh. Just then Rosamund Deake turned back to signal us. "Speed your pace, Dorothy," she called to me, "or we'll be out on the track till midnight." When we overtook her she manœuvred into pace with Blackie, leaving me to go ahead with her guest. Moira Drummond looked at me gravely, but without unfriendliness, as she asked: "Have you been long in the Porcupine?"

"Nearly a year," I told her.

"And like it?"

"I hate it," I declared. To her glance of inquiry I made answer. "My sister's the only relative I have, and she's in exile here with her husband. There's something so horribly oppressive, so insidious, about this bush," I continued, aroused as much by her personality as by the prisoning pines. "It's menacing. Don't you find it so?"

"I should not be here if I did," she said seriously. "No, the wildernesses of the world call to me as the low hills of Surrey —is it Surrey?—call to you. You see, you're a man's woman, Miss Nicoll, the sort of woman that men have been running into the mould of their desire for thousands of years. I'm not."

I knew that she was not, and I kept wondering why it was that every man in the camp whom she had met in the few hours she had been in South Porcupine had given her such homage as they had never given to me when I had come, the first English girl in the camp. She may have read something of my thought, for she said: "It must be a wonderful thing to see your life set in order for you, to know that you'll live and love, as your mother lived and loved, and that your children will go your way."

"You wouldn't want that, though?"

"No," she acknowledged. "I should not want that."

"What do you want most in the world, Miss Drummond?" I asked her.

"Freedom." Her quick answer was not to me as much as to herself. "I've earned it. And what do you want?" she turned back at me.

"Love," I said. Her sea-gray eyes roentgened my consciousness. "Yes," she said, "but you want the love given to you, do you not? And if it came, you wouldn't think it a chain on you and on the man who loved you, would you? These are foolish questions, are they not?" she laughed, seeing perhaps that I puzzled over them. "Tell me, are there any of the Alaska men in the Porcupine?" She lapsed into the conventionally conversational tone she had used at Ledyard's. "I went to Dawson over the

Chilkoot when I was fifteen," she said. "I nearly destroyed a family's peace to accomplish my desire, but I went. Ever since then I've been camp-following the argonauts."

"Gold-seeking?"

"Yes," she said, "but not for the gold that lies in the earth."

We had come to the fork in the road where the ways divided, one path going to the Deakes' shack on Gillies Lake, the other leading to our place on Pearl Creek, when Mrs. Deake and Blackie overtook us. We said good-by, Blackie coming with me as Rosamund Deake called back that she was going to give a dance for her guest. Through the narrow way to my sister's house Blackie did not speak at all, although once I essayed comment upon Moira Drummond. He bade me good-by with the preoccupied air of a man who revolved a problem in his mind to the exclusion of all other thought. I saw him hastening back through the pines, his hands driven down into his jacket pockets, his shoulders slouched. Sybil, my sister, who had been on the veranda, asked me why Blackie had not stayed to dinner, as he usually did when he came home with me from tea. "He may be going to Rosamund Deake's," I said, and told her of the woman who had come to the Porcupine. She listened to my sketching of Moira Drummond. "I know her sort," she said. "There are scores of her in Africa. She's not the sort men marry, Dorothy." I knew that I had not drawn Moira Drummond aright when Sybil set her in a class, but I only said, "She's the sort men love," and went to my own room to think upon the chances that whirl great winds into quiet places.

Ledyard came to the mine the next afternoon. "Don't you want to come to Mrs. Deake's?" he asked me. I made some protest, but he laughed it off, and because I could think of no excuse for remaining away I went with him. All the way over he talked of topics that I knew he thought would interest me, but I knew that his mind was upon the woman at the Deake camp. The look on his alert face when he sighted Moira Drummond on the veranda of the manager's shack verified my suspicion that Ledyard, who had skimmed over the surface of Porcupine society since he had come from New York, had gone beyond his placid depth in his interest in the newcomer.

He set himself out to entertain her as soon as he seated himself at her side, without apparent realization of her powers of entertaining men. It was evident soon that he amused her. They were exchanging reminiscences of Cairo when Blackie appeared. He came to the edge of the veranda to give Mrs. Deake a message for her husband and was turning away when Rosamund summoned him. "You must come back," she commanded. He came, reluctantly enough, stroking his little dark mustache nervously as he took a low chair on the other side of Moira Drummond and withdrew into his silence as an Indian into a blanket. In spite of Rosamund Deake's effort to make the conversation general Ledyard held to a dialogue that excluded the rest of us from speech if not from hearing. He led the talk to poetry with an adroitness that no one of us appreciated until he drew from his wallet a magazine clipping. "I've had this for two years," he boasted, "and this is the first time I've read it aloud. May I read it to you, Miss Drummond? It's short."

"That's a cardinal virtue in a poem," she laughed, leaning forward a little as he began:

> "Wild geese! Wild geese!
> I watch your flight across the sands
> With eyes that ache to see
> One vision of those distant lands
> My lover promised me."

At the first words Blackie had swung around until he faced Moira Drummond. Again she lifted her head with that imperious raising of her chin that she had held when she came into the hotel. Their eyes, meeting, flashed fire, steel against steel. Steadily they looked, each at the other as if across great vistas, as Ledyard went on with his reading.

> "I may not breast the pulsing air,
> I may not cleave the blue,
> But from the prison of my care
> I send my soul with you,
> Wild geese! Wild geese!"

"I like that," Rosamund Deake said, watching the tops of the pines with the peculiar dreaminess into which a practical woman sometimes falls. "Did you ever

notice," she asked, "that the wild-geese people, people like Moira and Blackie"—they turned from their gaze upon each other at her mention of their names—"always come to the North Country, just as the wild geese find their homes in the North?"

"I never thought of myself as a wild gander," Moira Drummond laughed, a little uncertainly, I thought. Ledyard held up the slip of paper as if to call back attention to it. "I've always wondered, since I read that poem," he said, "what sort of woman had written it." "Isn't it signed?" Moira Drummond asked him. "Only with an initial and a family name," he said. "I've had an idea that, if I should ever meet her, I should care for her very much." His voice bore conviction. "How very romantic!" she exclaimed. "You wouldn't expect that from an American, would you, Miss Nicoll?"

"We're the real romanticists of the earth," Ledyard boasted.

"Oh, no," she said, "the sentimentalists."

To prevent a possible argument I asked for the clipping. Ledyard gave it to me with a smile that explained itself as I saw the signature of the poem, "M. Drummond." I gave it to Blackie. He looked at it, then returned it to Ledyard without comment.

That afternoon began a dozen of the sort. Ledyard would come to our shack and ask me if I wouldn't go over to Mrs. Deake's. Once we were there he would devote himself assiduously to winning Moira Drummond's interest. Sometimes Blackie came, taking a chair in the corner of the veranda and smoking steadily, seldom speaking and always looking as if he cogitated some question of deeper moment than the surface conversation that the rest of us held. Usually he walked home with me, but he never again mentioned Mrs. Deake's guest. If she were the cause of the barrier that he set between himself and the rest of us in the camp, he alone knew. Always she treated him with distant friendliness, flecked occasionally with tiny whips of satire. Once, though, when Ledyard was reading to her, and Rosamund Deake and I were embroidering, I saw Moira Drummond watching Blackie. Ledyard looked up to see where her attention was focussed. Then he closed the book.

The next night Rosamund Deake gave a dance at the dining-shack of the North Star. I saw Ledyard dancing often with Moira before they went out from the shack together. She came back alone a little while later. The next morning Ledyard came to the mine, halting at our shack to speak with me. "I go to New York this afternoon," he said. "I'm sorry," I told him. He smiled a little wryly. "When a man loses a game," he said, "it's up to him to pull out, isn't it?"

That afternoon I met Moira Drummond. I had canoed down Pearl Creek into Gillies Lake and almost struck her canoe as she shoved it out from shore, so noiseless had been her coming through the bush. I kept beside her as well as I might, for she paddled as no other woman in the Porcupine could, with swift, sure strokes that made her boat one with the water. After a time she drifted and, keeping near me, fell into talk. "Did you know that Mr. Ledyard has gone to New York?" I asked her. "No," she said, then steered the talk away from him deftly. "I suppose," she asked me, "that you wish you were going out?" Before I knew her intention I was telling her of my love for the quiet country of Surrey. She listened attentively. "I wonder," she mused, "if you're homesick for the old places you've known as I'm heartsick sometimes for the new places I've never seen?"

As she stared out over the waters of the pine-edged lake I knew what Blackie had meant when he spoke of the spirit that ran through the world with just enough for one woman in each generation. Had she lived in Hellas of old, this woman with the sea-gray eyes of dream and daring, she would have gone out from the cities to the Thessalian hills and been worshipped as a goddess for the fire and light that haloed her. Had she been born in her own Ireland two thousand years before, she would have been the priestess for whom men lighted summer-eve fires on the mountains. She was no pioneer woman as was Rosamund Deake, following her man to the wilderness because it was a wife's duty

to follow. Moira Drummond was the woman of the Sidh, luring men to the Moy Mells of the world. Unreasoningly I hated her for what she was, for I remembered Surrey—and something else not so far away. She seemed to have forgotten me as we drifted to midstream, but after long silence she spoke. "I, too, am going away," she said.

"Where?" I asked her.

"Back to the land of bondage," she said. "You see, my dear, the old ways of the old world conquer us all in the end."

She paddled away from me swiftly, pointing her canoe toward the other side of the lake. I turned back into the creek, puzzling over her words and her mood, wondering what motives inspired her intention of departure. I saw her, a silhouette against a blazing bush sunset, as I left the lake.

Hours later Blackie called me on the telephone. I hardly knew his voice, so tense was it with some emotion. "Have you seen Miss Drummond to-day?" he asked. I told him that I had left her on Gillies Lake. "What did she say?" he demanded. "She said that she was going away, but I think she didn't mean she'd go to-day," I told him. I heard some muttered ejaculation, but silence answered my queries. I stood by the telephone, trying to add the sum of Ledyard's going and this mystery about Moira Drummond, but the two and two would not make four. I took up the receiver to get Rosamund Deake, but the switchboard man seemed to ignore my call. Then, with one of the men from the office, I started to the North Star.

In the dark, flaring torches told us that some excitement prevailed. An occasional shout reverberated through the forests. The manager's shack was dark, but there were lights in the office that led us toward them. I found Rosamund Deake there, white, haggard, telephoning frantically to every mine in the district that answered the calls. "What is it?" I asked her. "Moira's gone. She didn't come in from the lake," she sobbed. "Oh, there can't be any danger," I assured her. "Moira Drummond can handle a canoe as well as a voyageur could." "That's what Parker says," she admitted. "They're hunting the bush. Parker's taken the south end of the lake, Captain Marshall's beating the east end, and Blackie's taken the north."

"Does she know her way in the bush at all?"

"I don't know," Mrs. Deake moaned. "She's a born ranger, and she's been wandering on all the trails and paths at this end of the track. But, oh, this awful bush!" She covered her face with her hands as if to shut out pictures that we both knew of men who had been lost in its thickness.

For two hours we waited in suspense, unrelieved by the infrequent telephone calls from the searchers. Rosamund Deake sank into a dull despair which told better than words of her fondness for Moira Drummond. Through a storm of conflicting emotions I found voice to say: "I believe that Blackie will find her." "What do you mean?" she asked me quickly. "Just that," was all I could say. We fell back into silence until a staccato shout from one of the men at the dining-shack brought us to the door. Under the flare of the torches we saw Blackie and Moira Drummond coming into the clearing. She walked slowly, her canoe paddle slung upon her shoulder, with Blackie following her. Rosamund Deake rushed across at them, crying out with excited joy. "Where were you?" she reiterated her question over and over, flinging her arms around the taller woman. "Lost," Moira Drummond told her, "absolutely, fearfully, eternally lost until Captain Blackwell rescued me."

Under the fire of Mrs. Deake's questioning she told the story, a simple enough tale of wanderings through the bush. She had beached the canoe and started to explore the north end of the lake, losing her way and her sense of direction in the darkness. "I was waiting for morning," she said, "when I saw Captain Blackwell's torch. I called and he came to me."

Through her recital Blackie had said nothing. As he set down his torch I saw that his hand was shaking. "Can I get you something?" I asked him. "No," he said, "but I think Miss Drummond will need care after her adventure."

"Mrs. Deake will give it to her," I said, and turned away. At the edge of the

clearing I looked back. Moira Drummond and Blackie were staring at each other with that same tense, magnetized gaze that I had seen in their eyes on the day when Ledyard had read her poem. I stumbled up the path, going home alone.

Through the next day I fought against going to the North Star, but when night came the loneliness of the house chilled me. Sybil and her husband had gone to Haileybury and I was alone on the veranda, looking out over the moonlight of a North Country June when a loon somewhere off on Gillies Lake lifted its soul-shivering cry. The sound, rising above the sighing of the wind through the pines, spurred me out and sent me on my way toward human society, less fearful of what that might bring to me than of the loneliness of the bush.

I was going down the path, coming close to the Wallaby Track, when I saw a dark figure of a man in the patch of moonlight that marked the clearing at the fork of the road. In the misty white light of the northern night I knew Blackie. He was standing rigid with something of majesty about him that I could not instantly associate with the Blackie I had known for the year I had been in the Porcupine. The man I knew was a very human, almost commonplace, gentleman of England, who had been a little out of place among the lustier adventurers of the camp. The man on the track loomed a viking captain, a leader of a lost legion, a martin transformed to an eagle. I had thought to call to him, but that intangible but only too patently visible change in him, that accolading of his spirit, held me silent. I was close to him when I heard him speak. I thought he might have seen me and made ready to answer when I heard another voice. By its odd throaty tone, like that of an old Italian violoncello, I recognized Moira Drummond. Then I saw her.

She had pushed back the branches of pines that overhung the path from the track to the Gillies Lake mines. She was all in white, her filmy skirt caught up over one of her bare arms. A long rope of pearls fell below her waist and shone palely in the moonlight. Her thick hair was piled high on her head in a braid that crowned her like a coronet. Her head was flung back defiantly and she had braced her shoulders as if to withstand the force of an expected impact. She had said but one word, "Well?" but it vibrated with challenge. Blackie, his hand drawn behind his back, blocked her way. He did not waver beneath the stare of haughty indifference that she kept upon him. "I've been waiting for you," he said.

"Long?" She flung scorn into the word.

"Every night since you came to the bush," he said, "except last night when I chanced to find you."

"Why?"

"I have waited to talk with you."

"Why didn't you talk with me last night? You'd time in plenty."

"I waited for you to come to my trails."

"Why did you think I might come this way?"

"I knew your way of wandering at night."

"You've an amazing memory, Captain Blackwell."

"I have forgotten nothing that is concerned with you," he said.

"Then you may remember my *penchant* for solitude." She might have been ordering a vassal from her presence, but Blackie did not move. In the pause I tried to step backward from where I stood. I didn't want to see or hear this scene between this man and woman whose silences gave glimpses of a deep knowledge of each other they must have attained at some other end of the world's wildernesses. But a bough crackled beneath my feet, and I feared to move.

"What brings you to me now, Captain Blackwell?" I heard her demand. She still stood in the path against the pines. I could see her put one hand over a low branch as Blackie moved closer to her.

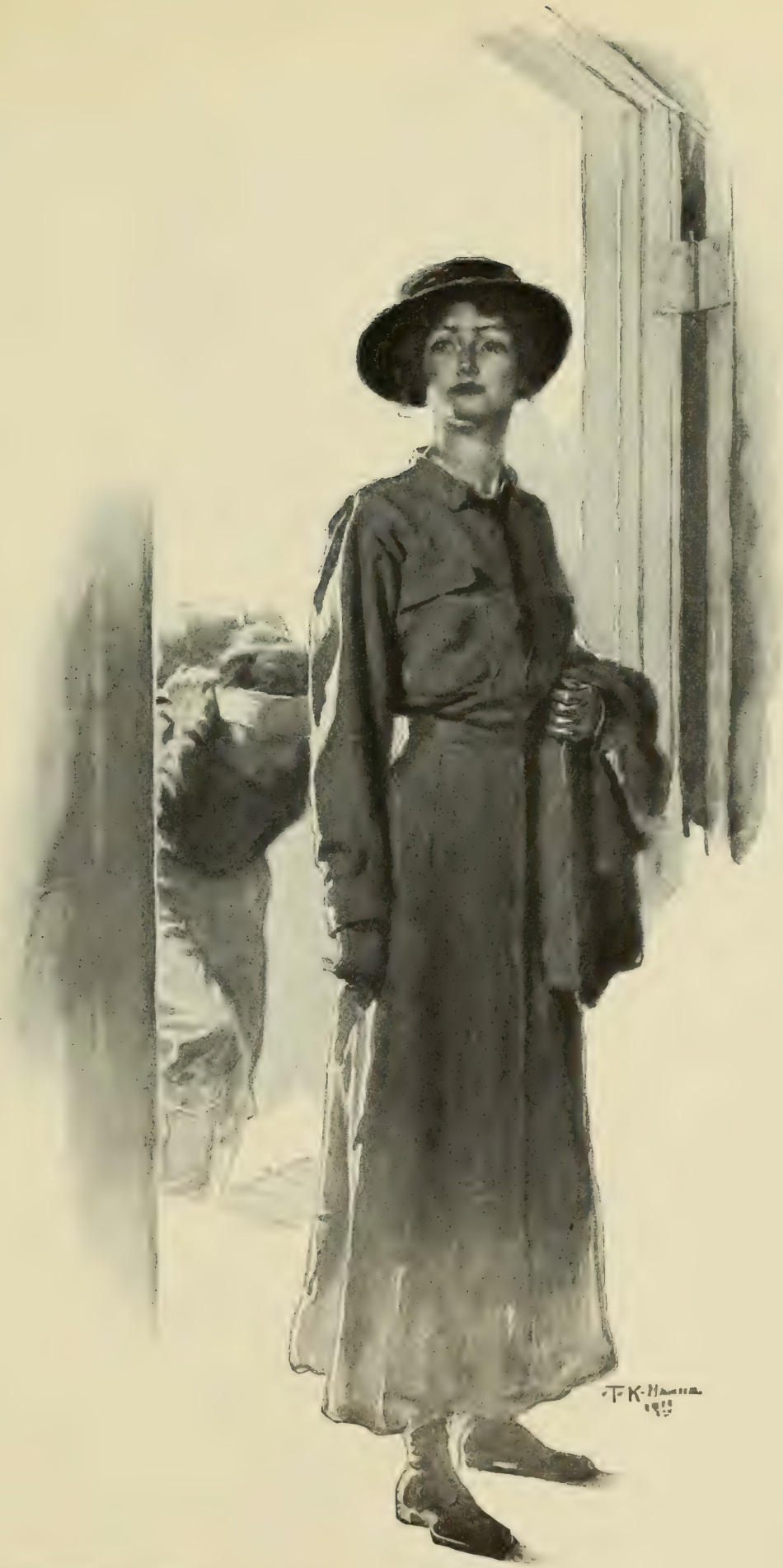
"What brought me to you in the beginning?" he asked in a tone I had never heard in his voice.

"A passing fancy." Her laughter corroded the words.

"You know that is not true."

"What else? You laughed, and loved, and rode away, did you not?"

"I was a boy then," he said, "a wild, and foolish, and blinded boy. I was only



Drawn by T. K. Hanna.

No woman under thirty could have stood unflinching under the stares that all of us . . . levelled at her.—Page 431.

twenty-two years old when I went to Athenry. I hadn't the wanderlust then. You were all that I wanted in the world after that first time I saw you. Do you remember where we met, Moira, in the wood of the golden rowans? I thought you a spirit when I saw you standing, all in white, in the gray moonlight. You led me through the woods, through the paths and the tangles, till we came to the field of the stone fences. Then you ran away. I hunted the county for you. I found you in your father's house. I asked you to marry me the second time we went through the moonlight together. You laughed at me."

"Why not?" she said. "I'd heard men tell before what you said, and watched them ride away."

"You sent them riding away," he told her, "just as you sent me. You talked to me of the far places till I went mad with longing for them. You told me of the snows of Alaska. You dreamed with me of the hills beyond Simla. You pictured for me the Great Wall of China. You read to me tales of the Long Trail. You stood at the gate, pointing westward, until I saw the path for me gleaming upon the ocean. You made it the greatest thing in the world. You fanned the flame of my soul till you sent me out adventuring overseas."

"Always the woman," she mocked him, "since Adam ate of the apple."

"Why have you held it all these years against me?" he pleaded. "I thought—until the end—when I met you again in Aroyo that you would have forgiven my going away from Athenry. But you had not forgiven. You led me on to win your revenge. Well, you've had it. Nights of loneliness and longing, days of bitterness, years of dreary wanderings, have been my life."

"Oh, don't, Jem." It was the name that he had not let me call him. He moved closer to her again as she said it. "Let's not talk of a past we can't redeem. Let's see things as they are and make the best of them." She set her hand upon his shoulder. I could see his hands tighten over each other as he held them behind his back. "Don't you see what the years have made me? A wandering woman who calls the far places home, who knows camp-fires instead of hearth-fires. I'm not the sort of woman a man needs for his wife, Jem. Why don't you marry the little girl from Surrey? She'll order your house, and mend your clothes, and fuss over your children; and she'll make you contented until you forget the wallaby tracks and the mountain passes and the portages and the seven seas. Oh, Jem, why don't you marry her?"

He wrenched his hands free from each other and grasped her wrists. "Because I don't love her," he said. "I might have loved her if you hadn't come back, Moira Drummond. But when you came I knew once more that you were the only woman for me, just as you have been since the night when we met in the rowan woods. You're my mate, Moira. For you and for me are the seas and the hills and the forests and the distant mountains. For you and for me are the long trails over plains and deserts. For you and for me the wide world is waiting, just as it waited at Athenry." She looked into his eyes deeply. "You said all that at Athenry," she told him, "and you said it once again at Aroyo."

"Moira," he said, "why didn't you marry me when we were in Aroyo? Didn't you love me at all then? I can't believe of you that you only led me to your vengeance. Those were glorious days on the top of the world. Didn't you care?"

"I loved you then," she said slowly, "better far than I ever loved you in Athenry."

"Then why did you send me away?"

"Haven't you ever known? Ah, how little you men understand even the women you love!" She drew away her hands from his grasp and held the pearl chain as she went on. "I went away because I understood you, Jem. You are of my clan. You are a son of Esau. I am his daughter. You sons of Esau may wander the world, driven by your longings, but the daughters of Esau live in bondage, suffering the agony of desire for the freedom our father bought."

"I don't understand," he said.

"Let's go back," she said, "to Athenry. You say that I gave you the wanderlust. That's not quite true, Jem. The curse of Esau brought us together.



Under the flare of the torches we saw Blackie and Moira Drummond coming into the clearing.—Page 437.

I had the spirit that sang in your soul, but the spirit that brought you to me took you away from me. You left me at the first chance of going to the far places. When you went, I faced life.

"You see, Jem, I'd had but one great dream in life. You came to me when the dream was bright, the dream of the trail that has been the lure of men through all the ages. Generation after generation of my forefathers had looked across the sea from the Irish coast and dreamed that dream. Young and strong and glorying in the strength of their manhood, they had longed fiercely for the unknown lands that lay beyond the calling ocean; and they sang songs of their longing to the strange, wild sea and to the Land of the Living Heart that must lie on the other side. But love came into their lives, and the little joys and the little sorrows flickered in their hearth-fires until the light of the dream was dimmed, and they looked across the sea as men gaze upon the beauty they have renounced. And no one of them broke the shackles of the old life, though all of them cherished the longing in their souls. And so the dream came to me.

"You know Athenry. You know how

the plains run toward the Connemara Mountains with the Galway gap going down to the sea. That gap was my way out. All through my childhood I used to look westward, telling myself that some day I should cross the ocean and go out to the west. My life would be out there among the hills. It was my Tir-nan-Og, Jem, my Land of the Living Heart."

"I remember," Blackie said.

"I was fifteen when my uncle was going to Alaska. I ran away to meet him at Queenstown. He took me with him. It was a wonderful year for a girl, a wild, daring, heroic year, before they took me back to Athenry.

"Then you came. You understood what all the others did not understand. You knew what the great longing was. You brought me rainbow colors to weave in my dream, and I put you in the heart of the dream and wove them all about you. When you went out of my life, Jem, you took the dream with you. Other women lose their dreams of one man and find solace; but I had given all other thoughts to the Great Thought and I gave that to you. Those men of long ago on the West Coast turned from their visions to their home hearths. I had no hearth. I took my way to the roads where weaklings strive for pride of place. 'They sold Diego Valez to bondage of great deeds,'" she quoted. He stood silent, his shoulders bowed. "I found my sisters in Egypt's land," she said, more to herself, I thought, than to him. "Children of Esau they are, too, who know the lure and who know the longing, but who have not answered the call. Sometimes they wed and put aside the dream. Sometimes they lose, as I had, the lure and the love. Among them I worked, and learned. When I could begin to think of you without wild regret, Jem, I knew that you had been wise."

"Wise?" His cry rose bitter.

"Wise," she repeated. "For freedom is the greatest gift in all the world, Jem. Had you married me in Athenry, you would have lost your freedom. That was the lesson I had learned when I went to Aroyo. I had come to find some pleasure in my own freedom to wander. Out there I watched you day after day with that thought in my mind. God had made you one of the freemen of the universe. How could I forge shackles for you? I had thought to win you back, Jem, out there in the Andes. I knew you were there when I went. But I came to love you so well that I could not prison you by my love. And so I sent you away. Did I not do right?"

"Not then," he said. "You had been wise in Athenry when I had been blind. You fell into blindness when I had learned wisdom. You say that you left me free. Do you call my loneliness freedom? Why, I've been so desperately lonely up here in the North that if that little girl from Surrey had but one spark of your fire, Moira, I'd have begged her to share my life with me. I've been so lonely for you that I've lingered here in the chance that you might come to Rosamund Deake, who was your friend. I've grown so lonely for you that I've gone back to Athenry just to invoke your spirit in the rowan woods. Don't you know, Moira," he went on, his voice wooing her as the voice of the robin woos his mate in the springtime, "what true freedom is? Don't you know, dear heart,

> —"'that ye shall find the Lodges of the Wise,
> The farthest Camp of the Delightful Fires,
> By marching two by two, not one by one?'"

She held silent, her head lowered a little, her hands clasping her pearls. "You're Esau's daughter," he said. "I'm his son. You're taking the far trails again. So am I. You're still dreaming of dawns and sunsets, of South Sea islands, of the Great Snows, of starlights on the plains, of moonlights on the seas. You say the dreams died. They didn't. You would not be here if they had," he insisted triumphantly. "You'd be in Paris, or in London, or in one of the cities of the world where men and women bury themselves, knowing not this life of ours. You're still dreaming. And I've been dreaming again ever since you came to the camp, going over the old, old dreams, Moira, that I told you at Athenry, the dreams God gave us with each other and for each other. I'm dreaming the pictures I painted for you in Aroyo. Don't you know, Moira, that you're the warder of my soul? With you beside me I could taunt age, and time, and death. Oh, Moira, Moira,



Drawn by T. K. Hanna.

"What brings you to me now, Captain Blackwell?"—Page 438.

dearest, won't you come with me?" She swayed toward him, her eyes shining in the moonlight, but with her hands still closed over the strand. "If you send me away," he told her, "I shall go back to a joyless life through barren days and starless nights. Will you let me do that? Won't you keep my soul free? That's your woman's part. Only a woman's love, the one woman's love, can do that for a man. Won't you come with me, my comrade?"

She held out her hands to him. "For life and for death, Jem," she said, "and beyond life, and beyond death, I shall take the road with you." She lifted her face, luminously serene, splendidly loving, for his kiss. Then they went together down the Wallaby Track.

But I, standing alone under the cold stars of the North, cursed my father Jacob that he had bought for his children's portion only the heritage of growing old by sodden hearth-fires while Esau's children wander together through their home of the whole wide world.

FOR THE DEDICATION OF A TOY THEATRE

By Benjamin R. C. Low

You banished fairies and lean outlawed elves,
Immured in dusty books on closet shelves;
You exorcised young spirits that have lain,
Cooped-up with cobwebs, in a cynic's brain;
You goblins and goodfellows, mischief mites
That drank the cream and teased the dog o' nights;
You godmothers; you witches on old brooms;
You prancing princes (coal-black hair, and plumes),
Maidens, magicians, ogres, Jack-in-vines,
Con your enchantments, furbish up your lines,
Make ready for revival—not so fast!—
You shall be summoned when the play is cast.
And you, grown old too early, you whose eyes
Have lost the wonder of the truly wise;
You scoffers armed with "science," and a laugh,
Who know the world and scorn the better half;
You, also, looking backward with regret,
Who catch a glimmer of late childhood yet;
And you who never wandered, skimped indeed,
Beyond the borders of the hard world's need;
But most, you children, holding in your hearts
The ways of highest heaven, best of arts,
Be seated here. Yon curtain is the mind:
Let logic slip, and—laughter is behind.
Ay, laughter, and brave deeds, and hopes come true,—
The old sweet world of fancy, made for you.
But mark you, disenchantment's nigh at hand;
Whoever questions will not understand.
Look to 't: and, as you love us, we entreat,
Put off your cares; a smile will buy your seat.
Ho! actors! come, make ready there within:—
Have up the curtain; let the play begin!



SEKHET: A DREAM

By John Galsworthy

ILLUSTRATIONS BY BOARDMAN ROBINSON

SEKHET! She who devours the evil souls in the underworld! She with the dark head of a lioness, and the dark body of a naked woman; one leg striding, hands clenched to her sides, and eyes, not woman's and not lion's, staring into the darkness, looking for her next meal! There she stands, by day, by night, ever in the blackness, watching! No wonder the simple folk think she eats their children!

It was after seeing Sekhet in her dim cell at Karnak that I dreamed this dream. . . .

I thought I saw the Five Judges of the dead sitting in a lemon grove outside the walls of Karnak. And where the lemon grove ended, stood we—the dead—waiting to come up for judgment—thousands on thousands of us, stretching away in the Egyptian dust, over the plain of Thebes. The five judges sat in a row. Sombor, that little and lean one, with long, parchmenty, sunken face, and fiery dark slits of eyes, held in his thin fingers a flower of the papyrus. Diarnak, tallest of them all, sat upright, never moving, his grave visage clothed in a peaked beard, while a bat, in the sunlight, flitted round his head. Membron, whose broad and hairless face shone as if he anointed it at night, now smiled and now was solemn, balancing in one hand a piece of gold, in the other a little image. Marrosquin, falling into paunchy curves, having a face lined, pursy, subtle, stroked a cat curled up on his rounded knees. Buttah, that short and red-faced gray-beard, with his little, piggy eyes, and his large gold signet-ring, seemed slumbering.

And Sombor spoke: "My brothers, Sekhet waits!"

And I saw that the first of us already stood before them—a young man he was, tall, and of an amiable, weak countenance. On his lips, which dribbled light froth, a faint curly smile was wandering; and his tragic eyes watered freely in the sunlight.

"Here, sirs," he said.

Sombor: Your name? Varhet? You died last night? Speak the truth, which we know already. Drink?

Varhet: Yes, sirs.

Diarnak: How many times convicted?

Varhet: Never, sirs. There was no policeman in my village.

Diarnak: Name of village?

Buttah: Look 'ere, Diarnak! Keep to the point! Now, just tell us why you took to drink, young man.

Varhet: I hardly know, sirs. It made things seem brighter.

Buttah: Well, I like a drop o' Scotch as much as any one—not to exceed. Go on, young man.

Varhet: Yes, sir. The more I drank the less happy I was; and the less happy I was the more I drank.

Buttah: I quite understand. You wanted to have an 'appy time. I do myself; an' I may as well say that, what with hard work, and a game o' skittles, and a little religious life, I'm as jolly as most.

Varhet (eagerly): Yes, sirs; that was it.



Drawn by Boardman Robinson. Sombor. Diarnak. Membron. Marrosquin. Buttah.

"While noting the deadliness of your sin, we must be charitable. Speak!"—Page 448.

I only wished myself and everybody happy. And when I found that I could not be, I took my gun and shot myself.

Buttah: Naow! You shouldn't 'ave done that! That was extravagant. If there's one thing I can't pass over, it's extravagance.

Sombor: You shot yourself. Ha!

Marrosquin: So violent! Why not a softer death, Varhet?

Varhet: Sir, I lived in a very simple village.

Membron: You destroyed the temple of your body?

Varhet: Sir, it was getting worse and worse, doing no good to me or any one; I thought——

Diarnak: A soldier the less in the world! Beyond forgiveness.

Sombor: Have you any intelligible defense, Varhet?

Varhet: Sirs, since I have been dead, I've thought it might have saved me if I could have described happiness, when I was feeling miserable.

Marrosquin: You mean, you might have made a romantic writer? Very interesting! I have always felt that the foundation of optimism in art is the ill health or misery of the artist.

Buttah: Here! Keep to the point, Marrosquin.

Sombor: Vote! Those for Sekhet?

Marrosquin: One moment! By his own confession this man has a touch of the artist in him.

Sombor: Marrosquin! If this unhappy drunkard is allowed to take his life with impunity, vast numbers of men who are not happy will do the same. And who are these unhappy ones? Those in judging whom I hold my office; who make Diarnak's soldiers; provide Membron with the best opportunities for his discourses; minister to your cultured comfort, Marrosquin; and create the fortune of Buttah, backbone of his country. These men who will kill themselves are the very foundations of society. Let us have no more of this. Vote! For Sekhet? All, save Marrosquin. Take him down!

Smiling, and looking from face to face with his watery, tragic eyes, Varhet was placed beneath the largest lemon-tree. And the second of us stepped out. This man was very burnt and dirty—about fifty years of age, with black eyes peering out of matted hair and beard, and his clothes so forlorn and patched that he looked like nothing but a mop made out of ends of cloth.

Diarnak: Name? Nain? Speak, Nain!

Nain: I am a tramp.

Diarnak: That we see.

Nain: I died an hour ago.

Diarnak: What of?

Nain: Not bein' moved on.

Buttah: What! How's that?

Nain: They took an' kept me in *one* place. I stuck it a month. Then I got the *Wanderlust* an' slid out for good.

Diarnak: What is the meaning of these clothes, then? The regulations——

Nain: I arst 'em to give me my own clothes to die in; an' they 'ad mercy on me.

Membron: While respecting the liberty of the subject, Society is bound to restrain those whom it finds inconvenient.

Marrosquin: He smells atr-rocious!

Sombor: You are, then, one of those miserable scoundrels who won't work.

Nain: I am.

Sombor: There is no sentence too severe for you.

Diarnak: How is it you did not become a soldier?

Buttah: Diarnak, don't insult the flag! My man, you're an extravagant feller. In my opinion you deserve all you'll get. You were born tired.

Nain: I was.

Diarnak: Any defense?

Nain: None, but this here *Wanderlust.*

Sombor: Vote!

Marrosquin: One moment! This is really interesting. *Wanderlust!* My good man—describe it for us!

Nain: It's like this, as you might say. There you are, workin' the bloomin' handle, or layin' the bloomin' bricks, or brushin' the bloomin' street, same as you 'ave for a month; and, suddenly, you gets a feelin' 'ere. An' you says to yourself: What oh! An' you goes on turnin' the bloomin' 'andle or layin' the bloomin' bricks. But next day you slides out.

Marrosquin: My dear good man, that is inarticulate. What—what, exactly, do you feel?

Nain: Gov'nor, as you presses me, I should say it was like catchin' a smell o'

rain in a dry country. After that you can't stick no more dry country, till next time.

Marrosquin: Ah! now—I understand. Very pictur-resque! The touch of the artist there. I almost think we might——

Diarnak: Marrosquin! By my new regulations this man was to stay and do steady work in one place. He has died and broken them. If we let him off, my new regulations too are dead.

Marrosquin: Still—the *Wanderlust!* So poetic!

Buttah: I never 'ad it myself!

Sombor: The majority of men are disinclined to work; if this man is not condemned, the majority of men will know they need not work.

Membron: We must face facts, but not be cynical. I personally am inclined to work; with the doubtful exception of Marrosquin, we are all inclined to work.

Diarnak: We govern.

Sombor: Yes; we work at what we like. Most men do not.

Marrosquin: True; still, it seems hard——

Buttah: Marrosquin, if you'd been brought up to industry as I was, you'd 'ave no patience with these jokers who can't stick to their jobs.

Marrosquin: Heaven forbid!

Diarnak: Vote! For Sekhet? All, but Marrosquin. Remove him!

Nain was placed beneath the lemon-tree, and the third of us stepped forth. This was a young woman of a good height and figure, in a dress open at the neck, and not long enough to hide her ankles. Her short, broad face, with its pale hair, was pretty and amiable; but her bistre-circled eyes of forget-me-not blue, tragic and furtive, passed from countenance to countenance with a frightened caress.

Membron: Your name? Talete! You need not tell us what you are. Any palliating circumstances we shall consider. While noting the deadliness of your sin, we must be charitable. Speak!

Talete: Whatever I've done, sir, please, a man's done too.

Sombor: You dare say that. Vote!

Buttah: Now, now, Sombor; you're too quick with the little girl. Give it tongue, my dear. How did you come to die?

Talete: Of fright.

Marrosquin: God bless me!

Talete: Yes, sir. The police do drop on us so lately—a girl's got no chance. My nerves aren't what they were; and the day before yesterday, when they ran me in again, I died.

Buttah: You oughtn't to have done that! How old are you?

Talete: Twenty-four.

Buttah: T't, t't! Very early—very early!

Membron: The reward of sin is unquestionably death.

Sombor: One source of evil the less.

Diarnak: You know the law?

Talete: Yes, sir. Men has to have girls like me, so the law must run us in, for fear people might say men favored a gay life.

Marrosquin: It is monstr-rous that men, who make the law, should discriminate in favor of themselves.

Diarnak: The streets must be kept in order.

Buttah: Now, my dear, what made you take to this life? It's a wasteful way of goin' on, at the best.

Talete: If you please, I married when I was sixteen; we didn't get on; and I met somebody I thought I could love properly, but I couldn't; then I met another I was sure was right, and he wasn't; after that I didn't care no more so much; but, though I took them all for a living, I was always looking for *him*——

Marrosquin: R-remarkable! The pursuit of perfection! This girl is an artist. I think we might——

Membron: My brethren! Vote!

Sombor: Sekhet!

Buttah: It goes against the grain; me an' Mrs. Buttah's got daughters. Let her off, I say.

Talete: Yes, sir; and I've never given any man away.

Diarnak: Sekhet!

Marrosquin: She is pathetic. I am not prepared——

Membron: Two votes to two! Determining judgment—let me review this matter. If we forgive this fallen daughter, as in accordance with strict principle, without entering for the moment on textual criticism, we possibly ought, with what shall we be faced? With the loss of

the power to say to the people: Sin at the peril of your souls! This, my brethren, is extremely dangerous. We should always remember that the heart of our creed is sympathy and compassion, but we must gravely distrust sentiment. Spiritually compelled to remark that I do not condemn her, I am not prepared to forego my power to say I do. For, brethren, we should ever bear in mind that if *we* did not condemn, perhaps no one would; or that if, by chance, they did, it would be derogatory to the dignity of us, who are acknowledged by ourselves to be the arbiters of morality. While, therefore, giving the utmost weight to compassion, I regard it as my professional duty to say: Sekhet! The motion is carried by three votes to two. Take her down!

And, as Talete went, I noticed that a dove perched on her shoulder, and sat there cooing; and though her eyes never ceased to furtively implore her judges, she rubbed her cheek against the bird. He who had taken her place was a young man with bright eyes, a little black moustache which he continually twisted, and a perfectly straight back to his dark head.

Marrosquin: Your name? Arva? Quite! You passed away from us in what manner?

Arva: Flying.

Marrosquin: Professional?

Arva: Not exactly. I'd got through the rest.

Marrosquin: Yes, yes. Had you tried morphia, and Monte Carlo?

Arva: Both. And racing.

Marrosquin: I see; confirmed case. I know so many nowadays. "*Ludum insolentem ludere pertinax.*"

Buttah: So far as I twig, the young man's a gambler. And let me tell him at once he's come to the wrong shop here. There's too much of this gambling goes on.

Marrosquin: Still, we should try and put ourselves in his position. I myself have no temptation that way.

Sombor: You haven't the pluck!

Marrosquin: That r-remark is uncalled for. (*To Arva*) Tell us why you have run through everything like this.

Diarnak: And be brief.

Arva: I was born at a good pace.

Marrosquin: A charming phrase. This young man is an artist.

Arva: That, and the papers.

Membron: While deploring the tendency of the Press to snippets and sensationalism, we must do justice to some excellent qualities.

Buttah: I can forgive a lot in the young, but this feverishness isn't English. I never felt it myself but once, an' then Mrs. Buttah soon had me right with a mustard plaster. It's chaps like you that keeps stocks on the jump.

Diarnak: That exceed the limit.

Membron: That support our national vice.

Arva: Well, what do you expect, with the show humming round a fellow as it does now?

Marrosquin: We quite understand that you were born without ballast. Have you anything further to say in your defense?

Arva: Will any of you lay me six to four I don't beat Sekhet over the first quarter?

Buttah: Young man! No levity!

Membron: I fear that he is hopeless.

Marrosquin: I confess that I have a certain admiration for this type. I do not see my way to Sekhet, but shall be glad to record the other votes.

Buttah: Sekhet!

Diarnak: The army has been cheated of another soldier. Sekhet!

Membron: The church of a son. Sekhet!

Sombor: I like pluck. I will give him the benefit of a doubt.

Marrosquin: I feel for you, young man, but the judgment is Sekhet, by three votes to two!

Arva: Right! I've had a run for my money.

And Arva was placed beneath the lemon-tree. Then I saw them come and lead forth him who was standing next to me. Of what evil could one who had so noble a mien be guilty? Attired in white, tall, and with a fine-shaped head, deep eyes, and a full beard, he moved me to a feeling of reverence. Quietly he waited to be questioned, and it seemed to me that our judges were uneasy. Then Buttah, turning his little eyes upward, spoke:

Buttah: Well, sir! Give it a name,

will you? Khanzi? How do you spell it? Just so! Now, Mr. Khanzi, perhaps you'll be so good as to tell us how you came to drop this mortal coil, as the poet says?

Khanzi: There was no more a place for me.

Buttah: Do I understand you to say, sir, that you were crowded out?

Khanzi: I died of refusal from door to door.

Membron: Ah! I seem to—Usher, draw the curtains!

Diarnak: Khanzi, I know you.

Buttah: I don't; and I'm not sure I want to. If you wish to make a statement, I'm not the one to stop you; but I don't think it'll make much impression on us. You seem to me a very outlandish party.

Khanzi: Brothers!

Sombor: Don't call us brothers, or it will be the worse for you.

Khanzi: Companions! From day to day and year to year I have wandered, as the wind wanders from leaf to leaf. I have passed from pool to pool and seen my image shine, and die in the dark water. I am ignorant, with no merit save love of all that lives. The dew falls, and the stars come out, and I rest a moment, and pass on. Would that I might stay forever with each living thing!

Buttah: They won't have you. Is that it?

Khanzi: I have no goods, I have no name. I have heard them say: "If we take him in, we lose all. Power and wealth we shall have none, only love! What use is that?"

When Khanzi had spoken these words there was a very long silence, each judge sitting with his hand before his face. It was Buttah who at last made utterance.

Buttah: Well, what shall we do about him? I've heard of this here love, but never met a bagman that travelled it. Would you gentlemen like to ask him a question or two? Usher, hand me my toupie; the glare's shockin'.

Sombor: It would appear that you are a dissolving agent.

Khanzi: The wind sweeps and loosens all things, yet the wind binds all things together.

Sombor: Speak plainly. Are you or are you not opposed to those who sit in judgment?

Khanzi: Gentle sir, he that gives me shelter no longer cares to judge; he loves too much.

Sombor: No judgments! No power! Very well!

Diarnak: Khanzi! Do you or do you not obey orders?

Khanzi: Sir, I obey all orders; but where I am, no orders are given. All is service for love.

Diarnak: No orders! Enough!

Membron: Khanzi! I remember that once we gave you trial, and you were not successful. Love, no doubt, is the ideal, but to rack people, body and soul, is more efficacious; we have been induced by long experience to preach the first and practise the second. Have you anything to say why after all these centuries we should make further trial of you?

Khanzi: Brother, I am not allowed to plead, or stay where I am not wanted. I can but alight here and there, as the rain, and the songs of birds, and sunlight sinking to earth between the leaves. If you cannot welcome me with a whole heart, then bid me go!

Membron: You ask for the impossible. There is no such thing.

Marrosquin: Khanzi! Whenever I read of you in books, see you in pictures, hear your voice in music, I am moved to admiration; and now that I see you in the flesh I desire to keep you with us if it be possible. But one question I must put to you. Will you or will you not destroy that comfortable elegance of life, that culture, which, I confess, is the *sine qua non* of my existence? I sincerely hope you may be able to answer in the negative.

Khanzi: Friend, what is comfort? Is it to share with all men, to hurt no living thing? Is it to throb with this one's pain, and thrill with that one's joy? If that be comfort, and elegance, and culture, I may gladly stay with you.

Marrosquin: Ah! Leave me, please!

Buttah: Mr. Khanzi! I tell you frankly that I'm the man in the street; there are hundreds and thousands like me that have had to make their way in the world. And what I ask myself is this: How should I have done it if I'd took you

into partnership? How should I have got on if I'd thought of everybody else as I've thought of Number One? No, sir, that's unpractical, and un-English, and therefore it's unchristian! With all the good-will in the world, the sooner Sekhet has you, the better for us all! Sekhet!

Sombor (not removing his hand from before his face): Khanzi! Of all offences committed against society, yours is the greatest. For where you are, our society cannot be. Where you are, there exists no need for myself, nor for Diarnak, no need for Membron, Marrosquin, or Buttah. This is unthinkable. And since this is unthinkable by us, there can be no question of your fate. Sekhet! Sekhet!

Diarnak: No more shall you sow disaffection in my ranks. Sekhet!

Membron: Khanzi! I have listened with sympathy to your explanation of your own nature, but I seem to gather from it an implied attack upon myself. I have every wish to tolerate, even to welcome, your theory, but I am unable to perceive how I can reconcile it with my principles. I am therefore reluctantly compelled—usher! the shutters!—to say: Sekhet!

Marrosquin: Alas! Alas! Sekhet!

Then all the judges, covering their faces, in voices that seemed coming from a grave cried out once more: "Sekhet!" And Khanzi, gazing at them with his deep eyes, lifted his hand in token that he had heard, and stood back with the others beneath the lemon-tree.

My turn had come! But as I was stepping forward, Sombor rose. "Take," he said, "those five behind the palm-trees, and let Sekhet off her chain. Enough for to-day, my just and learned brothers. Let us see our judgments carried out." And, followed by the other judges, he passed out of sight behind the palm-trees. Varhet, Nain, Talete, Arva, and Khanzi were taken from the lemon-grove. And there came up a queer and sudden gloom, till the sky was the color of a blackish orange. And the dark sea of those behind us, over the plain of Thebes, was broken by white faces, as it might be by little wave crests flicked up under a coming storm. Presently, from the far side of the lemon-grove, I saw my dragoman, Mahmoud Ibrahim, yellow skirts upraised in hand, come running at full speed. His broad and jocund face was broken between terror and amusement. Pointing with thumb across his shoulder, he gasped out: "Sekhet! She is making a mistake. She is eating the wrong ones! She is eating the judges! She is a good one; she has had four; she is chasing Buttah! My Lord! he is running—he certainly is running! What a life! What a life!" He rolled with laughter. And we heard from the distance a long-drawn "O-ow!" Then silence—silence over the plain of Thebes, to the uttermost mountains. And the sky was once more blue. . . . I woke. . . .

Sekhet! She who devours the evil souls in the underworld!

By day, by night, ever in the blackness, watching!



A BALLADE OF THE LIRIS

By Edmond Rickett

("*rura, quæ Liris quieta*
Mordet aqua taciturnus amnis.")
—*Horace, Odes, Book I, 31.*

THE shining Capitol upon its hill
Gives back the glory of the southern day,
Firm-builded as the Empire, mighty still
To smite the savage world with wide dismay;
And in some quiet valley far away
Lies one amid the quivering leaves unseen
Content to watch, while thoughts unbidden stray,
Slow-moving Liris in its meadows green.

Afar the legions pillage, burn, and kill;
Rome calls, and who shall falter or delay?
What nation now shall strive against her will?
What power shall bid her march majestic stay?
Sing thou, O poet; of glory sing!—Ah, nay;
Here is no tumult, here 'neath leafy screen
Winds peacefully along its dreamy way
Slow-moving Liris in its meadows green.

The long years fade and die, the Fates fulfil
At last the doom foreshadowed; in the gray
Of Time bewildered work for good or ill
The laws of brooding death and sure decay.
There is no place where thou canst stand and say:
Rome reigneth here!—And still flows on, serene
Amid the wavering gleams that glance and play,
Slow-moving Liris in its meadows green.

L'ENVOI

Poet, thou hast sung of kings, and where are they?—
They were; and then as now these banks between
Thus idly flowed in gentle swirl and sway
Slow-moving Liris in its meadows green.

FIGHTING IN THE CARPATHIANS

AS SEEN WITH THE AUSTRIAN ARMY

By James F. J. Archibald

With Illustrations from photographs by the Author

THE war in the Carpathians is more like war as I have always known it. It still has an element of the sporting chance about it. In Germany it has long ceased to be a sporting proposition—it is simply a mechanical, card-index affair, where one becomes absolutely bored after the first few weeks by the monotonous perfection of the relentless arrangement. But in the Carpathians it still has an element of uncertainty. Galloping aides still carry messages, balloons are still used for artillery-fire control, and the cavalry is still a factor in the fight. The organization is exceedingly good, and the condition and the spirit of the troops I found excellent, but the problem which Austria is facing is a gigantic one, for it is the problem of bad roads and open country. The only satisfaction the supporters of the Austrian cause can derive out of the very difficult situation which they now face is that it is even a little more difficult for the advancing enemy.

The Carpathian Mountains have been the great natural barrier which has made it possible for Austria to hold back the Russian horde, just as the Danube and the Save Rivers have prevented any possible invasion from the south. The fighting in the Carpathians has been the fiercest of any during the entire war, but it has been so far removed from wire head, and there have been so few correspondents who have been able to get near the front, that the public is as little informed regarding events in that portion of the theatre of war as they are of the conditions around the Persian Gulf, where Russia is establishing herself firmly in the portion of the territory which England has denied her for many years.

I did not see the preliminary fighting in Galicia or beyond the Carpathians. Lemberg had fallen and Przemysl (pronounced *Chem-e-zel*) was besieged, and the Austrian armies were slowly falling back on the Carpathian passes when I applied in Vienna for permission to go to the front. I was late in my arrival in the fighting zone because I went to the German front first, and also because I have learned after many campaigns that it is worse than useless for correspondents to demand permission to accompany any belligerent army during the first month of any war. There is nothing that will worry and annoy a commanding officer during the trying hours of mobilization quite as much as the demand of a war correspondent to be allowed to report on the conditions then existing. It must be remembered that even the most highly educated military genius is invariably as nervous at the beginning of a campaign as a temperamental actress on a first night. Very few commanders have ever seen any actual warfare, and therefore the last person in the world whom they care to have about at the beginning of the campaign is a foreign correspondent. Before I left America I had made my application through the proper diplomatic channels; therefore, when I arrived at Vienna, there was no necessity of delay. I immediately presented myself to Count Forgach, who was formerly Austrian minister in Belgrade, where I had visited him, and who is now next to the head of the foreign office in Vienna. I presented my papers and was given the opportunity to make my request personally to the foreign minister, Count Berchtold. I told him that I desired to go immediately to the front, and was informed that I could start the following day, which pleased me very much indeed, until Count Berchtold added: "You may go directly to the Servian front." This was exactly what I did not want to do, and I told him that I had been given letters to Archduke Frederick, who commanded the Austrian

army, and that I was especially desirous of going to Galicia. The foreign minister told me that the day before all foreign attachés and correspondents had been transferred to the Servian front, and that it would be necessary for me to go there also. At that moment there was absolutely nothing of interest on the Servian front, and it was well known that the Russians were making great advances into the Carpathians and, being particularly desirous of seeing this big movement I explained to Count Berchtold that, unless the Austrian army was in a complete rout and was fleeing before the Russians, it would be far better to let me proceed to Galicia than to send me out with an army where there was nothing of importance going on. I explained to him that I had retreated with the Russian army for a year and four months in Manchuria, and that I still considered that retreat one of the greatest military achievements of modern military warfare—I pointed out that any one can command an advance but that it takes a master mind to conduct an orderly retreat before a powerful enemy. I explained that to me a retreat did not mean disaster, and that if the conditions were not absolutely hopeless I still wanted to go to Galicia. He evidently saw my point, for he telephoned the war ministry, and the following day I received my permission and was told to report at Archduke Frederick's headquarters.

Preferring to have company, I asked Captain Graham, our naval attaché to the American embassy, if he would accompany me, but he told me that it would be impossible to get permission. Ambassador Penfield, who has so ably filled the most difficult post in our diplomatic service, gave Captain Graham the necessary leave, and armed with this I made an application through the press department of the war ministry, completely ignoring the regular channels, and asked that Captain Graham be allowed to accompany me as a guest. Much to his surprise the permission was granted, and he was afforded his first opportunity to get nearer the war than a bulletin-board. An officer of the general staff met us at the railway station, and we were taken on a long railway journey to the field-marshal's headquarters, which were then at Teschen, a very old and picturesque town in Silesia, about ten or fifteen miles from the Russian border and about sixty miles from Cracow.

Although there was no fighting in the immediate vicinity, the several days which I spent at the great headquarters of the Austrian forces were to me the most interesting part of the war thus far, for it gave me an opportunity to study the workings of a great staff in the field, and to meet the men upon whose shoulders falls the great task. I was fortunate enough to have been personally presented to his Royal Highness Archduke Frederick by his son-in-law, Prince Hohenlohe, and was therefore invited to join the headquarters' mess. I have had the pleasure of visiting Austria and Hungary nearly every year for some years past, and I have always said that the friendliness and hospitality of the Austrians and Hungarians as I have known them in times of peace could not be improved upon, but I find that I was wrong. In war they can even be more thoughtful and courteous than in peace. War has that effect on some men always, but here it seemed to have that effect on the whole army. I have never experienced such a spontaneous hearty friendliness as I met with the Austrian army in the field. I do not merely mean the officers with whom I came in contact officially, but also the many I met in railway-carriages, on troop trains, in restaurants and cafés, or elsewhere, who offered their hospitality and assistance to men whom they had never before seen and who were to them simply strangers in their land. I mention this at some length because it is a rare case; men at war sometimes become nervous and irritable, and the spirit which was shown in the Austrian army means so much toward the success in battle and in campaign that it is worthy of note. It shows that the men of the Austrian army have strong hearts and clear minds, not easily disturbed by trifles, as is too often the case. It showed to me that temporary disaster or local reverses will not have a depressing effect upon them, a fact that I later found to be true.

My few days at the great headquarters proved to be intensely interesting and very instructive, as there has been a great change in methods and distances since the advent of motor-driven vehicles and wire-

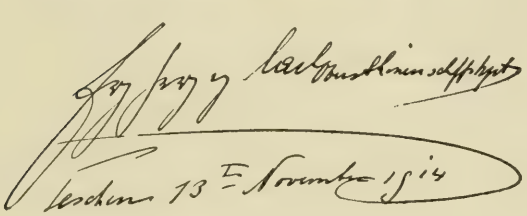
less telegraphy. There is a gigantic task before these few officers at the great headquarters, and I do not believe that we ever give them sufficient credit; in their hands rest the lives of many men and the fate of the nation, and they do not take their task lightly. Each one of the headquarters staff has a task far more difficult than the man in the trenches, who is in closer contact with the enemy. I found an energetic working staff from H. R. H. Archduke Frederick down to the lowest ranking officer.

I was received by H. R. H. Archduke Frederick on the same day of my arrival at the great headquarters, and he did Captain Graham and myself the honor of inviting us to dinner the same evening. It is rather a curious turn of military events which made it possible for Archduke Frederick to occupy his own castle at Teschen while the operations were in this vicinity (as, among other titles, he is also the Duke of Teschen), and he pointed out that fact by saying that it gave him pleasure to receive us not only at his headquarters but in his own home.

I have met the commanders of many armies, but never have I been more impressed than by the simple, kindly forcefulness of Archduke Frederick, a man whose many years of military service give him many advantages over most other men in experience of military affairs. He is a man slightly below the average height (which seems to be the rule with so many of the great military leaders of the world), of a particularly cordial and sympathetic manner. His resemblance to Emperor Franz Josef is quite remarkable, both in



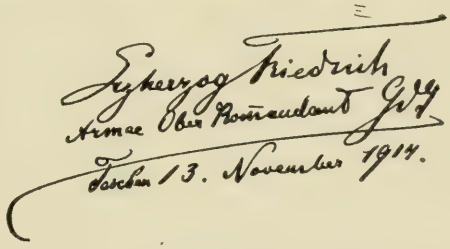
From a photograph by C. Pietzner, Vienna.



H. R. H. Archduke Carl Franz Josef, Crown Prince of Austria.



From a photograph by C. Pietzner, Vienna.



H. R. H. Archduke Frederick, Commander-in-Chief, Austrian Army.

Written in Mr. Archibald's autograph-book, November 13, 1914.

manner, personality, and appearance. I felt instantly that the mothers of Austria and Hungary must feel that their sons are in good keeping in his hands and that not an unnecessary life will be lost. I had an exceptional opportunity, as I had the honor of sitting on his left at the mess table. On the other side was the crown prince.



Colonel Rittmaster von Hoen, of Archduke Frederick's staff, who had charge of all correspondents.

Before dinner on that first evening the crown prince, H. R. H. Archduke Carl Franz Josef, received Captain Graham and myself privately and talked with us some time before dinner. Archduke Carl has, without exception, the most wonderfully sympathetic charm of any man I have ever met in public life. He has what not one man in ten thousand possesses, and that is an enormous personal magnetism. A man may have genius, talent, birth, or riches—he may be a great soldier, prince, or statesman; but if he does not possess that rare gift of magnetism he will have a hard struggle to reach the height of popularity. Archduke Carl talked to me in English as though he spoke no other language; he talked of the world's affairs with an obvious knowledge beyond the ordinary mind, and asked a great number of questions, which is, after all, the way that men of affairs who are more or less limited in their travels, owing to their duties at home, keep in touch with the world.

He is undeniably a born leader whose following, small or great, will be bound to his standard by ties of love. He is a man all classes will adore, and a man, curiously enough, whose personality is little known even to his own people. At the present time he is a hard-working officer with the rank of colonel on Archduke Frederick's staff.



Mr. Archibald's transport in trouble in Dukla Pass.

On the right of the crown prince sat another man, of an entirely different type, and whose head is crowned with the gray hairs of experience—Conrad von Hotzendorf, a soldier every inch. He tasted the cup of sorrow early in this war, when he lost his only son during the first week of the conflict, but his work has not halted. He is the chief of staff under Archduke Frederick, and upon his shoulders falls a large portion of the planning and execution of Austria's great campaign. He reminded me of an eagle, grimly silent, watchfully alert, a man of war if there ever was one.



General of Artillery Krat, and his Bosnian chief of staff in Dukla Pass.

While at the great headquarters I was asked by Archduke Frederick what part of the line I would like to visit, and I answered that, as Alexander, Count von Kolowrat, who is one of my best friends, was on the headquarters staff at the Third Army, and as the Third Army occupied two of the most important passes through the Carpathians, I should like to go there. It was therefore arranged that I should start the next morning for the headquarters of General Boaowic, who commanded the Third Army. It was a three days' trip by railroad and automobile, but it afforded an excellent opportunity of studying the military preparations along the entire line.

I noticed throughout the entire country that the most minute precaution is being taken against disease and contagion of various sorts. Disinfectant covers the railroad lines in all directions, as disease is one of the greatest problems with which the Russian and Austrian armies must contend. A night ride by automobile to a little town in Dukla Pass in the Carpathians ended the journey, and we finally pulled up at a schoolhouse which Boaowic occupied as his headquarters.



A "lift" by the transport.

I was told that the commanding general was busy for a moment, and so we were shown into a class-room by an ordnance officer named Theodore Stenberz. His English was so perfect that it was noticeable even where all of the officers spoke it so well. Later, when I took a picture of



Six-horse-power heavy gun-batteries.

him hammering away at an American typewriter, I asked him to give me a permanent address to which I could send the photograph; and was rather surprised when he gave me his office address at a number on Union Square, in New York.

In a few moments an aide came and told us that the commanding general wished to be excused from any formal greetings at the moment, as there was something of great importance which had just come to his attention, but that he would like simply to bid us welcome and would see us later at mess. We went to his room, and, as the door opened, a muddy, field-stained general of cavalry came hurriedly out. An orderly brushed in with an armful of maps and dropped them on the floor beside the general, who stood bending intently over a great chart which was spread out on a school-table.

I wondered if a more important lesson in geography had ever been studied in that class-room.

As we entered the general arose and came to the door to greet us. Again I marvelled at the character of the Austrian officers. We had interrupted him in the midst of what I afterward found to be an important movement of troops, and yet he had time to devote to the moment of bidding us welcome. As he came forward in the dim light of the schoolroom, I felt that I had chosen well for my first field experience when I chose the command of General Boaowic.

While at the front I was impressed by two things in the Austrian soldier: his absolute cheerfulness under all circumstances, and his respect for the enemy. There could not be two more admirable traits in the men of a well-ordered military force. His cheerfulness shows a spirit that is most valuable to a commander, for it will guard off sickness as well as win battles. If the men are growling and grumbling at everything that goes wrong, then everything does seem to go wrong; but the note of cheerfulness which I found throughout the entire Austrian army does much toward starting things on the right road to success.

To belittle and underestimate the enemy is undoubtedly the greatest military sin, but every officer and man with whom I talked on the subject had nothing but praise for the Russian force in every particular. I was told that their artillery was excellent and that their infantry was as brave as any in the world—and that the dread Cossack was a good sportsman in

the game. That is the proper spirit and one that will be of the greatest value to the commanding general.

The first action which I saw was the defense of Dukla Pass through the Carpathians, at the time when Russia drove the Austrian army back into Hungary as far as Bartfeld, which their cavalry occupied eight days before they were driven out again. This was a retreat which was heralded throughout the world as a complete rout of the Austrians, and I have since seen despatches telling of the wild disorder of the retreat—how men had refused to fight and had thrown down their arms in terror; of the great friction between the Hungarians and the Austrians. As a matter of fact, I have never seen a more orderly and well-organized withdrawal of forces. There was not the slightest excitement, and the rear-guard actions kept the advancing enemy at a sufficient distance and sufficiently in check to allow the Austrians to withdraw every gun and wagon in perfect order. In fact, I have seen many advances which were far more disorganized than was this retreat.

When I first rode into Dukla Pass in the Carpathians I felt that I had been terribly cheated—I had in my mind a rugged, rocky, narrow pass through great gorges in the mountains and pictured how easy it would be to defend such a pass; but, as a matter of fact, the passes through the Carpathians are wide, rolling table-lands. It is exactly the same as though we had to repel an army advancing through the Rocky Mountains at the heights near Cheyenne. There is a gradual rise into the mountain passes, but the passes themselves are broad, open rolling country, exceedingly difficult to defend. In most instances they are heavily wooded, which gives the advancing enemy much opportunity to take valuable cover. The Austrian forces were compelled to build earthworks and defenses of a very permanent character to defend themselves against the greater odds. Their trenchwork is exceedingly interesting and very well done, as they use timber for the foundation, so that their men have complete cover from the opposing fire and are able to return it through openings built between the timbers of the works, which are covered with earth.



The Austrian food supply is its own transport.

The great silken gas balloons played an important part in the campaign in the Carpathians, and they have been used to a great extent. In an article in this magazine last November on "Aviation," I wrote of Count Edmund de Sigmundt, who was to have been Austria's representative in the international balloon contest at Saint Louis this year. I found that my friend had already distinguished himself before the war had been in progress a

month. He has been using his balloon at the front, and has been acting as a lookout for the advance lines, and has twice been brought down by Russian artillery shells. Once the rope which held his balloon captive was cut by shrapnel-fire, and a strong wind carried him directly



Lieutenant Belletz,
A volunteer automobile-driver.

over the Russian lines. He landed in some wood, abandoned his outfit the moment he came to earth, and succeeded, although wounded, in working his way back through the Russian lines to the Austrian side. It took him three days to accomplish this feat, and in a week he was in the air again. Count de Sigmundt is one of the few aviators who have stuck faithfully to their lighter-than-air apparatus, and he has done splendid work and has received three wounds in the doing.

Aviation in the Carpathians has been beset with many difficulties. Lieutenant Felix Franke, who has flown in and out of besieged Przemysl on several occasions, told me that it was most difficult to attain any altitude in the Carpathians, for the purpose of scouting or artillery-control, because of the rare mountain air of these already high ranges. Both balloons and 'planes have, however, done most valuable scouting work during the campaign in these picturesque mountain ranges.

I doubt if there has ever been a more exciting and daring adventure in time of war than the aeroplane flights in and out of besieged Przemysl. As the Austrian fortress has been entirely surrounded by the Russian army, and as it is a long flight to the nearest Austrian base, the first danger that confronts the daring aviator is that of the hazardous journey to the besieged fortress. It is particularly hazardous as the entire flight is over the enemy's lines, and any motor trouble or difficulty



Oberleutnant Baron Economo, President of the Vienna Aero Club.

of any sort would compel a landing and immediate capture. This aerial scout must fly at a very great altitude, and advance until he is practically over the fortress, then he must plane down in a very narrow spiral into the town, and during this descent he is certain to be under fire a very considerable length of time. Again, when he leaves Przemysl, he must ascend by the same spiral route in a very small space, for to take a wide circle in the ascent would mean instant death, as it would bring him too close under the range of the Russian guns. During several

months of the siege of Przemysl aviators have flown in and out of the fortress time after time, and I do not think one of them as yet failed in the attempt, although several have been severely wounded on the hazardous journey.

The campaign in the Carpathians is much more like the old-fashioned war than anything I saw with the German army. The roads are so bad during the winter months that the motor does not play the great part in this campaign that it does in Germany and France. In fact, I had great difficulty in getting through with the motor which had been detailed to me for my use at the front, and it got into serious trouble on several occasions. The lovers of horses and the exponents of the cavalry arm of the service would have found this campaign much more to their liking than the "gasolene war" being waged in France.



Hungarian trainmasters.

Motor-scouting has proved to be one of the most dangerous forms of duty in the present war, and it is especially so in the Carpathians, either on the Galician or the Russian side.

Count Kolowrat shows his friends with a great deal of pride the one-hundred-horse-power automobile which he is now driving for his own personal use in the field, which he captured from the Russians. One of my Vienna friends, Baron Constantine Economo, had a very exciting experience in the Carpathians a short time ago. While at headquarters Baron Economo came in with his car so riddled with bullets that it was necessary for him to put it in for repairs. It seems that he had been sent out by his command-



The retreat from Dukla.

ing officer to attempt to discover the enemy, and, after having gone forward what he considered a surprisingly long time before seeing any of the Russian force, he decided to change and go in another direction. Just as he turned his car he saw a gathering of Cossacks some distance off in the road to the right. Thus having accomplished his purpose, he made his way back toward his own lines. Coming to a small village, he was surprised to see the streets of the village which he had just left filled with Cossacks. He ordered the men with him to get down out of sight, then opened up his throttle and gave them frantic signals with his horn. The Cossacks, not believing it could possibly be the enemy's automobile, as it came from the direction of their own advance, opened up a lane, and he dashed through the squadron of Cossacks and was well on the opposite side of the village before they realized he was of the enemy. They opened fire on him, but fortunately he escaped with a few honorable scars on his automobile.



Surgeon Albrecht (on the right) in charge of the Base hospital, Third Army; Sister Else, nurse; and a transport officer.

The winter has been exceedingly mild—in fact, the mildest that has been known for years; the soft ground has made the movement of troops, artillery, and transport exceedingly difficult. The Austrians use thousands of native farm wagons for their transportation, each in charge of a peasant driver, and naturally the congestion of transport and troops on the narrow roads makes the problem far more difficult in the Carpathians than at other portions of the German and Austrian line.

One day while at the front I was exceedingly puzzled when I saw a non-commissioned officer teaching a squad of men to figure in Chinese. On an improvised board he had written the various Chinese numeral characters, and their equivalent in Roman numbers. Before the board sat a class of a score of soldiers working on the Chinese characters. I was frankly amazed, but, upon inquiry to a staff-officer who accompanied me, found that it was not exactly an educational outburst in the army, but rather a school of necessity. I learned that at the outbreak of the war an Austrian firm had just finished a large order of field-artillery and its supply of ammunition for the Chinese Government. As it is the custom to carry a condition in all contracts of this character that if the government in whose territory the arms are manufactured so directs, it may purchase them at any time before the shipment is made. The Chinese guns and ammunition were just ready for shipment when the war started,

and therefore the entire lot was taken over by the Austrian Government. All of the range numbers on the sights, for distance and elevation, and all of the fuse marks on the shrapnel and shell were in Chinese characters, so it was necessary to give the Austrian artillerists a lesson in the Oriental language to enable them to use the batteries then turned over to the defense of Austria.

The greatest danger lies in the information system, which has evidently been cleverly prepared by the Russians in Galicia and Hungary. It has been suspected that the priests of the Greek Church have organized the peasants of their various districts into corps of spies, and, in consequence of the perfection of that organization, there is scarcely a move of the Austro-Hungarian army made that is not immediately communicated to the enemy. It is a difficult system to break up and a most dangerous one with which to cope.

It has been discovered that bands of smugglers who operate in time of peace in the Carpathians have secret trails across the mountains, and now in war they double their ill-gotten gains by guiding parties of the Russians across these secret trails to attack the Austrians in the rear.

The unity of the many different factions under the dual monarchy is very remarkable, and I found a perfectly good spirit among the people throughout the war zone, and the corps of spies are simply made up of a portion of the peasants who are open to bribery and have no real relation to the national spirit of the people.

The Red Cross division of the Austrian army has received the same splendid support from the women of Hungary and Austria that has been shown by the women of all nations at war. American women have done their full share, and the appreciation of the Austrian Government has already been expressed to Mrs. Pen-



Reserves detraining.

field, the wife of the American ambassador, who has been the untiring leader in the work of relieving suffering and providing supplies. Another American, Mrs. Cárdeza, has maintained a perfectly equipped field-motor surgical hospital at the extreme front, and has served with it during the entire campaign. Mrs. Nelson O'Shaughnessy has also worked day and night in the hospitals in and around Vienna.

I have received the English and American newspapers regularly during the time I have been with the German and Austro-Hungarian forces, and have been surprised at the misconception which seems

to prevail regarding the determination on the part of the Austrian and Hungarian people. In nearly every paper I read despatches telling of the discontent among the people, of riots and famine, but I have yet to find a single one of these stories that proved to be true. It has been the habit in this war to fasten unfounded stories of cruelty and savagery upon the Germans, and stories of dissatisfaction and unrest upon the Austrians and Hungarians. It has been reported time after time that Hungary was about to make a separate peace, and that there was much friction between the two peoples. I personally know many influential men of both Austria and Hungary, and I have friendships among them that inspire confidence, and I believe that I do not exaggerate in the least when I say that the dual monarchy is an absolute unit for the continuance of the war.



Remains of a farm wagon thrown on the roof by an exploding shell.

The daily press now points to the resignation of Count von Berchtold as foreign minister and the appointment of Baron Burian as proving that there is antagonism between Austria and Hungary. I have had the honor of a personal acquaintance with Baron Burian for several years, and I can say truthfully that no man lives under the dual monarchy more sincerely for a greater Austria and a continuance of the present form of government than he does. He is a man of great strength and of many followers. He is a brilliant statesman and diplomat, and it was his hand that steered Austria-Hungary's cruise through the crisis of the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina. His personality is austere and cold, although not unapproachable. Like all Austrians and Hungarians he was strongly for peace, but now that the war has commenced he is for a vigorous policy to meet the Russian move.

Whatever happens in the future, the Austro-Hungarian armies should be given the highest credit for their magnificent work during the first five months of this titanic struggle in holding back the great hordes of Russian regiments pouring through every roadway and mountain pass into their territory. It has been a struggle against overwhelming odds, a struggle that has tested the mind and muscle of every man from the aged Emperor down to the last recruit. That portion of the public in foreign lands which has criticised the operations of the Austrian forces, or which has gained an idea that their armies were weak and demoralized, that their commanders have not been sufficient, and that their retreats have meant disaster, has not realized in the slightest degree the immensity of the problem which has confronted the Austrian army from the very beginning of the war. The Austrian people are a happy, care-free, peace-loving people, and they

had great difficulty in bringing to themselves the reality of the horrors of war. It must also be remembered that there does not seem to be the slightest animosity or hatred between the Austrians and the Russians. They both go about the business of killing each other as a disagreeable, temporary incident that must be attended to for the good of their respective countries, but they go about it with no rancor whatever in their minds. There has always been diplomatic rivalry, and many incidents have brought the two countries to the verge of hostilities, but with it all there is always a good word for the Russians from every Austrian.



On way to the market in Bartfeld.

It was the obvious plan of Russia and Servia to crush Austria and Hungary at the outset and then deal with Germany later by an invasion through the conquered Austrian territory. The result of the first six months' campaign should speak for itself. During this time Austria has held out against the force which has outnumbered her three, five, and at times ten to one. Up to this time she has been waging a defensive campaign, although it must be remembered that that does not necessarily mean a stationary defense, for the first principle of defense is to attack and advance whenever it is possible.

Austria has been beset on every side by enemies actual and by enemies who are steadily preparing and each day threatening more openly. At the commencement of the campaign the Servian armies were undoubtedly the most dangerous part of the entire line arrayed against Germany and Austria, for the Servian army was made up of more than four hundred thousand veterans of three years' hard fighting. Their leaders had mastered the game and the men had learned all of the smaller detail of war which can only be learned by experience in the field. The Servian armies commenced their operations at a state of efficiency which is just now being attained by most of the other countries after several months' continual fighting. I except the German armies, because their organization has proved to be such a marvellous thing even from the



A transport-driver.



A Galician peasant.

very beginning that it was in a class by itself. But all of the rest, from France to Montenegro, had to learn their lesson from the beginning. In this respect I am inclined to believe Austria was the least prepared of any of the belligerent nations. Her naval defense, although small, was of the first order, but the trend of events has proved it to be useless up to the present time. Russia had learned many lessons in Manchuria and thousands of her soldiers to-day wear the yellow-and-black campaign ribbon of the struggle against Japan; the British had recently been schooled in South Africa, and the French in Morocco; but of the present generations of Austrians and Hungarians but few knew anything of actual warfare. I do not mean that they were unprepared for war, for they had a truly splendid force, but there is only one place to learn actual warfare in all its hideous branches, and that is in the field in time of war; and that is why I say that Austria was the least prepared of any nation. Her strength is growing each day, and early in the year she will have almost a million new men in the field; and I am inclined to think she will acquit herself well with the opening of the spring campaign.

There has been so much said regarding the suffering of the inhabitants of Belgium that we have almost lost sight of the terrible destruction and devastation in Poland and Galicia. On both sides of the fighting line the refugees fleeing from the war zone are in a state of terrible suffering. The sights I saw along the line of march would be unbelievable in time of peace, but in time of war one becomes accustomed both to suffering, and seeing others suffer. There has been little said regarding the suffering because there is really no opportunity for its relief from the outer world, and because Austria and Germany are doing everything in their power to alleviate that suffering. I have no doubt that Russia is also doing her share with the refugees fleeing toward Russia, but it all seems so much worse here because the condition of these peasants even at best is much worse than anything in Belgium. Tens of thousands of Jews are making their way into Austria and Hungary, and their sufferings, as they trudge along the troop-congested, muddy roads, is most heartrending. Actually many die on the road, and many is the hasty grave dug beside the Carpathian roads, where the strain has been too great and the life was snuffed out. Somehow, these few deaths seem even more pitiful than the thousands who fall in battle.



Heavy artillery in Dukla.

AT THE CALL OF CHANCE

By Evelyn Schuyler Schaeffer

Illustrations by M. Leone Bracker



The handsome, aristocratic face, framed in the white lawn babette, showed no tenderness.—Page 470.

WHEN Sister Theodora paid that long-promised, long-delayed visit to her sister by the tie of blood, nothing was further from her intention than to ravish that sister of one of the most cherished of earthly possessions, a valuable servant. But although Mrs. Alden, in the poignancy of her injury, called upon the rest of the family to witness that Theodora had always been masterful, the fault was not so much hers as that of the dovelike but obstinate Mariana. She had become so obsessed with the idea of accompanying Sister Theodora that her usual painful

timidity was overborne by her anguish of desire and she had even knelt at the Sister's feet in supplication.

There was about the young woman more than a little mystery. Five years before, when, during one of those periods of domestic upheaval which come even to the best of housekeepers, Mrs. Alden had been at her wits' end to secure capable servants, Mariana had appeared out of the void, turning to walk up the steps as Mrs. Alden was walking down them. References she had none and she was, so she said, a stranger in the town. In answer to questions nothing could be elicited further than that she had lost all her family and needed work. She gave her name as Mariana Morton, and, for the rest, had the manner and appearance of one gently bred. For the first time in her life, Mrs. Alden took in a servant without a reference. The emergency was great and the girl's face, which was perhaps too beautiful for one in her position, was touchingly innocent in expression. In the event the experiment had been extraordinarily successful. Mariana was not only gentle and faithful, but competent, the only drawback being an excessive timidity, which made it difficult to give her anything to do which would involve contact with persons outside of the family. All the more remarkable, then, was her sudden infatuation for the guest and her insistent desire to attach herself to her service.

Of course Sister Theodora might have refused decisively to listen to the appeal and under other circumstances would have done so, if for no other reason than that a good woman does not lightly walk away with another woman's servant. But the girl had made an extraordinary impression on her. She was so evidently fitted for a far higher station and had yet adjusted herself so modestly to the position which she occupied, which, to be sure, was by this time not exactly that of an ordinary servant. Not only was she a person of refinement, but it had also become known that she was by no means uneducated. In the first year of her stay she had surprised Mrs. Alden by the announcement, made with much embarrassment, that she could understand all that was said when the family, according to their usual practice in the presence of servants, carried on their conversation in French. She was fond of reading and was discriminating in her selection of books. In addition, she was ardently religious. Naturally all this, taken in connection with her reticence about her previous life and her apparent friendlessness, suggested the idea that in that past there might have been some false step, since atoned for by repentance and a blameless life; yet it was difficult to look at her and really believe this.

When matters had finally gone so far that Sister Theodora felt in herself a willingness to yield to the girl's entreaty, she made her consideration of the matter conditional on entire frankness on Mariana's part. Let the girl confide in her fully as to her life before coming to Mrs. Alden and she would then decide what was best to be done. When at last the veil of reserve was withdrawn it was only to bring her face to face with a new mystery. Mariana's reticence and probably her timidity as well, had their origin in the fact that she had nothing to tell. She could recall nothing whatever of her past, for her memory only went back to the time when she found herself sitting by the roadside in the open country outside of the town where Mrs. Alden lived. She was both foot-sore and hungry and was quite without money. She had walked into the city and, entering the first hotel she came to, a small, obscure tavern, had pulled the rings off her fingers and offered them in payment for board and lodging. The proprietor had taken the rings and allowed her to stay, but had frightened her very much by the rude familiarity of his manner. The next day she walked out, determined not to go back. Wandering aimlessly about the streets, she had seen Mrs. Alden coming down her steps and had turned toward her on an impulse of confidence in the kindliness of her face. That was the whole story. The years had passed and, so far as she knew, no one had ever come to look for her.

Sister Theodora liked to be a providence. Neither her temperament nor her religion permitted her to turn away from any one in need of aid; nor did she ever shrink from responsibility. She resolved to take the girl home with her and keep her, while in the meantime she would make every effort to find her friends. It happened that in the large school under her charge there was need of a person to look after the linen and do such mending as the pupils required. Such a person need not have the status of a



Drawn by M. Leone Bracker.

"What family have I but you?" she said. "I want to belong to you *more*."—Page 471.

servant and could lead a perfectly secluded life; and seclusion was what Mariana most desired. She did not in the least wish to be restored to whatever friends she might have had, if only she could be permitted to be near the one person who had inspired her with an adoring affection. She consented to whatever Sister Theodora asked of her at this time, from allowing Mrs. Alden to learn her story to permitting inquiries to be made at the hotel where she had left her rings. The tale imparted to her did not wholly assuage Mrs. Alden's indignant grief that Mariana, to whom she had been so kind all these years, should now wish to leave her, although she admitted that since the girl was so set on it, she might as well go. As to the hotel, it had been torn down and no one knew what had become of its former proprietor.

II

The five years spent under Mrs. Alden's roof had not been a period of unhappiness to the timid soul thrown thus abruptly into an unknown world. Peaceful, protected, and busy years they had been. Nor had Mariana been without affection for her friendly employers; but that mild contentment she now exchanged for an ardent inward joy, restrained by her timidity from much outward manifestation. Everything in her new home was delightful to her; the presence near her of the adored Superior, the merry, affectionate school-girls, and, most of all, the religious atmosphere in which her soul unfolded. To her humble work she brought an ardor of devotion which made of it a high service. The only flaw in her happiness was the fear lest Sister Theodora's search for some clue to her former life might be too successful. She wanted nothing more than what she had.

The Sister Superior was conscientious in her search, though not thorough to the point of publicity. She examined files of old newspapers and even employed a man to make inquiries, but Mariana obstinately refused to allow any advertisement of the matter, claiming the Superior's promise that her confidence should be guarded—a promise given before her tale was told. In yielding to this obstinacy Sister Theodora was betrayed by the traitor in her own heart. Had she been a Romanist she would probably have felt it her duty to lay the matter before her confessor, but not being accustomed to defer, except in form, to her bishop, she went her way independently, and when her inquiries proved to be fruitless, accepted the situation with somewhat more than contentment.

Hitherto Sister Theodora had never loved anything so much as she loved power. Even those persons who thought her most admirable had been obliged to concede that she was hard. The handsome, aristocratic face, framed in the white lawn babette, showed no tenderness; the penetrating eyes which seemed to pierce to the very soul of a trembling school-girl or a subservient Sister never melted. She was no hypocrite. Her religion was sincere, even if somewhat overlaid with forms and ceremonies, the punctilious observance of which gratified her religious and æsthetic sense and even gave her a subtle feeling of being in a way in partnership with the august Power to whom she addressed her devotions, although she would with perfect sincerity have denounced such an idea as blasphemous. But no woman can permanently and wholly deny her heart. Sister Theodora was now in that period of middle age when the forces of nature make their last onslaught before a woman is definitely started on the down grade toward old age. At this period there are many follies which one sees and many more which no one ever suspects. In Sister Theodora's case it was the maternal instinct which, all unknown to herself, had suddenly come to life. She who was used to having people stand in awe of her had succumbed to the person who was afraid of all the world besides, but not of her. She loved Mariana as fondly as any young mother adores her baby. Yet through it all, she had self-command enough to try, more or less successfully, to conceal her state of mind from the sharply observant eyes of her school-girls, a matter in which she had the less difficulty since she could not, if she would, be demonstrative. Softened she certainly was, and the girls found her much "nicer" than before the lovely, mysterious stranger came.

Mystery hung about Mariana, even though her timidity yielded somewhat in this atmosphere of love which surrounded her. The girls frankly adored her and,

after the fashion of their kind, wove fictitious romances about her, but her gentle aloofness baffled curiosity. From the first it had been her heart's desire to join the Sisterhood, and in this, the Superior, even while recognizing that Mariana would thus be the more securely hers, was conscious of a foolish weakness. She could not bring herself to wish to see that loveliness obscured by a conventual dress. It was her delight, in those early days, to dress this daughter of her heart in the subdued but subtly artistic costumes which suited the soft and gentle style of her beauty. She smothered this weakness under a conscientious scruple—a scruple which in giving her pain gave her also a sense of virtue.

"Do you think," she asked, "that it will be well for you to separate yourself so definitely from the world, in view of the possibility of your some day finding your family?"

Mariana came and knelt by her side. "What family have I but you?" she said. "I want to belong to you *more*."

Unwonted tears stood in the Superior's eyes as she laid her hand on Mariana's head.

After all, when Mariana was dressed in the black garb of the Order it had to be admitted that she was lovelier than ever, while in her expression there was something uplifted and almost unearthly. Secluded within the red brick walls of the school building, walking in the flower-bordered alleys of its walled garden, kneeling in church in an ecstasy of prayer, warmed by the love which surrounded her, giving out whatever lay in her of affection and service, she was indeed seraphically happy. Thus time passed uneventfully, save for the changing family of school-girls, until she had been in the school four years.

III

One night there was an alarm of fire—dread sound for those in responsibility. There was great excitement, but no damage beyond the burning of one of the outbuildings. It was, on the whole, a pleasant experience for the girls, who, delighted with anything that relieved the monotony of school life, were charmed to get up and dress in the middle of the night, and showed no alarm whatever. Not so Sister Mariana, who fell into such a deplorable panic that for once the Superior was angry with her and spoke to her with a severity bitterly repented of afterward.

The girls were ordered back to bed and the next day things resumed their ordinary course. It was remembered later that Sister Mariana showed an unusual lassitude. In the course of the years her sphere of service had widened and among her duties was that of reading to a group of the girls for an hour in the evening. On that evening she took her place and began, but after a few pages her voice faltered and her hands dropped into her lap, whence the book slipped to the floor, while the reader laid her head back against the chair and at once became unconscious.

Great was the consternation! The girls flew this way and that, some for water, others, trembling and awe-struck, to support the Sister's head, while two, going together as girls do, ran through the halls to the Superior's room, to tell her what had happened. She followed them at once, with terror in her heart. The unconscious woman was leaning back in her chair, her head resting on the shoulder of her favorite pupil, Annette. Although pale, she was breathing gently and seemed like a person in a deep sleep rather than in a faint. The Superior waved aside the glasses of water and bottles of cologne which were held out by eager hands. Her orders were brief and imperative. One girl was despatched for two stalwart woman-servants and the rest were sent away. She herself took Annette's place at the Sister's head. Sister Mariana was a slender creature and the servants carried her without difficulty to the Superior's room and laid her on the low bed. Then, instead of sending for the doctor or for the school nurse, Sister Theodora dismissed the two women and closed the door. She felt not only that she knew what this attack meant, but that she had always expected it. For some moments she stood by the bedside, apparently uncertain what to do. Stooping, she loosened the stiff collar and opened the neck of the dress. She felt the pulse and decided that for the present she might safely do without medical assistance. With her finger still on Mariana's pulse she waited, her mind beset by fears. What would happen when those dear eyes opened? Sister Theodora was ever chary of caresses, but

suddenly she lifted the sleeper's head to her breast and pressed kisses on the unconscious lips. Then she laid her down again and covered her up tenderly from the chill of the night. Slowly the night wore away. Sister Theodora lived over again the years since Mariana's coming—Mariana, so sweet, so dear, her very own. What was to befall her now? Would memory, if it came, bring her anything but sorrow? Going to the window she threw open the blind. Day was already breaking. With an air of determination she turned to ring the bell. She would send for the doctor at last—it might, after all, be safer. Her hand was arrested, for just then the sleeper drew two or three long breaths, stirred restlessly, and opened her eyes.

IV

Sister Mariana sat up straight. "Where am I?" she exclaimed. Her tone showed bewilderment and a certain physical weakness, yet even so it had a note of vivacity foreign to her usual soft utterance.

The Superior was standing beside her. "Don't you know me, my child?" she asked anxiously.

Mariana looked at her, at the room, at the bed. The Superior's eyes were fixed with intense anxiety on Mariana.

"No, I don't know," said the latter. "Am I in a hospital? What has happened to me?" She put her hand to her head. "I remember feeling strangely a little while ago." She lay down again and closed her eyes. "I think I am tired," she added.

Sister Theodora hardly dared to breathe.

"Please call my husband," said Mariana, opening her eyes again.

Sister Theodora started forward. "Don't try to talk yet," she said, in an aimless effort to gain time. For a moment the other lay still, collecting herself. Then she sat up again.

"I am perfectly strong," she said calmly, but with insistence. "I am quite able to be told all about it. I suppose I have been ill. But first of all, I want my husband."

"He is not here," said the Superior, with a dismayed sinking of the heart. A husband had never once occurred to her, so virginal had Mariana seemed.

"If I have been ill he certainly isn't far away," replied Mariana with a little laugh. Strange to say, Sister Theodora had never heard her laugh, although she had a lovely smile. "Please send at once," she added impatiently, "and then you can tell me everything." She happened to glance at her sleeve and plucked at her white cuff as if to pull it off. "For instance, I wonder why you have put these clothes on me."

The Superior rallied all her forces in an effort to command the situation. "Listen to me, Mariana," she said. "This is all very strange and bewildering to you, but——"

"Why do you call me Mariana? My name is Agatha Gordon. I must have been out of my mind—though I don't see why. I never knew anything so extraordinary. Is this a hospital? And how long have I been here?"

"You have been here for some time."

"*Days?*"

"Yes—days."

"I only remember that I was feeling tired. My husband was away from home. I went to lie down—and I remember nothing more until now. And my husband? Why isn't he here now? Hasn't he been sent for? He would be so anxious about me. Has anything happened to him?" She started to her feet with a look of distress.

"No, no—at least—I do not know—" faltered Sister Theodora.

"Oh, poor John! I must go home at once. I'm sure you have been very kind, though I haven't known anything about it. Forgive me that I can hardly wait to thank you, but I am so worried about my husband. Please let me have my own clothes now. *How* many days is it?" She broke off with a gasp. "There isn't any hospital in Brixton! *Where am I?*"

How to tell her? Sister Theodora thought to do it gradually, but this new, imperious Mariana, who was not the Mariana of her love, made short work of her caution.

"You might as well tell me everything," she said, and her tone was that of a person used to command. "People always tell me the truth."

"I will first send for the doctor," said the Superior, going toward the bell.

"You will do nothing of the sort." Mariana intercepted her and took her by the arm. "I am perfectly well and I am not

going to wait a minute to have this mystery explained." She began to wonder whether for some unknown reason she had been drugged and kidnapped.

"I would spare you if I could," said the Superior, and then, white-faced, dry-lipped, but with a cold collectedness of manner, she told the tale. Only of her own affection she did not speak. It seemed utterly beside the mark.

Mariana listened with compressed lips. "You have not yet told me how long this has lasted."

It was true that Sister Theodora had not dared to tell her that, without preparation. "Nine years," she now answered.

"I don't believe you," said Mariana. It occurred to her then that she was alone with a lunatic. A little fear came into her eyes and she glanced quickly toward the door, as if looking for a way of escape. It gave Sister Theodora an extraordinary twist of the heart.

"Oh," she said, "I will leave you if you wish. Perhaps it will be better." She thought to go and telephone for the physician.

"Nonsense!" said Mariana, recovering her courage. "Why, if what you say were true, think how old I should be!" She broke off suddenly and walked across the room to the dressing-table with its little mirror.

Now to Sister Theodora's eyes her protégée did not look a day older than when they had first met, but nine years can hardly pass without some change.

"Oh!" exclaimed Mariana sharply. Then, her breath coming in gasps, she examined herself carefully. "It is simply that I have been ill," she said piteously. Pulling herself together, she turned on the Superior. "If you want to insist on this impossible story being true, give me some proof. Mind, I don't believe it. You can't do it!"

Nothing was to be gained by delay. Without a word the Superior went to a bookcase and selecting some periodicals and a few books, handed them to the other. Mariana looked at the dates of publication and laid them down in silence. She seemed, for the moment, stupefied. At length, in a voice hardly above a whisper, she said:

"And my husband?"

Sister Theodora was but a woman. She sat down in the nearest chair and shook her head. She could not speak.

"You needn't tell me he didn't try to find me! I know better. Oh—oh—" She ran to the other woman and dropped on her knees beside her. "Is he—don't dare to tell me he is—dead!"

In the moment of appeal she was again the beloved Mariana. Sister Theodora's heart went out to her. "My poor child," she said with a breaking voice, "I know nothing."

"But surely he would have traced me. He would never have rested. It would have been advertised everywhere."

"I told you I searched through the old newspapers. But it was already six years then."

"But surely you advertised?"

"I have told you what measures I took. You wouldn't let me advertise. You implored me not to do even as much as I did."

"You hadn't any right to listen to me. You knew I wasn't myself. And how do I know that what you say is true? You had some purpose. You were a wicked woman!"

V

Agatha fell at first into a state of the most violent agitation. Then, summoning all her strength, she controlled herself and announced that she must start for home at once. Sister Theodora had not left her, but sat silent, filled with unavailing remorse for that sin of omission which had seemed no sin at the time, cut to the heart by Agatha's undisguised aversion, yet with a creeping feeling of dislike for this changeling who had taken Mariana's place. Meantime, unnoticed by either of them, the night had given place to day. Sister Theodora looked out with unseeing eyes at the green grass, the blossoming shrubs, bathed in the sunshine of a June morning.

"I must have a man's help," said Agatha, pacing the floor. "You must be under somebody's direction. Are you Protestant or Catholic?"

"Protestant," answered the Superior, in dull surprise at the question.

"Very well then, where is your bishop? I must see him—or if he isn't here, the next man in authority."

"I will send for him." Then, remember-

ing the early hour: "I don't suppose he is up yet."

"Let him get up. Oh, surely this is important enough!"

Sister Theodora went to her desk and wrote a note and left the room with it, while Agatha resumed her impatient pacing of the floor.

The Bishop came with as little delay as possible, for the Sister Superior was not in the habit of sending for him. When he arrived she told him the whole story. The good man was tremendously perturbed and was inclined to blame somebody. He thought that he could have managed the affair better.

"Poor thing! Poor thing!" he exclaimed in distressed sympathy. "But I think you should have advertised for her friends," he added.

Sister Theodora, who was concealing her grief and dismay under the most rigid armor of pride and reserve, answered coldly: "She forbade it; and she seemed perfectly in possession of herself and a person to be considered. As it turns out that we did not have her real name I don't see what would have been gained."

"My own opinion would have been that she was not in a condition to judge." After a pause he added: "Why didn't you consult me? In bringing her to the school you should have done so. It was a very great responsibility to assume."

"As far as the school is concerned my action has been justified. Since I am compelled to defend myself, I will remind you that my success in the school is due in some measure to my ability to judge of character."

The Bishop, who was notoriously the most easily taken in of men, sighed.

"However," continued Sister Theodora, rising, "the matter which presses is to find her friends now. She asked me to send for you and is waiting to see you."

"Yes, yes." The Bishop sighed again. "I had better see her at once."

Agatha was still pacing the room when the Superior came for her. Breakfast had been sent to her and stood untasted on the table. "I thought he would never come!" she exclaimed.

The Bishop had never particularly noticed Sister Mariana, who seemed to him merely a gentle and useful person of the dovelike type. He had not even been aware, good man, of her beauty. But this woman who entered the room with swift intensity and came to him with outstretched hands was another individual. Housed in what they had been wont to consider Mariana's body, she animated it with a different spirit.

"I need help very much," she said.

"Yes," he answered gently. "I have just heard your story." He turned to where the Superior had stood, but she had left the room.

"You have seen her already then," said Agatha. "I have no words for her wicked stupidity. Besides—I must not think. It is so important to act at once. I must get back to my husband—and I feel so helpless about getting away from this strange place. But first—tell me how much of her extraordinary story is true."

He made her sit down and seated himself beside her. "I will tell you what I know," he said, "but it is very little. You came here some years ago—four, I am told. I saw you first as an assistant in the school. Two years ago you were admitted to the Sisterhood." He glanced at her dress. She had arranged the collar, seeing that there was nothing to take its place, but her hair was uncovered. "I understand that you have made many friends here."

She made an impatient gesture. "Now let me tell you who I am. My husband is John Gordon, professor of English in Brixton College. We had not been married very long." Her voice trembled, but she recovered herself immediately. "My father had died the year before; my mother had been dead a long time; I was an only child. Practically I had no one but my husband. He must have moved heaven and earth to find me. And you never heard of it? You never saw any advertisements?"

The Bishop shook his head sadly. "Never," he said.

"I cannot understand it! Apparently people never read the newspapers." She started to her feet. "I must go to him at once!" she exclaimed.

"Of course you must," said the Bishop. "But," with a detaining hand on her arm, "let us go about it the right way. First I will send a telegram. He may have left Brixton. I have a friend there at present. I will wire him and see whether your hus-

band is there. If he is, he can start at once and you will see him as soon as if you went yourself."

"Yes—yes—but no delay! And then, with some curiosity. "Does this place seem entirely strange to you?"

Agatha's eyes filled. "Oh, so strange—and so dreadful. I hate it, I hate *her!* Oh,



In her expression there was something uplifted and almost unearthly.—Page 471.

about money. I don't know whether I have any, but John——"

"Don't think of it—don't think of it!" said the Bishop hastily. "Surely we will take care of you." On the point of going, he turned back, looking at her kindly, but what is this dreadful thing that has happened to me? I have heard of such things—but one never, never expects anything strange to happen to *oneself*. But it has been so much harder for John!"

She turned away to master the sobs

which shook her. The Bishop had to pause to get his voice, and before he could speak she had flung herself around and laid both hands on his arm.

"Oh, quick, quick!" she cried. "Send your telegram! Don't wait a minute. Oh, suppose it should happen to me again!"

"I'll go at once," said the Bishop. "And I will send my wife to you and she will bring you to my house to wait for news."

VI

"INFORM Professor John Gordon his wife is found and in my house." This was the Bishop's telegram.

The reply ran as follows: "Gordon's whereabouts unknown. Wife perished in fire some years ago. Have written."

This gave food for reflection, and the Bishop, who had chanced to meet the telegraph boy at the gate, took a turn down the street before he went in. He was inclined to believe thoroughly in Agatha; but then, Sister Theodora had believed in Mariana. However, Mrs. Gordon might have escaped from the fire with a mind unhinged by the shock. He decided to show her the telegram without comment.

"What fire?" said Agatha. And then: "We must advertise for him at once." Then she broke down with the bitterness of the disappointment.

No, she remembered no fire—yet that would have been why there had been no search made for her. "But what became of me?" she cried hysterically. "And when they didn't even find my bones, surely they ought to have searched for me!"

She was in a fever of impatience, insisting that not a moment should be lost in advertising. In vain the physician who was called in tried to calm her. "Of course he is tremendously interested in my case," she said impatiently to the Bishop's wife, "but I cannot stop to be studied now. And I won't be experimented on."

Up and down stairs, in and out of the garden she went, unable to rest, to eat, or to sleep. The only external matter for which she seemed to care was the shedding of Sister Mariana's chrysalis. This was accomplished under the supervision of Mrs. Thornton, who bought and put on her the garments of every-day life. The Bishop's wife never wavered in her faith in her. Agatha looked with some surprise at the way the things were fashioned, so differently from the clothes she remembered, then smiled bitterly and refused to look in the glass. When compelled by sheer physical exhaustion to cease her endless march, she liked best to stop in the library. If the Bishop was there, she sat near him, as if for protection; if not, she wandered from chair to chair, uneasily. Mrs. Thornton hovered always in the background, unseen for the most part, but ready for all emergencies. Long after, Agatha remembered the cups of broth and glasses of milk which had been coaxed down her throat. All the affairs of the household were quietly subordinated to the comfort of the distracted guest.

"We must send word to Holmes to let the cataloguer wait," said Mrs. Thornton to her husband. "The library is the only place where the poor thing will ever sit down."

Through it all, Sister Theodora's name was rarely mentioned. Agatha felt for her a repulsion which left no room for gratitude for the aid and comfort of which she had no recollection. And in the school, a stone's throw away, Sister Theodora, bereft, tormented, stoically hiding her grievous wound, went through the routine of her daily duties. So two days passed.

"Will that letter never come?" Agatha would exclaim; and the Bishop awaited it with an anxiety scarcely less than her own. At last it arrived. The Bishop was hurrying off with it, but Agatha's watchful eye had detected the postmark and she stopped him as he passed.

"I must see it," she said.

"Certainly," he replied, but his heart quaked. He managed to glance through the sheet before he handed it to her. Then, with a sigh of relief, he left her alone and went to speak to his wife.

"Thank God," he said to her, "he doesn't seem to have married again and I think they would have heard if he had died."

"And the fire?"

"Heaven knows how she got away unseen, but the dates coincide. Obviously it was the fire that upset her in both cases."

"You will understand how startling your telegram was," so the letter ran, "considering that for nine years Mrs. Gordon has been supposed to be dead. I heard the story when I first came here, but now I have

got the details from an old friend of Gordon's. It seems they had only been married a short time and were living in a frame cottage which they had built just beyond the



As for Gordon, he was a perfectly changed man.—Page 478.

edge of the village—a new quarter, at that time not much built up. Gordon was away from home for a few days and Mrs. Gordon was supposed to be in the house with a servant. She had parted from a friend at the gate an hour or so before, saying that she was very tired and drowsy and was going to lie down. It is supposed that the servant must have set herself and the house on fire at the same time, for no alarm was given and neither mistress nor servant was ever seen again. When the fire was discovered it was too late to do anything. The house and all its contents were burned to the ground. A few charred bones were found, but nothing to distinguish one body from the other. It seems that poor Gordon kept saying that he wasn't sure—that he

didn't believe she was there. Yet if she wasn't there, where was she? One couldn't believe that she had gone away and left him. And if it is indeed Mrs. Gordon who is with you, where has she been and what has she been doing? It seems a worse tragedy than the other. As for Gordon, he was a perfectly changed man. Of course he felt that if he had been at home it wouldn't have happened. He kept his position here for a while, but he couldn't bear it. He resigned without having another place in view, and you know professorships don't go begging. There are always more men than there are places and, fine a man as he seems to have been, Gordon was too indifferent to put himself in the running. He was young too, just beginning to make good. His friends heard of him for a while, doing one temporary thing after another, and then he ceased to write to them and dropped out of sight. He has not been heard of for some years.

"Now as to your Mrs. Gordon, of course you will be careful. Are you sure it is she? And if so—well, I suppose you will know what you are about. . . ."

"I'm afraid the letter will be upsetting," said the Bishop to his wife. "Of course she will want to go to Brixton and find out all she can about her husband—and those people may as well identify her. I'll go to Brixton with her, but I haven't the moral courage to go back to her just now. You go, dear. Take her a milk punch or something," he added, with the instinct which we all have to stuff things down our friends' throats when they are in trouble.

Mrs. Thornton waited for no milk punch. She went immediately and was met at the door of the library by Agatha with the letter in her hand. She was very pale, but quite steady.

"Read it," she said. "I must go there at once and find out all I can. John might come here in my absence, but I must take that chance."

"My dear!" said the Bishop's wife. "We would keep him for you."

"When is the next train?" asked Agatha.

The Bishop, who had ventured within sight, was relieved by her self-control. He heard the question and came forward. "Don't trouble about that," he said, taking her hand and shaking it in token of comradeship. "I'm going with you and I'll see about everything. You have only to come along with me."

"How good—how good you are!" said Agatha, the tears coming to her eyes; and the Bishop ran away.

Dinner was hastened, all the preparations were made, and Agatha sat with the Bishop and Mrs. Thornton in the golden glow of the summer evening, waiting for the carriage which was to take them to the station. In her impatience she got up and went to the door to look down the street just as a man came up the steps.

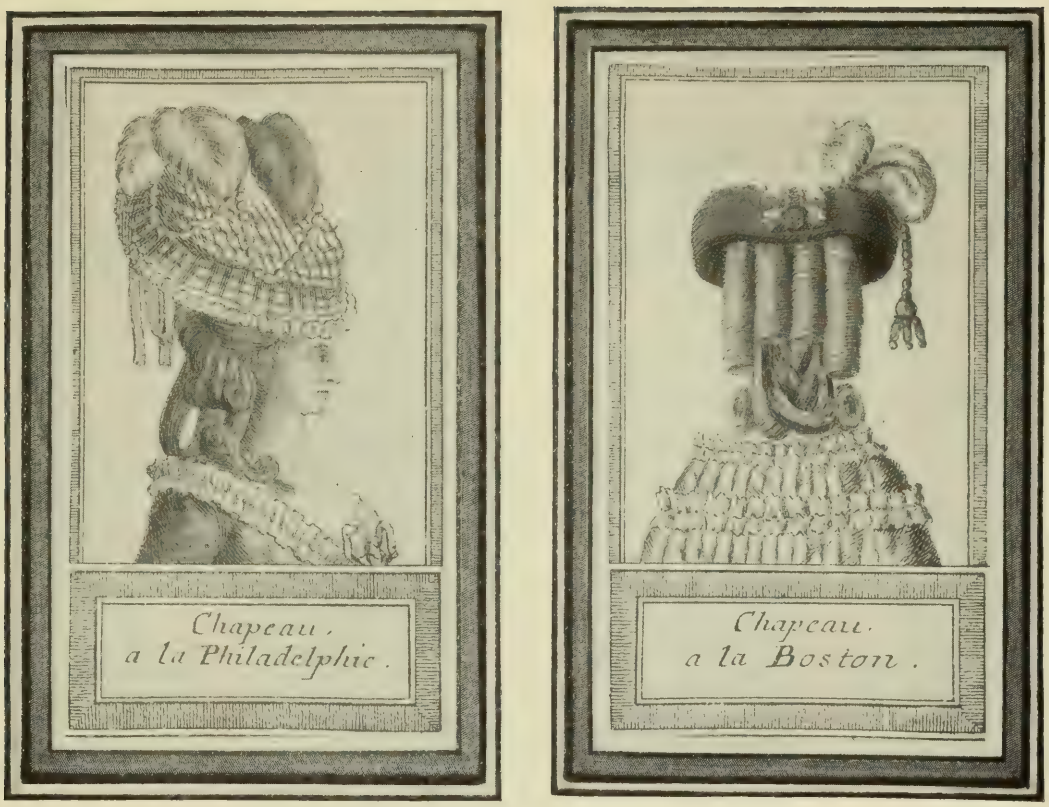
"It is Holmes's cataloguer, come to ask about the work," said Mrs. Thornton, who sat near a window. "She will meet him, but I dare say she won't mind now."

She did meet him. Her face was in the light, his was in the shadow.

"My God!" he exclaimed, and stood transfixed.

Agatha knew his voice and held out her arms to him.

Sister Theodora still prays for Mariana. She has at times had the idea of going over to the Church of Rome and entering a convent. Possibly what chiefly deters her is the thought that some day Sister Mariana may return, expecting to find her. For what has happened once may happen again.



Head-dresses of the eighteenth century.

FRENCH MEMORIES OF EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY AMERICA

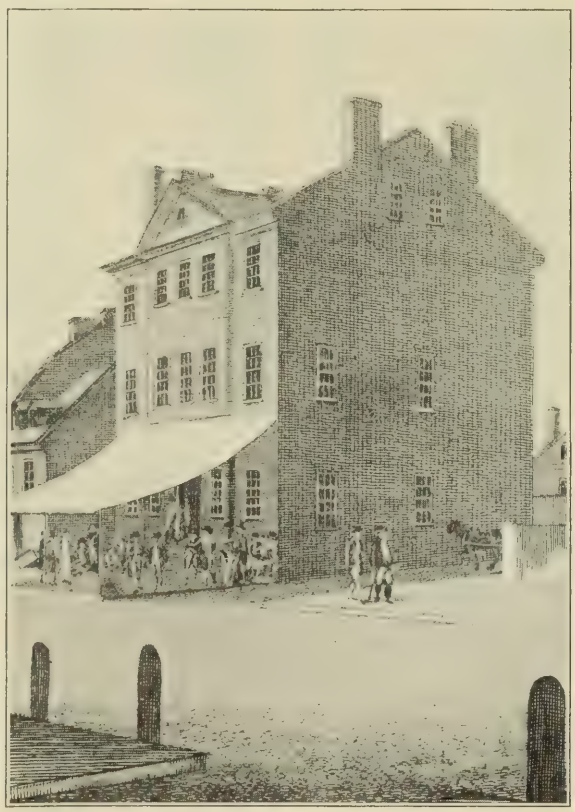
DANCING AND OTHER SOCIAL CUSTOMS

By Charles H. Sherrill

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS AND ENGRAVINGS

IF the reader is displeased with the following sketch of early American customs, he should blame a certain ancient sofa and not the author! For it was the said sofa that caused these lines to be written, and it came about in this way: among some old furniture handed down in our family is an unusually long mahogany sofa upon which, says tradition, General La Fayette frequently sat when he came to take tea. Tradition further alleged that in the memoirs of some Frenchman (name not given!) this fact was set forth at length. Curiosity to read what this unknown had to say upon the subject led through such pleasant literary country that soon the original purpose became only secondary to the constantly growing interest in the memoirs and their writers. The French Government, with that courtesy for which it is justly famous, granted access to the archives of its Ministry of Foreign Affairs, an unsounded well of secret history, written by makers of history. A former diplomatic colleague of the writer at Buenos Aires, Pierre Baudin, when he later became Minister of Marine, gave every facility for examining their precious records. Similar courtesies brought access to other Ministries in Paris, to the Archives Nationales, and the great collections of the Bibliothèque Nationale.

It is difficult to express in words how delightful was the collecting of these memoirs and the inspection of these ancient French records. It became strikingly clear how engrossing must have been the interest of the French in the life of the American people during the last quarter of the eighteenth century—so engrossing as to produce a series of over forty memoirs, written from almost every conceivable angle. Not only can we draw from the narratives of ordinary travellers but also from those of sundry specialized and contrasting types: royalist exiles like the Duc de la Rochefoucauld, or Brissot the Girondin republican; a eulogistic littérateur like Chateaubriand, or a captiously critical philosopher—a botanist or a bookseller, a geologist or a social butterfly—from Crèvecœur, who lived so long among us as to spoil his French, and the Comte de Revel, who was only twenty-four days ashore, all in the trenches at Yorktown; from Chevalier de la Luzerne, the minister who admired us and was by us admired, and Beaumarchais, the French agent who at times ridiculed us—as perhaps was to be expected from the author of the "Barber of Seville."



The City Tavern (1799), Philadelphia.
From the engraving by William Birch.

A delightful group of personalities, these eighteenth-century authors, alike only in being Frenchmen and in their friendly attitude to the customs and people of the new-born American republic, but in every other respect a most diversified gathering. They will naturally fall into groups of varying size. Many were of the warrior caste, but (anomalous though it be) it will be from those devoted to this stern profession that we shall glean most of our lighter hints of American life. Headed by La Fayette, the long line of soldier authors will be Rochambeau, Chastellux, Du Bourg, Closen, De Kalb, Blanchard, Duc de Lauzun, Dumas, Deux Ponts, Revel, De Grasse, Dupetit-Thouars, De Noailles, Ségur, De Broglie, the four De Lameth brothers, Pontgibaud, and Abbé Robin the chaplain. More than a few will prove to have visited our land equipped with a philosophical turn of mind, for it must not be forgotten that to be a philosopher was a reputation then highly esteemed. In this group were Brissot, Clavière, Mazzei, Bonnet, Mandrillon, Saint Méry, Bayard, and Beaujour. Next come the three naturalists, Michaux the botanist, Volney the geologist, and Crèvecœur the farmer. There are three more who can be best classed as travellers, Marchand, Des Lozières, and Bourgeois. The list of agents and diplomatic representatives who were sent here by France is a long one, and it is for their reports that recourse to government archives is peculiarly necessary. The last group is perhaps the most picturesque of all, consisting as it does of temporary exiles from France waiting on our hospitable shores the return of more peaceful conditions at home—Talleyrand, Chateaubriand, Duc de la Rochefoucauld, and the Marquise de la Tour du Pin, whose pen pictures, by the way, are the best of all—so gay, so brave, so discriminating.

Nor are these numerous memoirs our only available source for this sketch of our country's yesterday as seen through French eyes, for the various French archives contain a rich store of reports

written home by diplomats, soldiers, and sailors during that period. Then, too, there are many private letters, some published but more unpublished, which lend intimate touches for our picture of long ago. Surely no epoch of any country's life has ever been so fully or so sympathetically described by individuals of another nation!

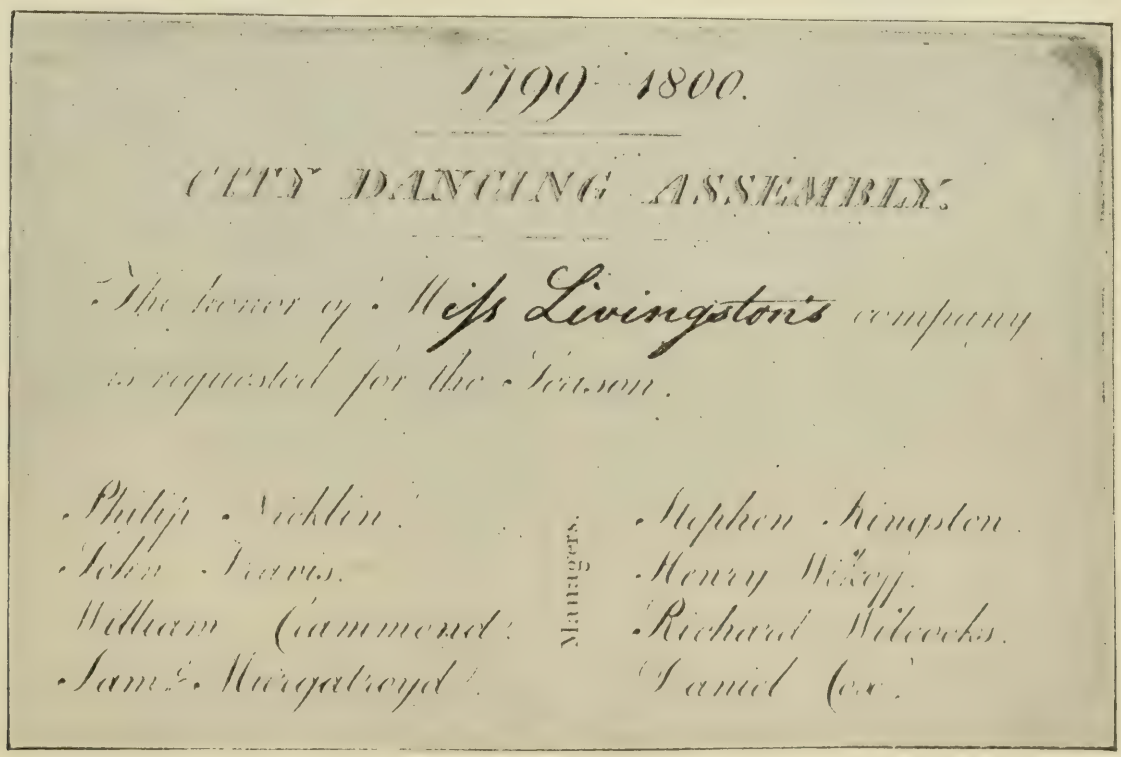
It is the writer's earnest wish that these pages may assist in reviving the memory of France's splendid service to the fellow-citizens of Washington.



From the collection of Charles A. Munn.

Honora Sneyd, a lady of the period.

"Come, miss, have a care what you are doing," shouted the master of ceremonies to a damsel who was permitting a bit of gossip to interrupt her turn in a contra-dance, "do you think you are here for your own pleasure?" That such ballroom discipline should have characterized a Philadelphia assembly in 1781 was almost as surprising to the French officer who saw it as it is bewildering to us in these free-and-easy days of tango teas and complete surrender to that invading thief of society's waking hours. How cut-and-dried were the Philadelphia dancing-parties of those times was recorded in great detail by the brilliant Marquis de Chastellux, the French officer whom American society did its best to spoil, and who repaid their attentions by his amiable account of American life. But listen to further de-


1799 1800.

CITY DANCING ASSEMBLY.

The honor of Miss Livingston's company is requested for the Season.

Philip Nicklin, John Jones, William Cammeyer, Sam.l Hargrave, Managers, Stephen Simpson, Henry Wikoff, Richard Wilcocks, Daniel Cox.

City Dancing Assembly invitation.

From the original in the possession of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania.

tails of the same assembly: "A Manager, or Master of Ceremonies, presides at these amusements. He gives to each dancer a folded ticket which is numbered, and thus it is chance which decides the partner that you are to have and must keep the whole evening. All the dances are arranged for in advance, and are called out in order. These dances have, like the toasts which they drink at table, a certain political flavor. One is called 'The Success of the Campaign,' another 'The Defeat of Burgoyne,' a third 'The Retreat of Clinton.' The managers are generally chosen from the most distinguished officers of the army. At present this important post is confided to Colonel Wilkinson, who is the clothier, that is to say, charged with uniforming the troops. Colonel Mitchell, a short, stout man of fifty years, a great amateur of horses and recently in charge of the army transport both for the American as well as the French armies, used to be master of ceremonies, but when I saw him he had just quitted that distinguished position, and danced as a simple citizen. They say that he used to exercise his authority with much severity."



Elizabeth Bowdoin (Mrs. Temple).

From the original crayon by John Singleton Copley. In possession of Winthrop Tappan.

Another admiring visitor to testify concerning the dancing-parties of those days was the Comte de Ségur, son of the French Minister of War, whose conclusion after attending numerous balls in Providence was: "I do not remember to have ever seen anywhere more gayety and less confusion, more pretty women, well dressed, full of grace and with less coquetry." This same de Ségur had formed one of an almost inseparable trio at the French court, the other two being the Marquis de La Fayette, and the Vicomte de Noailles, and it was a great blow to be left behind when they, first one and then the other, went off to the American war, and to have to postpone his visit till September, 1782, thus losing a share in the glory they were winning in the American cause. La Fayette needs no introduction to a people who love his memory, and who will surely welcome frequent quotations from his writings. Of de Noailles one has to learn at second hand, but he shall here be introduced as the officer who, when the French moved out from Newport to join Washington on the Hudson, marched on foot all the way in order to set his men an example of endurance. Made of splendid stuff were the French who joined in our struggle for independence, and that nearly forty of them wrote out their impressions of American society and its customs shows how abundant is the material from which to draw an account of our forefathers whose friendship they earned and enjoyed. Widely differing in personality as did this group of friendly foreign writers, in one trait they were united—the sympathetic point of view from which they studied the new-born nation they were befriending. It may well be that their government had shrewd political purpose in aiding the colonists against England, but not so the writers of those memoirs—they were allies of the heart, not of the planning brain. One after another they shall step forward to contribute to our picture of the American life they knew, and while so contributing we shall come to know and to love them as did our ancestors long ago. But now back to our warrior-beau Chastellux and listen while he compares a Boston ball with its prototype, the Philadelphia assembly: "We set out together for Dr. Cooper's house and from thence to the

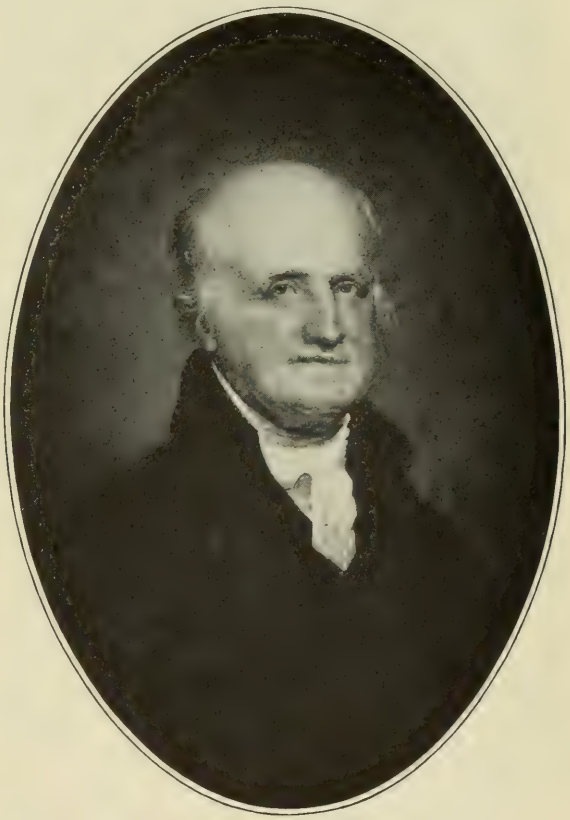
Association Ball, where I was received by my old acquaintance, Mr. Brick, who was one of the managers. I stayed there until ten o'clock. The Marquis de Vaudreuil opened the ball with Mrs. Temple; Monsieur de l'Eiguille (the elder) and Monsieur Truguet each danced a minuet, and did at dancing. Even that practical-minded quartermaster Blanchard noticed in Providence that "neither the men nor the women dance well; they use their arms very awkwardly."

Chastellux, despite his interest in the frivolous side of social life, was too astute



Duc de Lauzun.

From the painting of the Surrender of Yorktown by John Trumbull, in the Yale School of Fine Arts.



Richard Peters.

From the painting by Rembrandt Peale in the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts.—Page 486.

honor to the French nation by the distinguished and graceful manner of their dancing. I regret to say that it contrasted somewhat with that of the Americans, who generally are awkward, particularly in the minuet. The prettiest dancers were Miss Jarvis, her sister, Miss Betsey Brown and Mrs. Whitemore. I found the women very well dressed, but with less elegance and care than in Philadelphia; as for the hall, it was superb, of a charming style of architecture, well furnished and lighted. For general effect, good order and refreshments, this assembly was much superior to that at the City Tavern of Philadelphia." It may console our Boston friends to know that more than one of the French commented that the Philadelphia ladies did not excel

to overlook the serious note that in those troubled times was ever to be heard by those who cared to listen. Tories everywhere imperilled the success of the American cause, and in recognition of this fact he notes that "the Tories have been publicly excluded from this Assembly (Philadelphia)," and comments that "Miss Footman was rather contraband, being suspected of not being a good Whig." Sundry confirmations of this system of social boycott are to be found in the official despatches of the French ministers, preserved in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs in Paris, to which the author was courteously granted access by the French Government. Minister Gérard, on August 24, 1778, reports that he had been obliged to give up the idea of a ball on his King's birthday,



The Red Lion Tavern, near Philadelphia, as it is at present, where a "frolick de melons" was held annually in August.

because "they wish to establish an absolute line of separation between the Whigs and Tories, especially between the ladies." He gives as his reason for reporting this plan to ostracize the Tories—"I presume, sir, that you will not be indifferent to knowing the moral dispositions of this country," with which sentiment we are in hearty accord.

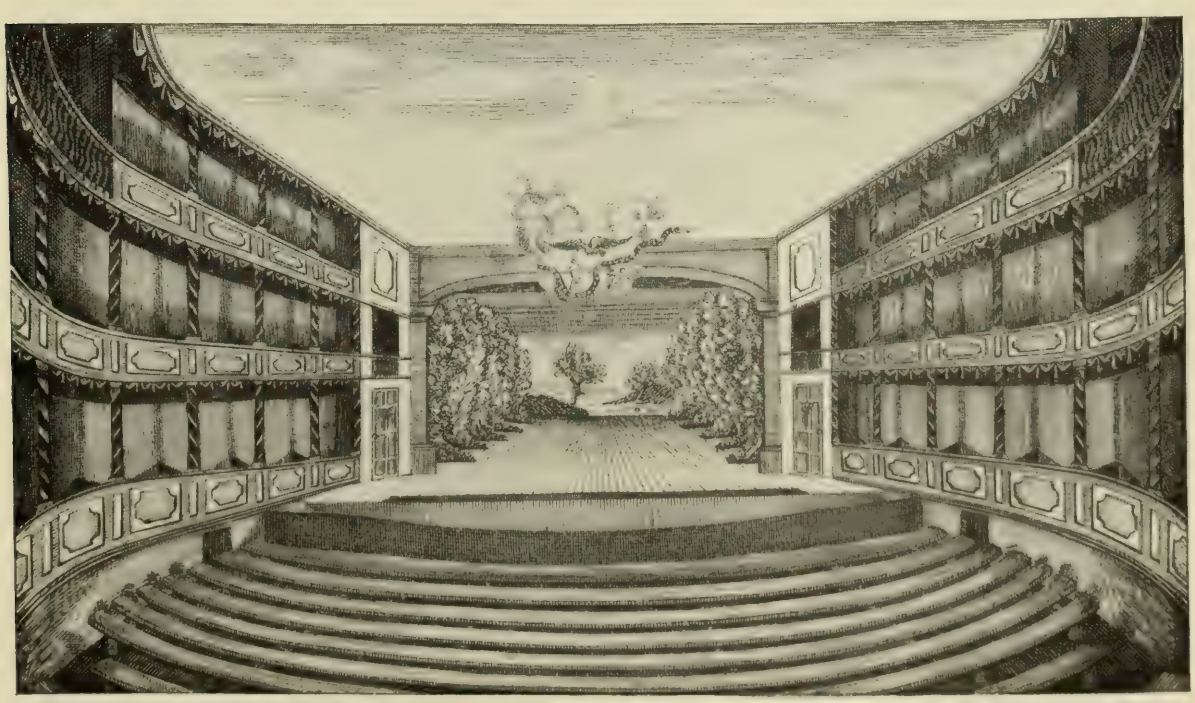
This same diplomat also wrote home how unwilling were the Americans to allow even Congress to interfere with so popular a pastime as dancing. He tells Vergennes, the French Minister of Foreign Affairs, that Congress, at the instigation of Presbyterian delegates from the North, had passed a resolution renewing their request that the several States forbid dances and theatrical representations—"the very day this resolution was published there were held theatricals, acted by army officers and Whig citizens. The next day the Governor of Philadelphia gave a ball to a numerous company!" Even thus early did our people set their faces against class legislation by Congress. That this wide-spread love of dancing was not incompatible with patriotism is proved by the alacrity with which the ladies at a Baltimore ball given in La Fayette's honor engaged themselves to make up into shirts for his American troops the linen which he had secured for that purpose.

Nor was the worship of Terpsichore confined to the upper ranks of society, for "all American women, married or single, love dancing. They dance either between eight and eleven in the morning, or else in the evening from sunset until late at night. There you see grandfather, son, and grandson at the same party, which shows that dancing is done for the fun of it, and not merely to show off." This last is from the recently published memoirs of Saint Méry, preserved in the archives of the Ministry of Colonies in Paris. It may be hinted, in passing, that Saint Méry is possibly of less value for his conclusions upon what he saw in America than for the side-light he throws on Talleyrand, whom he befriended in exile and adversity in Philadelphia, to be rewarded later in France upon Talleyrand's rise to power. Saint Méry was for some time employed in the Philadelphia office of Daniel Merian, the business "name and style" under which the French Government long conducted a large and profitable trade in America. It is from Saint Méry we learn that dancing was every bit as popular in the country as in the cities, and he gives a pleasant account of what he calls a "frolick de melons, to which all the neighbors come to dance and eat watermelons," which was held annually in August at the Red Lion Tavern, a little way out of Phila-

delphia on the New York road. Such a combination of physical and gastronomic activities speaks well for the soundness of our forebears' constitutions!

Because the tango and kindred diversions now hold public attention, dancing seemed entitled to come first in this retrospect of early American society as seen through French eyes. In similar wise, by way of recognizing the sway of that second social tyrant, bridge, cards shall come next in order; hear what the French had to say upon a subject so important to the social life of France at that time. Says Chastellux of an evening spent in Boston: "For the first time since I have been in America they made me play whisk [*sic*]. The cards were English, that is to say, much prettier and dearer than ours, and we marked our points with louis or Portuguese pieces. As soon as the party was over the losses were not difficult to adjust, because they were faithful to the rule established in society since the beginning of the troubles, which did not permit playing for money so long as the War lasted. This law, however, was not scrupulously followed in the clubs, nor when men played with each other. Bostonians like high play, and perhaps it is fortunate that the War came at this time to moderate that passion, whose consequences had begun to be dangerous." Just before La Fayette left France for the first time the cause of the struggling English colonies had so laid hold upon the popular imagination of French court circles (where all Americans were indiscriminately called Bostonians) as to displace whist by the new game of "Boston." Card-playing as a pastime was then so general a feature of European life that it is no wonder the French were surprised that this form of gaming was not more in vogue across the water. After this glimpse of city life let us change the scene to a rainy day at General Nelson's country house: "It is not useless to observe that on this occasion where fifteen or twenty people, of whom all were strangers to the family and the land, found themselves assembled in the country, and forced by bad weather to remain in the house, there was no question of playing cards. How many parties of tric-trac, of whisk [*sic*], of lotto, would there have been among us as a necessary consequence of an obstinate rain!"

Chastellux points out that among other diversions to which Europeans would have turned under like stress of weather was music, which he calls "a resource unknown in America," although he reverses himself farther on by saying: "Miss Tolliver sang several songs with English words but Italian music." He further refutes himself in this regard by narrating that in Philadel-



From the collection of Charles A. Munn.

The New Theatre, Philadelphia.—From an old print.

Benches used instead of orchestra chairs.

phia "during the afternoon we went to take tea with Madame Shippen. It is the first time since my arrival in America that I have seen music at a social function taking its part in real amusements. Miss Rutteledge played the clavichord and played it very well. Miss Shippen sang with timidity but a very pretty voice. Monsieur Otto, secretary to Chevalier de la Luzerne (the French minister) had a harp brought, and accompanied Miss Shippen and also played several pieces. Music naturally brought on dancing. The Vicomte de Noailles strung up a violin, which he tuned to the harp, and started the young ladies dancing, while mothers and other grave personages conversed in another room." Another of his pen vignettes shows that the range of songs was not limited, especially if the restraint due to female society was removed: "The Secretary of War, Mr. Peters, gave the signal for joy and liberty by singing a song of his own composition, so gay and free that I will dispense with giving either a translation or an extract,—it was really very pretty. He then sang another one more chaste and more musical,—a very pretty Italian cantabile. Mr. Peters is certainly the best Cabinet Officer of both the hemispheres for voice and the singing of either grave or gay music." What rôle music played at a summer resort like Bath, Va., is narrated by Bayard, who journeyed thither on horseback in 1783. Bayard was one of the few Frenchmen to write of us with that caustic criticism which the French can, when they choose, use so tellingly that its significant absence from most of these memoirs affords a striking proof of the kindly view-point of their writers. However, this particular quotation of Bayard is moderately genial and tells of a gathering from which the formality of city life is absent, and where "the ladies are invited to sing. Those with flexible and melodious voices are applauded and don't have to be urged to sing again. Every one is willing to sing because they are sufficiently well brought up in the deserts of the New World to dislike those snobs who permit themselves to hiss a woman who has yielded to the invitations of her friends. When a young American woman starts to sing, she begins by putting on a very grave appearance. Her features, which a smile would embellish, are drawn down; she remains perfectly perpendicular on her chair, her eyes fixed on the floor,—and one waits until her voice begins to proclaim that she is not petrified." A few years later we



From the collection of Charles A. Munn.

State House, Philadelphia, 1778.—From an old print.

find that a change has set in, and that in Boston "music, which their Presbyterian ministers formerly described as a diabolical art, is beginning to form a part of their education. The piano is heard in some wealthy homes." He hopes, however, that although music is coming into its own as one of the social amenities Boston women will never get the rage for such perfection in it as the French, for "it is never acquired except at the expense of the domestic virtues." This last is from the pen of the serious and inquisitive philosopher Brissot, who brought with him in 1788 a letter of introduction from La Fayette to Washington which described him as a man of letters, who "greatly desires to be presented to you; he intends to undertake a history of America, and you will therefore please him very much if you let him look over your papers; for he really loves America, writes well, and will set out matters in their true light." A statement from the preface of the book which was the fruit of Brissot's trip to America, justifies La Fayette's words to Washington: "You will see in this book of travels the prodigious effect of liberty upon customs, industry and the improvement of the human race, for such is the encouraging picture which these travels will offer to the friends of liberty."

The correct hours for the paying of formal visits were so variously reported by the French that one is led to believe that there was no settled rule in this regard, at least when the receiving of such welcome visitors was involved. It is, however, rather surprising to find in the pages of Chastellux: "We went to see the ladies, following the Philadelphia custom, where the morning is the most suitable time to make visits."

Of course our love of shaking hands did not escape observation. How much depends on the point of view! Baron Closen thought it strange that the French custom of men kissing each other when they met, even in the public streets, "caused much laughter among the Americans," and he stoutly maintains that "the American habit of giving long and violent handshakes is just as funny as the European kissing custom!"

The gentle art of conversation has always been popular in this country, and earnest (if not excessive) practice of it ought to have brought us perfection in all its possibilities. Our conversational gifts appealed strongly to the French, whose comments thereon are almost all in a favorable vein, the most notable exception being Félix de Beaujour, according to whom "the conversation of the men turns generally upon politics or upon business—a favorite topic, for the American loses no chance to make money. Wealth is the subject of all his conversation and the reason for all his actions." This occasionally severe but always interesting critic erected during his own lifetime a hundred-thousand-francs monument to himself in the cemetery of Père-Lachaise, Paris, where it still bears witness to his appreciation of his own talents! That most of the French admired the state of conversation as a polite art in America is praise indeed from a people possessing the high traditions of their famous salons of the preceding century. Brissot, upon the occasion of a visit to a Boston club, was pleased by "the information which they display in their conversation." Of that same city Mandrillon reports that the conversation, as well as "the houses, furniture, clothes, food and customs all resemble so closely life in old London that it was difficult to find any difference between it and that which always goes on in the midst of the excessive population of great capitals."

This would-be mysterious writer, not content with publishing his own two books in Amsterdam to avoid bother with the French censor (a not unusual practice at that time), must needs give out that the first book was written by an unknown Englishman by order of Lord Chatham, the prime minister, and translated into French by "Jh. M."! For his second book he plucked up enough courage to drop the translation subterfuge, although still using only his initials as author. Chastellux, while in Boston, paid "a visit to Miss Tudor, where we once more had the satisfaction of a quiet conversation, interrupted from time to time by agreeable music, which carried us rapidly on to the hour when we had to go to the club." Equally satisfying were his conversational experiences in Philadelphia, and of one occasion in particular he

comments so illuminatingly as almost to revive the scene and make us participators therein: "The 13th I went to dine with the southern Delegates in company with the Chevalier de la Luzerne and the French travellers. Mr. Sharp and Mr. Mutterson were the nearest to me. I entered into conversation with them and was very pleased with what they had to say; I was still more so with that which I found the same evening at Madame Meredith's (daughter of General Cadwallader). It was the first time I met this agreeable family, although Chevalier de la Luzerne was on intimate terms with them, but they had just arrived from the country where General Cadwallader was detained by some business. Madame Meredith has three or four sisters or sisters-in-law. I was astonished at the ease and gayety which reigned in this family, and regretted not to have known them sooner. I conversed more particularly with Madame Meredith who appeared very amiable and well educated. For an hour we talked of literature, poetry and especially of history. I found that she was well informed on that of France, the relations between Francis I and Henry IV, Turenne and Condé, of Richelieu and Mazarin,—all seemed familiar to her, and she treated of them with much grace, spirit, and naturalness. While I was talking with Madame Meredith, Mr. Linch was engaged with Miss Polly Cadwallader, and she likewise made a conquest, so much so that when we left them Chevalier de la Luzerne amused himself greatly at the enthusiasm which their society had inspired, and our regrets at having known them so late. It must be said in honor of the ladies that not one of them is what you would call pretty." Volney, the geologist, disagrees completely with the author just quoted, for he considers us a taciturn race, but it is pleasing to note that he is convinced "that the domestic silence of the Americans is one of the most radical causes for their industry, activity, and success in agriculture, commerce and the arts." It would seem as if our ancestors were as gifted in pleasing certain foreigners by silence as others by conversation.

Because they came from France, a country where social geology had long been clearly stratified, it would have been but natural if our memoirists had devoted considerable time and many pages to an inquiry anent social classification as practised in a republic, but strangely enough the references to this subject are but few, although those few are very illuminating. Nearly all of them take frequent occasion to laud the perfect equality everywhere to be found in our land. Even military titles did not carry with them any social distinction, says Dupetit-Thouars, who was amazed to see a shoemaker who had been a colonel, and an apothecary who was a general. Especially did they notice this while travelling and in places of public entertainment, and they made many interesting comments upon the subject. Although opportunity was equally open to every one, our foreign friends did not fail to observe that society as usual made certain regulations to govern its members. Of course Bayard had his customary shot at those regulations, and concluded that there was among us no other test of social rank than the possession of wealth: "The inhabitants of Philadelphia, like all citizens of the United States, are classed by their fortunes. The first class is composed of carriage folk. Almost all these gentry, whatever their origin, have their coats of arms painted upon their carriage-doors. The son of a deported thief has liveried servants just like everybody else. Nobility having been abolished by the Constitution alone, it is not astonishing that so many individuals pretend to be descended from ancient English families. This fad becomes a sort of mania in mercantile cities. The second class is composed of merchants, lawyers and business men without carriages, and doctors who pay their visits on foot. In a third class are found people who exercise the mechanical arts. Ladies who possess carriages never so far forget themselves as to receive in their homes those of the third class. The people engage in commerce with all the ardor which vanity, long credits and the hope of gaining a fortune easily and rapidly can inspire. The more business a man does the more he is considered. 'He is,' say they, 'a very busy man': this title obviates the need for meriting any other. Business is mentioned with the same enthusiasm which the French employ to describe some generous action, or

to give a panegyric. When a candidate for office publishes his platform in the newspapers, he begins by enumerating how much he is worth. The position of a rich man is the most brilliant which a citizen can desire." Supposing that this alleged state of affairs were not overcolored, it would be interesting to note how absolutely consistent it is with the statistics given by Mr. Price Collier to show that an English peerage is generally the reward of a marked success in the business world. The colonists were chiefly of English origin and, therefore, why shouldn't they have exhibited English tendencies in social classification as well as in other respects? Beaujour is one of the few to agree with Bayard's extreme view upon the power of wealth in our country: "In Europe there is greatly praised the equality which reigns among them (Americans) but this equality is less real than seeming, because custom establishes in society here even more decided lines than elsewhere, and distinctions the more odious because they are founded on nothing but wealth, without any regard for talents or even for public office. There is nothing in this country but extreme liberty or extreme dependence—everybody is master or servant, and you do not see any of those intermediate classes which elsewhere serve to bridge over the chasm." Talleyrand (destined later to be Napoleon's Minister of Foreign Affairs) sugar-coats this bitter pill of Beaujour, for, although he admits our passion for acquiring wealth, he insists that we have an equally strong one for independence. One day in Maine he said to a man who had never visited Philadelphia: "When you go there you will be glad to see General Washington." "Yes, indeed," replied he, and added, with his eyes sparkling, "and I also want to see Bingham, who they say is so rich!" Washington the champion of liberty, and Bingham the man of wealth—together they incarnated America for him.

Surprising as was our social equality to these aristocratic Frenchmen, even more astonished were they at the extent to which the love of luxury evidenced itself in this new democracy of the New World. They came from a land possessing to a remarkable extent an admirable inbred frugality, and they were therefore all the more easily shocked by the wide-spread love of luxury in America. Comte de Ségur remarked in Boston that "democracy has not banished luxury, nowhere in the United States did one see so much wealth and so agreeable society." Nor was this true in the cities alone, for Talleyrand found "on the banks of the Ohio river, in a house built of roughly hewn logs, a piano, adorned with really beautiful bronzes. When Monsieur de Beaumetz opened it Mr. Smith said to him, 'don't try to play on it, because our piano-tuner, who lives a hundred miles off, didn't come this year.' " The large number of comments on this subject makes it clear that love of luxury had as firm a hold upon the wife of the day-laborer as upon the wealthiest households. Of Philadelphia Bayard says: "Few cities in the world have so large a proportion of shops as the Capital of Pennsylvania. The owners of these shops often indulge in luxury beyond their means." It would seem that the wit who declared that our national problem was not the high cost of living, but the cost of high living, had hit upon an ancient and not a recent defect in our body politic.

Our national purity of speech and manners was a never-failing source of surprise to the French. Perhaps they gave us more credit in that respect than we deserved, because subconsciously aware that the upper classes in their own land were then touching a lower moral ebb than ever before in their history. Sainte-Beuve says of that chronicle of profligacy and dishonor, the memoirs of the Duc de Lauzun, that its pages alone justified the French Revolution. About one-tenth of it is devoted to a description of the duke's service in America under Rochambeau, and it is gratifying to record that this portion at least is clean and wholesome. It is a significant testimonial to his American environment that almost the only decent comment upon women made by this profligate braggart is one of Mrs. Hunter of Newport and her two daughters: "I was never in love with the Hunter girls, but if they had been my sisters, I could not have been more attached to them." A miracle indeed! but unfortunately only a temporary one, for its effect seemed to last only so long as he trod American soil. Bayard

characterizes our national decency as prudery, even insisting that it materially reduced our vocabulary; he particularly railed against the unwillingness of our women to use such a word as "shirt." Beaujour was much fairer than Bayard, and thought crudity was a fairer term to apply than prudery, and on the whole deals leniently with us: "Some writers, and especially the French, have praised American customs, while others, and especially the English, have decried them. Both of them have gone to excess. In this country, as in others, there is a mingling of vices and virtues, but the virtues appear less attractive than elsewhere because they are rarely accompanied by that grace which makes them admirable, while the vices here appear more hideous because Americans know nothing of the art of disguising them under a deceitful exterior. The American has a crudity of manner which displays him in an unfavorable light to strangers." Chastellux assents to crudity as a fair description of our early manners, but utterly fails to see the prudery which gained Bayard's notice. Moreover, he is more hopeful than Bayard as to the future which is in store for us: "If music and the fine arts prosper in Philadelphia, if society becomes easy and gay there, if they learn to appreciate pleasure when it comes without being formally invited, then one will be able to enjoy all the advantages resulting from their customs and government, without having to envy anything in Europe." The purity which was generally remarked by the French as characterizing our social intercourse certainly produced an admirable effect in our public life, as Brissot points out: "The frequent exercise of reason develops among the Americans a great number of individuals known as men of principle. This name sufficiently indicates their character, a type so little known among us that it has not even been named. It is among these men of principle that you will find the true heroes of humanity—Howard, Fothergill, Penn, Franklin, Washington, Sydney, Ludlow." Ségur, as son of a cabinet minister at the brilliant French court, was peculiarly fitted to notice the effect of this general purity of manners upon the assemblies and balls held at Providence, "greater than I ever remember to have seen in any other place."

It is not necessary for one to read many French memoirs of our Revolutionary and nation-forming period before being struck by the wide scope of the observations therein set out. Nothing seemed to escape the attention, and even the study, of those actively intelligent friends from across the sea. Highly interesting as they are upon all phases of American life, upon none are they more peculiarly competent to speak than upon society—that was a game of which they knew all the rules.

BALBOA IN PANAMA—1513

By Lloyd Mifflin

At last I reach the summit! . . . Has the glare
  Reft me of sight, or are my senses dazed? . . .
  Can yon dim vast be water? . . . Saints be praised!—
  An ocean! lo, an ocean, basking there!
Flash forth the swords, and let the bugle blare!
  Call up my soldiers—troops half fever-crazed—
  For never white man on this wonder gazed;
  Now, comrades, doff each casque, and kneel in prayer:
For, by my faith, our day's work in this zone
  Makes us immortal. Fame shall trumpet me
  In golden notes wherever fame is blown:
So, from the peak, in plumed humility,
  The priceless jewel of this sapphire sea
  Proudly I lay before España's throne.

A SOLDIER'S BUTTON

By L. Allen Harker

ILLUSTRATIONS BY REGINALD B. BIRCH

NONE of us understood why little Teddy should have had such a passion for soldiers.

Certainly his family neither inspired nor shared it. Papa declared them to be almost universally "of a low standard of intelligence."

His mother was mildly negative in her views. She didn't express actual disapproval; in fact, she may have had a sneaking liking for them. But she was a devoted wife, and it would never have occurred to her to champion any class or cause disapproved by papa. She therefore wisely decided that the army did not interest her.

Teddy's sisters were facile echoes of their parents. And, after all, there was no earthly reason why any of them should take any particular interest in soldiers. They had seen very few. When they did happen to come across a body of men in uniform marching to the strains of a military band, they doubtless thrilled for a moment like everybody else. Then the soldiers and all they represented vanished from their minds as from their sight.

But it was quite otherwise with Teddy. He thought about soldiers, dreamed about soldiers, talked about soldiers, and asked incessant questions about soldiers of any one he could get to answer him; and this was the more surprising inasmuch as he was not naturally a talkative child, being of a calm and ruminative disposition.

And it amazed papa; for, quiet and biddable as Teddy was in every other respect, his enthusiasm for the soldier subject was so great that no amount of snubbing could keep him off it.

It arose in this way: On their way to the Highlands, they stayed for a month in a flat in Edinburgh. The flat was in Ramsay Gardens, and the nursery window looked out over the Castle esplanade. The Black Watch was stationed at the Castle, and from his window Teddy beheld them drilling. Each time he went out he saw them, and whensoever he did see them, singly or in companies, he was thrilled to the centre of his little soul.

It is believed that his nurse shared his enthusiasm, and that whenever she and Teddy went to take the air, Teddy trotting by her side or in his cart (he was just four at the time), they never went in any direction that did not either lead to, or circulate round about, the evolutions of the Black Watch. And that regiment never marched in any direction whatsoever that Teddy and his nurse were not among the most thrilled and enthusiastic of spectators.

Teddy's nurse was of distinctly pleasing appearance; plump, fresh-colored, and almost superhumanly neat in her becoming uniform, she was of that superior order of children's nurses who are trained in institutions guaranteed to turn out guardians of the young not only medically competent to cope with every known form of infantile disease, but so deeply studied in psychology as to be able to draw out all that is best and suppress anything that is evil in a child's character.

Mother had selected her with great care, for Teddy, their only boy, was a sort of happy afterthought in the family, as there was a gap of nearly eight years between him and his next sister.

His parents were much occupied in Edinburgh, as they had a great many friends there whom they had not seen for many years. The girls were in charge of Fräulein and mademoiselle, so Teddy and his nurse were left very much to their own devices.

It was a beautiful July. July often is quite a nice month in Edinburgh. Teddy was hardly ever kept indoors through bad weather; his cheeks grew round and rosy, his eyes were very bright and interested, and his parents declared that the keen,

bracing air was doing him all the good in the world; for up to that time he had been rather a pale, phlegmatic child.

There is a very steep hill from Princes Street to Ramsay Gardens, and it is extremely hard work to push up a cart even without a solid little boy in it. Sometimes Teddy's nurse took him in a tram to Princes Street Gardens, generally when a band of the Black Watch was discoursing sweet music to the inhabitants of Edinburgh. But when she did wheel him out in his cart, invariably on the return journey there appeared some kindly kilted figure anxious to "gie the bairn a hurrl" up the steepest part of the hill. Teddy's nurse was always very stand-off and dignified. She accepted assistance,



She accepted assistance, but with reservations.

but with reservations; and she checked all Teddy's efforts in the way of conversation with his escort by time-worn aphorisms to the effect that little boys should be seen and not heard; till Teddy felt that, delicious as were these "hurrls," they merely represented so many lost opportunities. And had his interviews with the members

of the Black Watch always taken place under the ægis of his nurse, it is probable that his passion for soldiers would have gone the way of many similar enthusiasms when he left Edinburgh.

Papa rented the flat from a personal friend, who was glad to have his servants taken on for such a short let. Among these servants was a Perthshire housemaid called Campbell by the authorities, but known among her fellows as "Girzie," and so Teddy knew her. Of course, Teddy's nurse was far too grand a person to consort on familiar terms with the other servants. She might, when only Teddy was present, occasionally unbend to a sergeant-major, but she very rigorously enforced the distance her "training" had put between her and ordinary domestic servants, and those not even of her employer's household.

Nevertheless, she offered no objection to Girzie's fulfilling her functions as regarded Teddy when she wanted an afternoon off in the society of the said sergeant-major. Girzie, who adored Teddy, was most accommodating, and she had a brother in the Black Watch. It is true he was "only just a soldier," as Teddy put it, to distinguish him from the more highly placed acquaintance of nurse; but for Teddy this was more than enough, inasmuch as under Girzie's guardianship he was allowed to converse freely with the short, thick-set man who was so agreeably ready to answer questions.

From Girzie's brother he learned all about "dirks" and "sporrans" and "fillibegs," and plaids and badges and battles, and many other things. Moreover, through Girzie's brother, he made friends with other kilted warriors.

Teddy was something of an Elizabethan in his simplicity and jovial sense of fellowship with his kind. And the truth is that the atmosphere of his home was some-



From Girzie's brother he learned all about "dirks" and "sporrans" and "fillibegs."

what rarefied, for papa was a superior person. Quite excellent and kind in his domestic relations, but in many respects what more ordinary people called a crank. He held views, strong views; and he was rather apt to enforce them, not only upon his own family, whom in virtue of these very views he felt morally bound to influence in every possible way, but upon uninterested outsiders, and these, if of a hasty disposition, were apt to consign papa and his views to Jericho, if not to some even warmer climate. Papa was also a person of many and vigorous antipathies, which he seemed to think entitled him to special consideration.

Therefore did Teddy feel that the simple and jovial persons he encountered in Edinburgh filled a hitherto unsatisfied want in his nature, and he loved them dearly.

And they loved him, for "the wee stoot yin" was irresistibly frank and friendly, and few of us are impervious to the flattery of such respectful admiration as Teddy's round face and blue eyes plainly manifested whenever he came across any of his friends in the Black Watch.

One day when with Girzie in Princes Street, she took him to the Arcade and there bought for him a china doll dressed as a Highlander. Teddy was charmed with the present, though he could have wished the china face had been a little less simpering under its tall busby; but what *did* worry him was that there was something not just right about the uniform. He didn't know what it was, and he was too well-bred and grateful to Girzie for her kind present to find any fault; but when on the way up the hill they met her brother he at once pointed out several discrepancies, which he commanded his sister to remedy, explaining how it should be done. Girzie carried out his instructions that night, and next day they christened the doll "Colin Dougal," after her brother, and it became Teddy's most precious possession. Colin Dougal slept with him, ousting from that proud post a fluffy bird attached to an elastic that had hitherto possessed the privilege. Colin Dougal accompanied him in his cart and sat beside him at nursery meals, and to Colin Dougal Teddy used to sing over and over again the refrain of a song he had learnt from Girzie, which ran:

> "My love she's in Dumbarton
> Whaur they weir the tartan,
> Whaur they weir the tartan
> Faur abin' the knee."

It seemed quite fitting that anybody's love should dwell in a land where people wore that entrancing costume, and Teddy felt drawn to the lady every time he sang it, and directly after was always assailed by doubts as to whether Colin Dougal's kilt was quite short enough—it *had* been shortened, but the exigencies of his china legs precluded the strict brevity of the kilts worn by the Black Watch. Still, the tartan was the right one, and that was something.

The pleasant July days slipped speedily away, and one afternoon, when he came in from a walk with Girzie, nurse demanded the surrender of Colin Dougal that she might pack him.

Teddy clasped his doll more firmly in his arms, looked round the dismantled nursery, and foreboding laid a chilly hand upon his heart.

"Why do you want to pack him for?" he asked breathlessly.

"Because we are going by an early train to-morrow, and your mummy says everything must be ready to-night."

"Going!" gasped Teddy. "Going where?"

"We're going to Kingussie for August."

"I don't want to go to Kingussie. I want to stay here wiv all my fends. Do you," he asked anxiously, "want to go to Kingussie?"

Nurse looked flushed and rather cross. "I'm not asked," she muttered, "what I want, nor you neither, Teddy. Give me that doll at once, and I'll pack it with the other toys."

Teddy stared stonily at her and made not the slightest effort to render up his doll.

"I'm not going," he said firmly, "not to-morrow. Why, I haven't said good-by to none of them—have you?"

"I don't know what you're talking about," said nurse huffily. "Give me that ridiculous doll at once. You know I don't allow disobedience—" and as she spoke she made a grab at the doll.

Teddy held on. The start for Kingussie was to be made a day sooner than originally planned, and had been decided only that morning, and mummy had let go, remembering that it was undignified to struggle with a small child for the possession of a china doll. Colin Dougal fell with a crash on the floor, one of his



He went quite quietly, one hand in that of the kind nurse, the other clutching his button.—Page 498.

taken upon herself to ask Girzie to wheel Teddy out without consulting nurse at all. This had upset all nurse's plans, and left Sergeant-Major Macdonald cooling his heels as he waited in vain at the bottom of the hill, while Girzie and Teddy had gone off in quite a different direction. Therefore nurse was decidedly irritable, and rather roughly tried to pull Colin Dougal out of Teddy's arms. Teddy held on, and then suddenly and despairingly let go, and at the same instant nurse also china legs broke right in two, and the severed half leaped gayly away and hid itself under a chair.

Teddy took a deep breath, and then he yelled and yelled; so that papa and mummy heard him in the drawing-room and rushed to the nursery to see what dreadful thing had happened. Teddy was standing stock-still just inside the nursery door. Nurse had picked up Colin Dougal and the broken piece of leg, and was trying to explain to her demented charge that it

could be mended; but Teddy struck at her with both hands, and continued to bellow even after his parents had entered the room.

"What's this? What's this?" exclaimed papa.

"Are you hurt, my precious, are you hurt?" cried mummy, running to her little boy.

Teddy did not repulse his mother, and managed to ejaculate in the middle of a roar: "I don't want to go to Kingussie." The accident to Colin Dougal seemed a minor woe caused by and included in the devastating news of departure.

"Nonsense," said papa, looking pained. "Not want to go to Kingussie? Why, it's country, beautiful, quiet country, far better than this place, with those infernal bugles going from morning till night, and the horrid band, and all those tramping soldiers. You'll *love* Kingussie."

Teddy stopped in the middle of fresh efforts in the way of yells to exclaim indignantly: "Not 'fernal bugles." He hadn't the faintest notion what 'fernal meant, but he felt it was something derogatory and resented it accordingly. Papa looked rather surprised, but his pained look returned when Teddy started to shout again at the top of his voice. Nurse, taking advantage of the general confusion, was packing Colin Dougal—and actually wrapped up the piece of leg in a separate paper with cold-blooded detachment.

Mummy reasoned, papa reasoned, and nurse, who had quite recovered her institutional sweet serenity, spoke soothingly, but all to no avail. Teddy continued to sob, to scream, to lose his breath and then roar with renewed vigor as soon as he recovered it.

There was a great to-do.

Finally, papa and mummy departed. Nurse went on packing, and Girzie, who had been listening down the passage with her hand against her heart, came in and took the tired, miserable little figure in her arms and sat down with it upon her knee.

"Eh, Master Teddy, what'll the soldiers be thinkin' the night to hear such an awfu' stramash in this respectable house, an' both the windows open? They'll be fair affronted to hear that the young gentleman they thought such a heap on could cry like a randy wife. They puir soldiers will be shocked——"

Teddy sat up and gazed at Girzie. His breath still came in sobs, but he made no noise. "Will they mind, Girzie?" he asked. "Will—they 'eally—mind?"

"Mind!" Girzie repeated, "mind! They'd just be that upset . . . and you almost one of them——"

"Colin Dougal's b'oken his leg——"

"My brother broke his leg at the football, and look at him now!"

"But—we're going away, Girzie—and I haven't said good-by to your Colin Dougal——"

"Never fear, but he'll see you to say good-by, but not if you cry—an' you going to be a grand officer when you're a man—soldiers don't cry."

"Not if they're hurted in their hearts?"

Teddy had lifted his head from her shoulder and was gazing at her with tear-washed blue eyes that seemed to read her very soul.

"Not never?" he added.

"Well, no person would see nor hear them. I'm certain of that. If you're going to be a soldier, you mustn't cry; above all, you mustn't roar that folk could hear ye right across the esplanade. Listen, laddie, we'll no' forget you. Colin Dougal's just taken up wi' you, and he's sent you this for a keepsake. It's one of his buttons made into a wee safety-pin, and when you're a bit bigger ye can wear it to hold down your tie—if nurse'll let ye," Girzie added hastily, with an anxious glance at nurse, who continued to pack in silence.

Eagerly Teddy undid the little packet, and there was a real soldier's button mounted as a safety-pin.

"When can I have a tie?" Teddy asked eagerly, quite forgetting to thank Girzie.

Nurse came over to them and stood looking down at the little pin. Her face softened. "I've got one rather like that myself," she remarked. "You can fasten it in your blouse whether you have a tie or not," she added graciously. "No one would notice."

"Can I wear it always?" Teddy asked.

"Yes, if you like," nurse said; "and perhaps it will help you to remember not to cry if you fall down—or things happen that you don't like."

Girzie said nothing, but she fastened the safety-pin so that the button shone splendidly just above the ribbons that tied Teddy's sailor blouse.



"No one would dream of touching it," said the doctor. "You must keep *tight* hold of it."—Page 498.

"I will mimember," he said solemnly.

"Are you sorry you were so naughty?" nurse asked, ever desirous to improve the occasion.

"No," Teddy said firmly. "I hate Kingussie."

But, after all, he didn't hate Kingussie. He would have liked it immensely only it rained all the time. July seemed to have used up all the beautiful weather, and August was very cold and wet. Teddy got one chill on the top of another, and sneezed and snuffled, and snuffled and sneezed, was generally ailing and lost all the nice color he had gained in Edinburgh.

Kingussie was a beautiful place; their lodgings were right up on a hill with glorious views from the windows of the house; there were woods and streams and a picturesque golf links covered with short, springy grass, but the damp spoiled everything. Even the loveliest view palls when it is always seen through a veil of driving rain.

Papa got a chill and was laid up for several days. And then Teddy alarmed his family by falling really ill. The local doctor was discouraging, and talked gloomily of unripe blackberries and appendicitis.

Papa thereupon carried his whole family back to Edinburgh before the end of the month. This time they stayed at the Caledonian Hotel, where the noise of Princes Street and the constant trains tried papa even more than the infernal bugles in Ramsay Gardens.

A great doctor, who had not yet started on his holiday, was consulted about Teddy, and he was even graver than the doctor up at Kingussie, and said there must be an operation at once.

That was a puzzling day for Teddy.

He was kept in bed till evening, and nurse and every one else were extraordinarily kind to him. Then mummy came and sat at the side of his bed, and told him that he was to go that night to another house and that the next day the great doctor would do something to him that would make him quite well.

"Why can't he do it here?" asked Teddy. "This is a very nice room."

Then mummy explained that people didn't have these things done in hotels. That doctors were particular men and

liked to make people well in specially chosen houses called nursing homes, and that Teddy was to go to one of those homes that very evening in a taxicab.

"Will nurse come?" Teddy asked anxiously.

"I will come," said mummy, and her voice sounded quite hoarse, as if she, too, had got one of the Kingussie colds.

"Not nurse?" he asked, rather puzzled. "Who will dress me?"

"There are lots of nurses in that nice house who can do that, but you won't be dressed just at first, you know. The doctor will want to keep you in bed awhile after the operation."

"What's a operation?" he asked. "What's it do to you?"

But this mummy did not seem able to explain, and Teddy began to feel rather doubtful about the whole thing.

"Will it hurt?" he asked at last.

"Not at the time, my precious," said mummy, "but afterwards it may. I'm afraid it may hurt a good deal, but you will be brave. I know you will be brave."

"A b'ave B'itish officer," Teddy murmured; then turning his big, bright eyes on his mother, he said eagerly: "Can I wear my button?"

Mummy did not understand, but nurse did, and when it was explained, Teddy was assured that he might wear his button.

Then they dressed him, and nurse packed a little suit-case for him with Colin Dougal in it, and all his new pajamas and a dressing-gown. And he and mummy went to that strange house full of nurses.

A great many queer things happened in that house, and Teddy couldn't have borne the strangeness of it at all if he hadn't had his button fastened on the breast-pocket of his pajamas. He didn't sleep very well that night, but as often as he woke up, he would repeat to himself, "Guadaloupe, Martinique, Havannah,"* which are the first three of the long list of battles fought by the Black Watch. Girzie's brother could say them all, and Teddy loved to hear him roll them out in his strong Scottish voice, and tried to learn them, too, but they were mostly very long names, and only the first three had remained in his mind.

*The names of the battles are so spelled in the "Army List"—it is the old spelling, "Guadaloupe, Martinique, Havannah."

Every one was very kind, but it was depressing not to have any breakfast. Mummy's cold seemed to get worse, and one of the nurses suggested that it would be better if she did not come with them to the operating-room lest she give it to Teddy.

Teddy's heart was thumping in his ears. He kissed mummy. He kissed Colin Dougal, and with white and trembling lips he whispered, "B'ave B'itish officer," to himself many times over.

But he went quite quietly, one hand in that of the kind nurse, the other clutching his button, down a long passage into a room that was all tiled with white tiles, walls and floor and all—a room with no chairs in it, only tables, one of them long and straight right in the centre.

Two doctors met them; one he knew already. He was a nice doctor, and he looked at Teddy with eyes that were keen and kind behind his eye-glasses.

"You're a man," he said; "I can see that."

"I s'all not ky," Teddy said, though his voice shook. "I s'all not ky, because I'm going to be a soldier, and soldiers don't ky."

"I guessed that the minute I saw you," said the doctor. "We like soldiers here, and we get them well extra quick. Up you go—and you mustn't mind when we put that funny thing over your face."

Teddy lay down as he was told. He looked up anxiously at the strange doctor.

"You won't take my button away, will you?" he asked anxiously—"not when you make me go to sleep?"

"No one would dream of touching it," said the doctor. "You must keep *tight* hold of it."

It wasn't very pleasant, the thing they put over his face. There was a roaring in his ears like the burn at Kingussie after more rain than usual.

"A—b'ave—B'itish . . . Guadaloupe . . . Martinique——"

The burn had carried Teddy away into oblivion, but even then the small hand was closed tightly over the soldier's button.

That evening the doctor congratulated papa both on the complete success of the operation and upon the splendid military training he had given his little son.

THE FREELANDS

BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

"Liberty's a glorious feast."—*Burns.*

XIV

WHEN Spring and first love meet in a girl's heart, then the birds sing.

The songs that blackbirds and dusty-coated thrushes flung through Nedda's window when she awoke in Hampstead those May mornings seemed to have been sung by herself all night. Whether the sun were flashing on the leaves, or raindrops sieving through on a sou'west wind, the same warmth glowed up in her the moment her eyes opened. Whether the lawn below were a field of bright dew, or dry and darkish in a shiver of east wind, her eyes never grew dim all day; and her blood felt as light as ostrich feathers.

Stormed by an attack of his *cacoëthes scribendi*, after those few blank days at Becket, Felix saw nothing amiss with his young daughter. The great observer was not observant of things that other people observed. Neither he nor Flora, occupied with matters of more spiritual importance, could tell, offhand, for example, on which hand a wedding-ring was worn. They had talked enough of Becket and the Tods to produce the impression on Flora's mind that one day or another two young people would arrive in her house on a visit; but she had begun a poem called 'Dionysus at the Well,' and Felix himself had plunged into a satiric allegory entitled 'The Last of the Laborers.' Nedda, therefore, walked alone; but at her side went always an invisible companion. In that long, imaginary walking-out she gave her thoughts and the whole of her heart, and to be doing this never surprised her, who, before, had not given them whole to anything. A bee knows the first summer day and clings intoxicated to its flowers; so did Nedda know and cling. She wrote him two letters and he wrote her one. It was not poetry; indeed, it was almost all concerned with Wilmet Gaunt, asking Nedda to find a place in London where the girl could go; but it ended with the words:

"Your lover,
"DEREK."

This letter troubled Nedda. She would have taken it at once to Felix or to Flora if it had not been for the first words, "Dearest Nedda," and those last three. Except her mother, she instinctively distrusted women in such a matter as that of Wilmet Gaunt, feeling they would want to know more than she could tell them, and not be too tolerant of what they heard. Casting about, at a loss, she thought suddenly of 'the one who was going to bite.'

At dinner that day she fished round carefully. Felix spoke of him almost warmly. What Cuthcott could have been doing at Becket, of all places, he could not imagine—he was the last sort of man one had expected to see there; a good fellow, rather desperate, perhaps, as men of his age were apt to get if they had too many women, or no woman, about them.

Which, said Nedda, had Mr. Cuthcott?

Oh! None. How had he struck Nedda? And Felix looked at his little daughter with a certain humble curiosity. He always felt that the young instinctively knew so much more than he did.

"I liked him awfully. He was like a dog."

"Ah!" said Felix, "he *is* like a dog—very honest; he grins and runs about the city, too, and might be inclined to bay the moon."

'I don't mind that,' Nedda thought, 'so long as he's not "superior."'

"He's very human," Felix added.

And having found out that he lived in Gray's Inn, Nedda thought: 'I will; I'll ask him.'

To put her project into execution, she wrote this note:

"Dear Mr. Cuthcott:

"You were so kind as to tell me you wouldn't mind if I bothered you about things. I've got a very bothery thing to know what to do about, and I would be so glad of your advice. It so happens that I can't ask my father and mother. I hope you won't think me very horrible, wasting your time. And please say no, if you'd rather.

"Yours sincerely,

"Nedda Freeland."

The answer came:

"Dear Miss Freeland:

"Delighted. But if very bothery, better save time and ink, and have a snack of lunch with me to-morrow at the Elgin restaurant, close to the British Museum. Very quiet and respectable. No flowers by request. One o'clock.

"Very truly yours,

"Giles Cuthcott."

Putting on 'no flowers' and with a fast-beating heart, Nedda went on her first lonely adventure. To say truth she did not know in the least how ever she was going to ask this almost strange man about a girl of doubtful character. But she kept saying to herself: 'I don't care—he has nice eyes.' And her spirit would rise as she got nearer, because, after all, she was going to find things out, and to find things out was jolly. The new warmth and singing in her heart had not destroyed, but rather heightened, her sense of the extraordinary interest of all things that be. And very mysterious to her that morning was the kaleidoscope of Oxford Street and its innumerable girls and women, each going about her business, with a life of her own that was not Nedda's. For men she had little use just now, they had acquired a certain insignificance, not having gray-black eyes that smoked and flared, nor Harris tweed suits that smelled delicious. Only once on her journey from Oxford Circus she felt the sense of curiosity rise in her, in relation to a man, and this was when she asked a policeman at Tottenham Court Road, and he put his head down fully a foot to listen to her. So huge, so broad, so red in the face, so stolid, it seemed wonderful to her that he paid her any attention! If he were a human being, could she really be one, too? But that, after all, was no more odd than everything. Why, for instance, the spring flowers in that woman's basket had been born; why that high white cloud floated over; why and what was Nedda Freeland?

At the entrance of the little restaurant she saw the one who was going to bite, waiting. In a brown suit, with his pale but freckled face, and his gnawed-at, sandy mustache, and his eyes that looked out and beyond, he was certainly no beauty. But Nedda thought: 'He's even nicer than I remembered, and I'm sure he knows a lot.'

At first, to be sitting opposite to him, in front of little plates containing red substances and little fishes, was so exciting that she simply listened to his rapid, rather stammering voice mentioning that the English had no idea of life or cookery, that God had so made this country by mistake that everything, even the sun, knew it. What, however, would she drink? Chardonnet? It wasn't bad here.

She assented, not liking to confess that she did not know what Chardonnet might be, and hoping it was some kind of sherbet. She had never yet drunk wine, and after a glass felt suddenly extremely strong.

"Well," said Mr. Cuthcott, and his eyes twinkled, "what's your botheration? I suppose you want to strike out for yourself. *My* daughters did that without consulting me."

"Oh! Have you got daughters?"

"Yes—funny ones; older than you."

"That's why you understand, then."

Mr. Cuthcott smiled. "They *were* a liberal education!"

And Nedda thought: 'Poor dad, I wonder if I am!'

"Yes," Mr. Cuthcott murmured, "who would think a gosling would ever become a goose?"

"Ah!" said Nedda eagerly, "isn't it wonderful how things grow?"

She felt his eyes suddenly catch hold of hers.

"You're in love!" he said.

It seemed to her a great piece of luck that he had found that out. It made everything easy at once, and her words came out pell-mell.

"Yes, and I haven't told my people yet. I don't seem able. He's given me something to do, and I haven't much experience."

A funny little wriggle passed over Mr. Cuthcott's face. "Yes, yes; go on! Tell us about it."

She took a sip from her glass, and the feeling that he had been going to laugh passed away.

"It's about the daughter of a laborer, down there in Worcestershire, where he lives, not very far from Becket. He's my cousin, Derek, the son of my other uncle at Joyfields. He and his sister feel most awfully strongly about the laborers."

"Ah!" said Mr. Cuthcott, "the laborers! Queer how they're in the air, all of a sudden."

"This girl hasn't been very good, and she has to go from the village, or else her family have. He wants me to find a place for her in London."

"I see; and she hasn't been very good?"

"Not very." She knew that her cheeks were flushing, but her eyes felt steady, and, seeing that his eyes never moved, she did not mind. She went on:

"It's Sir Gerald Malloring's estate. Lady Malloring—won't——"

She heard a snap. Mr. Cuthcott's mouth had closed.

"Oh!" he said, "say no more!"

'He *can* bite nicely!' she thought.

Mr. Cuthcott, who had begun lightly thumping the little table with his open hand, broke out suddenly:

"The petty tyranny of the countryside! My God! Those prudes, those prisms! They're the ruination of half the girls on the—" He looked at Nedda and stopped short. "If she can do any kind of work, I'll find her a place. In fact, she'd better come, for a start, under my old housekeeper. Let your cousin know; she can turn up any day. Name? Wilmet Gaunt? Right you are!" He wrote it on his cuff.

Nedda rose to her feet, having an inclination to seize his hand, or stroke his head, or something. She subsided again with a fervid sigh, and sat exchanging with him a happy smile. At last she said:

"Mr. Cuthcott, is there any chance of things like that changing?"

"Changing?" He certainly had grown paler, and was again lightly thumping the table. "Changing? By gum! It's got to change! This d—d pluto-aristocratic ideal! The weed's so grown up that it's choking us. Yes, Miss Freeland, whether from inside or out I don't know yet, but there's a blazing row coming. Things are going to be made new before long."

Under his thumps the little plates had begun to rattle and leap. And Nedda thought: 'I *do* like him.'

But she said anxiously:

"You believe there's something to be done, then? Derek is simply full of it; I want to feel like that, too, and I mean to."

His face grew twinkly; he put out his hand. And wondering a little whether he meant her to, Nedda timidly stretched forth her own and grasped it.

"I like you," he said. "Love your cousin and don't worry."

Nedda's eyes slipped into the distance.

"But I'm afraid for him. If you saw him, you'd know."

"One's always afraid for the fellows that are worth anything. There was another young Freeland at your uncle's the other night——"

"My brother Alan!"

"Oh! your brother? Well, I wasn't afraid for him, and it seemed a pity. Have some of this; it's about the only thing they do well here."

"Oh, thank you, no. I've had a lovely lunch. Mother and I generally have about nothing." And clasping her hands she added:

"This is a secret, isn't it, Mr. Cuthcott?"

"Dead."

He laughed and his face melted into a mass of wrinkles. Nedda laughed also and drank up the rest of her wine. She felt perfectly happy.

"Yes," said Mr. Cuthcott, "there's nothing like loving. How long have you been at it?"

"Only five days, but it's everything."

Mr. Cuthcott sighed. "That's right. When you can't love, the only thing is to hate."

"Oh!" said Nedda.

Mr. Cuthcott again began banging on the little table. "Look at them, look at them!" His eyes wandered angrily about the room, wherein sat some few who had passed through the mills of gentility. "What do they know of life? Where are their souls and sympathies? They haven't any. I'd like to see their blood flow, the silly brutes."

Nedda looked at them with alarm and curiosity. They seemed to her somewhat like everybody she knew. She said timidly: "Do you think *our* blood ought to flow, too?"

Mr. Cuthcott relapsed into twinkles. "Rather! Mine first!"

'He *is* human!' thought Needa. And she got up: "I'm afraid I ought to go now. It's been awfully nice. Thank you so very much. Good-by!"

He shook her firm little hand with his frail thin one, and stood smiling till the restaurant door cut him off from her view.

The streets seemed so gorgeously full of life now that Nedda's head swam. She looked at it all with such absorption that she could not tell one thing from another. It seemed rather long to the Tottenham Court Road, though she noted carefully the names of all the streets she passed, and was sure she had not missed it. She came at last to one called *Poultry*. 'Poultry!' she thought; 'I should have remembered that—Poultry?' And she laughed. It was so sweet and feathery a laugh that the driver of an old four-wheeler stopped his horse. He was old and anxious-looking, with a gray beard and deep folds in his red cheeks.

"Poultry!" she said. "Please, am I right for the Tottenham Court Road?"

The old man answered: "Glory, no, miss; you're goin' East!"

'East!' thought Nedda; 'I'd better take him.' And she got in. She sat in the four-wheeler, smiling. And how far this was due to Chardonnet she did not consider. She was to love and not worry. It was wonderful! In this mood she was put down, still smiling, at the Tottenham Court Road Tube, and getting out her purse she prepared to pay the cabman. The fare would be a shilling, but she felt like giving him two. He looked so anxious and worn, in spite of his red face. He took them, looked at her, and said: "Thank you, miss; I wanted that."

"Oh!" murmured Nedda, "then please take this, too. It's all I've got, except my tube fare."

The old man took it, and water actually ran along his nose.

"God bless yer!" he said. And taking up his whip, he drove off quickly.

Rather choky, but still glowing, Nedda descended to her train. It was not till she was walking to the Spaniard's Road that a cloud seemed to come over her sky, and she reached home dejected.

In the garden of the Freelands' old house was a nook shut away by berberis and rhododendrons, where some bees were supposed to make honey, but, belonging, perhaps, to a union, made no more than they were absolutely obliged. In this retreat, which contained a rustic bench, Nedda was accustomed to sit and read; she went there now. And her eyes began filling with tears. Why must the poor old fellow who had driven her look so anxious and call on God to bless her for giving him that little present? Why must people grow old and helpless, like that Grandfather Gaunt she had seen at Becket? Why was there all the tyranny that made Derek and Sheila so wild? And all the grinding poverty that she herself could see when she went with her mother to their Girls' Club, in Bethnal Green? What was the use of being young and strong if nothing happened, nothing was really changed, so that one got old and died seeing still the same things as before? What was the use even of loving, if love itself had to yield to death? The trees! How they grew from tiny seeds to great and beautiful things, and then slowly, slowly dried and decayed away to dust. What was the good of it all? What comfort was there in a God so great and universal that he did not care to keep her and Derek alive and loving forever, and was not interested enough to see that the poor old cab-driver should not be haunted day and night with fear of the workhouse for himself and an old wife, perhaps? Nedda's tears fell fast, and how far *this* was Chardonnet she could not tell.

Felix, seeking inspiration from the sky in regard to 'The Last of the Laborers,'

heard a noise like sobbing, and, searching, found his little daughter sitting there and crying as if her heart would break. The sight was so unusual and so utterly disturbing that he stood rooted, quite unable to bring her help. Should he sneak away? Should he go for Flora? What should he do? Like many men whose work keeps them centred within themselves, he instinctively avoided everything likely to pain or trouble him; for this reason, when anything did penetrate those mechanical defenses he became almost strangely tender. Loath, for example, to believe that any one was ill, if once convinced of it, he made so good a nurse that Flora, at any rate, was in the habit of getting well with suspicious alacrity. Thoroughly moved now, he sat down on the bench beside Nedda, and said:

"My darling!"

She leaned her forehead against his arm and sobbed the more.

Felix waited, patting her far shoulder gently.

He had often dealt with such situations in his books, and now that one had come true was completely at a loss. He could not even begin to remember what was usually said or done, and he only made little soothing noises.

To Nedda this tenderness brought a sudden sharp sense of guilt and yearning. She began:

"It's not because of that I'm crying, Dad, but I want you to know that Derek and I are in love."

The words: 'You! What! In those few days!' rose, and got as far as Felix's teeth; he swallowed them and went on patting her shoulder. Nedda in love! He felt blank and ashy. Youth! She was his youth—how much of his youth he had not realized till that moment! And now it would be gone. That special feeling of owning her more than any one else, which was so warming and delightful, so really precious—it would be gone! What right had she to take it from him, thus, without warning! Then he remembered how odious he had always said the elderly were, to spoke the wheels of youth, and managed to murmur:

"Good luck to you, my pretty!"

He said it, conscious that a father ought to be saying:

'You're much too young, and he's your cousin!' But what a father ought to say appeared to him just then both sensible and ridiculous. Nedda rubbed her cheek against his hand.

"It won't make any difference, Dad, I promise you!"

And Felix thought: 'Not to you, only to me!' But he said:

"Not a scrap, my love! What *were* you crying about?"

"About the world; it seems so heartless."

And she told him about the water that had run along the nose of the old four-wheeler man.

But while he seemed to listen, Felix thought: 'I wish to God I had a heart of leather; then I shouldn't feel as if I'd lost the warmth inside me. I mustn't let her see. Fathers *are* queer—I always suspected that. There goes my work for a good week!' Then he answered:

"No, my dear, the world is not heartless; it's only arranged according to certain necessary contraries: No pain, no pleasure; no dark, no light, and the rest of it. If you think, it couldn't be arranged differently."

As he spoke a blackbird came running with a chuckle from underneath the berberis, looked at them with alarm, and ran back. Nedda raised her face. Often afterward Felix thought of that look—so shining.

"Dad, I mean to do something with my life!"

Felix answered:

"Yes. That's right."

But long after Nedda had fallen into dreams that night, he lay awake, with his left foot enclosed between Flora's, trying to regain that sense of warmth which he knew he must never confess to having lost.

XV

FLORA took the news with the air rather of a mother-dog that says to her puppy: "Oh, very well, young thing! Go and stick your teeth in it and find out for yourself!" Sooner or later this always happened, and generally sooner nowadays. Besides, she could not help feeling that she would get more of Felix, to her a matter of greater importance than she gave

out. But inwardly the news had given her a shock almost as sharp as that felt by him. Was she really the mother of one old enough to love? Was the child that used to cuddle up to her in the window-seat to be read to, gone from her; that used to rush in every morning at all inconvenient moments of her toilet; that used to be found sitting in the dark on the stairs, like a little sleepy owl, because, forsooth, it was so 'cosey'?

Not having seen Derek, she did not as yet share her husband's anxiety on that score, though his description was dubious:

"Upstanding young cockerel, swinging his sporran and marching to pipes—a fine spurn about him! Born to trouble, if I know anything, trying to sweep the sky with his little broom!"

"Is he a prig?"

"No-o. There's simplicity about his scorn, and he seems to have been brought up on facts, not on literature, like most of these young monkeys. The cousinship I don't think matters; Kirsteen brings in too strong an out-strain. He's *her* son, not Tod's. But perhaps," he added, sighing, "it won't last."

Flora shook her head. "It will last!" she said; "Nedda's deep."

And if Nedda held, so would fate; no one would throw Nedda over! They naturally both felt that. 'Dionysus at the Well,' no less than 'The Last of the Laborers,' had a light week of it.

Though in a sense relieved at having parted with her secret, Nedda yet felt that she had committed desecration. Suppose Derek should mind her people knowing!

On the day that he and Sheila were to come, feeling she could not trust herself to seem even reasonably calm, she started out, meaning to go to the South Kensington Museum and wander the time away there; but once out-of-doors the sky seemed what she wanted, and, turning down the hill on the north side, she sat down under a gorse bush. Here tramps, coming in to London, passed the night under the stars; here was a vision, however dim, of nature. And nature alone could a little soothe her ecstatic nerves.

How would he greet her? Would he be exactly as he was when they stood at the edge of Tod's orchard, above the dreamy, darkening fields, joining hands and lips, moved as they had never been moved before?

May blossom was beginning to come out along the hedge of the private grounds that bordered that bit of Cockney Common, and from it, warmed by the sun, the scent stole up to her. Familiar, like so many children of the cultured classes, with the pagan and fairy-tales of nature, she forgot them all the moment she was really by herself with earth and sky. Those great creatures, in their breadth, their soft and stirring continuity, rejected bookish fancy. They woke in her rapture and yearning, a sort of long delight, a never-appeased hunger. Crouching, hands round knees, she turned her face to get the warmth of the sun, and see the white clouds go slowly by, and catch all the songs that the birds sang. And every now and then she drew a deep breath. It was true what Dad had said: there was no real heartlessness in nature. It was warm, beating, breathing. And if things ate each other, what did it matter? They had lived and died quickly, helping to make others live. The sacred swing and circle of it went on forever, full and harmonious under the lighted sky, under the friendly stars. It was wonderful to be alive! And all done by love. Love! More, more, more love! And then death, if it must come! For, after all, to Nedda death was so far away, so unimaginably dim and distant, that it did not really count.

While she sat, letting her fingers, that were growing slowly black, scrabble the grass and fern, a feeling came on her of a presence, a creature with wings above and around, that seemed to have on its face a long, mysterious smile of which she, Nedda, was herself a tiny twinkle. She would bring Derek here. They two would sit together and let the clouds go over them, and she would learn all that he really thought, and tell him all her longings and fears; they would be silent, too, loving each other too much to talk. She made elaborate plans of what they were to do and see, beginning with the East End and the National Gallery and ending with sunrise from Parliament Hill; but she somehow knew that nothing would happen as she had designed. If only the

first moment were not different from what she hoped!

She sat there so long that she rose quite stiff, and so hungry that she could not help going home and stealing into the kitchen. It was three o'clock, and the old cook, as usual, asleep in an armchair, with her apron thrown up between her face and the fire. What would Cookie say if she knew? In that oven she had been allowed to bake in fancy perfect little doll loaves, while Cookie baked them in reality. Here she had watched the mysterious making of pink cream, had burned countless 'goes' of toffy, and cocoanut ice; and tasted all kinds of loveliness. Dear old Cookie! Stealing about on tiptoe, seeking what she might devour, she found four small jam tarts and ate them, while the cook snored softly. Then, by the table, that looked so like a great loaf-platter, she stood contemplating cook. Old darling, with her fat, pale, crumply face! Hung to the dresser, opposite, was a little mahogany looking-glass tilted forward. Nedda could see herself almost down to her toes. 'I mean to be prettier than I am!' she thought, putting her hands on her waist. 'I wonder if I can pull them in a bit!' Sliding her fingers under her blouse, she began to pull at certain strings. They would not budge. They were loose, yet they would not pull in. She would have to get the next size smaller! And dropping her chin, she rubbed it on the lace edging of her chest, where it felt warm and smelled piny. Had Cookie ever been in love? Her gray hairs were coming, poor old darling! The windows, where a protection of wire gauze kept out the flies, were opened wide, and the sun shone in and dimmed the fire. The kitchen clock ticked like a conscience; a faint perfume of frying-pan and mint scented the air. And, for the first time since this new sensation of love had come to her, Nedda felt as if a favorite book, read through and done with, were dropping from her hands. The lovely times in that kitchen, in every nook of that old house and garden, would never come again! Gone! She felt suddenly cast down to sadness. They *had* been lovely times! To be deserting in spirit all that had been so good to her—it seemed like a crime! She slid down off the table and, passing behind the cook, put her arms round those substantial sides. Without meaning to, out of sheer emotion, she pressed them somewhat hard, and, as from a concertina emerges a jerked and drawn-out chord, so from the cook came a long, quaking sound; her apron fell, her body heaved, and her drowsy, flat, soft voice, greasy from pondering over dishes, murmured:

"Ah, Miss Nedda! it's you, my dear! Bless your pretty 'eart."

But down Nedda's cheeks, behind her, rolled two tears.

"Cookie, oh, Cookie, darling!" And she ran out. . . .

And the first moment? It was like nothing she had dreamed of. Strange, stiff! One darting look, and then eyes down; one convulsive squeeze, then such a formal shake of hot, dry hands, and off he had gone with Felix to his room, and she with Sheila to hers, bewildered, biting down consternation, trying desperately to behave 'like a little lady,' as her old nurse would have put it—before Sheila, especially, whose hostility she knew by instinct she had earned. All that evening, furtive watching, formal talk, and underneath a ferment of doubt and fear and longing. All a mistake! An awful mistake! Did he love her? Horrible! If he did not, she could never face any one again. He could not love her! His eyes were like those of a swan when its neck is drawn up and back in anger. Terrible—having to show nothing, having to smile at Sheila, at Dad, and Mother! And when at last she got to her room, she stood at the window and at first simply leaned her forehead against the glass and shivered. What had she done? Had she dreamed it all—dreamed that they had stood together under those boughs in the darkness, and through their lips exchanged their hearts. She must have dreamed it! Dreamed that most wonderful, false dream! And the walk home in the thunder-storm, and his arm round her, and her letters, and his letter—dreamed it all! And now she was awake! From her lips came a little moan, and she sank down huddled, and stayed there ever so long, numb and chilly. Undress—go to bed? Not for the world. By the time the morning came she had got to forget that

she had dreamed. For very shame she had got to forget that; no one should see. Her cheeks and ears and lips were burning, but her body felt icy cold. Then—what time she did not know at all—she felt she must go out and sit on the stairs. They had always been her comforters, those wide, shallow, cosey stairs. Out and down the passage, past all their rooms—his the last—to the dark stairs, eerie at night, where the scent of age oozed out of the old house. All doors below, above, were closed; it was like looking down into a well, to sit with her head leaning against the banisters. And silent, so silent—just those faint creakings that come from nowhere, as it might be the breathing of the house. She put her arms round a cold banister and hugged it hard. It hurt her, and she embraced it the harder. The first tears of self-pity came welling up, and without warning a great sob burst out of her. Alarmed at the sound, she smothered her mouth with her arm. No good; they came breaking out! A door opened; all the blood rushed to her heart and away from it, and with a little dreadful gurgle she was silent. Some one was listening. How long that terrible listening lasted she had no idea; then footsteps, and she was conscious that it was standing in the dark behind her. A foot touched her back. She gave a little gasp. Derek's voice whispered hoarsely:

"What? Who are you?"

And, below her breath, she answered: "Nedda."

His arms wrenched her away from the banister, his voice in her ear said:

"Nedda, darling, Nedda!"

But despair had sunk too deep; she could only quiver and shake and try to drive sobbing out of her breath. Then, most queer, not his words, nor the feel of his arms, comforted her—any one could pity!—but the smell and the roughness of his Norfolk jacket. Then he, too, had not been in bed; he, too, had been unhappy! And, burying her face in his sleeve, she murmured:

"Oh, Derek! Why?"

"I didn't want them all to see. I can't bear to give it away. Nedda, come down lower and let's love each other!"

Softly, stumbling, clinging together, they went down to the last turn of the wide stairs. How many times had she not sat there, in white frocks, her hair hanging down as now, twisting the tassels of little programmes covered with hieroglyphics only intelligible to herself, talking spasmodically to spasmodic boys with budding 'tails,' while Chinese lanterns let fall their rose and orange light on them and all the other little couples as exquisitely devoid of ease. Ah! it was worth those hours of torture to sit there together now, comforting each other with hands and lips and whisperings. It was more, as much more than that moment in the orchard, as sun shining after a Spring storm is more than sun in placid mid-July. To hear him say: "Nedda, I love you!" to feel it in his hand clasped on her heart was much more, now that she knew how difficult it was for him to say or show it, except in the dark with her alone. Many a long day they might have gone through together that would not have shown her so much of his real heart as that hour of whispering and kisses.

He had known she was unhappy, and yet he couldn't! It had only made him more dumb! It was awful to be like that! But now that she knew, she was glad to think that it was buried so deep in him and kept for her alone. And if he did it again she would just know that it was only shyness and pride. And he was not a brute and a beast, as he insisted. But suppose she had chanced not to come out! Would she ever have lived through the night? And she shivered.

"Are you cold, darling? Put on my coat."

It was put on her in spite of all effort to prevent him. Never was anything so warm, so delicious, wrapping her in something more than Harris tweed. And the hall clock struck—Two!

She could just see his face in the glimmer that filtered from the skylight at the top. And she felt that he was learning her, learning all that she had to give him, learning the trust that was shining through her eyes. There was just enough light for them to realize the old house watching from below and from above—a glint on the dark floor there, on the dark wall here; a blackness that seemed to be inhabited by some spirit, so that their hands

clutched and twitched as the tiny, tiny noises of Time, playing in wood and stone, clicked out.

That stare of the old house, with all its knowledge of lives past, of youth and kisses spent and gone, of hopes spun and faiths abashed, the old house cynical, stirred in them desire to clutch each other close and feel the thrill of peering out together into mystery that must hold for them so much of love and joy and trouble! And suddenly she put her fingers to his face, passed them softly, clingingly, over his hair, forehead, eyes, traced the sharp cheek-bones down to his jaw, round by the hard chin up to his lips, over the straight bone of his nose, lingering, back, to his eyes again.

"Now, if I go blind, I shall know you. Give me one kiss, Derek. You *must* be tired."

Buried in the old dark house that kiss lasted long; then, tiptoeing—she in front—pausing at every creak, holding breath, they stole up to their rooms. And the clock struck—Three!

XVI

Felix (nothing if not modern) had succumbed already to the feeling that youth ruled the roost. Whatever his misgivings, his and Flora's sense of loss, Nedda must be given a free hand! Derek gave no outward show of his condition, and but for his little daughter's happy serenity Felix would have thought as she had thought that first night. He had a feeling that his nephew rather despised one so soaked in mildness and reputation as Felix Freeland; and he got on better with Sheila, not because she was milder, but because she was devoid of that scornful tang that clung about her brother. No! Sheila was not mild. Rich-colored, downright of speech, with her mane of short hair, she was a no less startling companion. The smile of Felix had never been more whimsically employed than during that ten-day visit. The evening John Freeland came to dinner was the high-water mark of his alarmed amusement. Mr. Cuthcott, also bidden, at Nedda's instigation, seemed to take a mischievous delight in drawing out those two young people in face of their official uncle. The pleasure of the dinner to Felix—and it was not too great—was in watching Nedda's face. She hardly spoke, but how she listened! Nor did Derek say much, but what he did say had a queer, sarcastic twinge about it.

"An unpleasant young man," was John's comment afterward. "How the deuce did he ever come to be Tod's son? Sheila, of course, is one of these hot-headed young women that make themselves a nuisance nowadays, but she's intelligible. By the way, that fellow Cuthcott's a queer chap!"

One subject of conversation at dinner had been the morality of revolutionary violence. And the saying that had really upset John had been Derek's: "Conflagration first—morality afterward!" He had looked at his nephew from under brows which a constant need for rejecting petitions to the Home Office had drawn permanently down and in toward the nose, and made no answer.

To Felix these words had a more sinister significance. With his juster appreciation both of the fiery and the official points of view, his far greater insight into his nephew than ever John would have, he saw that they were more than a mere arrow of controversy. And he made up his mind that night that he would tackle his nephew and try to find out exactly what was glowering within that crisp, black pate.

Following him into the garden next morning, he said to himself: 'No irony—that's fatal. Man to man—or boy to boy—whichever it is!' But, on the garden path, alongside that young spread-eagle, whose dark, smouldering, self-contained face he secretly admired, he merely began:

"How do you like your Uncle John, Derek?"

"He doesn't like me, Uncle Felix."

Somewhat baffled, Felix proceeded:

"I say, Derek, fortunately, or unfortunately, I've some claim now to a little knowledge of you. You've got to open out a bit to me. What are you going to do with yourself in life? You can't support Nedda on revolution."

Having drawn this bow at a venture, he paused, doubtful of his wisdom. A glance at Derek's face confirmed his doubt. It was closer than ever, more defiant.

"There's a lot of money in revolution, Uncle Felix—other peoples'."

Dash the boy! There was something in him! He swerved off to a fresh line.

"How do you like London?"

"I don't like it. But, Uncle Felix, don't you wish *you* were seeing it for the first time? What books you'd write!"

Felix felt that unconscious thrust go 'home.' Revolt against staleness and clipped wings, against the terrible security of his too solid reputation, smote him.

"What strikes you most about it, then?" he asked.

"That it ought to be jolly well blown up. Everybody seems to know that, too—they look it, anyway, and yet they go on as if it oughtn't."

"Why ought it to be blown up?"

"Well, what's the good of anything while London and all these other big towns are sitting on the country's chest? England must have been a fine place once, though!"

"Some of us think it a fine place still."

"Of course it is, in a way. But anything new and keen gets sat on. England's like an old tom-cat by the fire: too jolly comfortable for anything!"

At this support to his own theory that the country was going to the dogs, owing to such as John and Stanley, Felix thought: 'Out of the mouths of babes!' But he merely said: "You're a cheerful young man!"

"It's got cramp," Derek muttered; "can't even give women votes. Fancy my mother without a vote! And going to wait till every laborer is off the land before it attends to them. It's like the port you gave us last night, Uncle Felix, wonderful crust!"

"And what is to be your contribution to its renovation?"

Derek's face instantly resumed its peculiar defiant smile, and Felix thought: 'Young brute! He's as close as wax.' After their little talk, however, he had more understanding of his nephew. His defiant self-sufficiency seemed more genuine. . . .

In spite of his sensations when dining with Felix, John Freeland (little if not punctilious) decided that it was incumbent on him to have the 'young Tods' to dinner, especially since Frances Freeland had come to stay with him the day after the arrival of those two young people at Hampstead. She had reached Porchester Gardens faintly flushed from the prospect of seeing darling John, with one large cane trunk, and a hand-bag of a pattern which the man in the shop had told her was the best thing out. It had a clasp which had worked beautifully in the shop, but which, for some reason, on the journey had caused her both pain and anxiety. Convinced, however, that she could cure it and open the bag the moment she could get to that splendid new pair of pincers in her trunk, which a man had only yesterday told her were the latest, she still felt that she had a soft thing, and dear John must have one like it if she could get him one at the Stores to-morrow.

John, who had come away early from the Home Office, met her in that dark hall, to which he had paid no attention since his young wife died, fifteen years ago. Embracing him, with a smile of love almost timorous from intensity, Frances Freeland looked him up and down, and, catching what light there was gleaming on his temples, determined that she had in her bag, as soon as she could get it open, the very thing for dear John's hair. He had such a nice mustache, and it was a pity he was getting bald. Brought to her room, she sat down rather suddenly, feeling, as a fact, very much like fainting—a condition of affairs to which she had never in the past and intended never in the future to come, making such a fuss! Owing to that nice new patent clasp, she had not been able to get at her smelling-salts, nor the little flask of brandy and the one hard-boiled egg without which she never travelled. And for want of a cup of tea her soul was nearly dying within her. Dear John would never think she had not had anything since breakfast (she travelled always by a slow train, disliking motion), and she would not for the world let him know—so near dinner-time, giving a lot of trouble! She therefore stayed quite quiet, smiling a little, for fear he might suspect her. Seeing John, however, put her bag down in the wrong place, she felt stronger.

"No, darling—not there—in the window."

And while he was changing the position

of the bag, her heart swelled with joy because his back was so straight, and with the thought: 'What a pity the dear boy has never married again! It does so keep a man from getting moony!' With all that writing and thinking he had to do, such important work, too, it would have been so good for him, especially at night. She would not have expressed it thus in words—that would not have been quite nice—but in thought Frances Freeland was a realist.

When he was gone, and she could do as she liked, she sat stiller than ever, knowing by long experience that to indulge oneself in private only made it more difficult not to indulge oneself in public. It really was provoking that this nice new clasp should go wrong just this once, and that the first time it was used! And she took from her pocket a tiny prayer-book, and, holding it to the light, read the eighteenth psalm—it was a particularly good one, that never failed her when she felt low—she used no glasses, and up to the present had avoided any line between the brows, knowing it was her duty to remain as nice as she could to look at, so as not to spoil the pleasure of people round about her. Then saying to herself firmly, "I do not, I *will* not want any tea—but I shall be glad of dinner!" she rose and opened her cane trunk. Though she knew exactly where they were, she was some time finding the pincers, because there were so many interesting things above them, each raising a different train of thought. A pair of field-glasses, the very latest—the man had said—for darling Derek; they would be so useful to keep his mind from thinking about things that it was no good thinking about. And for dear Flora (how wonderful that she could write poetry—poetry!) a really splendid, and perfectly new, little pill. She herself had already taken two, and they had suited her to perfection. For darling Felix a new kind of eau de cologne, made in Worcester, because that was the only scent he would use. For her pet Nedda, a piece of 'point de Venise' that she really could not be selfish enough to keep any longer, especially as she was particularly fond of it. For Alan, a new kind of tin-opener that the dear boy would like enormously; he was so nice and practical. For Sheila, such a nice new novel by Mr. and Mrs. Whirlingham—a bright, wholesome tale, with such a good description of quite a new country in it—the dear child was so clever, it would be a change for her. Then, actually resting on the pincers, she came on her pass-book, recently made up, containing little or no balance, just enough to get darling John that bag like hers with the new clasp, which would be so handy for his papers when he went travelling. And having reached the pincers, she took them in her hand, and sat down again to be quite quiet a moment, with her still-dark eyelashes resting on her ivory cheeks and her lips pressed to a colorless line; for her head swam from stooping over. In repose, with three flies circling above her fine gray hair, she might have served a sculptor for a study of the stoic spirit. Then, going to the bag, her compressed lips twitching, her gray eyes piercing into its clasp with a kind of distrustful optimism, she lifted the pincers and tweaked it hard.

If the atmosphere of that dinner, to which all six from Hampstead came, was less disturbed than John anticipated, it was due to his sense of hospitality, and to every one's feeling that controversy would puzzle and distress Granny. That there were things about which people differed, Frances Freeland well knew, but that they should so differ about them as to make them forget to smile and have good manners would not have seemed right to her at all. And of this, in her presence, they were all conscious; so that when they had reached the asparagus there was hardly anything left that could by any possibility be talked about. And this—for fear of seeming awkward—they at once proceeded to discuss, Flora remarking that London was very full. John agreed.

Frances Freeland, smiling, said:

"It's so nice for Derek and Sheila to be seeing it like this for the first time."

Sheila said:

"Why? Isn't it always as full as this?"

John answered:

"In August practically empty. They say a hundred thousand people, at least, go away."

"Double!" remarked Felix.

"The figures are variously given. My estimate——"

"One in sixty. That shows you!"

At this interruption of Derek's John frowned slightly. "What does it show you?" he said.

Derek glanced at his grandmother.

"Oh, nothing!"

"Of course it shows you," exclaimed Sheila, "what a heartless great place it is. All 'the world' goes out of town, and 'London's empty!' But if you weren't told so you'd never know the difference."

Derek muttered: "I think it shows more than that."

Under the table Flora was touching John's foot warningly; Nedda attempting to touch Derek's; Felix endeavoring to catch John's eye; Alan trying to catch Sheila's; John biting his mustache and looking carefully at nothing. Only Frances Freeland was smiling and gazing lovingly at dear Derek, thinking he would be so handsome when he had grown a nice black mustache. And she said:

"Yes, dear. What were you going to say?"

Derek looked up.

"Do you really want it, Granny?"

Nedda murmured across the table: "No, Derek."

Frances Freeland raised her brows quizzically. She almost looked arch.

"But of course I do, darling. I want to hear immensely. It's so interesting."

"Derek was going to say, Mother"—every one at once looked at Felix, who had thus broken in—"that all we West-End people—John and I and Flora and Stanley, and even you—all we people born in purple and fine linen, are so accustomed to think we're all that matters, that when we're out of London there's nobody in it. He meant to say that this is appalling enough, but that what is still more appalling is the fact that we really *are* all that matters, and that if people try to disturb us, we can, and jolly well will, take care they don't disturb us long. Is that what you meant, Derek?"

Derek turned a rather startled look on Felix.

"What he meant to say," went on Felix, "was, that age and habit, vested interests, culture and security sit so heavy on this country's chest, that aspiration may wriggle and squirm but will never get from under. That, for all we pretend to admire enthusiasm and youth, and the rest of it, we push it out of us just a little faster than it grows up. Is that what you meant, Derek?"

"You'll try to, but you won't succeed!"

"I'm afraid we shall, and with a smile, too, so that you won't see us doing it."

"I call that devilish."

"I call it natural. Look at a man who's growing old; notice how very gracefully and gradually he does it. Take my hair—your aunt says she can't tell the difference from month to month. And there it is, or rather isn't—little by little."

Frances Freeland, who during Felix's long speech had almost closed her eyes, opened them, and looked piercingly at the top of his head.

"Darling," she said, "I've got the very thing for it. You must take some with you when you go to-night. John is going to try it."

Checked in the flow of his philosophy, Felix blinked like an owl surprised.

"Mother," he said, "*you* only have the gift of keeping young."

"Oh! my dear, I'm getting dreadfully old. I have the greatest difficulty in keeping awake sometimes when people are talking. But I mean to fight against it. It's so dreadfully rude, and ugly, too; I catch myself sometimes with my mouth open."

Flora said quietly: "Granny, I have the very best thing for that—quite new!"

A sweet but rather rueful smile passed over Frances Freeland's face. "Now," she said, "you're chaffing me," and her eyes looked loving.

It is doubtful if John understood the drift of Felix's exordium, it is doubtful if he had quite listened—he having so much to not listen to at the Home Office that the practice was growing on him. A vested interest to John was a vested interest, culture was culture, and security was certainly security—none of them were symbols of age. Further, the social question—at least so far as it had to do with outbreaks of youth and enthusiasm—was too familiar to him to have any general significance whatever. What with women, labor people, and the rest of it, he had no time for philosophy—a dubious process at

the best. A man who had to get through so many daily hours of real work did not dissipate his energy in speculation. But, though he had not listened to Felix's remarks, they had ruffled him. There is no philosophy quite so irritating as that of a brother! True, no doubt, that the country was in a bad way, but as to vested interests and security, that was all nonsense! The guilty causes were free thought and industrialism.

Having seen them all off to Hampstead, he gave his mother her good-night kiss. He was proud of her, a wonderful woman, who always put a good face on everything! Even her funny way of always having some new thing or other to do you good—even that was all part of her wanting to make the best of things. She never lost her 'form'!

John worshipped that kind of stoicism which would die with its head up rather than live with its tail down. Perhaps the moment of which he was most proud in all his life was that when, at the finish of his school mile, he overheard a vulgar bandsman say: "I like that young ——'s running; he breathes through his —— nose." At that moment, if he had stooped to breathe through his mouth, he must have won; as it was he had lost in great distress and perfect form.

When, then, he had kissed Frances Freeland, and watched her ascend the stairs, breathless because she *would* breathe through her nose to the very last step, he turned into his study, lighted his pipe, and sat down to a couple of hours of a report upon the forces of constabulary available in the various counties, in the event of any further agricultural rioting, such as had recently taken place on a mild scale in one or two districts where there was still Danish blood. He worked at the numbers steadily, with just that engineer's touch of mechanical invention which had caused him to be so greatly valued in a department where the evolution of twelve policemen out of ten was constantly desired. His mastery of figures was highly prized, for, while it had not any of that flamboyance which has come from America and the game of poker, it possessed a kind of English optimism, only dangerous when, as rarely happened, it was put to the test. He worked two full pipes long, and looked at the clock. Twelve! No good knocking off just yet! He had no liking for bed this many a long year, having, from loyalty to memory and a drier sense of what became one in the Home Department, preserved his form against temptations of the flesh. Yet, somehow, to-night he felt no spring, no inspiration, in his handling of county constabulary. A kind of English stolidity about them baffled him—ten of them remained ten. And leaning that forehead, whose height so troubled Frances Freeland, on his neat hand, he fell to brooding. Those young people with everything before them! Did he envy them? Or was he glad of his own age? Fifty! Fifty already; a fogey! An official fogey! For all the world like an umbrella, that every day some one put into a stand and left there till it was time to take it out again. Neatly rolled, too, with an elastic and button! And this fancy, which had never come to him before, surprised him. One day he, too, would wear out, slit all up his seams, and they would leave him at home, or give him away to the butler.

He went to the window. A scent of—of May, or something! And nothing in sight save houses just like his own! He looked up at the strip of sky privileged to hang just there. He had got a bit rusty with his stars. There, however, certainly was Venus. And he thought of how he had stood by the ship's rail on that honeymoon trip of his twenty years ago, giving his young wife her first lesson in counting the stars. And something very deep down, very mossed and crusted over in John's heart, beat and stirred, and hurt him. Nedda—he had caught her looking at that young fellow just as Anne had once looked at him, John Freeland, now an official fogey, an umbrella in a stand. There was a policeman! How ridiculous the fellow looked, putting one foot before the other, flirting his lantern and trying the area gates! This confounded scent of May—could it be May?—got here into the heart of London! The look in that girl's eyes! What was he about, to let them make him feel as though he could give his soul for a face looking up into his own, for a breast touching his, and the scent of a woman's hair.

Hang it! He would smoke a cigarette and go to bed! He turned out the light and began to mount the stairs; they creaked abominably—the felt must be wearing out. A woman about the place would have kept them quiet. Reaching the landing of the second floor, he paused a moment from habit, to look down into the dark hall. A voice, thin, sweet, almost young, said:

"Is that you, darling?" John's heart stood still. What—was that? Then he perceived that the door of the room that had been his wife's was open, and remembered that his mother was in there.

"What! Aren't you asleep, Mother?"

Frances Freeland's voice answered cheerfully: "Oh, no, dear; I'm never asleep before two. Come in."

John entered. Propped very high on her pillows, in perfect regularity, his mother lay. Her carved face was surmounted by a piece of fine lace, her thin, white fingers on the turnover of the sheet moved in continual interlocking, her lips smiled.

"There's something you must have," she said. "I left my door open on purpose. Give me that little bottle, darling."

John took from a small table by the bed a still smaller bottle. Frances Freeland opened it, and out came three tiny white globules.

"Now," she said, "pop them in! You've no idea how they'll send you to sleep! They're the most splendid things; perfectly harmless. Just let them rest on the tongue and swallow!"

John let them rest—they were sweetish—and swallowed.

"How is it, then," he said, "that you never go to sleep before two?"

Frances Freeland corked the little bottle, as if enclosing within it that awkward question.

"They don't happen to act with me, darling; but that's nothing. It's the very thing for any one who has to sit up so late," and her eyes searched his face. Yes—they seemed to say—I know you pretend to have work; but if you only had a dear little wife!

"I shall leave you this bottle when I go. Kiss me."

John bent down, and received one of those kisses of hers that had such sudden vitality in the middle of them, as if her lips were trying to get inside his cheek. From the door he looked back. She was smiling, composed again to her stoic wakefulness.

"Shall I shut the door, Mother?"

"Please, darling."

With a little lump in his throat John closed the door.

XVII

The London which Derek had said should be blown up was at its maximum of life those May days. Even on this outer rampart of Hampstead, people, engines, horses, all had a touch of the Spring fever; indeed, especially on this rampart of Hampstead was there increase of the effort to believe that nature was not dead and embalmed in books. The poets, painters, talkers who lived up there were at each other all the time in their great game of make-believe. How could it be otherwise, when there was veritably blossom on the trees and the chimneys were ceasing to smoke? How otherwise, when the sun actually shone on the ponds? But the four young people (for Alan joined in—hypnotized by Sheila) did not stay in Hampstead. Chiefly on top of tram and 'bus they roamed the wilderness. Bethnal Green and Leytonstone, Kensington and Lambeth, St. James's and Soho, Whitechapel, Shoreditch, West Ham, and Piccadilly, they traversed the whole ant-heap at its most ebullient moment. They knew their Whitman and their Dostoievsky sufficiently to be aware that they ought to love and delight in everything: in the gentleman walking down Piccadilly with a flower in his buttonhole, and in the lady sewing that buttonhole in Bethnal Green; in the orator bawling himself hoarse close to the Marble Arch, the coster loading his barrow in Covent Garden; and in Uncle John Freeland rejecting petitions in Whitehall. All these things, of course, together with the long lines of little gray houses in Camden Town, long lines of carts with bobtail horses rattling over Blackfriars' Bridge, long smells drifting behind taxicabs—all these things were as delightful and as stimulating to the soul as the clouds that trailed the heavens, the

fronds of the lilac, and Leonardo's Cartoon in the Diploma Gallery. All were equal manifestations of that energy in flower known as 'Life.' They knew that everything they saw and felt and smelled *ought* equally to make them long to catch creatures to their hearts and cry: Hosanna! And Nedda and Alan, bred in Hampstead, even knew that to admit that these things did not all move them in the same way would be regarded as a sign of anæmia. Nevertheless—most queerly—these four young people confessed to each other all sorts of sensations besides that 'Hosanna' one. They even confessed to rage and pity and disgust one moment, and to joy and dreams the next, and they differed greatly as to what excited which. It was truly odd! The only thing on which they did seem to agree was that they were having 'a thundering good time.' A sort of sense of "Blow everything!" was in their wings, and this was due not to the fact that they were thinking of and loving and admiring the little gray streets and the gentleman in Piccadilly—as, no doubt, in accordance with modern culture, they should have been—but to the fact that they were loving and admiring themselves, and that entirely without the trouble of thinking about it at all. The practice, too, of dividing into couples was distinctly precious to them, for, though they never failed to start out together, they never failed to come home two by two. In this way did they put to confusion Whitman and Dostoievsky, and all the other thinkers in Hampstead. In the daytime they all, save Alan, felt that London ought to be blown up; but at night it undermined their philosophies so that they sat silent on the tops of their respective 'buses, with arms twined in each others'. For then a something seemed to have floated up from that mass of houses and machines, of men and trees, and to be hovering above them, violet-colored, caught between the stars and the lights, a spirit of such overpowering beauty that it drenched even Alan in a kind of awe. After all, the huge creature that sat with such a giant's weight on the country's chest, the monster that had spoiled so many fields and robbed so many lives of peace and health, could fly at night upon blue and gold and purple wings, murmur a passionate lullaby, and fall into deep sleep!

One such night they went to the gallery at the opera, to supper at an oyster-shop, under Alan's pilotage, and then set out to walk back to Hampstead, timing themselves to catch the dawn. They had not gone twenty steps up Southampton Row before Alan and Sheila were forty steps in front. A fellow-feeling had made Derek and Nedda stand to watch an old man who walked, tortuous, extremely happy, bidding them all come. And when they moved on, it was very slowly, just keeping sight of the others across the lumbered dimness of Covent Garden, where tarpaulin-covered carts and barrows seemed to slumber under the blink of lamps and watchmen's lanterns. Across Long Acre they came into a street where there was not a soul save the two others, a long way ahead. Walking with his arm tightly laced with hers, touching her all down one side, Derek felt that it would be glorious to be attacked by night-birds in this dark, lonely street, to have a splendid fight and drive them off, showing himself to Nedda for a man and her protector. But nothing save one black cat came near, and that ran for its life. He bent round and looked under the blue veil-thing that wrapped Nedda's head. Her face seemed mysteriously lovely, and her eyes, lifted so quickly, mysteriously true. She said:

"Derek, I feel like a hill with the sun on it!"

"I feel like that yellow cloud with the wind in it."

"I feel like an apple-tree coming into blossom."

"I feel like a giant."

"I feel like a song."

"I feel I could sing you."

"On a river, floating along."

"A wide one, with great plains on each side, and beasts coming down to drink, and either the sun or a yellow moon shining, and some one singing, too, far off."

"The Red Sarafan."

"Let's run!"

From that yellow cloud sailing in moonlight a spurt of rain had driven into their faces, and they ran as fast as their blood was flowing, and the raindrops coming down, jumping half the width of the little dark streets, clutching each other's arms.

And peering round into her face, so sweet and breathless, into her eyes, so dark and dancing, he felt he could run all night if he had her there to run beside him through the dark. Into another street they dashed, and again another, till she stopped, panting.

"Where are we now?"

Neither knew. A policeman put them right for Portland Place. Half-past one! And it would be dawn soon after three! They walked soberly again now into the outer circle of Regent's Park; talked soberly, too, discussing sublunary matters, and every now and then, their arms round each other, gave little convulsive squeezes. The rain had stopped and the moon shone clear; by its light the trees and flowers were clothed in colors whose blood had spilled away; the town's murmur was dying, the house lights dead already. They came out of the park into a road where the latest taxis were rattling past; a face, a bare neck, silk hat, or shirt-front gleamed in the window-squares, and now and then a laugh came floating through. They stopped to watch them from under the low-hanging branches of an acacia-tree, and Derek, gazing at her face, still wet with rain, so young and round and soft, thought: 'Fancy her loving me!' Suddenly she clutched him round the neck, and their lips met.

They talked not at all for a long time after that kiss, walking slowly up the long, empty road, while the whitish clouds sailed across the dark river of the sky and the moon slowly sank. This was the most delicious part of all that long walk home, for the kiss had made them feel as though they had no bodies, but were just two spirits walking side by side. This is its curious effect sometimes in first love between the very young. . . .

Having sent Flora to bed, Felix was sitting up among his books. There was no need to do this, for the young folk had latch-keys, but, having begun the vigil, he went on with it, a volume about Eastern philosophies on his knee, a bowl of narcissus blooms giving forth unexpected whiffs of odor. And he sank into a long revery.

Could it be said—as was said in this Eastern book—that man's life was really but a dream; could it be said with any more truth than it had once been said, that he rose again in his body, to perpetual life? Could anything be said with truth, save that we knew nothing? And was that not really what had always been said by man—that we knew nothing, but were just blown over and about the world like soughs of wind, in obedience to some immortal, unknowable coherence! But had that want of knowledge ever retarded what was known as the upward growth of man? Had it ever stopped man from working, fighting, loving, dying like a hero if need were? Had faith ever been anything but embroidery to an instinctive heroism, so strong that it needed no such trappings? Had faith ever been anything but anodyne, or gratification of the æsthetic sense? Or had it really body and substance of its own? Was it something absolute and solid, that he—Felix Freeland—had missed? Or again, was it, perhaps, but the natural concomitant of youth, a naïve effervescence with which thought and brooding had to part? And, turning the page of his book, he noticed that he could no longer see to read, the lamp had grown too dim, and was but a decorative glow in the bright moonlight flooding through the study window. He got up and put another log on the fire, for these last nights of May were chilly.

Nearly three! Where were these young people? Had he been asleep, and they come in? Sure enough, in the hall Alan's hat and Sheila's cloak—the dark-red one he had admired when she went forth—were lying on a chair. But of the other two—nothing! He crept up-stairs. Their doors were open. They certainly took their time—these young lovers. And the same sore feeling which had attacked Felix when Nedda first told him of her love came on him badly in that small of the night when his vitality was lowest. All the hours she had spent clambering about him, or quietly resting on his knee with her head tucked in just where his arm and shoulder met, listening while he read or told her stories, and now and again turning those clear eyes of hers wide open to his face, to see if he meant it; the wilful little tugs of her hand when they two went exploring the customs of birds, or bees, or flowers; all her 'Daddy, I love yous!' and her rushes to the front door,

and long hugs when he came back from a travel; all those later crookings of her little finger in his, and the times he had sat when she did not know it, watching her, and thinking: 'That little creature, with all that's before her, is my very own to love and take care of, and share joy and sorrow with. . . .' Each one of all these seemed to come now and tweak at him, as the songs of blackbirds tweak the heart of one who lies, unable to get out into the Spring. His lamp had burned itself quite out; the moon was fallen below the clump of pines, and away to the north-east something stirred in the stain and texture of the sky. Felix opened the window. What peace out there! The chill, scentless peace of night, waiting for dawn's renewal of warmth and youth. Through that bay window facing north he could see on one side the town, still wan with the light of its lamps, on the other the country, whose dark bloom was graying fast. Suddenly a tiny bird twittered, and Felix saw his two truants coming slowly from the gate across the grass, his arm round her shoulders, hers round his waist. With their backs turned to him, they passed the corner of the house, across where the garden sloped away. There they stood above the wide country, their bodies outlined against a sky fast growing light, evidently waiting for the sun to rise. Silent they stood, while the birds, one by one, twittered out their first calls. And suddenly Felix saw the boy fling his hand up into the air. The Sun! Far away on the gray horizon was a flare of red!

(To be continued.)

THE SPRINGTIME PLAINS

By Badger Clark

HEART of me, are you hearing
The drum of hoofs in the rains?
Over the Springtime plains I ride
Knee to knee with Spring
And glad as the summering sun that comes
Galloping north through the zodiac!
Heart of me, let's forget
The plains death-white and still,
When lonely love through the stillness called
Like a smothered stream that sings of Summer
Under the snow on a Winter night.
Now the frost is blown from the sky
And the plains are living again.
Lark lovers sing on the sunrise trail,
Wild horses call to me out of the moon,
Watching me pass with impish eyes,
Gray coyotes laugh in the quiet dusk
And the plains are glad all day with me.
Heart of me, all the way
My heart and the hoofs keep time,
And the wide, sweet winds from the greening world
Shout in my ears a glory song,
For nearer, nearer, mile and mile,
Over the quivering rim of the plains,
Is a valley that Spring and I love best
And the waiting eyes of you!

· THE POINT OF VIEW ·

IT seems incongruous to summon the poet Spenser as champion for either side of the woman question. His "Faerie Queene," for all its combats and encounters, is, to those who love it,

"The world's sweet inn from pain and wearisome turmoil."

Yet behind the gold of romance and the twilight of mysterious forests there lurks many a problem. Elizabethan England was beset with difficulties.

When Woman Wins

Apparently one of these was a question old as the ages. Radigund was her name. She bore arms and armor, as women do in the "Faerie Queene," and she did not play the rules of the game. Meeting Sir Artegall in single combat, she spent herself in uncontrolled attack, "laying on every side." Her courage grew even as her strength failed; Radigund was unquestionably in earnest. Yet she was no match for the quiet man who let her rage at first, and then disarmed her of shield and helmet and felled her to the ground. While she swooned—militants do swoon at times—he uncovered her face and saw, to his consternation, that she was not the man she seemed, but a woman, "a miracle of nature's goodly grace," albeit marred by blood and sweat. No longer could he meet her as an equal,

"No hand so cruel, nor no heart so hard
But ruth of beauty will it mollify."

Dropping his sword, he stood irresolute. She sprang up, attacked him afresh, and overcame him, never seeing, in her self-absorption, that he had allowed himself to be taken captive.

He found many a day in which to consider the consequences of chivalry, poor knight; for he was dressed in women's garments and made to spin linen and wool, set in a room with other of her conquered knights. She ruled with a firm hand. The story is the more suggestive when we contemplate the fact that Sir Artegall, enthralled knight, represents Justice. Thus far Spenser would seem to be no friend of woman.

Then—Britomart to the rescue! Britomart, Spenser's champion of innocence, was she with whom Sir Artegall had fallen in love when first he saw her "angel's face" and that long yellow hair of hers,

"Like a golden border."

Chance had separated them, and his long absence had filled her heart with jealous fear. When at last news of his base captivity was brought to her, she fell into a white rage, then rode forth in melancholy,

"Chawing the cud of griefe and inward paine."

Hard would it go with Radigund when this stern Amazon should meet her. They rushed to battle,

"As when a Tigre and a Lionesse
Are met at spoyling of some hungry prey."

It was battle to the death. To whom should Radigund bow but to a woman? The golden-haired Britomart conquered, freed all the petticoated knights, and found her lover Artegall. Thus Justice lived to thank a woman. Incidentally, he married her afterward.

Spenser's attitude is delightfully neutral. Apparently womankind, as he conceived it, was capable of its depths and its heights. Apparently it was a force to be reckoned with. Yet Spenser was no pessimist; neither was he an "anti." He simply knew that it was the women, after all, who were going to settle the matter.

Memories of a Meadow Brook

WE could see, from the top of the long hill, the dent in the meadow that marked the brook's course. My brook began up in the corner of a rolling meadow, coming out of the woods where the springs bubble from the black ground forming a little quiet shadowed pool that made a reservoir of sparkling cold water. Once away from and under the old rail fence, in these latter days reinforced by barbed wire, the little stream began a devious course, twisting and turning every old way. In the

spring the meadows were starred with daisies, bluets, and spring beauties, and the borders of the brook were arched over by alders in many places, their tassel-like catkins swaying in every breeze. Wild roses gathered in colonies, and joepyeweed waved its purplish plumes, covering great patches of the low, wet ground and hillsides. Burr reeds, savory mint, and cress were everywhere. Muskrat holes had broken down the banks in many places, and sometimes you surprised a rat swimming, leaving in his wake a big triangle of ripples. The breaking of a twig underfoot sent him, heels up, silently down below.

The meadow-lark with its plaintive whistle, the scolding redwings building their homes in the grass tussocks, the song-sparrows, the bobolinks with their ebullient roundelay, bob-white and the little chippers were the most frequent bird musicians, but Phœbe loved the borders of the brook and found good hunting there. She would perch on a bare branch, bobbing her tail, suddenly dart off after an insect and back again, and you could plainly hear the click of her beak. The next instant she told you her name in a tender little voice: "Phœbe." I don't know which I like best, the jolly, sparkling, singing, hurrying brook, that goes tinkling over the stones, dodging around corners, or the quiet brook that seems to be resting in the sun, making a mirror for the clouds and sky and near-by trees. Brooks are always two in one, and in following them through the meadows they will change their moods at every turn. In the slow places you will see the whirligig beetles doing the tango and hesitation, and the water-striders rowing up-stream and jumping in the air, their shadows on the sand showing the little dimples in the water made by their feet. Schools of tiny minnows go rushing about, and here and there a little pike, built like a torpedo-boat, will lie in wait for his prey. In the hot summer days dragon-flies —we called them devil's darning-needles and snake-feeders when we were boys—go darting about, occasionally lighting on some twig or water-plant to deposit their eggs. From a thicket comes the Maryland yellow-throat's "Witchery, witchery, witchery," and you may get a glimpse of the little yellow musician peering out at you with the black burglar's mask over his eyes. There are brooks left in New England where one can find that prince of fish, the speckled trout, but he's becoming rarer every year. Where an old bridge crosses there will be cattail flags and fleur-de-lys, and in the late summer the jewel —and pickerel—weed will take possession, the former saluting you with its seed batteries as you brush by. In some quiet backwater above an old, dilapidated mill you will find the white and yellow pond-lilies, their leaves making a stained-glass pattern in the dark water. The brook I especially loved in my boyhood afforded us a place for swimming. We built a dam of stones and turf at a narrow turn and made a pool at least three feet deep! The bottom was mostly sand, but there was some mud, and now and then leeches, "blood-suckers," caused us much unhappiness. You have to pull the pesky things to pieces to get them off. There used to be a blacksmith shop built right over the banks of my brook, at a road crossing, and the shop was a favorite lounging-place. All about the neighborhood you could hear the music of the anvils, and in the shop, in quiet moments, when the gossips were silent, the sound of the happy brook as it rushed along over the rocks below. By middle July or August the brook became only a trickle that found its way slowly through the mint and cress and jewel-weed that clogged its bed. Only after a heavy rain would it resume its blithe way for a short time, but then the water was muddy, and the clouds and blue sky found no place in which to admire themselves. With the full summer the cardinal flower's brilliant red flamed out of some quiet corner and the asters and wild sunflowers were in their glory.

I went back to have a look at the old swimming-hole last summer, and it is still there and the boys of to-day are paddling about in it, going through the motions of learning to swim. Brooks and barefooted, care-free boys go together. A singing heart has the brook, and many a country boy's beats in unison, though he never realizes it until he grows up, and the old care-free music is stilled—but for memories.

A YOUNG acquaintance of mine, whose eyebrows nearly meet over her pretty nose, was once told by a candid friend that such a peculiarity was a sign of a cruel nature. "I get my eyebrows from my grandfather," retorted the girl, "but how do

you know that I don't get my disposition from my grandmother?"

The Freakishness of Heredity

Our different inherited traits are capable of combinations enough to make the head of a eugenist swim and to upset all his calculations. And how can anybody possibly dream of getting the right mixture when every one has so very many ancestors? Take, for instance, my neighbors, the Robinsons. They are a model couple of the old-fashioned oak-and-ivy type. He is a most upright man, a trifle rigid perhaps, but a model of private and public virtue, while her amiable and yielding disposition ensures the domestic harmony and happiness which might be lacking if he had married a woman of his own sort. For Robinson has an iron will. In a moment of confidence he told me that he needed it; that only by virtue of it had he been able to overcome certain deplorable tendencies in himself, his inheritance from a disreputable grandfather. "And I pray that they may end in me," he added. He was thinking of little John, and since then he has had food for thought. Little John is a pleasant boy, with his mother's facile disposition, but, alas! he only too evidently inherits those evil tendencies. With his weak will it is a bad lookout. The other neighbors, who have not shared Robinson's confidence, wonder that the well-brought-up son of those good parents can show such signs of viciousness.

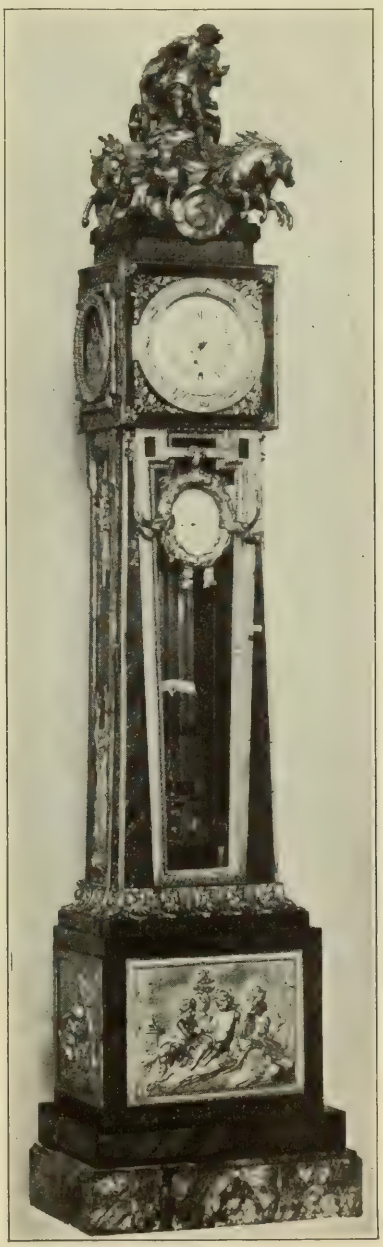
Then there is my friend Camilla Jones. Her mother was a Brown. The Browns are mushy with the milk of human kindness and the Joneses are as hard as nails. You would think that the blend would produce a happy medium. But somehow it isn't a blend. Camilla runs in streaks, like a slice of bacon. One day you will find her very human and tender, in fact, almost too emotional. The next day—or the next moment—you hit the hard streak and find her as impervious to reason as to feeling. At one time fair-minded, at another she is entirely unjust. In short, she is eccentric—but a most interesting and exciting acquaintance. Perhaps the ingredients might have been better united in her children, but Camilla has not married. She was once engaged to be married, but one day when the hard element was uppermost there was a quarrel, and the engagement was broken. I am sure she has never ceased to regret it, but he consoled himself years ago with a pleasant, even-tempered woman, such as men like, and the eugenists cannot try experiments with poor Camilla. As for her, she accepts herself as she is, and has never, I think, asked herself the reason for her inconsistencies; but many persons, like Robinson, realize quite well the source of their peculiarities and conscientiously wage an unceasing internecine warfare. One of my friends was tormented by her inheritance from a stingy grandfather. "I have fought Grandfather B. all my life," she said to me once, "yet I never seem able to down him for good and all. Now, my sister Addie never resists grandfather at all. She is stingy and enjoys it."

It is all very interesting, and it is amusing when it isn't tragic; but a tormenting question persists in thrusting itself forward: Have I, then, nothing of my own? Must my soul always go dressed in hand-me-downs—a virtue from this ancestor, a vice from that one? And how am I to give coherence to these shreds and patches? Is even "God's wind from nowhere which is called the Will" an inheritance like the rest? It may be, but for the moment I feel that it, at least, is mine, and while that moment lasts I shall choose some grandfathers and fight the rest!

·THE FIELD OF ART·

THE FRAGONARD MASTERPIECES IN THE MORGAN COLLECTION

GRANTED that the art of the eighteenth century is very far removed from the present line of artistic endeavor and not to be compared with the greatest epochs of art achievement, still, from an educational standpoint alone, as long as we are to build houses in the French taste and decorate them in the styles of the Louis, it is highly desirable to have here, close at hand, for study and comparison, the very best examples of this charming epoch. In the Morgan Collection are a number of masterpieces that can render great service to the student and be of immense value in cultivating among the general public a fuller knowledge of the fine qualities of the period. Besides, what a joy merely to contemplate these beautiful works of the master craftsmen, whom kings and nobles commanded to produce the very best that was in them for the glory of their palaces and the admiration of future generations!



Tall clock, by Berthoud. French, seventeenth century.

The Fragonard room may well serve as an inspiration to designers of over-doors, *trumeaux*, and the decorative schemes in general that accompany the broad, simple panels, of Trianon gray, for which Ledoux and Verberckt designed the flowery moulding and trellised cornices. Certainly no better model can be called to mind.

Fragonard was the last great offspring of his race and century—the century that Watteau had begun—and his art soars to a sort of apotheosis of its joyous spirit. It all takes place in a land of romance and sentimental poesy well fitted to stimulate the imagination of jaded nobles and worldly women on pleasure bent—a land of dreamy backgrounds and studied tree forms, setting off foolish, pleasing, wholly charming women, while baby "loves" shoot arrows at their tender hearts and gallants kneel sighing at their feet. "Frago," as he was familiarly known when he first studied with Boucher, had saturated himself with this romantic spirit during his sojourn in Rome as *pensionnaire* in the Académie de France. During this period he spent some time as the guest of his patron, the Abbé de Saint-Nom, at the beautiful Villa d'Este, whose cypress-grown gardens, gleaming balustrades, and statues hidden in flowery niches he transcribed in a series of charming sketches that colored and flavored his after work.

As *paysagiste* we know him in many a lovely background that mirrored the stately gardens of his day: in the great "Fête de Saint Cloud," for example, that decorates the Banque de France; in the "Allée Ombrageuse" of the Collection Dutuit; and in his much-copied "Escarpolette" in the Wallace Collection.

The panels at the Metropolitan Museum [see frontispiece] show this phase of his art in its utmost beauty, and one does not know whether to admire more the dreamy gardens with their noble trees toned to the greens and blues born of moonlight or the gay figures that people them or sit pensive at the foot of statues. These paintings were begun about ten years

after the young man's return from Rome for a pavilion the king was building for his favorite la Du Barry at Louveciennes, a lovely spot overlooking Paris from a height beyond the Seine. Whether because of the subject of the final episode or some other royal caprice, they were never accepted by Madame Du Barry, and the painter kept them himself through all his life, transporting them to Grasse at the time of the Terror. Here they remained until recently in the house in which he lived with his friend M. Maubert.



Clock with ormolu mounts, Sèvres. French, eighteenth century.

Pierre de Nolhac, the admirable and erudite *conservateur* of the Palace of Versailles, thus refers to them in his account of the Fragonard Exhibition held in Paris in 1907: "There is lacking notably in this exhibition the capital pieces of his work, the decorative panels inspired by Madame Du Barry, which for a long time have been known as 'les panneaux de Grasse' and which are now in Mr. Pierpont Morgan's home in London. Let us give a regret to these marvellous canvases." And another critic, Emile Molinier, laments that "soon, to know and admire the purest chefs-d'œuvre, we must cross the seas to America; it is there that the Fragonards from Grasse will eventually go; and ungrateful Europe will perceive, but too late, that, like the crow of the fable, she has not known how to retain at home the brightest jewels of her crown."

In the Metropolitan these *panneaux de Grasse* are shown in the setting that Mr. Morgan had provided for them, but here appear to even better advantage than they did in Prince's Gate, for, instead of being behind curtained windows admitting only the dull light of the London street, they are seen in the full glow of the open park, as they would have been shown on the heights of Louveciennes.

They are truly a charming series. Beginning with "La Poursuite," where the heroine "à l'âge qui touche à l'enfance," her arms flung wide apart like a bird, startled, flees from her young lover, "qui lui présente une simple rose," it follows on through the "Rendezvous" and the delicious "Souvenirs" to "L'Amant Couronné." The color also mounts with the story, commencing with the cool grays of the first episode, passing into carnations, roses, and creamy whites in the intermediate canvases, to explode finally in passionate appeals of reds and yellows in the "Lover Crowned."

But, to my mind, the fifth picture, "L'Abandon," is, technically, at all events, the most interesting of the series. And for this reason: whether the artist then foresaw the outcome of his work or whether he knew that Madame Du Barry was not well pleased with what he had done, he did not complete this canvas. So, in it one plainly sees his method of work—the teachings that he had imbibed in Rome and the technical equipment handed down to him by the traditions of his school and race. The canvas is barely covered with a thin wash of golden brown, that he intended should give transparency to the shadows when the grays and greens of foliage and flowers were painted upon it. The figure is laid in with the cool half-tones that gave his masters such concern—those "tons de couleur maniérés . . . trop bleues et d'autres aurores qui ne sont

point naturelles," and which he had copied from Barocci. (What would these same masters have said to-day could they behold the flesh tints of the post-impressionists?)

On these undertones he was to play his customary gamut of color, the tonalities that one sees in the other panels, the roses



Beauvais tapestry, designed by Oudry. French, eighteenth century.

and chromes of skirts playing against golds, greens, and blues of the landscapes, conducting the gleaming waves of light into all the corners of the picture from the central spot, where it sings, to penumbras of shade where it wakes quiet echoes on vase or fountain or leafy distance. If it is harmony carried to excess, too well-considered, too self-conscious, it is also imbued with a charming grace, with a delicate wit, and with the harmonious enchantment born of a half-hour of revery, the evanescent smile of a dream.

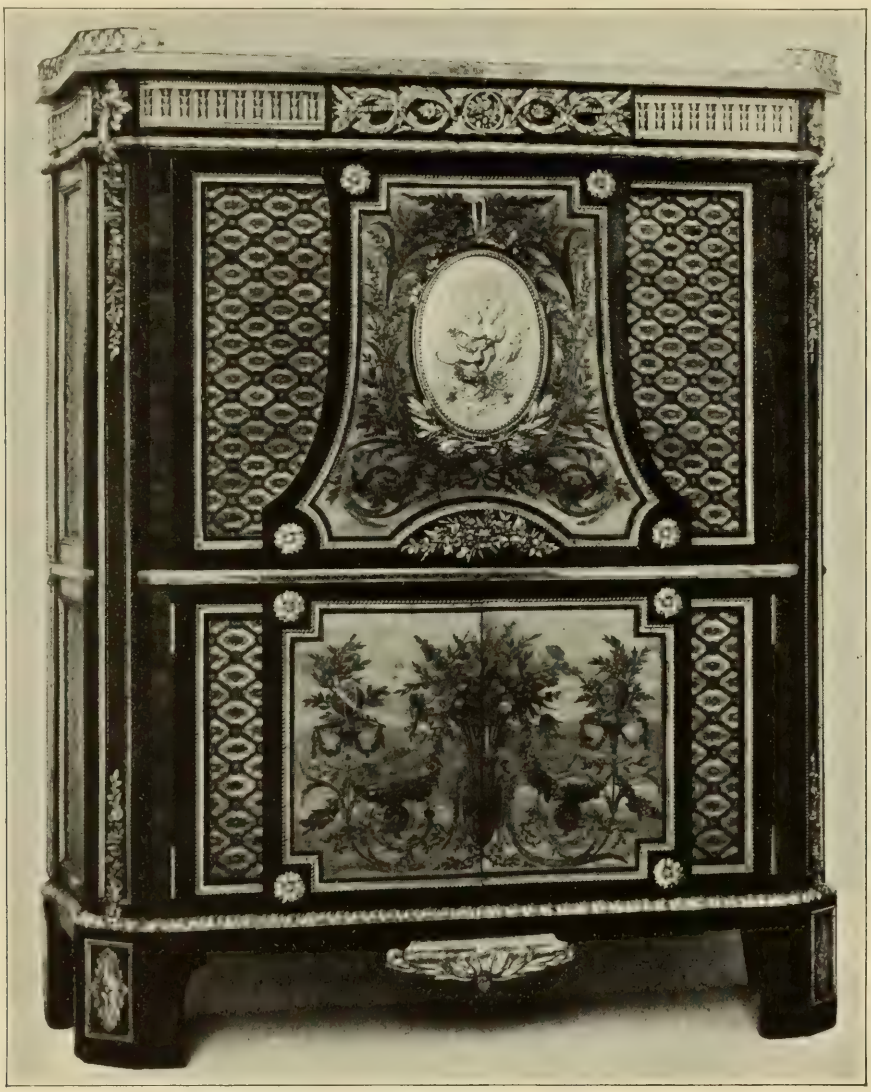
The sixth panel seems out of the picture. It also is unfinished—in fact, scarcely begun—and its oversized "Amours" appear out of scale with the dainty figures of the other panels. But the little "Loves" above the doors and window make up for these, being wholly charming caprices of a poetic imagination.

What Fragonard was to the painter's art of the eighteenth century—the last burst of glory of the epoch—Riesener was to that celebrated band of cabinet-makers who passed their art from father to son, developing and refining their work and leading it from style to style, until it had attained a finish and perfection that has never been equalled before or since. The Morgan Collection boasts two chefs-d'œuvre of these master workers: the secretary and *commode* that Riesener made for the unfortunate Queen's last folly, the Château of Saint Cloud—two pieces of furniture bought for a song by the Duke of Hamilton after the Revolution and which, with an oblong table now belonging to Baron Rothschild, Lady Dilke cites as "the most noticeable of the treasures which came under the hammer at the sale of the Hamilton Palace Collection."

They are signed and dated 1791—a year full of fateful portent in France—and are among the last works by their noted maker. Their simple design—a flat front with side slightly curved outward, but only enough to make them count in the elevation—has been hung with all the art of the most exquisite

workmen. The centre panels are gems of marquetry, flowers, garlands, scrolls, and baskets pieced of the precious woods then employed: maple, tulip, rosewood, and laburnum, and the lovely *bois d'amaranthe*, or purple wood, fitted and polished with a nicety beyond belief. These golden central motives are framed in dark wood and relieved at each side by quiet panels patterned with diaper, themselves bordered with rich, dark frames that form the constructive lines of the piece of furniture. Here the *ébéniste's* work ended and he called in another artist, the *ciseleur*, in this case probably Thomire, for Gouthière's work is earlier. He enriched its angles with garlands, its panels with finely chiselled borders, its drawers and keyholes with ribbons and knots of flowers, and its top with a graceful gallery of delicate openwork.

Thomire and Gouthière were the two master craftsmen of their art and gave an incomparable finish and exceptional elegance to their work. Gouthière, too, had been able to impart to his bronzes a gilding of extraordinary quality, a new tone of dead gold that he claims to have invented and which was only polished in the high lights. In the Morgan Collection are several admirable examples of his art.



Secretary of Marie Antoinette. French, eighteenth century.
Designed by Riesener.—Page 521.

Though there are other fine works in the collection worthy of notice, let us not look at too much at once if we really wish to see and understand. Quantity prevents savoring of quality, and in this highly refined work quality is everything. But let us look at and study these few masterpieces, for, though other gaudy objects may catch our eye, there is little else in this collection of French furniture worthy of comparison with them.

Ernest Peixotto.



THE GYPSY DANCER IN TOREADOR COSTUME.

From the painting by Ignacio Zuloaga, in the collection of Willard D. Straight, Esq.

—"The Field of Art," page 647.

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THE LOOK OF PARIS

(AUGUST, 1914—FEBRUARY, 1915)

BY EDITH WHARTON

I

AUGUST

ON the 30th of last July, motoring north from Poitiers, we had lunched somewhere by the roadside under apple-trees on the edge of a field. Other fields stretched away on our right and left to a border of woodland and a village steeple. All around was noonday quiet, and the sober disciplined landscape which the traveller's memory is apt to evoke as distinctively French. Sometimes, even to accustomed eyes, these ruled-off fields and compact gray villages seem merely flat and tame; at other moments the sensitive imagination sees in every thrifty sod and even furrow the ceaseless vigilant attachment of generations faithful to the soil. The particular bit of landscape before us spoke in all its lines of that attachment. The air seemed full of the long murmur of human effort, the rhythm of oft-repeated tasks; the serenity of the scene smiled away the war rumours which had hung on us since morning.

All day the sky had been banked with thunder-clouds, but by the time we reached Chartres, toward four o'clock, they had rolled away under the horizon, and the town was so saturated with sunlight that to pass into the cathedral was like entering the dense obscurity of a church in Spain. At first all detail was imperceptible: we were in a hollow night. Then, as the shadows gradually thinned and gathered themselves up into pier and vault and ribbing, there burst out of them great sheets and showers of colour. Framed by such depths of darkness, and steeped in a blaze of midsummer sun, the familiar windows seemed singularly remote and yet overpoweringly vivid. Now they widened into dark-shored pools splashed with sunset, now glittered and menaced like the shields of fighting angels. Some were cataracts of sapphires, others roses dropped from a saint's tunic, others great carven platters strewn with heavenly regalia, others the sails of galleons bound for the Purple Islands; and in the western wall the scattered fires of the rose-window hung like a constellation in an African night. When one dropped one's eyes from these ethereal harmonies, the dark masses of masonry below them, all veiled and muffled in a mist pricked by a few altar lights, seemed to symbolize the life on earth, with its shadows, its heavy distances and its little islands of illusion. All that a great cathedral can be, all the meanings it can express, all the tranquillizing power it can breathe upon the soul, all the richness of detail it can fuse into a large utterance of strength and beauty, the cathedral of Chartres gave us in that perfect hour.

It was sunset when we reached the gates of Paris. Under the heights of St. Cloud and Suresnes the reaches of the Seine trembled with the blue-pink lustre of an early Monet. The Bois lay about us in the stillness of a holiday eve-

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ning, and the lawns of Bagatelle were as fresh as June. Below the Arc de Triomphe, the Champs Elysées sloped downward in a sun-powdered haze to the mist of fountains and the ethereal obelisk; and the currents of summer life ebbed and flowed with a normal beat under the trees of the radiating avenues. The great city, so made for peace and art and all humanest graces, seemed to lie by her river-side like a princess guarded by the watchful giant of the Eiffel Tower.

The next day the air was thundery with rumours. Nobody believed them, everybody repeated them. War? Of course there couldn't be war! The Cabinets, like naughty children, were again dangling their feet over the edge; but the whole incalculable weight of things-as-they-were, of the daily necessary business of living, continued calmly and convincingly to assert itself against the bandying of diplomatic words. Paris went on steadily about her midsummer business of feeding, dressing, and amusing the great army of tourists who were the only invaders she had seen for nearly half a century.

All the while, every one knew that other work was going on also. The whole fabric of the country's seemingly undisturbed routine was threaded with noiseless invisible currents of preparation, the sense of them was in the calm air as the sense of changing weather is in the balminess of a perfect afternoon. Paris counted the minutes till the evening papers came.

They said little or nothing except what every one was already declaring all over the country. "We don't want war—*mais il faut que cela finisse!*" "This kind of thing has got to stop": that was the only phrase one heard. If diplomacy could still arrest the war, so much the better: no one in France wanted it. All who spent the first days of last August in Paris will testify to the agreement of feeling on that point. But if war had to come, then the country, and every heart in it, was ready.

At the dressmaker's, the next morning, the tired fitters were preparing to leave for their usual holiday. They looked pale and anxious—decidedly, there was a new weight of apprehension in the air. And in the rue Royale, at the corner of the Place de la Concorde, a few people had stopped to look at a little strip of white paper against the wall of the Ministère de la Marine. "General mobilization" they read—and an armed nation knows what that means. But the group about the paper was small and quiet. Passers by read the notice and went on. There were no cheers, no gesticulations: the dramatic sense of the race had already told them that the event was too great to be dramatized. Like a monstrous landslide it had fallen across the path of an orderly laborious nation, disrupting its routine, annihilating its industries, rending families apart, and burying under a heap of senseless ruin the patiently and painfully wrought machinery of civilization. . .

That evening, in a restaurant of the rue Royale, we sat at a table in one of the open windows, abreast with the street, and saw the strange new crowds stream by. In an instant we were being shown what mobilization was—a huge break in the normal flow of traffic, like the sudden rupture of a dyke. The street was flooded by the torrent of people sweeping past us to the various railway stations. All were on foot, and carrying their luggage; for since dawn every cab and taxi and motor-omnibus had disappeared. The War Office had thrown out its drag-net and caught them all in. The crowd that passed our window was chiefly composed of conscripts, the *mobilisables* of the first day, who were on the way to the station accompanied by their families and friends; but among them were little clusters of bewildered tourists, labouring along with bags and bundles, and watching their luggage pushed before them on hand-carts—puzzled inarticulate waifs caught in the cross-tides racing to a maelstrom.

In the restaurant, the befrogged and red-coated band poured out patriotic music, and the intervals between the courses that so few waiters were left to serve were broken by the ever-recurring obligation to stand up for the Marseillaise, to stand up for God Save the King, to stand up for the Russian National Anthem, to stand up again for the Marseillaise. "*Et dire que ce sont des Hongrois qui jouent tout cela!*" a humorist remarked from the pavement.

As the evening wore on and the crowd

about our window thickened, the loiterers outside began to join in the war-songs. "*Allons, debout!*"—and the loyal round begins again. "La chanson du départ!" is a frequent demand; and the chorus of spectators chimes in roundly. A sort of quiet humour was the note of the street. Down the rue Royale, toward the Madeleine, the bands of other restaurants were attracting other throngs, and martial refrains were strung along the Boulevard like its garlands of arc-lights. It was a night of singing and acclamations, not boisterous, but gallant and determined. It was Paris *badauderie* at its best.

Meanwhile, beyond the fringe of idlers the steady stream of conscripts still poured along. Wives and families trudged beside them, carrying all kinds of odd improvised bags and bundles. The impression disengaging itself from all this superficial confusion was that of a cheerful steadiness of spirit. The faces ceaselessly streaming by were serious but not sad; nor was there any air of bewilderment—the stare of driven cattle. All these lads and young men seemed to know what they were about and why they were about it. The youngest of them looked suddenly grown up and responsible: they understood their stake in the job, and accepted it.

The next day the army of midsummer travel was immobilized to let the other army move. No more wild rushes to the station, no more bribing of concierges, vain quests for invisible cabs, haggard hours of waiting in the queue at Cook's. No train stirred except to carry soldiers, and the civilians who had not bribed and jammed their way into a cranny of the thronged carriages leaving the first night could only creep back through the hot streets to their hotels and wait. Back they went, disappointed yet half-relieved, to the resounding emptiness of porterless halls, waiterless restaurants, motionless lifts: to the queer disjointed life of fashionable hotels suddenly reduced to the intimacies and makeshifts of a Latin Quarter *pension*. Meanwhile it was strange to watch the gradual paralysis of the city. As the motors, taxis, cabs and vans had vanished from the streets, so the lively little steamers had left the Seine. The canal-boats too were gone, or lay motionless: loading and unloading had ceased. Every great architectural opening framed an emptiness; all the endless avenues stretched away to desert distances. In the parks and gardens no one raked the paths or trimmed the borders. The fountains slept in their basins, the worried sparrows fluttered unfed, and vague dogs, shaken out of their daily habits, roamed unquietly, looking for familiar eyes. Paris, so intensely conscious yet so strangely entranced, seemed to have had *curare* injected into all her veins.

The next day—the 2nd of August—from the terrace of the Hôtel de Crillon one looked down on a first faint stir of returning life. Now and then a taxi-cab or a private motor crossed the Place de la Concorde, carrying soldiers to the stations. Other conscripts, in detachments, tramped by on foot with bags and banners. One detachment stopped before the black-veiled statue of Strasbourg and laid a garland at her feet. In ordinary times this demonstration would at once have attracted a crowd; but at the very moment when it might have been expected to provoke a patriotic outburst it excited no more attention than if one of the soldiers had turned aside to give a penny to a beggar. The people crossing the square did not even stop to look. The meaning of this apparent indifference was obvious. When an armed nation mobilizes, everybody is busy, and busy in a definite and pressing way. It is not only the fighters that mobilize: those who stay behind must do the same. For each French household, for each individual man or woman in France, war means a complete reorganization of life. The detachment of conscripts, unnoticed, paid their tribute to the Cause and passed on. . .

Looked back on from these sterner months those early days in Paris, in their setting of grave architecture and summer skies, wear the light of the ideal and the abstract. The sudden flaming up of national life, the abeyance of every small and mean preoccupation, cleared the moral air as the streets had been cleared, and made the spectator feel as though he were reading a great poem on War rather than facing its realities.

Something of this sense of exaltation seemed to penetrate the throngs who streamed up and down the Boulevards till late into the night. All wheeled traffic had ceased, except that of the rare taxi-

cabs impressed to carry conscripts to the stations; and the middle of the Boulevards was as thronged with foot-passengers as an Italian market-place on a Sunday morning. The vast tide swayed up and down at a slow pace, breaking now and then to make room for one of the volunteer "legions" which were forming at every corner: Italian, Roumanian, South American, North American, each headed by its national flag and hailed with cheering as it passed. But even the cheers were sober: Paris was not to be shaken out of her self-imposed serenity. One felt something nobly conscious and voluntary in the mood of this quiet multitude. Yet it was a mixed throng, made up of every class, from the scum of the Exterior Boulevards to the cream of the fashionable restaurants. These people, only two days ago, had been leading a thousand different lives, in indifference or in antagonism to each other, as alien as enemies across a frontier: now workers and idlers, thieves, beggars, saints, poets, drabs and sharpers, genuine people and showy shams, were all bumping up against each other in an instinctive community of emotion. The "people," luckily, predominated; the faces of workers look best in such a crowd, and there were thousands of them, each illuminated and singled out by its magnesium-flash of passion.

I remember especially the steady-browed faces of the women; and also the small but significant fact that every one of them had remembered to bring her dog. The biggest of these amiable companions had to take their chance of seeing what they could through the forest of human legs; but every one that was portable was snugly lodged in the bend of an elbow, and from this safe perch scores and scores of small serious muzzles, blunt or sharp, smooth or woolly, brown or gray or white or black or brindled, looked out on the scene with the quiet awareness of the Paris dog. It was certainly a good sign that they had not been forgotten that night.

II

We had been shown, impressively, what it was to live through a mobilization; now we were to learn that mobilization is only one of the concomitants of martial law, and that martial law is not comfortable to live under—at least till one gets used to it.

At first its main purpose, to the neutral civilian, seemed certainly to be the wayward pleasure of complicating his life; and in that line it excelled in the last refinements of ingenuity. Instructions began to shower on us after the lull of the first days: instructions as to what to do, and what not to do, in order to make our presence tolerable and our persons secure. In the first place, foreigners could not remain in France without satisfying the authorities as to their nationality and antecedents; and to do this necessitated repeated ineffective visits to chanceries, consulates and police stations, each too densely thronged with flustered applicants to permit the entrance of one more. Between these vain pilgrimages, the traveller impatient to leave had to toil on foot to distant railway stations, from which he returned baffled by vague answers and disheartened by the declaration that tickets, when achievable, must also be *visés* by the police. There was a moment when it seemed that one's inmost thoughts had to have that unobtainable *visa*—to obtain which, more fruitless hours must be lived on grimy stairways between perspiring layers of fellow-aliens. Meanwhile one's money was probably running short, and one must cable or telegraph for more. Ah—but cables and telegrams must be *visés* too—and even when they were, one got no guarantee that they would be sent! Then one could not use code addresses, and the ridiculous number of words contained in a New York address seemed to multiply as the francs in one's pockets diminished. And when the cable was finally despatched it was either lost on the way, or reached its destination only to call forth, after anxious days, the disheartening response: "Impossible at present. Making every effort." It is fair to add that, tedious and even irritating as many of these transactions were, they were greatly eased by the sudden uniform good-nature of the French functionary, who, for the first time, probably, in the long tradition of his line, broke through its fundamental rule and was kind.

Luckily, too, these incessant comings and goings involved much walking of the beautiful idle summer streets, which grew idler and more beautiful each day. Never

had such blue-grey softness of afternoon brooded over Paris, such sunsets turned the heights of the Trocadéro into Dido's Carthage, never, above all, so rich a moon ripened through such perfect evenings. The Seine itself had no small share in this mysterious increase of the city's beauty. Released from all traffic, its hurried ripples smoothed themselves into long silken reaches in which quays and monuments at last saw their unbroken images. At night the fire-fly lights of the boats had vanished, and the reflections of the street lamps were lengthened into streamers of red and gold and purple that slept on the calm current like fluted water-weeds. Then the moon rose and took possession of the city, purifying it of all accidents, calming and enlarging it and giving it back its ideal lines of strength and repose. There was something strangely moving in this new Paris of the August evenings, so exposed yet so serene, as though her very beauty shielded her.

So, gradually, we fell into the habit of living under martial law. After the first days of flustered adjustment the personal inconveniences were so few that one felt almost ashamed of their not being more, of not being called on to contribute some greater sacrifice of comfort to the Cause. Within the first week over two thirds of the shops had closed—the greater number bearing on their shuttered windows the notice "Pour cause de mobilisation," which showed that the "patron" and staff were at the front. But enough remained open to satisfy every ordinary want, and the closing of the others served to prove how much one could do without. Provisions were as cheap and plentiful as ever, though for a while it was easier to buy food than to have it cooked. The restaurants were closing rapidly, and one often had to wander a long way for a meal, and wait a longer time to get it. A few hotels still carried on a halting life, galvanized by an occasional inrush of travel from Belgium and Germany; but most of them had closed or were being hastily transformed into hospitals.

The signs over these hotel doors first disturbed the dreaming harmony of Paris. In a night, as it seemed, the whole city was hung with Red Crosses. Every other building showed the red and white band across its front, with "Ouvroir" or "Hôpital" beneath; there was something sinister in these preparations for horrors in which one could not yet believe, in the making of bandages for limbs yet sound and whole, the spreading of pillows for heads yet carried high. But insist as they would on the woe to come, these warning signs did not deeply stir the trance of Paris. The first days of the war were full of a kind of unrealizing confidence, not boastful or fatuous, yet as different as possible from the clear-headed tenacity of purpose that the experience of the next few months was to develop. It is hard to evoke, without seeming to exaggerate it, that mood of early August: the assurance, the balance, the kind of smiling fatalism with which Paris moved to her task. It is not impossible that the beauty of the season and the silence of the city may have helped to produce this mood. War, the shrieking fury, had announced herself by a great wave of stillness. Never was desert hush more complete: the silence of a street is always so much deeper than the silence of wood or field.

The heaviness of the August air intensified this impression of suspended life. The days were dumb enough; but at night the hush became acute. In the quarter I inhabit, always deserted in summer, the shuttered streets were mute as catacombs, and the faintest pin-prick of noise seemed to tear a rent in a black pall of silence. I could hear the tired tap of a lame hoof half a mile away, and the tread of the policeman guarding the Embassy across the street beat against the pavement like a series of detonations. Even the variegated noises of the city's waking-up had ceased. If any sweepers, scavengers or rag-pickers still plied their trades they did it as secretly as ghosts. I remember one morning being roused out of a deep sleep by a sudden explosion of noise in my room. I sat up with a start, and found I had been waked by a low-voiced exchange of "Bonjours" in the street. . .

Another fact that kept the reality of war from Paris was the curious absence of troops in the streets. After the first rush of conscripts hurrying to their military bases it might have been imagined that the reign of peace had set in. While

smaller cities were swarming with soldiers no glitter of arms was reflected in the empty avenues of the capital, no military music sounded through them. Paris scorned all show of war, and fed the patriotism of her children on the mere sight of her beauty. It was enough.

Even when the news of the first ephemeral successes in Alsace began to come in, the Parisians did not swerve from their even gait. The newsboys did all the shouting—and even theirs was presently silenced by decree. It seemed as though it had been unanimously, instinctively decided that the Paris of 1914 should in no respect resemble the Paris of 1870, and as though this resolution had passed at birth into the blood of millions born since that fatal date, and ignorant of its bitter lesson. The unanimity of self-restraint was the notable characteristic of this people suddenly plunged into an unsought and unexpected war. At first their steadiness of spirit might have passed for the bewilderment of a generation born and bred in peace, which did not yet understand what war implied. But it is precisely on such a mood that easy triumphs might have been supposed to have the most disturbing effect. It was the crowd in the street that shouted "A Berlin!" in 1870; now the crowd in the street continued to mind its own business, in spite of showers of extras and too-sanguine bulletins.

I remember the morning when our butcher's boy brought the news that the first German flag had been hung out on the balcony of the Ministry of War. Now, I thought, the Latin will boil over! And I wanted to be there to see. I hurried down the quiet rue de Martignac, turned the corner of the Place Sainte Clotilde, and came on an orderly crowd filling the street before the Ministry of War. The crowd was so orderly that the few pacific gestures of the police easily cleared a way for passing cabs, and for the military motors perpetually dashing up. It was composed of all classes, and there were many family groups, with little boys straddling their mothers' shoulders, or lifted up by the policemen when they were too heavy for their mothers. It is safe to say that there was hardly a man or woman of that crowd who had not a soldier at the front; and there before them hung the enemy's first flag—a splendid silk flag, white and black and crimson, and embroidered in gold. It was the flag of an Alsatian regiment—a regiment of Prussianized Alsace. It symbolized all they most abhorred in the whole abhorrent job that lay ahead of them; it symbolized also their finest ardour and their noblest hate, and the reason why, if every other reason failed, France could never lay down arms till the last of such flags was low. And there they stood and looked at it, not dully or uncomprehendingly, but consciously, advisedly, and in silence: as if already foreseeing all it would cost to keep that flag and add to it others like it: foreseeing the cost and accepting it. There seemed to be men's hearts even in the children of that crowd, and in the mothers whose weak arms held them up. So they gazed and went on, and made way for others like them, who gazed in their turn and went on too. All day the crowd renewed itself, and it was always the same crowd, intent and understanding and silent, who looked steadily at the flag, and knew what its being there meant. That, last August, was the look of Paris.

III

FEBRUARY

February dusk on the Seine. The boats are plying again, but they stop at night-fall, and the river is inky-smooth, with the same long weed-like reflections as in August. Only the reflections are fewer and paler: bright lights are muffled everywhere. The line of the quays is scarcely discernible, and the heights of the Trocadéro are lost in the blur of night, which presently effaces even the firm tower-tops of Notre-Dame. Down the damp pavements only a few street lamps throw their watery zig-zags. The shops are shut, and the windows above them thickly curtained. The faces of the houses are all blind.

In the narrow streets of the Rive Gauche the darkness is even deeper, and the few scattered lights in courts or "cités" create effects of Piranesi-like mystery. The gleam of the chestnut-roaster's brazier at a street corner deepens the sense of an old adventurous Italy, and the darkness be-

yond seems full of cloaks and conspiracies. I turn, on my way home, into an empty street between high garden walls, with a single light showing far off at its farther end. Not a soul is in sight between me and that light: my steps echo endlessly in the silence. Presently a dim figure comes around the corner ahead of me. Man or woman? Impossible to tell till I overtake it. The February fog deepens the darkness, and the faces one passes are indistinguishable. As for the numbers of the houses, no one thinks of looking for them. If you know the quarter you count doors from the corner, or try to puzzle out the familiar outline of a balcony or a pediment; if you are in a strange street, you must ask at the nearest tobacconist's —for, as for finding a policeman, a yard off you couldn't tell him from your grandmother!

Such, after six months of war, are the nights of Paris; the days are less remarkable and less romantic.

Almost all the early flush and shiver of romance is gone; or so at least it seems to those who have watched the gradual revival of life. It may appear otherwise to observers from other countries, even from those involved in the war. After London, with all her theatres open, and her machinery of amusement almost unimpaired, Paris no doubt seems like a city on whom great issues weigh. But to those who lived through that first sunlit silent month the streets to-day show an almost normal activity. The vanishing of all the motor-buses, and of the huge lumbering commercial vans, leaves many a forgotten perspective open and reveals many a lost grace of architecture; but the taxi-cabs and private motors are almost as abundant as in peace-time, and the peril of pedestrianism is kept at its normal pitch by the incessant dashing to and fro of those unrivalled engines of destruction, the hospital and War Office motors. Many shops have reopened, a few theatres are tentatively producing patriotic drama or mixed programmes seasoned with sentiment and mirth, and the cinema again unrolls its eventful kilometres.

For a while, in September and October, the streets were made picturesque by the coming and going of English soldiery, and the aggressive flourish of British military motors. Then the fresh faces and smart uniforms disappeared, and now the nearest approach to "militarism" which Paris offers to the casual sight-seer is the occasional drilling of a handful of *piou-pious* on the muddy reaches of the Place des Invalides. But there is another army in Paris. Its first detachments came months ago, in the dark September days—lamentable rear-guard of the Allies' retreat on Paris. Since then its numbers have grown and grown, its dingy streams have percolated through all the currents of Paris life, so that wherever one goes, in every quarter and at every hour, among the busy confident strongly-stepping Parisians one sees these other people, dazed and slowly moving—men and women with sordid bundles on their backs, shuffling along hesitatingly in their tattered shoes, children dragging at their hands and tired-out babies pressed against their shoulders: the great army of the Refugees. Their faces are unmistakable and unforgettable. No one who has ever caught that stare of dumb bewilderment—or that other look of concentrated horror, full of the reflection of flames and ruins—can shake off the obsession of the Refugees. The look in their eyes is part of the look of Paris. It is the dark shadow on the brightness of the face she turns to the enemy. These poor people cannot look across the borders to eventual triumph. They belong mostly to a class whose knowledge of the world's affairs is measured by the shadow of their village steeple. They are no more curious of the laws of causation than the thousands overwhelmed at Avezzano. They were ploughing and sowing, spinning and weaving and minding their business, when suddenly a great darkness full of fire and blood came down on them. And now they are here, in a strange country, among unfamiliar faces and new ways, with nothing left to them in the world but the memory of burning homes and massacred children and young men dragged to slavery, of infants torn from their mothers, old men trampled by drunken heels and priests slain while they prayed beside the dying. These are the people who stand in hundreds every day outside the doors of the shelters improvised to rescue them, and who receive, in return for the loss of everything that makes life

sweet, or intelligible, or at least endurable, a cot in a dormitory, a meal-ticket—and perhaps, on lucky days, a pair of shoes. . .

What are Parisians doing meanwhile? For one thing—and the sign is a good one—they are refilling the shops, and especially, of course, the great "department stores." In the early war days there was no stranger sight than those deserted palaces, where one strayed between miles of unpurchased wares in quest of vanished salesmen. A few clerks, of course, were left: enough, one would have thought, for the rare purchasers who disturbed their meditations. But the few there were did not care to be disturbed: they lurked behind their walls of sheeting, their bastions of flannelette, as if ashamed to be discovered. And when one had coaxed them out they went through the necessary gestures automatically, as if mournfully wondering that any one should care to buy. I remember once, at the Louvre, seeing the whole force of a "department," including the salesman I was trying to cajole into showing me some medicated gauze, desert their posts simultaneously to gather about a motor-cyclist in a muddy uniform who had dropped in to see his pals with tales from the front. But after six months the pressure of normal appetites has begun to reassert itself—and to shop is one of the normal appetites of woman. I say "shop" instead of buy, to distinguish between the dull purchase of necessities and the voluptuousness of acquiring things one might do without. It is evident that many of the thousands now fighting their way into the great shops must be indulging in the latter delight. At a moment when real wants are reduced to a minimum, how else account for the congestion of the department store? Even allowing for the immense, the perpetual buying of supplies for hospitals and work-rooms, the incessant stoking-up of the innumerable centres of charitable production, there is no explanation of the crowding of the other departments except the fact that woman, however valiant, however tried, however suffering and however self-denying, must eventually, in the long run, and at whatever cost to her pocket and her ideals, begin to shop again. She has renounced the theatre, she denies herself the tea-rooms, she goes apologetically and furtively (and economically) to concerts—but the swinging doors of the department stores suck her irresistibly into their quicksand of remnants and reductions.

No one, in this respect, would wish the look of Paris to be changed. It is a good sign to see the crowds pouring into the shops again, even though the sight is less interesting than that of the other crowds streaming daily—and on Sundays in immensely augmented numbers—across the Pont Alexander III to the great court of the Invalides where the German trophies are displayed. Here the heart of France beats with a richer blood, and something of its glow passes into foreign veins as one watches the perpetually renewed throngs face to face with the long triple row of German guns. There are few in those throngs to whom one of the deadly pack has not dealt a blow; there are personal losses, lacerating memories, bound up with the sight of all those evil engines. But personal sorrow is the sentiment least visible in the look of Paris. It is not fanciful to say that the Parisian face, after six months of trial, has acquired a new character. The change seems to have affected the very stuff it is moulded of, as though the long ordeal had hardened the poor human clay into some dense commemorative substance. I often pass in the street women whose faces look like memorial medals—idealized images of what they were in the flesh. And the masks of some of the men—those queer tormented Gallic masks, crushed-in and squat and a little satyr-like—look like the bronzes of the Naples Museum, burnt and twisted from their baptism of fire. But none of these faces reveals a personal preoccupation: they are looking, one and all, at France erect on her borders. Even the women who are comparing different widths of Valenciennes at the lace-counter all have something of that vision in their eyes—or else one does not see the ones who haven't.

It is still true of Paris that she has not the air of a capital in arms. There are as few troops to be seen as ever, and but for the coming and going of the orderlies attached to the War Office and the Military Government, and the sprinkling of uniforms about the doors of barracks, there would be no sign of war in the streets—no

sign, that is, except the presence of the wounded. It is only lately that they have begun to appear, for in the early months of the war they were not sent to Paris, and the splendidly appointed hospitals of the capital stood almost empty, while others, all over the country, were overcrowded. The motives for this disposal of the wounded have been much speculated upon and variously explained: one of its results may have been the maintaining in Paris of the extraordinary moral health which has given its tone to the whole country, and which is now sound and strong enough to face the sight of any misery.

And miseries enough it has to face. Day by day the limping figures grow more numerous on the pavement, the pale bandaged heads more frequent in passing carriages. In the stalls at the theatres and concerts there are many uniforms; and their wearers usually have to wait till the hall is emptied before they hobble out on a supporting arm. Most of them are very young, and it is the expression of their faces which I should like to picture and interpret as being the very essence of what I have called the look of Paris. They are grave, these young faces: one hears a great deal of the gaiety in the trenches, but the wounded are not gay. Neither are they sad, however. They are calm, meditative, strangely purified and matured. It is as though their great experience had purged them of pettiness, meanness and frivolity, burning them down to the bare bones of character, the fundamental substance of the soul, and shaping that substance into something so strong and finely tempered that for a long time to come Paris will not care to wear any look unworthy of the look on their faces.

THE BUILDING OF THE PANAMA CANAL*

III.—ORGANIZATION OF THE FORCE

BY GEORGE W. GOETHALS, U. S. A.,
Governor of the Panama Canal

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

THE organization through which the Canal was constructed was the result of a process of development, and a clear understanding of it can best be conveyed by outlining, as briefly as possible, the steps which led to its adoption. This outline will include, necessarily, an account of the conditions which existed at the time the work was transferred, in 1907, and the impediments to progress which developed subsequently. As noted in a previous article, Major Gaillard and I arrived on the Isthmus in March of that year in company with a party of congressmen. During their visit we accompanied them on the sightseeing trains supplied by the officials for inspection of the work, thereby getting a general idea of what was being done, what was contemplated, and the methods employed. After the departure of the congressmen time was devoted to going over the work in greater detail, looking particularly into the organization, for upon this factor success in such enterprises always depends.

There were in operation at the time departments and divisions covering all phases of the work, the chief of which were

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engineering and construction, directly under the chief engineer in charge of the construction of the Canal; sanitation, in charge of the sanitation of the Canal Zone, the cities of Panama and Colon, hospitals and quarantine; law and government, in charge of courts, schools, police, fire, postal affairs, customs, and public works; labor, quarters, and subsistence, in charge of recruiting skilled and unskilled labor, assignment and care of quarters, and management of hotels, messes, and kitchens; building construction, engaged in the erection of quarters; mechanical, in charge of shops; municipal engineering, in charge of streets, sewers, and water-supply; material and supplies, in charge of equipment and construction materials of all kinds; meteorology and river hydraulics; and others in charge of map-making and lithography.



Sidney B. Williamson.

Division Engineer of the Pacific Division of Canal work, in charge of the construction of locks and dams and all other work at the Pacific end of the Canal.

With the settlement in June, 1906, of the question that had been pending for some time as to the type of canal, a designing force had been organized to prepare the plans for the locks, lock-gates and their appurtenances, and the spillways with their operating mechanisms. This force was located in Washington and was under the direction and supervision of a committee composed of the engineer members of the commission who were stationed in the United States.

The chief element in the organization was, of course, the Isthmian Canal Commission of seven members, which constituted the

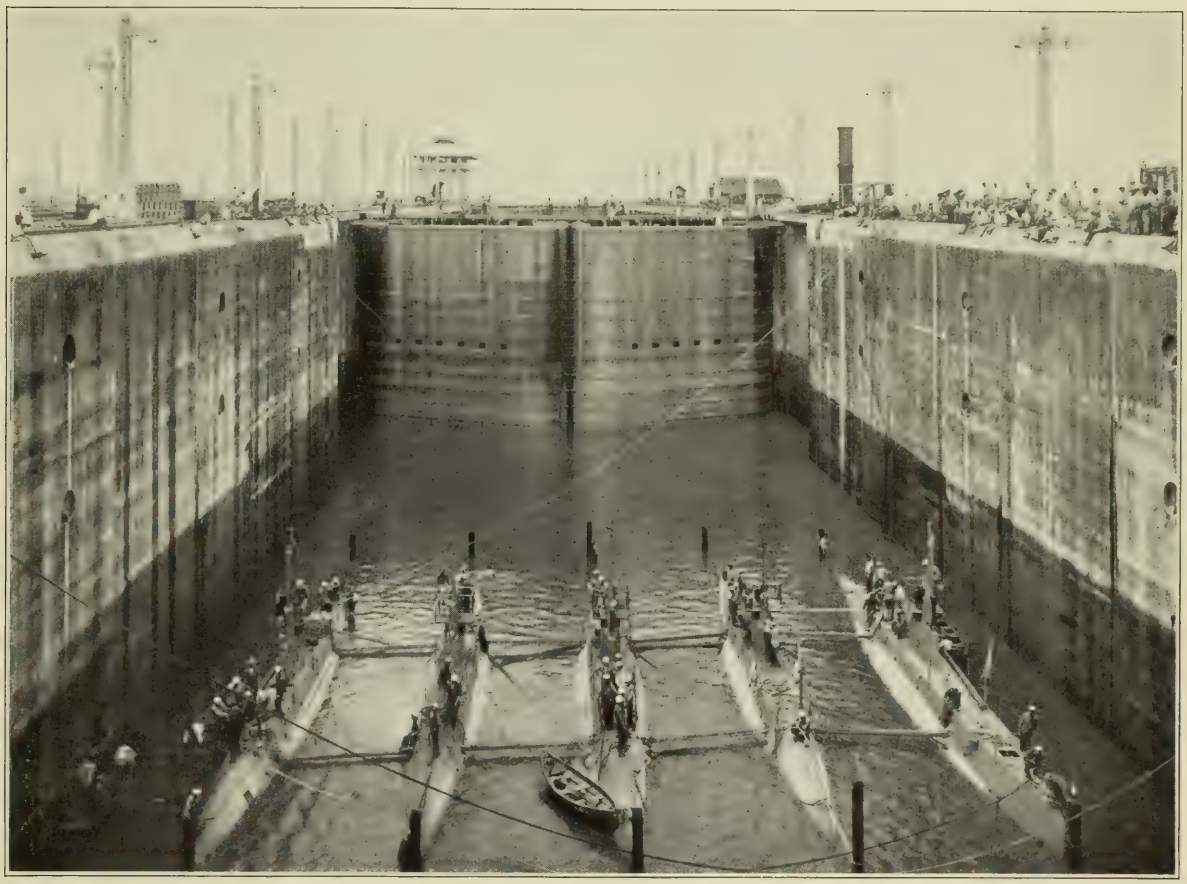


Barkentine *John Ena*, first large sailing vessel to pass through the Canal, under tow, on January 24, 1915

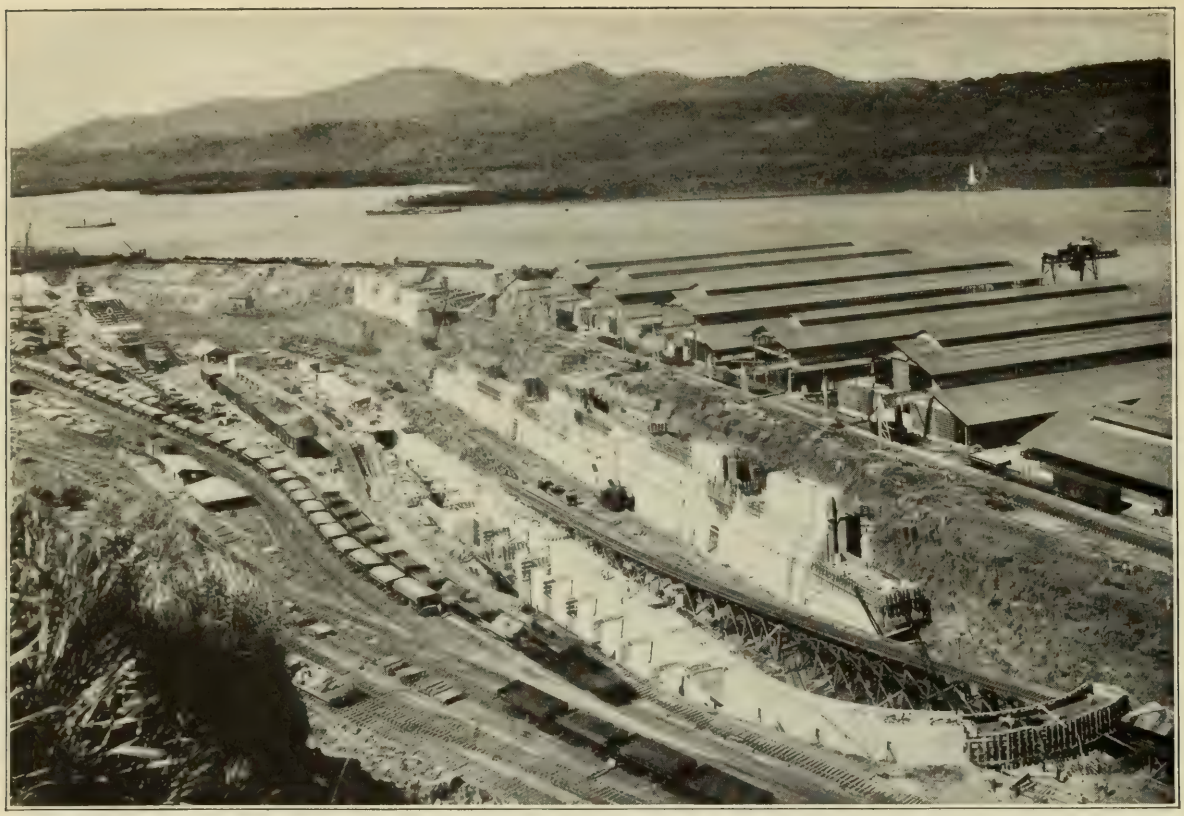
Photograph represents her passing the foot of the slide on the north side of Gold Hill. The Cucaracha Slide is on the south side of the same hill.

executive control. There had been, as stated in the first article of this series, considerable friction and trouble in previous commissions because of this seven-headed authority. Mr. Stevens maintained that the commission system had never been given a fair trial, and that its ineffectiveness was due, not to the system itself, but to the way in which it had been handled. He claimed, in the case of the one with which he had been connected, that its members had been practically ignored, since their services were called for only when a quorum was necessary for a vote on a proposition. He believed that with a proper personnel, under intelligent leadership, the work could be subdivided among the members in such a way as to secure better results than had been obtained, but this could be hoped for only in case the chairman was vested with the direction of the various subdivisions and with final approval or veto power. I had not given the matter any thought, for this form of executive control had been provided by law, and that settled the matter. Still, there could be no question that in any undertaking there must be a directing and controlling head; and this would be accomplished were the veto power vested in the chairman of the commission.

In common with other visitors to the Canal, I was strongly impressed by the magnitude of the work, which seemed to grow greater the more closely examination was made. Whether the new régime would be able to carry the burden remained to be seen: there were times when I had a feeling of doubt; but certain it is that we were fortunate in falling heir to the organization that had been perfected for excavating Culebra Cut, for no one not thoroughly familiar with railroad transportation and not possessed of organizing ability could have succeeded in this part of the work—the one part for which our previous training had not fitted any of us. The lock type of canal had been adopted only the previous June, so that the organization for other portions of the construction work was in a more or less tentative stage. The period of preparation was



In March, 1914, one of the locks at Gatun was used as a dry dock for the overhauling of five submarines. The photograph shows them resting on cradles placed on the lock floor before the water was withdrawn.



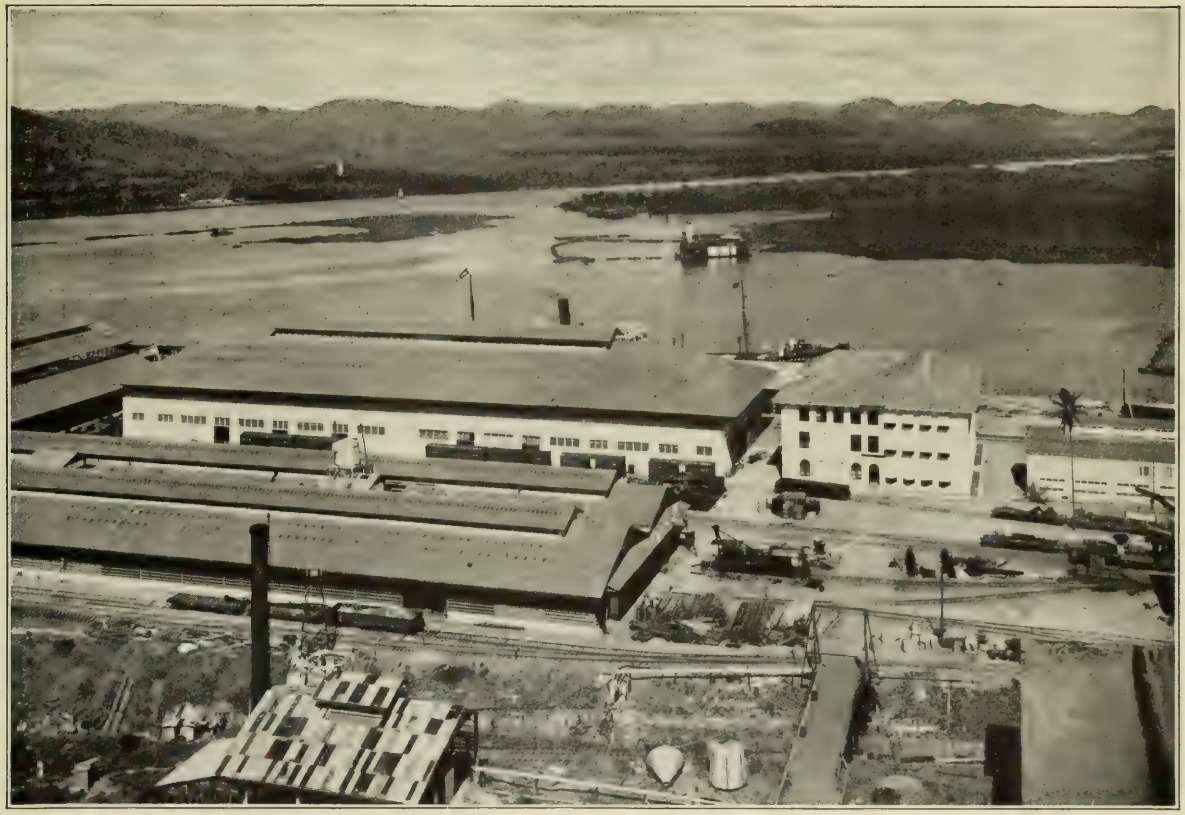
Dry dock in process of construction at Pacific entrance to Canal.

It will have an inside capacity of one thousand feet length and one hundred and ten feet width, same dimensions as the locks. Photograph shows also new machine-shops on water-front of inner harbor.

practically completed, however, and the success subsequently attained is indicative of the thoroughness and clear-sightedness displayed in the preparatory work. Recalling the President's desire to continue intact the existing organization, I could not but feel that it would be madness to attempt any change; such a course, had it been taken, would have resulted in nothing short of chaos.

Because of his familiarity with the work in all its ramifications, I took counsel with Mr. Stevens as to the manner in which he would so subdivide it as to utilize to the fullest extent the services of the other members of the commission and at the same time carry out the views of the President by placing each in charge of a department. Three of them fell into place naturally—Colonel Gorgas at the head of the department of sanitation, Mr. Jackson Smith at the head of the department of labor, quarters, and subsistence, and ex-Senator Blackburn as governor. For the other three, who were engineers, there must be found departments, and necessarily they must form part of the department of construction and engineering, which remained with the chief engineer. Following the suggestions of Mr. Stevens, I decided to organize the department of excavation and assign to it Major Gaillard, with supervisory charge of all excavation both dry and wet, and Major Sibert to the department of lock-and-dam construction. Instead of placing Mr. Rousseau at the head of the division of material and supplies, as had been suggested, I combined the divisions of municipal engineering, building construction, and motive power and machinery into one department and assigned him to the head of it. In this way each of the engineers was given charge of engineering work.

Mr. Stevens retired from the service at the end of March, 1907, and on April 1 the management of Canal affairs passed into the hands of the third commission that had been created since construction was undertaken. The Secretary of War (Mr. Taft) was on the Isthmus at the time and various questions concerning the organization were taken up with him. The Canal Commission maintained its



Quartermaster's storehouse (long white building) and office building of machine-shops at Pacific entrance.

headquarters in Washington, which for a time were in charge of the Bureau of Insular Affairs of the War Department. Soon after the creation of the second Canal Commission, Mr. Shonts, chairman of that commission, took charge of the office. He, as well as the other members of the commission, spent most of his time in Washington, making only occasional visits to the Isthmus. When Mr. Shonts resigned, on March 4, 1907, Mr. Stevens, who had been appointed a member of the commission in July, 1906, was appointed chairman as well as chief engineer; this was the first move in the direction of concentrating authority. He designated Mr. Joseph Bucklin Bishop, who was secretary of the commission, to act as the head of the Washington office, which action was approved temporarily by the Secretary of War. Mr. Taft preferred to have the office placed again under the Bureau of Insular Affairs, but for various reasons this could not be accomplished. I desired to have Mr. Bishop on the Isthmus. All the members were there and the secretary should be also.

From the committees of the labor organizations I had learned that the members of the working force had been given little opportunity for a hearing in case any of them had grievances and complaints. While I had promised hearings in all such cases, I was assured that it would not be possible for me to attend personally to matters of this kind; if this should prove to be the case, then there was great need for some one to look after them, and it seemed to me that Mr. Bishop, by reason of his position, would not only be useful but the proper person in this field. How pending labor questions would be settled was unknown at the time, for the formal hearing by the Secretary of War had not been held, but there had been instances of complaints and grievances being taken direct to the President, so that more were likely to be, and if the commission side could be presented as such cases occurred our authority would be strengthened materially. If Mr. Bishop lived on the Isthmus he would be familiar with local conditions and would be of much assistance in making such presentations.

I had a further reason for desiring his presence with the commission. In my

interview with the President on February 18, as mentioned in a previous article, I suggested that the Canal work be placed under the Chief of Engineers of the army, in order that I might have a "friend at court." Having failed in this, I realized that Mr. Bishop would be much more valuable on the Isthmus than in Washington, for that the President had confidence in him was indicated clearly in what he said about him at that time. Mr. Taft expressed doubt about the President sending Mr. Bishop down, but suggested that I write to him after his return to Washington and make the necessary application.

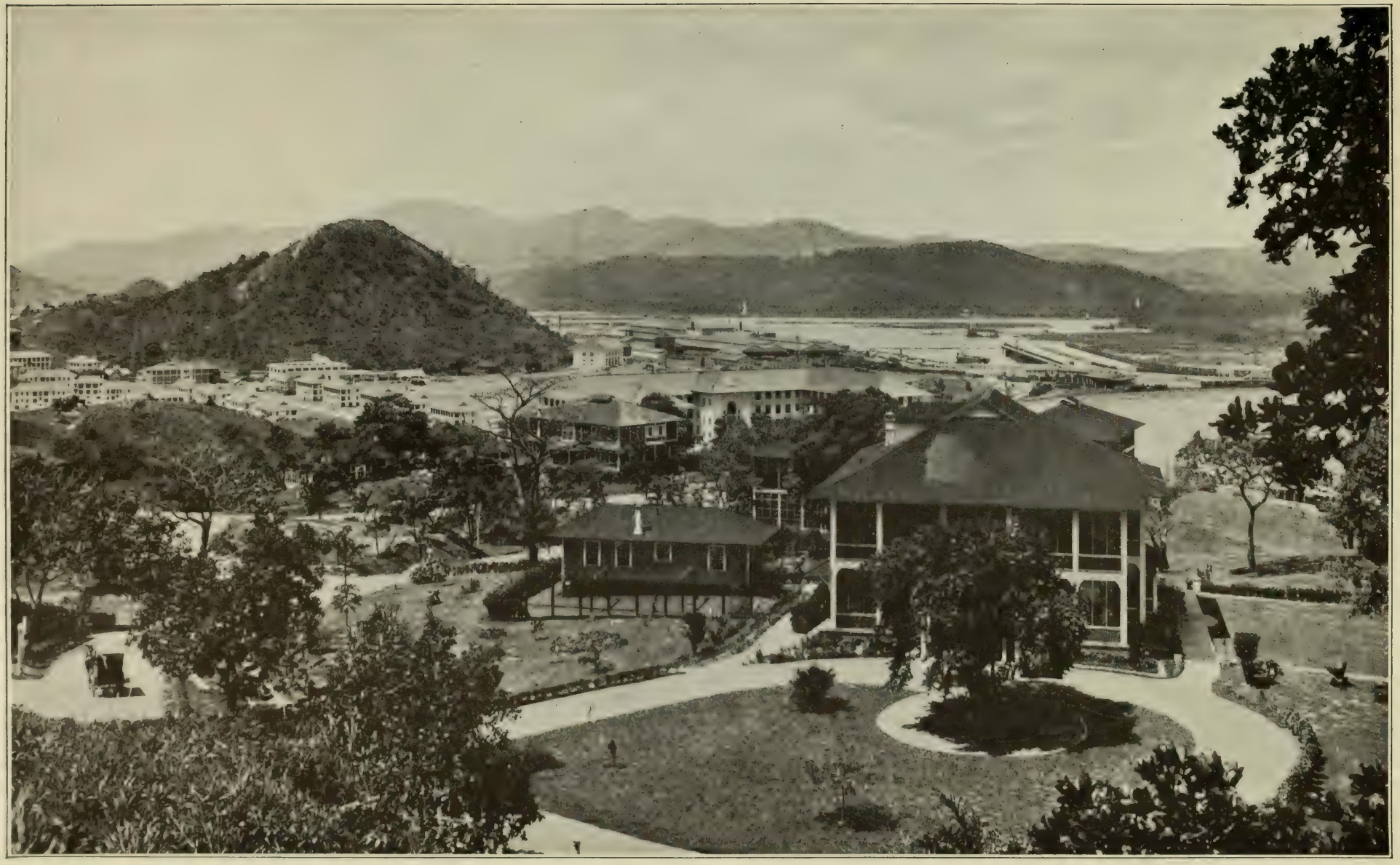


Toro Point, or West Breakwater in Colon harbor, about two miles in length, fifteen feet wide at the top, surface ten feet above mean sea-level.

It contains about three million cubic yards of rock and is armored with specially hard rock.

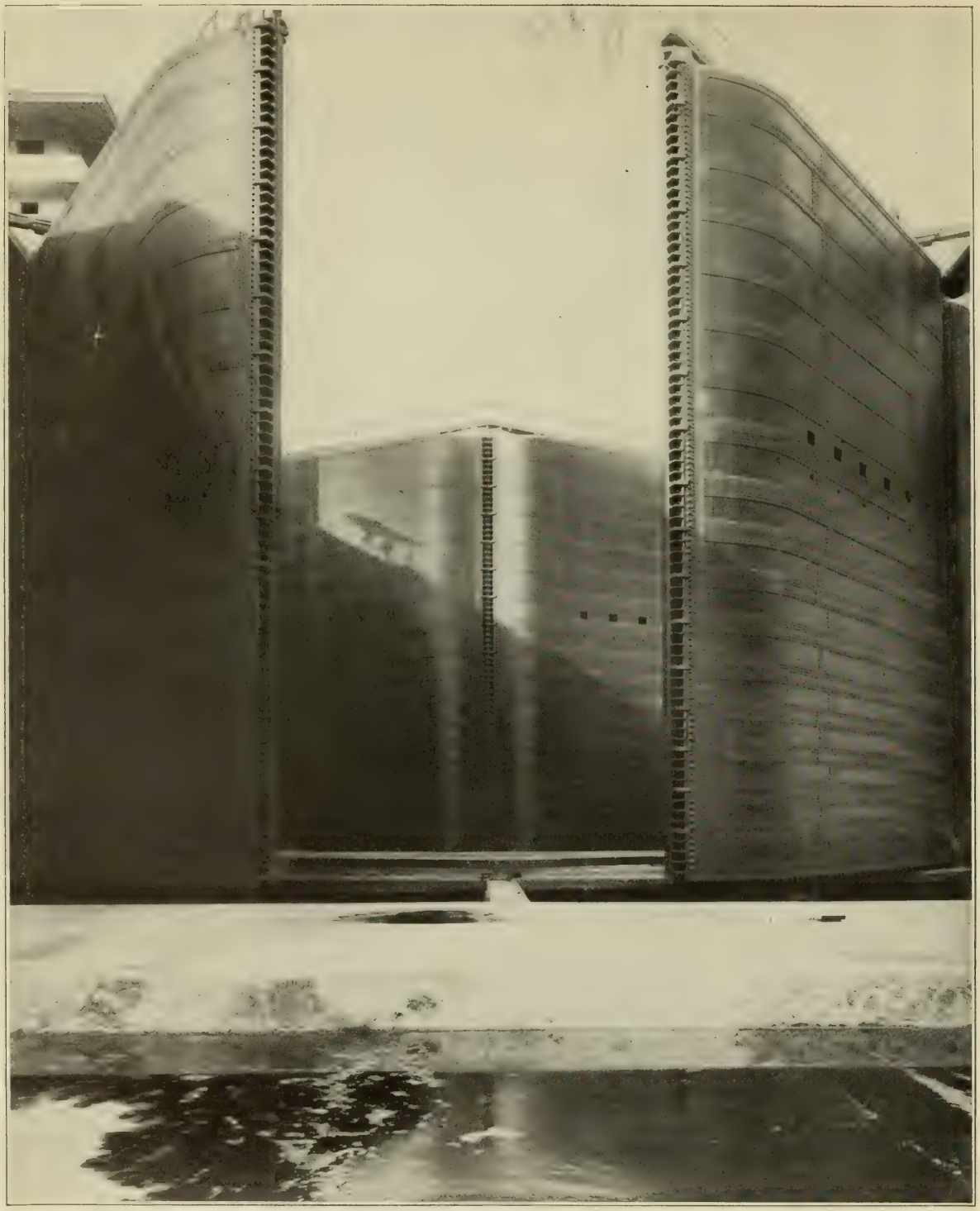
In regard to the Washington office, while it served many useful purposes, there was no doubt that its most important duty was to contract for supplies and purchase and inspect them. Officers of the Corps of Engineers had experience in such matters, and, furthermore, if through the Chief of Engineers inspections could be made by his local officers distributed over the country, usually in commercial and manufacturing centres, in connection with river and harbor work, some economy would result. I therefore advocated that an army engineer be placed in charge of the Washington office, acting under the Chief of Engineers.

Previous to the advent of the new commission there had arisen some friction between the head of the department of law and government and the chief engineer, due to lack of proper co-operation, for there was the seeming impression on the part of the former that the *raison d'être* of the presence of the Americans on the Isthmus was not primarily to construct a canal but to set an example in government to the republics of Central and South America. Referring to this subject, Mr. Stevens was said to have remarked: "It is a case of the tail wagging the dog." Mr. Taft concluded, after examining the situation, that in order to subordinate everything to the construction work the chair-



Balboa Heights.

In the foreground is the Governor's house, which was formerly the Chief Engineer's house at Culebra, removed and reconstructed. In the centre is shown the long roof and part of the rear façade of the new Administration Building. Beyond this roof appear the machine-shops on the inner harbor-front at Balboa. In the upper left-hand corner is seen a portion of the new town of Balboa, composed of reinforced-concrete houses.



First and second lock-gates at Gatun.

man of the commission should have direction over the civil functions, and on April 2, 1907, he issued an Executive Order, by direction of the President, decreeing that the "authority of the governor or chief executive of the Canal Zone, under existing laws, regulations, and Executive Orders, shall be vested in and exercised by the chairman of the Isthmian Canal Commission." This put an end to that source of friction and also to the idea which had been the cause of it. In view of this order I was instructed that when Senator Blackburn arrived on the Isthmus he should be assigned to duty as "governor" but designated as head of the department of civil administration. The official designation —"governor"—thus passed out of existence until revived by the Panama Canal Act of August 24, 1912.

I brought up with Mr. Taft the question of giving me the veto power over any action of the commission, and in discussing the matter he expressed the hope that as all the members of the commission were on the Isthmus things would work more smoothly under the seven-headed system. I explained to him the views of the President, who had said he would give me such power, and suggested that, while occasion for use of the power might not arise, it might be advisable to issue an order conferring it. This he did not think it advisable to do, for the law contained no such provision but apparently contemplated the settlement of all questions by majority rule; he preferred not to reduce the bestowal of the power to writing, and suggested that should it prove to be desirable or necessary to exercise it I take such action and report the facts to him. In this connection I learned from him that a man's usefulness in the public service is determined by the abuse and criticism he can take without complaining.

As Secretary of War, Mr. Taft was the principal stockholder of the Panama Railroad Company, which was operating under its corporate charter from the State of New York; consequently, he directed its policy. The board of directors was composed of thirteen stockholders, and he proposed to divide the board into two parts—seven members on the Isthmus and six in the United States. He had instructed the New York board that the members of the Isthmian Canal Commission should be elected directors and that I should be selected as the president of the company, so that the interests of the railroad on the Isthmus and those of the commission could be adjusted on the ground.

Subsequent to Mr. Taft's return to Washington, I made application for the transfer of Mr. Bishop to the Isthmus, and recommended that the policy outlined above relative to the Washington office be made effective. The outcome was that Major H. F. Hodges, of the Corps of Engineers, was placed in charge of the Washington office, for which duty he could be spared, apparently, though a few months earlier this was not possible, and Mr. Bishop was transferred to the Isthmus, arriving there on August 7. In the interval that had elapsed since assuming charge I had become convinced that some kind of newspaper was greatly needed in order that information about the various phases of the work might be disseminated among the members of the force, and I discussed the matter with Mr. Bishop as a part of his duties. He proposed the publication of a weekly official paper, under the authority and supervision of the commission, which should set forth the progress of the work, together with incidents and general developments of interest to the men, with the view, primarily, of keeping them informed, and, secondarily, of affording to the public of the United States means of obtaining accurate and unquestionable information on the subject. He drew up a plan for such a publication, which was approved by the commission, and in September, 1907, the first number of *The Canal Record* was issued. Its publication continued throughout the construction period. It served a very useful purpose in many ways. It supplied a medium for communicating all official orders to members of the force, furnished a complete file of progress in all sections, and aroused a spirit of wholesome rivalry by publishing the records made by steam-shovels, concrete plants, and dredges.

One source of the complaints made to Secretary Taft by the labor committees of the men in April, 1907, was that the men were dismissed or disciplined for some infraction of the rules without a hearing. I had agreed that when complaints were made they should be investigated; that when of sufficient importance investigation should be conducted by a committee composed of three members, one representing the commission, another the order to which the complainants belonged, and a third the department against which the complaint was lodged. This task of investigation was also assigned to Mr. Bishop, and, although a large number of minor grievances were investigated, only one of sufficient importance to call for the services of a committee was presented. To Mr. Bishop's office Giuseppe Garibaldi was assigned to investigate complaints and grievances among Spanish, Italian, Greek, and other laborers from European countries.

With the commission residing permanently on the Isthmus, it was deemed ad-

visable to move the force of designing engineers to the Isthmus also; this was not regarded favorably by certain members of the force, resulting in separations from the service, and was modified to the extent of permitting those in charge of designing the lock-gates to remain in Washington, on the ground that they should have the advantages of and access to machine-shops and rolling-mills so that the design of the gates might be made to conform to commercial practice and shapes. Following the example of the previous commission, an engineering committee was established for the consideration of such engineering matters as might be referred to it, and Majors Gaillard and Sibert and Mr. Rousseau were designated as constituting the committee. By naming them in this order, I expected that Major Gaillard, as the senior or ranking member, following the usual custom in the army, would become its chairman.

An incident which occurred soon after the announcement of this committee will serve to illustrate how small a matter may create friction or annoyance. In the Executive Order announcing the appointment of the engineer members of the commission the name of Major Sibert was placed ahead of Major Gaillard. While I noted this reversal of their rank in the army, I paid no attention to it. They were classmates at West Point and had roomed together there; Major Gaillard had been graduated No. 5 and Major Sibert No. 7. I had concluded that the reversal of rank in the order had been unintentional, but Major Gaillard spoke to me about it, saying that Major Sibert felt that by virtue of the order he should be the senior member of the engineering committee. I said I thought that the arrangement in the Executive Order was merely an error in making out the list, but he was sure Major Sibert would bring up the question for decision, and if so he had no objection to stepping aside, for it made no difference to him. It did make a difference to Major Sibert, apparently, for when he brought up the subject he assumed that it was no error but deliberate action taken by the President because the President had probably been advised of the work he (Sibert) had done in the way of lock and dam construction, maintaining that if rank had been taken into account the order would not have been arranged as it was. I did not think it was advisable, so early in the game, to take up the question with Washington, as it might create the impression that friction had already developed, and, as Major Gaillard had volunteered to give way, I arranged the committee in accordance with the order until I could have the question decided. Subsequent investigation showed that the arrangement of names in the order had been fixed by a clerk without regard to rank, of which he knew nothing, and the matter was finally put to rest when the annual message of the President appeared containing an announcement of the appointment of the commission, in which Major Sibert's name followed that of Major Gaillard.

The seven-headed commission system worked very smoothly for the first few months, but toward the fall of 1907 a combination was formed against me for the purpose of securing special privileges for certain employees in whom one of the commissioners was interested, which privileges I had told him I would not consent to grant. Much discontent existed in the clerical force because the compensation in some departments was greater than in others for similar services. A scheme was prepared removing discrepancies and making a uniform system of salaries. This was objected to by the heads of departments in which the larger salaries were paid. An anomalous condition existed in the commission, for three members were in charge of departments which were embraced in the department of construction and engineering, and on all questions submitted to the commission for action each of these three had a vote which counted equally with that of the chief engineer, who was its head. As personal feeling and association usually have influence on people's views, especially when, as in this case, three of the members of the commission knew little or nothing about engineering, the result of a vote was doubtful. The only method by which an adverse vote on questions of any importance could be avoided was to bring up the doubtful ones toward the end of a session and, when failure seemed assured, withdraw them without submitting them to a vote.

This was a situation of affairs which might become intolerable, since four members of the commission could, by combining, defeat any proposed action that was objectionable to them for personal or other reasons, and thus make impossible the execution of a uniform and effective policy designed for the sole purpose of expediting the building of the Canal. However, this condition of affairs never arose, due to a change which was effected shortly after.

Ex-Senator Blackburn spoke to me of the commission form of control on several occasions and expressed the opinion that, notwithstanding the general feeling of good will which existed, there was no doubt in his mind that there should be a single responsible head rather than a head of seven executives. Whether or not he expressed such views to President Roosevelt I do not know, but undoubtedly some one did. When I reached Washington in December, 1907, and called at the White House to pay my respects, Mr. Blackburn had preceded me. The President began his conversation by expressing gratification at the progress which was being made, and after this expressed his conviction that from what he had heard and from the experience already gained the commission form of organization could not secure the best results; he then announced his intention to concentrate authority in my hands and to hold me responsible for the work. With this in view he desired me to draw up an Executive Order which should accomplish the purpose. I discussed the matter with Mr. Richard Reid Rogers, the general counsel of the commission, who prepared such an order. As the Secretary of War was my immediate superior, I submitted it to him. The general counsel accompanied me and remarked that it was the best he could do without squeezing the law too much. Mr. Taft read the order, laughed, and said that it was not entirely in accordance with law, but, as it had been prepared under the President's direction, he drew up a note of transmittal, suggesting that I take it with the order to the President and see what he thought of it. I took the order to the White House and handed it to the President. After reading it he reached for a pen, asking if it was satisfactory to me. I replied affirmatively, but explained that Mr. Taft thought it was not exactly in accord with the law. To this the President replied that he would take the chances on the law, adding that he wanted the Canal built. He then signed the order and passed it over to me.

The order was dated January 6, 1908, and under its provisions I assumed complete control of the work in all its branches. It left the assignment of the other members of the commission to such duty as I deemed proper, and the commission ceased thenceforth to be an executive body. The veto power was not conferred in terms, but under the new conditions this was not necessary. Measures governing salaries and kindred questions were not submitted to the commission but were put in force by official order of the chairman and chief engineer.

When I reached the Isthmus from Washington in February I found that the new Executive Order was accepted universally and that no question was raised about the authority it conferred upon the chairman. This condition of affairs continued until April, 1913, when some of the members of the commission found that their consciences, which apparently had been sleeping for five years or more, required them, under their oath of office, to perform certain duties specified by the Spooner Act, but the awakening came too late to overthrow the power which it was claimed I had usurped, for the Panama Canal Act had ratified and confirmed all Executive Orders previously issued, so that the one of January 6, 1908, had been enacted into law. Failing in this, the press spread the news that there was friction in the commission; that the commissioners had been instructed by President Roosevelt that they were to carry out my orders without question or be relieved; and that, since there was a change in administration at Washington, this condition would be remedied. This was a press sensation of short duration, however, for the management continued to the end of the construction period without modification. Now that the Canal is in operation, I doubt if this result could have been accomplished in any other way than by a single responsible head. This President

Roosevelt realized the first time I met him, and I have consequently felt that to this order and to the support given to me in carrying it out are due the results that have been attained.

The organization for the construction of the Canal, adopted in 1907, did not work satisfactorily. There was an overlapping of work between the departments which resulted not only in friction but in placing subordinate officials under two heads, making it difficult at times to fix responsibility; the departments which formed part of the department of construction and engineering were undertaking work and issuing instructions of which the chief engineer had no previous knowledge, and the latter was not in as close touch with the work as his position warranted and required. There were too many heads, with the usual accompaniment, under such situations, of unnecessary expense. The designs for the locks and their appurtenances were not keeping pace with the work, for it was difficult to get anything definitely decided or adopted.

While in Washington in January, 1908, I divorced the lock-gate designing force from the authorities on the Isthmus and placed it under Colonel Hodges (he had received his promotion to lieutenant-colonel Corps of Engineers on August 27, 1907), for I found that the distance from the Isthmus prevented proper supervision of the work and also was causing delays; furthermore, Colonel Hodges was peculiarly fitted for the work through his previous experience and training. When, in 1907, the Chagres River division was created to excavate the channel between Gatun and Culebra Cut, Mr. L. K. Rourke, at that time assistant division engineer, Culebra division, suggested putting all the excavation work between the Atlantic and Pacific locks under one head. From this suggestion came the thought of reorganizing the department of construction and engineering, for, as the proposition of Mr. Rourke seemed feasible, by dividing the work along the lines of territorial subdivision a consolidation could be made which would eliminate several of the existing divisions of the work. The recent Executive Order would enable me to do it, and the plan was very materially assisted by a change in the personnel of the commission which was made in 1908.

Secretary Taft arrived on the Isthmus on May 6, 1908, and informed me that one purpose of his visit was to relieve Mr. Jackson Smith, who had been made a member of the commission in 1907 in recognition of the work that he had done previously. There was no question of Mr. Smith's ability. To him probably more than to any other one man was due the system of collecting both skilled and unskilled laborers and of housing and feeding the force. I doubt if any one could have secured better results in a tropical country which produced nothing and was so far removed from the United States, our only reliable market. He had begun his task under great disadvantages, for not until the summer of 1907 had an adequate cold-storage plant been established and ample refrigeration on the Panama Railroad Company's ships for transporting meat, fruit, and vegetables been installed. I did not believe that there was any dishonesty in Mr. Smith's management, but I did not feel that I had his confidence and support. To him was attributed a published attack on the new or third commission in the spring of 1907, which predicted failure, and because of this and other indications I was not sure of his loyalty. These views I expressed to Mr. Taft, who catechised separately each member of the commission in regard to Mr. Smith. Apparently two members straddled the fence—had no opinion or views, pro or con, though there seemed to be little doubt in the minds of the others about his disloyalty.

One, if not the chief, cause of Mr. Taft's visit was the receipt at Washington of numerous complaints about general conditions on the Isthmus, especially in regard to quarters, food-supplies, and hours of labor. An official from the Civic Federation had been down, and had made an investigation of foodstuffs, hotels, messes, and kitchens, quarters and their furnishings, amusements for the men, and general treatment of employees, and had made a report severely criticising the management of the department of labor, quarters and subsistence. This investigation instigated another, which was made by a reputed expert in food-supplies and

their preparation for consumption. He made various criticisms concerning the quarters, hotels, and food-supplies, and I suggested that he take them up with Mr. Smith, which he did, reporting conditions as he found them at various places along the line of the Canal at the times of his inspection. While a reading of a statement or report that he prepared tended to create a rather unfavorable impression, this in great measure was palliated, if not removed, by the closing paragraphs, in which he complimented Mr. Smith on what he had accomplished with the means at his disposal. Consequently, I was not prepared for a cable message from Washington, followed by a letter from the President, in which were suggested the relief of Mr. Smith and the creation of a new department combining the subsistence features with the commissary department of the Panama Railroad. This was one of the details of the reorganization that I had in mind, but could not carry out until I was in a position to divorce the subsistence from the department of labor, quarters, and subsistence, having relieved Mr. Smith in 1907 from charge of the commissary because he said he could not carry on the business except by a method of accounting which I could not approve. I never learned just what report was made to the President and the Secretary of War, but it was serious enough to make them both fear that unless a change was made, and at once, a scandal might result.

After making a thorough inquiry in regard to Mr. Smith, the Secretary of War decided to allow him to resign, which he did, his resignation taking effect at the expiration of his annual leave of absence, September 15, 1908. The question of a successor was then taken up. Mr. Taft decided to appoint Major C. A. Devol, of the quartermaster's department of the army. This was agreeable to me. I had served with Major Devol on the general staff for a short time and was very favorably impressed with him. He had handled work in many respects similar to that required on the Isthmus, both in the Philippines and at San Francisco after the fire, in each instance with much credit to himself. So far as the vacancy on the commission was concerned, I urged the appointment of Colonel H. F. Hodges. General Mackenzie would be retired from service as chief of engineers by the time Mr. Smith's leave of absence expired, and the reasons which interfered with Colonel Hodges's selection in 1907 no longer obtained. He was pre-eminently fitted to take up the designing work and push it. I had more confidence in Colonel Hodges's ability to act in my place during absences or in case I should be relieved than in that of either of the two army members of the commission; in the latter contingency, though I regarded Mr. Rousseau as the one, of those available, best fitted temperamentally and professionally to be the chairman and chief engineer, there was no possibility of his advancement to the post if the existing policy of having an army engineer in charge was to continue. I therefore urged the selection of Colonel Hodges on these grounds. He ranked the two army engineer members, and his appointment would permit the reorganization of the work along the lines I had laid down in a way more satisfactory than any other that could be devised. Mr. Taft would have preferred to relieve one of the army engineers and appoint Major Devol in his place, but such a course would have discredited the officer suggested for relief by the secretary, and this I wished to avoid. A cable message along these lines was sent to the President, and Colonel Hodges was selected for a place on the commission *vice* Mr. Jackson Smith.

Colonel Hodges was to report for duty on July 15, 1908, in advance of his appointment on the commission; and in the meantime, with the assistance of Mr. Benj. L. Jacobson, the details of the reorganization were worked out to be made effective in such a way that the changes could be accomplished gradually, thus avoiding confusion and consequent delay to the work. The objects sought by the reorganization, and which were accomplished by it, were: concentrating authority; expediting the transaction of business; securing better co-operation and co-ordination of the various parts of the force; fixing more definitely the responsibility in any particular case; enforcing a more uniform wage scale, the lack of which was a source of much complaint; and reducing the cost of administration.

The plan was to divide the Zone into

three construction divisions, one extending from deep water in Limon Bay to Tabernilla, but later reduced so that it did not extend beyond Gatun locks and dam, called the Atlantic division; one extending from Gatun to Pedro Miguel, called the Central division; and the third extending from Pedro Miguel to deep water in the Pacific, called the Pacific division.

Each division was placed in charge of a division engineer, and to him was assigned all work of construction within the territorial limits, including building construction and municipal engineering work, to which was added at a later date sanitary engineering work. To each division was also assigned an assistant division engineer who shared the work with the division engineer in such a way that one of these officials was in charge of the field work of the division, the other in charge of the office work and such designing as was assigned to the division. The work in the divisions was subdivided and placed in charge of resident engineers, superintendents, general foremen, and foremen in such a way that responsibility could be definitely fixed. Major Gaillard was assigned to duty as division engineer of the Central division, Major Sibert to the Atlantic division, and Mr. S. B. Williamson to the Pacific division.

The publication of steam-shovel records in *The Canal Record* had stirred up a rivalry in Culebra Cut to the advantage of the work; and by placing the army engineers in charge of the work in the Atlantic division and civilian engineers in charge of the work in the Pacific division, the construction in both divisions being similar in character, I hoped to arouse a wholesome rivalry between these two divisions and secure better results both in time and money in building the locks and dams. The three resulting construction divisions were formed by the consolidation of nine divisions that had previously existed, and the division engineers reported directly to the chief engineer, who consequently was more closely in touch with the work than formerly.

The office of the chief engineer was divided into three divisions. Colonel Hodges, after his arrival on the Isthmus, was assigned to duty as assistant chief engineer and put in charge of the first division, under which was placed the design of the locks, including valves, lock-gates and protection devices, operating machinery, movable dams, and spillways. Later he had charge of the inspection and erection of the lock-gates and the installation of the operating machinery. Mr. Rousseau, the remaining engineer member of the commission, as assistant to the chief engineer was placed at the head of the second division and had charge of all mechanical matters, preparation of estimates, some of the civil-engineering matters that arose, and later the dry docks and coaling-stations, both design and construction. Colonel Hodges and Mr. Rousseau were my advisers, and I have always referred to them as my right and left bowers. To the faithful and loyal support of these two men is attributed in large measure the satisfactory progress of the work.

The third division was put under Mr. Caleb M. Saville, in charge of meteorology, hydrography, surveys, and special investigations, the most important of which was the examination of the material underlying Gatun Dam. The relocation and construction of the new Panama Railroad was placed under the chief engineer of the Panama Railroad Company, Mr. Ralph Budd, acting through the general manager, Mr. Hiram J. Slifer, until the latter resigned, when the head of the work reported directly to the chief engineer of the commission. Lieutenant Frederick Mears succeeded Mr. Budd and completed the road.

This, in brief, was the organization of the construction forces that resulted from the changes made in 1908, and which was continued, with minor changes to suit new conditions as they arose, until the water was admitted into Culebra Cut on October 10, 1913. In addition to definitely fixing the work in charge of each subordinate, an effort was made to give him full authority and hold him responsible, thus securing the best that was in him. As a consequence, each individual took a personal interest and pride in the work, feeling that the particular work on which he was engaged was *the* important piece; it therefore became *our* Canal and *we* were doing it.

When, in 1910, it was decided to fortify the Canal, involving the construction of

gun and mortar batteries for its defense against naval attack, I took the position that the Isthmus was too small for two separate and independent construction organizations and that all work of this character on the Isthmus should be under one head. This policy was adopted so that the Canal forces and plant were utilized for the purpose. In the same way the construction of quarters for the army is now in charge of the Canal authorities with resulting economy in both instances. The additional work was taken care of by the creation of units reporting to the chief engineer.

The department of labor, quarters, and subsistence was subdivided into the quartermaster's department, under Major C. A. Devol, and the subsistence department, under Major Eugene T. Wilson. The former had charge of the recruiting of labor, skilled and unskilled, care and assignment of quarters, together with furnishing them, distributing fuel, commissary supplies, and distilled water. On September 1, 1908, the division of material and supplies was merged with the quartermaster's department. To the subsistence department was assigned the operation and care of the hotels, messes, and kitchens, and to secure the proper and economical management of the commissaries the commissary department of the Panama Railroad was transferred from the control of the general manager and placed under Major Wilson as commissary of the railroad. Thus he had charge of the purchasing of food-supplies and their inspection and care after receipt on the Isthmus.

After explaining to the Secretary of War, during his visit in 1908, the changes in the organization that were under consideration, he called attention to the expenses of sanitation, which had brought forth considerable criticism from members of the Committee on Appropriations which visited the Isthmus in the fall of 1907, and asked me to look into the matter, suggesting that when Major Devol came down it might be possible for him to take over the work in much the same way as post quartermasters perform the work for hospital authorities at military posts. He expressed the belief that economies might be effected, and if so, a change should be made. I had paid little attention to sanitary work other than to attempt to have grass cut by scythes and mowing-machines instead of machetes, for the estimates that had been submitted for constructing the Canal were exclusive of sanitation and civil administration. After examining the work being done, the methods of its doing, and discussing the matter with Major Devol, I felt that a reduction in the expenditures could be made and better co-ordination secured if the grass-cutting and garbage and night soil collection were turned over to the quartermaster's department and the drainage work turned over to the construction divisions. By this arrangement the sanitary department would prescribe what should be done in the various localities requiring improvement, but the actual work would be executed by the forces of other departments, thereby doing away with the duplication of supervisory forces that existed. The health statistics were prepared by Colonel Gorgas, and on looking into them I felt that there were some grains of truth in Lindon W. Bates's charges in his "Retrieval of Panama"; and I hesitated about ordering the change, for, if this course were taken, an unfavorable change in statistics might force me to return to the existing system, which would have been awkward.

I discussed the matter with Colonel Gorgas, and, though I failed to convince him that the work could be done just as well if not better, I finally secured his consent to have the scheme tried; he was to prescribe the areas where grass and brush were to be cut; and, as he held that, as a rule, engineers were not competent to drain lands for sanitary purposes, I agreed to have his engineer prepare such plans and to carry them out if they conformed to future construction work. The change was put into effect September 1, 1908. There was considerable friction for some time, but this was finally eliminated. I watched the statistics carefully for some months, but, finding that the percentage of sick continued to drop, I felt that the new method of doing the work was producing the results expected, and the cost was less, notwithstanding that greater areas of grass and brush were cut. In 1910 Colonel Gorgas stated that the work was not being done so well as formerly

and requested a return to the old system, but, as economies had been effected and the statistics continued to show a constantly decreasing percentage in the sick-rate, I declined to comply. I laid the facts before President Taft, who visited the Isthmus shortly afterward.

The organization of the sanitary department was top-heavy, and this was overcome by abolishing some of the existing positions. The general policy of concentration was made applicable to the hospitals. In 1907 the health branch of the department consisted of seven hospitals, located one each at various settlements along the line of the Canal, in addition to the main hospitals at Ancon and Colon, while in 1909 the line hospitals had been eliminated, with the exception of the one for the treatment of inmates of the penitentiary located at Culebra; the sick were carried to the terminal hospitals on hospital cars attached to passenger-trains.

The method of accounting for property was not satisfactory, and steps were taken to change the existing system, resulting in a corresponding change in the organization. The method in use was modelled, it is believed, after that in common use by the railroads, the records being prepared from the monthly abstracts of receipts and issues by the division of material and supplies, which therefore were duplicates of the record kept by the chief of that division; yet the latter was the responsible officer. The system proposed for substitution was to have the chief quartermaster take up on returns all property as it arrived or was purchased on the Isthmus. The property would then be transferred to the various divisions or departments for which ordered, or turned over to the main storehouse, which was to be in charge of an accountable officer. All officials having property were to render returns for that in their possession to be checked against the records. A change in the personnel of the accounting branch of the work brought to the Isthmus Mr. W. W. Warwick as examiner of accounts, whose thorough familiarity with government accounting, by reason of his service under the Treasury Department in an important position and knowledge of commission methods dating almost from the start, made him of great assistance in reorganizing this essential element of the work. The method of advanced audit was introduced, and the reorganization of the property and accounting branches was made effective October 1, 1908.

Very little change was made in the organization of the department of civil administration. An Executive Order abolishing the existing municipalities was issued before the third commission took charge, though it became effective subsequent to that date. The Canal Zone was divided into five municipalities, each with its mayor, municipal council, secretary, treasurer, and judge. These were replaced by four administrative districts, to each of which a tax-collector was assigned. The municipal judges were replaced by district judges, and the public works and improvements of the several districts were placed under a superintendent of public works for the Zone. The enactment of ordinances, previously vested in the municipal councils, was assigned to the Isthmian Canal Commission, but such ordinances required the approval of the Secretary of War to be effective. With the organization of the three construction divisions, the municipal engineering required by the superintendent of public works was performed by the various division engineers.

Ex-Senator Blackburn, who had served as the head of the department of civil administration from April 1, 1907, severed his connection with the work by resignation effective December 4, 1909, and by this I lost one of my supporters. His long public service, his knowledge of men and public affairs, made him a very valuable adviser and counsellor, and his method of handling matters with the Panama officials in cases affecting the interests of the Canal Zone and the neighboring republic has never been equalled. The vacancy on the commission was filled by the appointment, on May 6, 1910, of Mr. Maurice H. Thatcher, of Kentucky, who occupied the position until August 9, 1913. When I was in Washington in the summer of 1911 President Taft asked me about the satisfactoriness of Mr. Thatcher's services as head of the department of civil administration, and, after telling him frankly the opinion I had formed, I could not refrain from quoting his formula for determining

a man's usefulness in the public service, and brought forth a laugh when I claimed some credit for not complaining. Mr. Thatcher was succeeded by Mr. Richard L. Metcalfe, of Nebraska, who continued in office until April 1, 1914, when the commission was abolished and the organization provided by the Panama Canal Act was made effective.

In the winter of 1909 Mr. Taft, then President-elect, made an effort to secure the passage by the Senate of the bill passed by the House of Representatives which provided for abolishing the commission and establishing the one-man control for completing the work and for operating and maintaining the Canal. While the one-man control was already in effect, it rested upon the Executive Order of President Roosevelt, and it was deemed advisable to have it founded on law; but his efforts were unavailing. The House of Representatives of the next Congress again passed such a measure, and, while it was reported favorably by the Senate Committee on Interoceanic Canals, it failed to be taken up when it was reached on the calendar, because, as I understood, of the provision in the measure which discriminated against ships owned by the transcontinental railroad lines. I was amused to learn, from gossip extant on the Isthmus, that if the bill became a law ex-President Roosevelt, after his return from Africa, would be sent to take charge of the work, and that I was aiding and abetting this plan; it was also asserted that I wanted the measure enacted in order to get more power. No bill could have given me more power than had already been vested in me by the Executive Order of January 6, 1908. Whether the bill passed or not made little difference to me, for I always had the right to quit, and this I would have been obliged to do if there had been any abridgment of my authority, for time had not bettered the relations existing between myself and some of my colleagues, and I could not have carried forward the work satisfactorily except as it was being done. However, the time was approaching when some action was necessary.

The Spooner Act provided for the construction of the Canal but made no provision for its operation and maintenance. As the work advanced and there seemed every reasonable prospect of having a canal usable by shipping, commercial interests had to be informed of the rules and regulations governing its use as well as the tolls that were to be charged, and nothing could be done until Congress determined the policy; naturally, this involved the consideration and settlement of the whole subject, including the organization for operation and maintenance. The committees of both houses of Congress having charge of Canal legislation visited the Isthmus during the winter of 1911–12, made examinations of the existing conditions, held hearings for taking the testimony of the heads of the various departments and divisions, and continued them later in Washington; as the result of which the Panama Canal Act received the approval of the President on August 24, 1912.

This act is similar in some respects to the Spooner Act, in that it authorizes the President of the United States, after abolishing the commission when the services of that body were no longer necessary, "to complete, govern, and operate the Panama Canal, and govern the Canal Zone," while the Spooner Act authorized the President to construct it. In short, full authority in both cases was vested in the President. The Panama Canal Act differs from the Spooner Act in that, while the latter imposed a commission of seven as the instrumentality for construction, the former provides a governor, or one-man control, for completing, operating, and governing the Canal. The designation "governor" for the head of the enterprise has been regarded as unfortunate, as tending to give an erroneous impression of the duties and scope of the office, but the framer of the bill, Judge W. C. Adamson, M.C., chairman of the Interstate Commerce committee of the House, explained to me that he had fixed upon this title so as to prevent the creation of a position to look after civil affairs, which must of necessity be of relatively small importance, to be used for political purposes as theretofore had been the case.

With the Canal advanced sufficiently toward completion to permit of its use, its operation and maintenance became the first considerations, and the organization

to be adopted should be such as to subordinate everything to these two objects—in exactly the same way as was done with the building of the Canal during the construction period. As between operation and maintenance, the former would be relatively easy were the Canal properly maintained. Under such conditions, in order that proper subordination might be secured, the most effective, and therefore most economical, organization would be secured by placing an engineer in control—one who had the technical ability to solve the various engineering problems that were likely to arise and who was at the same time a good administrator. This suggestion or recommendation was adopted, which enabled the governor to place the department of operation and maintenance in such relation to the other branches of the organization as to bring about the cooperation necessary to secure the best results from all. The governor is assisted in the management of the department of operation and maintenance by an engineer of maintenance, whose title indicates his duties, and by a naval officer in charge of shipping through the Canal together with all other marine matters and questions that may arise. The work under each is subdivided into divisions the work and authority of which are definitely fixed.

The conduct of civil affairs is vested in the governor, who exercises this function through an executive secretary. The other portions of the work are administered through the supply department—in charge of all food and construction supplies and the management of hotels, messes, kitchens, cold-storage plants, and laundries; the health department—in charge of sanitation, hospitals, and quarantine; accounting department—charged with the collection and disbursement of all funds, together with auditing the Panama Railroad and Canal Zone accounts and the administrative examination of the expenditures and collections whose final audit rests with the auditor for the War Department.

By the Panama Canal Act specific provision is made for the courts and their officials, making an independent judicial system for the Canal and the Zone. The remaining construction work is executed either through the engineer of maintenance or by separate divisions reporting to the governor, the latter to exist only so long as may be necessary to complete the work, which includes dry docks, coaling-stations, and terminal facilities, not authorized until 1912 and therefore not yet completed, fortifications, and some dredging, which could not be completed with the rest of the Canal because of the necessity for using the plant on the slides.

During the construction period each department administered its own affairs, but with the reorganization under the Panama Canal Act began a gradual concentration of administrative functions, including the Canal proper, the Canal Zone government, and the Panama Railroad; so that all accounting is done now by one force instead of three; the records of all departments and divisions are consolidated under one head, as are all correspondence, property, and drafting.

The reorganization is completed and follows that which existed during construction as closely as the new conditions permitted. The same results are sought—economy of administration and the concentration of authority in such a way as not only to enable the fixing of responsibility but also to allow such scope as to arouse an individual interest in the work. The reorganization was begun on April 1, 1914, and was completed in September following: it has, therefore, been in operation but a relatively short time, yet the team-work already secured promises for it the same success as that attained by the construction organization.

[General Goethals's fourth article, "Questions of Administration," will appear in the June number.]

A BROTHER OF THE ANGLE

By Willis Boyd Allen

Illustrations by A. B. Frost

IT seems strange that in these days of bustle and business, of commotion over tariff and income tax, of unsuccessful and successful war; of flying over the ground at the rate of a mile a minute, and through the air even more swiftly; of "progress" and muck-raking and "boom"; of materialistic tendencies and activities whose watchwords are, in the vernacular, "push" and "punch," and whose slogan is "Get a move on!" that in this era of restless energy and change there should exist one civilized, full-grown man who cares for fishing: an occupation which, as our honest Izaak Walton assures us, "invites to contemplation and quietness." He adds naïvely, "I, sir, am a Brother of the Angle."

Contemplation and quietness! Will these words soon be labelled in our dictionaries "obsolete"? It would seem so; yet there will be some use for them, among old-fashioned folk, as long as the word "angling" holds its place. I have read somewhere, in an interesting letter of bygone days, that when the writer became a man, he put away childish things. But bound up in the same volume is another pamphlet, wherein we are told of an august Form who addressed the multitudes by the seashore; whose chosen companions were fishermen; and who bade his hearers become as little children, if they would inherit the kingdom of heaven.

With a good conscience, then, and supported by the highest Authority, one may yield to the delights, however childish, of that innocent recreation which "Piscator" so well defended nearly three centuries ago. When we are confused and harried by the turmoil of modern life, our heads and our hearts aching with its complex problems, its exigent demands, its rebuffs and its bitter disappointments, let us turn once more to the forest and meadow, the peaceful stream, with the fleecy clouds or overhanging boughs kindly tempering the rays of the summer sun; let us drop our pens, abandon for the nonce our manuscripts, our ledgers, or the stock reports of the day, and "go a-fishing."

I was ransacking a long-unopened chest the other day, when I picked up a little tin flask, unscrewed the stopper abstractedly, and took a sniff. What a transformation! The walls of my room, and of the brick and stone dwellings on the other side of the way, vanished as if at the touch of an enchanter's wand. They were replaced by the drooping branches of pine and hemlock, "bearded with moss." The roar of the city street died away in the murmur and rush of a mountain brook. The arrogant, coughing shriek of a passing automobile became a thrush's flute-note, calling from the thicket. In the dark, foam-flecked pool before me a trout had just shown a golden flash as he rose for a floating insect. Quick—let me select a fly, a modest one, for this small stream—say, a brown hackle or a dark Montreal—but the moment passed, and I was again a hurried, dusty, fussy man of business, hunting for an old deed in my musty chest. Such had been the magic, only too fleeting, of that one whiff of the few drops of pennyroyal-and-tar which the little flask still contained!

When the actual scenes of his loved pursuit are inaccessible, your true fisherman tries to find a temporary solace in looking over his tackle; and when that diversion palls, in the pages of his books. The "Compleat Angler," it need hardly be said, is first choice; and its Appendix, by "Charles Cotton, Esq.," is not to be neglected. Of modern writers we turn to Doctor van Dyke, with his "Little Rivers" and "Fisherman's Luck"; or to an author who is in danger of being forgotten

nowadays, William C. Prime. His "I Go a-Fishing" is fragrant with the odor of balsam fir and arbor vitæ. In his delectable pages I have gloated over the old fisherman's defense of his tobacco-pipe. His favorite indulgence, he declares, is harmless compared with the pernicious doughnut habit of rural New England; and then follows that delightful description of the butterfly that doted on tobacco smoke—which was enough to settle the whole question, once for all! It is Doctor Prime who tells us of the results of his observations of trout rising to natural flies. The crafty fish, he soberly asserts, invariably strike the insect first with their *tails*, knocking it over into the water and snapping it up with a lightning dart, which can hardly be distinguished from the original movement, so quickly does one succeed the other! The good doctor may be right, for all I know. Would that I could at this moment hear the splash of the rising beauty, and see the widening rings on the sunset-illumined surface of the forest lake! I must confess, right here, that of late years I have often had misgivings lest, from my sympathy with the S. P. C. T. A., and the modern nature-study movement, I should become too tender-hearted to enjoy fishing; as I long ago abjured hunting as a sport. But with every returning season I am devoutly thankful to find my passion for angling unimpaired, and my conscience in the matter as clear as ever. The suffering inflicted upon these dully organized creatures is, science assures us, comparatively light; and it is invariably reduced to its lowest terms by all true sportsmen. I have seen people who sincerely mourned over the violent death of a mosquito. So easy is the descent from genuine thoughtfulness to sentimentalism. With which comforting reflection we may dismiss the subject.

I was spending a few August days at Crawford's, some twenty years ago, and had amused myself, as had others, in whipping the dark little lake at the head of the Notch, with no results beyond a sun-scorched face and draggled flies. One afternoon Doctor Prime arrived. Within a half-hour after he had left the train he was on the lake. It was a treat to see him cast, his sixty or seventy feet of line gently floating through the air in exquisite curves, and the flies dropping like thistledown at their farthest range. A little later the gray-bearded fisherman paddled back to the landing, his net sagging with the weight of a pound-and-a-quarter trout—the very one, we all declared, that we had been trying for a week to catch! From which it may be deduced that what W. C. Prime did not know about fishing, and the habits of *salmo fontinalis*, was a negligible quantity. As old English Jack, the Crawford hermit, once said of a local fisherman, "Why, sir, he c'd ketch trout off'n a fir-tree!"

Then there is "Charley" Stevens, with his book on fly-fishing in Maine; and gallant "Captain" Farrar, who wrote that series of jolly camping-out stories for boys a generation ago, and whom old habitués of the Middle Dam and Parmachenee remember right well and right pleasantly. The child-hearted captain commanded no battleship nor ocean liner, but his little thirty-foot launch bravely ploughed the waters of those beautiful mountain-encircled lakes of Maine, and many an expert fisherman and mighty hunter has he conveyed—anæmic, weak-muscled, brain-fagged—to their camps in the wilderness; to bring them out, a few weeks later, bronzed, hearty, and once more ready for the world's work. How the wild Indian names of those blessed lakes stick in the memory—Umbagog, Welokennebacook, Mooselucmeguntic, Mollychunkamunk, Cupsuptic, and Oquossuc! To whisper them softly is to hear again the sough of the wind in the pines, the mocking laugh of the loon, the "light drip of the suspended oar," the purr and crackle of the flames of the evening camp-fire.

There are some writers—adventurous fellows, too, and full of outdoors spirit—who show plainly enough in their books that they have no genuine love for fishing. I do not now recall a single instance in Clark Russell's glorious sea-stories, or in Rider Haggard's tales of the African veldt and jungle, of the legitimate capture of a fish, either for sport or for food. The wrecked crew break open biscuit-boxes, the lost adventurer brings down game by wonderful shots; they do everything to procure food, except fish. The characters



The trout-stream was a brook hardly larger than the home of the shiners.—Page 553.

of these novelists have the instinct of the sailor, the hunter, not of the fisherman; and so are the more truly drawn, I suppose. How surely one can deduce from Dickens's stories that piscatorial pursuits were utterly outside his world! Mr. Snodgrass, Mr. Winkle, and Tracy Tupman might toy with shotguns—to the trepidation of the keeper and his boy—but they never touched rod or line; and Mr. Pickwick himself, although represented on the first page of the original parts of the immortal history which bears his name as sitting asleep in a punt, while a hooked fish pulls down the end of his rod, was not, I believe, once betrayed, in the varied course of his adventures, into a trial of Walton's "genial art."

Novelists there are, indeed, whose hearts are plainly in the highlands, a-chasing not the wild deer, but the wilder and more elusive trout and salmon, while they

scratch away with their pens and burn midnight oil over their manuscripts. What would be left of William Black's romances, if you expurgated them of salmon-catching scenes? One of the most fascinating accounts of fishing I know occurs in a book of travel and exploration, now almost completely forgotten by the public, Sir Samuel Baker's "Nile Tributaries of Abyssinia," published in 1868. He was encamped on the banks of the Atbara, which had fallen far below its rainy-season level; and started to try his luck without the least idea of the kind or size of fish that the turbid waters might furnish. A "terrific strike" at his minnow bait carried away the hook and half the line in a moment. "'Well, that was a monster!' I exclaimed, as I recovered my inglorious line. 'I replaced the lost hooks by a still larger set, with the stoutest gimp and swivels, and once more I tried my fortune.'" This time he had better luck, and "quickly landed a fish of about twelve pounds, known to the Arabs as a *bayard*." Afterward, fishing in the same river, he caught a bayard weighing a little over sixty pounds. A few days later, using a one-pound fish as bait, he hooked a great, perch-like creature, which several times leaped above the surface of the water and took out a hundred yards of fresh line. The monster was finally played into the shallows, and a native attendant landed him *vi et armis*. This fish was salmon-colored, and tasted like trout. It weighed about fifty pounds. The Arab name for it was "baggar," or "cow-fish." The next notable capture was a baggar of eighty pounds—but here we will leave the doughty sportsman, whose fish stories I should well like to have heard, before a camp-fire. One cannot help being reminded—although no doubt has been thrown on these thrilling accounts—of the occasion when a committee-man was examining a class of boys in the South. "Can any of you," he asked, "tell me what 'amphibious' means, and give a sentence to illustrate?" A bright little darky held up his hand. "I know, sah! It's lying! Mos' fish stories am fibious!" Baker, who will always be remembered as one of the great African explorers of the nineteenth century, was knighted on his return from the Sudan in 1866. He commanded one more expedition to Africa in 1869, wrote several books of travel, and died at his home in England on the last day of 1893, at the age of seventy-two. After all, his experiences were no more wonderful than those of tarpon fishermen in our own Florida. It was the weird stage-setting, the constant imminence of the unexpected, the *ex Africa semper aliquid novi*, that gave them their unique charm. Who is there that does not recall one more instance of wonderful fishing in Lower Egypt? This time it is a queen who speaks:

"Give me mine angle—we'll to the river: there,
My music playing far off, I will betray
Tawney-finned fishes; my bended hook shall pierce
Their slimy jaws; and, as I draw them up,
I'll think them every one an Antony,
And say, 'Ah, ha! you're caught!'"

Whereupon Charmian, the saucy attendant, replies:

"'Twas merry when
You wagered on your angling; when your diver
Did hang a salt-fish on his hook, which he
With fervency drew up!"

What a vivid touch is that "with fervency"! One can see the real angler's expression in Antony's face as he hauls in his strangely submissive captive; and hear the silvery laugh of the queen, leaning forward and clapping her little hands, as the head of her guest's "salt-fish" appears above water. She was no haughty, unscrupulous, crafty monarch at that moment, but a mischievous girl. I am glad we have had that one wholesome glimpse of Antony and Cleopatra.

It is a far cry from Africa to Maine. My own piscatorial experiences, I admit, have been of a far less sensational order than those of the famous traveller or the infatuated Roman of ancient days. I was early initiated into the peaceful art by my father, himself an enthusiastic, though not fanatical, disciple of Walton. I well remember when, at the age of seven or thereabouts, I was promised an excursion to a stream where real trout were occasionally caught. Thitherto my exploits had been limited to the capture of small shiners; and even now I can recall the visions I had of a great, sweeping river,

something between the Mississippi and the Amazon, in whose foaming flood sported gigantic fish, gleaming like silver, and flecked with scarlet and gold. It was of the beautiful creature was fully up to my fondest expectations. After that there was always good-natured rivalry between my loved preceptor—the truest



That first fight with a three-pound trout.—Page 554.

a great disappointment to find that the trout-stream was a brook hardly larger than the home of the shiners, flowing sleepily through a cow-pasture and lingering in sunny meadows. With the landing of my first trout, however, all dissatisfaction vanished. Even the disillusionment as to the real size of the fish—a few ounces in weight—could not balance the joy of the capture; and the coloring, at any rate, type of sweet and noble fatherhood I have ever known—and myself, as to the number and size of our respective catches. As long as my father lived, each of us was first choice to the other as companion in our woodland tramps.

In the old farmhouse which was our home for a few weeks each year, during the fishing season, we used to lay out the largest fish upon birch-bark or brown

paper, and trace his outlines, filling in with various artistic touches afterward. The sketch was then labelled with data as to the weight of the fish and time of capture, signed by the successful fisherman, and pinned to the wall of the living-room, which is still adorned with many such trophies—mute and touching reminders, to me, of the dear comrade who is no longer in visible presence beside me as, at long intervals, I escape from my work in the city, loiter on the banks of that little country brook, and listen to its soft murmur blended with the sighing of the pine.



I have taken them—one, two, three, or more pounds' weight.—Page 559.

My next promotion in the art of angling was to fly-fishing, in the wild, forest-nurtured waters of the upper Androscoggin. I shall never forget that first fight with a three-pound trout. Standing on a projecting and swaying log, over which the water rushed ankle-deep, I played the fellow for twenty minutes—minutes fraught with a lifetime of excitement and anxiety lest I should slip off the log and be swept down-stream; or, far worse, the trout should succeed in warping the line around a bowlder and free himself. My rod was bent into an inverted U, the taut line dripped and wandered hither and thither in the rapids, with the buried end always drawing a little nearer as I gained notch after notch in my reel: until at last the Upton guide, anxious to please my father as well as me, skilfully slipped his net under the fish and lifted him from the foaming water.

I wonder that I did not then and there lose my footing on that slippery, submerged log. It seemed impossible to balance myself, in the delirious flush of tri-



In a pool five or six feet deep.—Page 559.

umph, and creep slowly back to shore, to walk on two ordinary, soaking-wet feet. I wanted to fly, to soar above the tree-tops like an osprey, clutching my booty. Instead, I followed the guide, speculating eagerly and vocally as to the weight of our catch, and recounting to willing ears the trepidations and thrills of various critical moments of the fight. We were below the old "Middle Dam," on the upper side of which was my father, who, absorbed in his own fishing, had known nothing of the battle royal. I clambered up the rocky face of the dam. The guide followed, still carrying the trout in the net. The fish was so big that his huge square tail actually projected above the brass rim. A moment more, and the exploit would be complete. I shouted to my father to come and see what I had caught. The guide, climbing rather awkwardly, and holding the long-handled net in his left

hand, was just surmounting the cap-piece of the dam when the trout gave an unexpected flop, threw himself out of the net, flashed through the air, caromed off a mossy log—and was gone in the foaming, roaring torrent of the river! *Sic transit gloria mundi!*

Let us draw the kindly veil of silence over the guide's remarks, chiefly addressed to himself and the trout, during the next few minutes. It was noticeable that the weight of that fish had increased perceptibly since he was netted, that he already weighed at least half a pound more than at first. He has been gaining ever since. I am not positively sure that originally he would have tipped the scales at over two pounds and three-quarters. No sooner had he escaped than he was "a little better than a three-pounder." I speak of him carelessly, nowadays, as "something under four pounds."

I sometimes wonder whether that disappointment of my boyhood days is not responsible for the fact that in my dreams I am never quite successful in landing a fish; or that the trout, genuine enough in the dream river, becomes a minnow, or even a bloated sculpin, when brought to shore. The impression then made seems to have scored deeply on the mysterious brain tissues, like the "recorder" of a graphophone; and in the unconscious night visions the "reproducing cylinder" is fitted to its place and set running, so as to re-enact, in distorted fashion, that scene of long ago. I take a good deal of pleasure in dreams, and have had my share of interesting ones: darting about on invisible wings, like a swallow; singing like Caruso; swimming with the speed of a bluefish; trundling over hill and dale in a horseless wagon, long before the world gaped at the sight of the first automobile. But there is no fun for me in my fishing-dreams, which are not infrequent. Somehow I am never successful in my sport, and start up, after one of them, as from a nightmare.

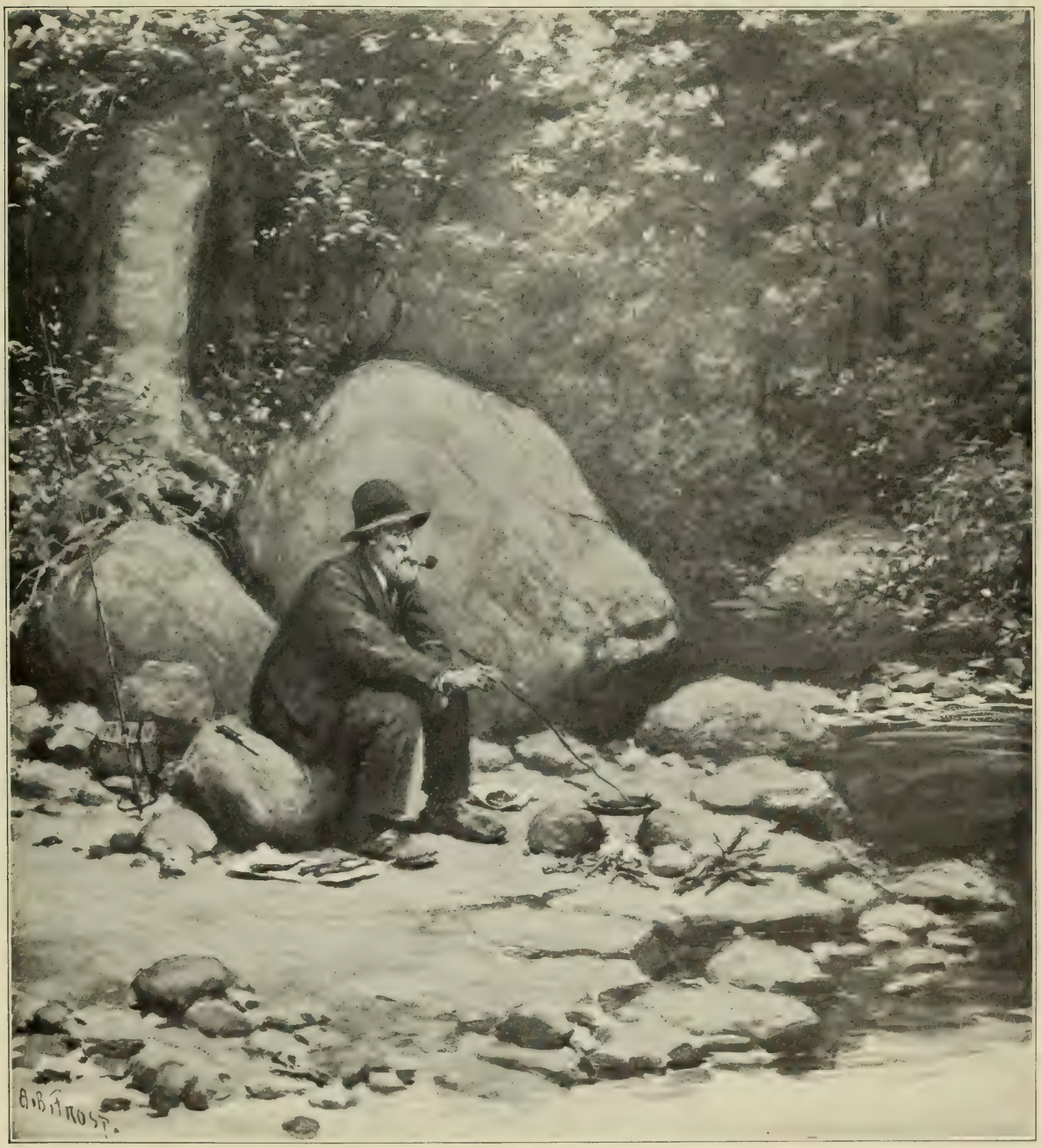
Once or twice I have had actual experiences, in my waking moments, which left exactly the same impression. Not long ago I was in Fredericton, N. B. Seeing a couple of men fishing off the end of a wharf, I felt the attraction of "a brother of the angle," and strolled down to say, "What luck?" and see what they were catching. As I drew near, my words of cheery greeting died away. The men—they were huge negroes of the lowest type, with intensely black, brutal faces—were bobbing for eels, and several of these never too agreeable objects were squirming on the wharf. They were about two feet long, of a sickly, greenish yellow (when they turned upon their backs), and were thicker than my wrist. It was evident from what source these abominable, bloated creatures of mud and slime, frequenting the water-front of the city, obtained their sustenance. Even then I might have spoken, but the men turned their backs on me sullenly and silently, as I approached, and I hastened to retrace my steps.

One other scene, in this connection, recurs to me vividly. As I was crossing Boston Common on a cold day early in November I noticed a small group of idlers lining the curb of the western portion of the Frog Pond. There was a "fly-casting contest," it seemed, in progress. A platform had been built out into the pond, and upon this the contestants took position in turn, as they cast for accuracy or distance. Nobody spoke: a dull, depressing silence hung over the gathering. The gray sky, the naked branches of the elms, the stolid and rather squalid crowd, hands in pockets; the far-cast fly settling into the sour, murky, stagnant water, or entangling itself among sodden leaves and floating rubbish, as the voiceless wielder of the rod slowly reeled in—it was a veritable dyspeptic dream of trout-fishing.

It is curious to note purely local predilections for special sorts of fish found in various districts. Very likely I was oversqueamish about those eels. In the colored colony at the little New Brunswick capital, eels—overfed and overgrown but decidedly cheap and easily procured—are no doubt as popular on the table as they were in ancient Rome. The country folk in many parts of New England are very fond of pickerel, as a breakfast dish. In Boston they are a rather expensive luxury, almost ranking with trout; but in northern Maine, especially in the vicinity of the great trout streams and lakes, the idea of using them as food is abhorrent. "I'd as

soon eat snake!" said a guide to me. Brook trout, crispy and brown from the frying-pan, had made an epicure of him.

Most of the fish that abound in the Sea of Galilee nowadays, as they did two thousand years ago, are a species of bream and chub. A canning-factory, I am told, is now in process of erection on the shore not far from Capernaum! These fish were formerly taken almost wholly in nets, though fish-hooks seem to have been known and used more or less throughout the East from very early times. Wilkinson tells us that angling was a favorite pursuit of the wealthy in Egypt, as well as of the poor who could not afford a net. Something like our modern weirs were also in vogue; but in Gennesaret they were expressly forbidden by law, in Bible times. Fly-fishing was unknown until a comparatively recent period.



And soon the fish are sputtering and sizzling.—Page 560.

But the word "fly-fishing" recalls us from Egypt and Palestine with a snap, as the trailing fly is jerked from the surface of the pool where it rippled a moment, a dozen fathoms distant from the canoe; to be cast over the shoulder, it may be, by a deft turn of the wrist, to an inviting spot



My pipe of peace.—Page 560.

in the opposite direction. Once again memory reverts to serene and blithesome scenes of long ago, when life itself seemed but a joyous stream, from which we had but to take the choicest of fish, at our liking. The taste for reminiscence grows by indulgence, and may easily become boresome to one's friends, pernicious to oneself. At what age, I wonder, does a man begin to walk backward? The tendency, which, of course, varies with the temperament of the individual, is a subtle and deplorable habit. After fifty most of us look over our shoulders a good deal, to say the least; and before long, turning slowly, like Mr. Pickwick on the ice at Dingley Dell, we are but too apt to set our faces almost wholly toward the past. When I revisit the scenes of earlier travel and adventure I find myself inevitably reverting to those days in which I, too, was young and hopeful; and, what is worse, boring my youthful companions by calling their attention to incidents long forgotten, and to biographical anecdotes of friends who once, as these do now, made the forest ring with their laughter and merry voices, long since silent. "Twenty"—"thirty"—"forty years ago," I hear myself saying, over and over. It is, indeed, an insidious fault, apt to result in a habit of mind, and consequent reiteration of reminiscence, which might be termed "agoism." Many of my friends are afflicted with it, and I find my own mood and conversation but too often glaring ex-

amples of the failing. Heavens! if all of us who yield to Lot's wife's temptation were to be summarily visited with that unhappy lady's punishment, every highway would soon be but a pergola, for the white pillars upreared along its course!

But what, pray, would become of fish stories, were reminiscence tabooed? Hardly less enjoyable than the actual scenes recalled are the mutual accounts of fishermen's adventures, as the campers gather around the blazing fire in the log hut, or under the stars, and stories are "swapped," amid the curling wreaths of smoke from brier-wood and meerschaum. It is all the cosier if the gathering must be under shelter, with the rain-drops pattering on the bark roof. The guide shuts the low door of the cabin and makes all snug. "I don't want no b'ars creepin' 'raound on *my* feet to-night," he soliloquizes. The clergyman, in flannel shirt, corduroys, and heavy brogans, takes out his fly-book, to illustrate his day's adventures, and proves the story of the big trout he lost by producing the "silver doctor," draggled and torn by the monstrous fish. The tired lawyer leans upon his elbow, on a fragrant heap of fir boughs, blows a few circles of blue smoke, and matches the minister's story with one of his own experiences in the Adirondacks. The rest smoke in silence, their eyes fixed on the glowing brands of the fire in the huge, rudely constructed fireplace. The wind moans outside the tiny, four-pane window, and the call of a loon is heard, far off on the lake.

"He'd weigh six pounds, if an ounce!" exclaims the reverend camper, smiting his knee as he supplements his story.

Every fisherman has heard of certain mysterious runs, or "holes," stocked with fabulously large and gamy trout. In a little bay near the northwest extremity of Umbagog is a quiet bit of water, suggesting pickerel, but one of the last places in which to look for trout. Casting, indeed, would be futile. The wary monsters hidden under that smooth surface will not rise to an artificial fly. At the bottom of the lake, nearly sixty feet deep at that point, is a cold spring, where these splendid fellows congregate. It needs some courage to confess how I have taken them—one, two, three, or more pounds' weight, with bait, at the end of a tremendously long line. It did seem like cod-fishing—until the fish was fairly hooked; then it became rather exciting. Now, a hundred feet away you might fish all day, with bait or fly, without seeing or feeling a sign of trout.

There is a tradition that somewhere far up on the side of Mount Willard, near the White Mountain Notch, a fisherman once came upon a deep pool half-hidden under moss and shrubbery, and by skilful manipulation of his hook and line extracted therefrom a basketful of fine trout. The brook which supplied the pool was, as often happens in the mountain districts, mostly concealed underground, and the casual tramper, so the story goes, would never discover its existence. I have hunted for that wonderful fish-pool myself, and have succeeded so far as to find the tiny stream, gurgling under the roots of gnarled firs, and beneath moss-covered bowlders; but the magic reservoir itself, if it ever existed, remained unseen. There is, however, a spot within a mile of its supposed location, where I am perfectly sure I could go at any time when the ice is out of the stream, and take from half a dozen to a dozen fine trout. The brook—I shall be forgiven, I trust, if I do not specify *which* brook of the many in the district—rippling hardly two inches in depth over a bed of golden pebbles, makes a sudden turn behind a thick clump of scrub trees, and gathers itself, unsuspected by the uninitiated, in a pool five or six feet deep under a huge rock. The top of that bowlder, densely overgrown with moss and bushes, is the only point from which the pool can be fished; and from its appearance no one would guess the harvest below. I am always careful not to leave traces of my scramble, in broken twigs or displaced moss! The last time I was there I took sixteen good trout in about as many minutes.

By these open and shameless references of mine to bait-fishing the reader may see that I am not one of those sportsmen who despise "ground hackle." That fly-fishing is clean, and free from the muscular efforts of mountain-climbing; that it is usually rewarded with larger fish than those taken with a worm; that it has a freedom, a jollity, a certain broad, wide-

spaced exhilaration, I willingly admit. But the humbler, old-fashioned method has a charm of its own which I am not ready to forego.

With no impedimenta but a creel (even that is not an absolute necessity; its place being often taken by an alder twig, a "string," cut from the nearest bush), a bait-box strapped in my belt, and a small tin frying-pan in my pocket, I start up a mountain path which crosses the brook a mile or two above the valley. There, after a brief rest from my steep climb, I proceed to cut a slender rod—alder, birch, or moosewood—about eight feet from butt to tip; attach six or seven feet of dark-green silk line, with a gutted "Limerick" hook: and I am ready for business.

Creeping up to the pool below the first rapid (the brook is so narrow, or its bed so strewn with bowlders, that it can be crossed with dry feet at almost any point), I crouch low, and let the bait sink under a projecting rock, keeping the hook gently in motion and floating naturally with the current. I use no sinker, beyond, sometimes, a single shot. Presently the tip of the little rod goes down with a wabbling tug. A moment's pause, then a deft "strike," and out comes my first trout, flashing through the air. One by one the number in the basket increases as I make my way slowly down-stream, clinging to roots of huge, overhanging trees, wriggling over mossy ledges, dropping from low-drooping boughs to point after point of vantage. After a couple of hours of this, I deem it time for a halt.

The stream just here broadens out into a shallow sheet of water, singing and dancing between moss-covered rocks and over stretches of tawny-gleaming sand. I take off my creel, which has grown pretty heavy, gather a few dry sticks, and start a little fire on a broad ledge where there is no danger of its spreading. Then I proceed to dress three or four of the smallest trout; lift the close-fitting cover from my tiny pocket frying-pan, which contains an ounce of corn-meal and two small squares of pork wrapped in oil-paper; and soon the fish are sputtering and sizzling in most appetizing fashion over a bed of hot coals. I have brought in another pocket, it may be, a buttered roll, or some fruit. The trout, brown and crisp, are served on a square of birch-bark; and what a feast is mine!

After lunch is finished, débris burned, pan sand-scoured, dried, and again pocketed, I lean back against my moss-upholstered couch, and smoke my pipe of peace. Peace, indeed! There is a sense of uplift, mental and spiritual as well as physical, in these high places, far removed from the cares, the grosser demands of life, the petty anxieties and limitations of every-day existence in the busy world we have left behind and below us. The air breathes softly down from the near-by mountain summits, following the course of the little stream which, owning the same birthplace, seems hardly less translucent than the golden atmosphere. I take a cupful from the swift current, and quaff the essence of the white vapors, the errant winds, of the lofty peaks. It is like drinking music. On the mossy forest floor all about me the pools of sunshine shift and shimmer in ever-changing succession. The silence of the deep wood, broken only by the dreamy song of the brook, rests upon the fir-clad mountain slope. Not a bird-note punctuates the stillness.

Far overhead, through an opening in the boughs of maple and yellow birch, I see a dot, growing to a thin black line, moving slowly across the field of blue: a solitary eagle, soaring through space as far over me as I am above the restless life of man in the valley below. Now he has passed out of my vision, and I am alone again with the brook, the forest, the golden sunlight, the long, bright summer day.

BAYTOP

BY ARMISTEAD C. GORDON

Author of "Maje," "Ommirandy," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WALTER BIGGS

"UNC' JONAS, he say it look ter him like things ain't gwine on right on dis here plantation, somehow," observed Delphy to the assembled company in the kitchen at Kingsmill.

"Unc' Jonas, he furdermo' say it look ter him like Mars' Jeems dunno how ter han'le Kingsmill like Ole Mars' useter han'le it in his time. He say de gulleys, dey gittin' bigger, an' de broom-swadge, it takin' a closeter holt on ter de groun', and de stake an' rider fences, dey all fallin' down fur lack o' new rails. Dat what he say. Unc' Jonas, he say, times is done been change' pow'ful some, 'bout Kingsmill, sence he furs' knowed it."

"Dat been a long time," ventured Evadne timidly. "Unc' Jonas, he done been here all his life."

It was fifteen years after the close of the war—the only war that ever was or ever could be for the old-timers of Kingsmill. They had been lean and strenuous years, thronged with the mutations and privations and hardships that were but vaguely recognized or indifferently understood by the untutored black population, to all of whom the struggle's close had brought freedom, and to many a propensity to wander from the home places, in order to show that they were really free.

The Kingsmill freedmen, with an affection generally characteristic of the race, had promptly agreed in practical unanimity that they would "stay wid Mars' Jeems"; and they had stayed, evincing a constant and inherited loyalty.

In the kitchen at Kingsmill, even more than at Old Town, whose dilapidated whitewashed cabins faced one another in a long street, set with ragged aspen-trees, strenuous discussions involving the fortunes of the "white folks" at "de Gre't House" were of more or less frequent occurrence.

Ommirandy, when she deigned to participate at all in these gossiping and inconsequential talks, was always the unfailing upholder of the cause of the owner of the place, and the stanch defender of all things that she considered part and parcel of the illustrious past.

From the moment when the almost incomprehensible news had come to the slaves on the plantation that they were free, the old woman's dominating personality had impressed upon them a sense of their own inconsequence and helplessness, and of the unabated dignity and power of young Mars' Jeems.

"You-all thinks you's free," she would say to them scornfully. "But you ain't. Dat ain't nothin' but talk. Is you free ter go away f'om here? Den, whar you gwine? Who gwi' take keer o' you ef you go? What kin you do for yo'se'f? I tell you, you ain't free. You niggers, hear me! I'm preachin' ter you!"

"Amen!" responded Delphy, the cook; and Evadne and Ariadne, the chambermaids, and Astarte, who looked after the dairy, each echoed "Amen!"

When Delphy on this notable day proclaimed to the assembled kitchen company the frank and outspoken criticism of young Mars' Jeems by Uncle Jonas, things came to a climax in the old woman's contemplation.

"He say! Jonas, he say!" she ejaculated with infinite scorn. Her large gold ear-hoops trembled with her voice as she arose from her seat where she had been nervously smoothing the creases from her apron while Delphy was talking. "Philadelphy, I'se upsot to hear a respect'ble 'oman like you is, comin'-over dat ole man's foolish talk. You done been here sence I remembrance you, when you was a teeny bit o' nigger-gell, totin' de hot baddy-cakes an' de buttered waffles f'om de kitchen ter de house. Ole Mars', he useter say dat you was de spryes' little

nigger on de place, beca'se how come you always fetched in de cakes de hottes'. Ole Mars', he thought a pow'ful lot o' you, Philadelphy. It werries me fur ter hear you noratin' ter dese here gells what Jonas say 'bout young Mars' Jeems."

A sombre shadow gathered over the harsh and buccaneer features of Ommirandy, that was indicative of her hurt feelings.

"Lor', Ommirandy," said Delphy, who regarded her with an admiration that was not devoid of fear. "Is I done anything wrong? I jes' hear him say what I tell you he say, when he come in here yistiddy at dinner-time fur ter git his meal's vittles. Dat what he say, sho'."

"Umhum!" she snorted, still standing in the attitude of Cicero in the Senate accusing Catiline. "Umhum! I ain't doubtin' dat he said it. I ain't doubtin' it. But he ain't nuver dahred ter say nothin' like dat ter me. I been hear him 'buse de place, an' I tuk it. But I ain't nuver yit heerd him 'buse young Mars' Jeems ter *my* face."

She paused a moment, and continued:

"Dat ole man an' me was born de same night down dar at Ole Town on dis here very plantation. I done knowed him all his life. He always is been makin' a row 'mongst de niggers, an' he ain't nuver furgive Ole Mars' yit fur havin' me at de Gre't House, whilst he stay at Ole Town, an' work in de fiel's. It ain't been so pow'ful many years sence I tole him right in dis here kitchen: 'Jonas, I knows you. You was born on one side o' de road at de Quarters an' me on de t'other side de same night, some years back, now. Jonas,' I says, 'you was raisin' a debble of a racket dat night, an' 'fo' Gord, you done been keepin' on raisin' it uver sence!'"

The assembled company greeted this sally with complimentary laughter. Astarte, who was sitting on the wooden bench near the fireplace, next to Evadne, poked her companion in the ribs, and exclaimed:

"You sho' was talkin' ter him, Ommirandy! You sho' was!"

The next evening Uncle Jonas, gray and patriarchal, with the appropriate stoop and the appropriate walking-stick, came to the kitchen, as was his frequent custom, to get his supper.

He had never been a man of very vigorous frame or constitution, and when the war ended young Mars' Jeems had permitted him to continue in the possession of his cabin and his garden-patch at Old Town rent-free, and had fed and clothed him, and allowed him to work or not, as he pleased.

"Jonas," said Ommirandy, eying him sternly as he entered, "I got a crow fur ter pick wid you. I been hearin' 'bout you."

The vague accusation aroused his apprehension. He paused for a moment before taking his accustomed seat in the corner opposite the bench by the fireplace, where the pot-hooks and spit of a Colonial era still swung in the huge and gaping chimney.

"'Bout me, Sister M'randy?" he questioned, settling himself rheumatically in his chair. "What de martter wid you now? What I done fur ter make you quo'ill wid me? Dey ain't no crow 'twixt you an' me, marm."

"Yes, dey is," the old woman said tartly. "Delphy, here, done tell me you been 'busin' young Mars' Jeems."

He looked very miserable, sitting with his hands clasped over the handle of his dogwood stick, and regarding Ommirandy with an expression of alarm.

"Whar Delphy?" he asked desperately. "What dat de 'oman say I say?"

"Here me! You sees me!" replied Delphy, aroused, and with a note of defiance in her voice. "How come you ask dat queshtun, Unc' Jonas? Don't you be callin' me no 'oman, nuther."

She held a double handful of corn-dough in both hands, shifting it nervously from one to the other. She was "patting a pone" to wrap in the green collard-leaves on the kitchen-table and cook in the ashes on the hearth. She knew that Ommirandy was very fond of ash-cake and buttermilk for her supper.

"Philadelphy say you done been flingin'-off on young Mars' Jeems," interposed Ommirandy. "She say you claim he dunno how ter keep up wid Ole Mars' on de Kingsmill place."

The accusation struck a momentary terror to Uncle Jonas's heart.

"Well, den, it's gospel," he replied, driven into a corner and turning at bay.

Ommirandy's face became tense with

anger. If she had been white the color of her countenance would have seemed scarlet. Being after a fashion copper-hued, it took on an appearance to Uncle Jonas of an indescribable and alarming gray-blackness that he had never seen before.

"De 'oman look like she gwi' fling a duck-fit," he said to himself.

She strode across to where he sat, and shook her knuckled fist in his face.

"'Fo' Gord!" she threatened. "You dunno what you talkin' 'bout. I gwi' eben up wid you fur dat, ef it takes me a hunnerd years. Dey ain't no black, gizzard-footed, low-down scrub of a free-nigger gwi' say anything 'gin dese here white folks dat is been here sence 'fo' de flood, an' me stan' by an' keep my mouf shet! Jonas, don't you b'lieve it!"

Uncle Jonas's grip on the head of his stick was such as the old dogwood had never known before. All of his injured self-esteem, his pride of opinion, his stubborn and jealous dislike of Ommirandy's dominating position and power on the place, came over him in a wave of emotion. But he was foxy in his day and generation. He knew her torrential volubility when aroused, and he was conscious of his own inferiority to her in debate. He dissembled and held his peace.

For the first time in many months he went back from the Kingsmill kitchen to his cabin in Old Town unfed. He was too mad to eat the tempting victuals that Delphy grudgingly set before him.

Young Mars' Jeems was wont to say to Mis' Nancy and to Mr. Sinjinn that Jonas and Baytop had each grown old, and were now turned out to graze together, after their time of service had ended. But he always added, smilingly, that the pasture was green in the sunshiny summer weather, and that there was no lack of corn in the trough and fodder in the rack when the grass went with the first frost. It was his metaphorical way of stating that he would always take care of the old man and the old horse without ever again requiring any serious work of either.

Uncle Jonas's heaviest task was to go to the wharf for the mail when the steamer came in every other day on its way up and down the river. So, too, this was Baytop's easy stint of work, save that his fellow "grazer" had permission to drive him, on Sundays, hitched to the spring-wagon, to the colored church a mile beyond the Quarters at Old Town.

"Baytop, he been a good hoss in his day," Uncle Jonas would boast to his grandson, Tiberius, a lad of fifteen years, as they sat together on the front seat, with an invited guest or two in the back part of the little wagon, on these red-letter Sabbath days, when the other colored members, including the parson himself, walked to "preachin'."

"He been a good hoss, but he done work hisse'f out. He like me an' Mars' Jeems an' de place. He done kinder run down, Baytop is."

"Gran'pap," asked Tiberius one Sunday when they were alone together in the wagon, "how ole is Baytop, nohow?"

"Baytop, he older'n you is, son. Mars' Jeems, he rid dis here hoss three year endurin' o' de war, arfter he done got shot in de leg an' cudden march wid de infant'y no mo'. He jined de caval'y den, an' dis here was his hoss. Baytop, he mons'ous nigh eighteen year ole.

"Giddup!"

Baytop, after his acquired wont during many easeful years last past, moved with a sedate walk that evinced no kinship to the gait that had been his in the old times.

"Baytop, he a blooded hoss, son. He was a racer in his prime, same ez dey tells me Mars' Jeems was when he was a boy at college. But de bofe on 'em is done pars' dey prime now."

Uncle Jonas sighed deeply and clucked to Baytop. This intimation of his to his steed was a fixed custom no longer productive of results, but he still clung to it through habit.

"Gran'pap," said Tiberius, turning on his seat and looking at his grandfather in order to note the effect of his communication, "I done seed him run."

"Look-y here, boy!" exclaimed Uncle Jonas, giving the reins an involuntary pull that caused Baytop to stop still in the road. "You ain't done uver hit dis here hoss, is you? 'Case ef you is, an' Mars' Jeems gits holt on it, yo' mammy gwi' have ter give you a breshin' dat you'll remembrance 'twel you won't furgit it!"

He glared at his grandson with gathering suspicion.

Tiberius grinned.

"Don't you know," his grandfather continued, "dat Mars' Jeems is done gin orders long ago dat dey ain't no whup ter be laid on his army hoss by nobody on dis here plantation?

"Is you hit him?"

"Nor, sir. I ain't hit de hoss, an' I ain't seed nobody what is hit him. But I is done seed him run, all de same."

Uncle Jonas clucked again, and Baytop stood motionless. Then he gave the "lines" a jerk, and said:

"Giddup!"

Baytop got up, after his fashion.

The old man began to catechise the boy. He wanted to know about this unusual event in the horse's later history. He suspected Tiberius of trying to "fool him," and yet his credulity inclined him to credit the truth of his grandson's assertion.

For quite a while Tiberius, who delighted in nothing more than in teasing his grandparent to the point of frantic exasperation, avoided making any further disclosure of his knowledge. He evaded the questions propounded to him, or answered them irrelevantly with chuckles and grins. At length, by dint of mingled threats and promises Uncle Jonas succeeded in breaking down the boy's barrier of what he called "bafflin' " with him, and Tiberius told him a strange tale.

It had happened one day in the preceding winter, when Uncle Jonas, with Mars' Jeems's consent, had permitted his grandson to drive Baytop in the spring-wagon alone to the wharf, to get a bucket of oysters that were coming to the kitchen on the up-river boat. Tiberius, according to his yarn, had just gone through the yard-gate and reached the point in the lane leading to the river, where the lane meets the main county road from Yellowley's store, when a man in the road, with a big gripsack in his hand, called to him.

"He say, 'How long 'fo' de steamer?'" narrated Tiberius. "I say, 'She done whistle fur de wharf.' He look at his watch an' he say, 'Can I git him dar in three minutes?' I say, 'Dis here hoss is a ole army hoss, an' he can't go out'n a walk.' He say, 'How fur is it?' I say, 'Mighty nigh onter a mile.' He say, 'Army hoss?' I say, 'Yas, sir.' Dat man tuk' n' flung his big gripsack inter de hine part o' de wagon, an' jump in up here on dis seat whar you is. He tuk de lines, an' he call one word ter Baytop. Baytop, he r'ared his head up, like he hear sump'n. He flung his ears back, he did; an' den, sir, dat man, he call another word, an' Baytop he tuk out down de lane ter beat de ban'! Gran'pap, you ain't nuver seed no hoss on dis place run like dis here hoss run dat time. When we got ter de wharf, de steamer she done put off de oysters, dat was all de freight dat day, an' you could see her startin' ter swing herse'f off inter de ribber. De man, he say one mo' word ter Baytop, whilst Baytop was runnin', an' Baytop stop at de wharf like a cannon-ball done hit him. De man he jump out o' de wagon an' grab his gripsack, an' run thoo de shed, almos' samer'n Baytop run. I spec' he tuk de boat, 'case I ain't nuver seed dat man afo' or sence."

"Ah-h-h-h!" snarled Uncle Jonas contemptuously. "Giddup!"

"I 'clar 'fo' Gord, it's de trufe," protested Tiberius.

"Den how come you ain't done tell me nothin' 'bout it befo'?" demanded his grandfather, visibly impressed by the boy's earnestness.

"I ain't been huntin' fur no trouble 'long o' Baytop," he replied sagely.

"What was dem words, Tibe?" said Uncle Jonas.

"Unh-unh!" responded the boy with emphasis. "I ain't gwineter. I ain't nuver gwineter."

"How come you ain't?" demanded the old man sternly.

"Fus' thing Mars' Jeems 'ud know, you'd be a-racin' his ole hoss ter meetin' on Sundays, fur ter show off ter de wimmen folks, an' he nuver knowin' nothin' 'bout it," said Tiberius impudently.

"'Fo' Gord, I got a mine ter smack you out o' dis here wag'n, you ornery brat," retorted Uncle Jonas, while Tiberius hitched away from him as far as the narrow limits of the seat would permit.

For weeks a private controversy was waged between the two over Tibe's persistent declination to give his grandfather the words that the old man cudgelled his brain in vain to imagine. By every wile

and device that his aroused fancy could suggest he sought in vain to win from Tiberius a recital of the magic utterance that had restored to Baytop that fire and speed which had been his in the vanished days when young Mars' Jeems bestrode him in the cavalry, and he scented the battle afar off.

It was only the day before Ommirandy had wounded Uncle Jonas to the quick, and humbled his pride before the audience in the kitchen, that he had at length succeeded in accomplishing by dint of a bribe what all his cajoleries and threats had utterly failed so long to effect.

"Tibe, I gwi' give you dis here money ef you tell me dem words," he said. "Mr. Sinjinn, he give it ter me dis mornin', when I tuk a letter ter de boat fur him."

He exhibited a shining silver half-dollar which Tiberius regarded with eyes of avarice.

"Dat look ter me like pewter money," said the boy, drawing nearer and critically inspecting the coin in his grandfather's hand.

"Go 'way f'om here, you Tibe!" ejaculated Uncle Jonas. "What you talkin' 'bout, nigger? Duz you reck'n any white gen'mun gwi' gimme a pewter fifty-cent?"

"Lemme feel it fus'," demanded Tiberius, vanquished by the prospect of such wealth, and stretching forth a grimy and eager paw.

"You low-down roscal!" chuckled Uncle Jonas jocosely. "Duz you think yo' ole gran'daddy gwi' try ter fool ye, chile? I dunno what's gwine ter become o' you little new-issue free-niggers, nohow."

"Gimme de money fus', gran'pap," said Tiberius warily. "Dis here ain't no pig in a poke dat I'se a-sellin' you. You knows what you gwi' git. I gwi' tell you dem words, but I gotter feel de feel o' dat 'ar money fus'."

"Tibe, ye ain't done tole 'em ter nobody else, is you?" inquired Uncle Jonas.

He wished the assurance of an absolute monopoly in the commodity for which he was bargaining.

"Nor, sir. I ain't done menshun 'em ter a soul," responded his grandson.

"An' ef I give you dis here money, is you gwi' sw'ar an' cross yo' heart dat you ain't nuver gwi' tell 'em ter nobody else but me?"

Tiberius grinned, and the old man's horny fingers closed over the coin and shut it from sight.

"I 'clar 'fo' Gord, an' cross my heart," said Tiberius, as the half-dollar disappeared from view.

Uncle Jonas unclosed his fist and handed the boy the piece of money.

Tiberius took it. With the inevitable instinct of the plantation negro to hide the state of his finances from an inquiring world, he turned his back on his grandfather, and drawing a small and greasy leather bag from his trousers-pocket, deposited the coin in its recesses and restored the "puhss" to its accustomed place.

Then he turned and faced Uncle Jonas with a quizzical expression on his uninfantile face.

The old man regarded these antics of his grandson with a countenance that indicated a struggle between wrath and grave suspicion.

"What de matter wid you now? Ain't ye gwi' tell 'em ter me, son?" he inquired.

"Hole yo' head down here, gran'pap," said Tiberius. "I gwi' whisper dem words ter you. I don't want none o' dese here house niggers ter git holt on 'em. Dey's pow'ful partick'lar words!"

"Dat's right, son, dat's right!" said the old man. "Nobody but me an' you. Nobody but me an' you."

Uncle Jonas bent forward, and Tiberius put his right arm about his grandfather's neck and held it in a stalwart grasp. The boy had played so many tricks at times on his ancestor that Uncle Jonas became momentarily alarmed.

"He's a pow'ful smart-ellick," he thought, as Tiberius's grasp grew tighter. "Gorddlemighty knows what he gwi' do ter me now."

But Tiberius's good faith was justified of his subsequent performance.

"Jes' a leetle closeter, gran'pap," he murmured, and the old man stooped farther forward. The boy brought his mouth very near to his grandfather's ear, and his warm breath tickled Uncle Jonas's cuticle. The old man drew back with involuntary laughter, but Tiberius hung on. The boy was having the time of his life.

"Looky here, Tibe," said his grandfather, "don't you go put yo' blame' mouf so dern close ter my ear. Yo' bref's

hotter'n a fritter, an' I ain't no deef somebody, nohow."

"All right, gran'pap," said Tiberius. "Come agin!"

Once more they resumed their former attitude.

"Um-*huh!*" responded Uncle Jonas, smiling, as Tiberius whispered. "An' de nex'——"

Tiberius gave it to him.

"Um-*huh!*" said the old man with emphasis, and his face was wreathed in smiles.

"An' now de t'other one?" he queried.

"Dis here one de one what stopped him," said the boy aloud, grinning at his grandparent's palpable pleasure. "Git it good, gran'pap?"

Grandpap got it good, and immediately demanded permission to whisper the words in turn to Tiberius, to assure himself that he had them right.

The youth reluctantly consented.

Now that the trade was over and ended, and he had the money, he suspected his grandfather of some sinister purpose of revenge for the annoyance he had given him.

"He jes' lief bite my ear off, ez not, fur pesterin' uv him," thought Tiberius.

But he finally yielded to Uncle Jonas's whispering, with such grace as he could command; and after the "words" had all been correctly repeated he amiably added a brief and final sentence of instruction.

"You gotter holler 'em out loud fur ter make him go. Don't ye furgit dat, gran'pap."

This conversation, apparently for the most part in pantomime, took place near the corner of the smoke-house some twenty yards from the Kingsmill kitchen.

"Name o' Gord!" exclaimed Ommirandy, who unobserved had been watching the pair from the door-step. "What *is* you-all doin'? Tiberius, is you havin' a rastlin' match wid yo' gran'pa? You is sutny been actin' foolisher 'n any niggers I done seed on dis place sence de Revun' baptize Eva-Adny."

On the morning after his humiliation by Ommirandy in the Kingsmill kitchen, the patriarch sat in the doorway of his whitewashed cabin at Old Town, and watched the bee-martins, and smoked his corn-cob pipe, that was filled with a strong and redolent "nigger-twis'" tobacco, which he had raised himself in the little garden-patch at the back of the house, and "cured" amid the strings of onions and dried apples that adorned the cobwebbed joists of his domicile.

The aroma of the curling smoke dispelled for the moment his unpleasant memories of the preceding evening. Under its nicotian influence he had little sense of life and time and space, save a vague consciousness of the flight of the bee-martins through the air, and a physical feeling of the goodness of his "smoke"; and little thought of self, save the satisfaction that came from his being free and fed and warm in the sun that was shining down on him beyond the shade of the aspens.

When he had finished his pipe and knocked its ashes into his hand, he remembered the boat and the wharf and the mail, and then he thought triumphantly of Baytop.

In the circumstance of life the evil and the good crowd close on each other's heels alike for the lofty and the lowly; and out of the faded fumes of Uncle Jonas's home-cured tobacco emerged, like the winged things that came from Pandora's opened box, bitter memories of his encounter on the previous evening with Ommirandy.

"She scorn' me befo' all on 'em," he communed with himself. "I could 'a' stood it 'fo' Delphy. She middlin'-age. But dat ole M'randy 'oman had'n' oughter say what she say 'bout me 'fo' dem young gells. Dey's all likely young wimmen folks, an' dey's always been good ter me, 'speshly Eva-Adny."

Uncle Jonas was a widower of thirty years' standing. He lived alone, and his daughter Janey, Tiberius's mother, whose cabin was three doors away down the row, did his infrequent cooking, when he was too tired to go to the "Gre't House," and his cleaning and his washing for him. He had no purpose ever again to adventure his humble fortunes on the uncertain sea of matrimony; but masculine vanity still remained a burning passion in the old man's heart, although he had come to the days of the burdensome grasshopper.

"Dat's a vicious ole hussey," he soliloquized. "She scandalige' me befo' dem



Drawn by Walter Biggs.

For the first time in many months he went back to his cabin in Old Town unfed.—Page 563.

young nigger gells; an' I gwi' git eben wid her. She think she de top o' de pot, 'case Mars' Jeems an' Mis' Nancy lets her do jes' like she wanter up yonder. She don't know it, but I done *re*quired de fixin' uv her now, an' I gwi' fix her, too."

He chuckled in high feather.

On the following Saturday evening Uncle Jonas, who had conspicuously absented himself from the kitchen at Kingsmill since his encounter with Ommirandy, appeared again among the women folks of the kitchen company.

He entered the room with such an air of humility, and the deference of his demeanor toward his late adversary was so marked, that her heart softened toward him in her capacious bosom, while the others were almost overwhelmed by their surprise and pleasure at the old man's apparently contrite demeanor.

"Sister M'randy," he said, after saluting them all in turn, "I'se pow'ful troubled in my mine 'bout you thinkin' hard o' me. Furdermo', I gwi' expashiate ter you, marm, dat you ain't no mo' detached ter Mars' Jeems an' de Kingsmill fam'bly dan Jonas is. Ef I went an' say what was wrong, I wants ter make my apollygises, right here an' now."

He looked from one to another to observe the effect of his fine language, which he had rehearsed beforehand at the Quarters.

The old woman sat in her chair as straight as a poker. The gold earrings were as motionless as a sloop's sail in a dead calm, and her face remained as immobile as that of a wooden Indian in front of a provincial cigar-store.

"Sister M'randy," pleaded Uncle Jonas with soft, insinuating intonation, "you an' me b'longs ter de meetin', an' is members o' de same chu'ch an' cong'egation, ain't we?"

She nodded a grim assent, while Delphy and the others, interested and silent, sat listening.

"Well, den," he said, "dat bein' de case, what gwi' hender us f'om gittin' tergether agin, like we useter be? Jes' fur ter show you I ain't got no hard feelin's, marm, I come here dis ebenin' fur ter make up by axin' you ter 'comp'ny me ter preachin' ter-morrer mornin' behine Baytop."

Ommirandy knew that young Mars' Jeems permitted Uncle Jonas to drive Baytop to the meeting-house on Sundays, and she knew, too, that it was regarded by the plantation as a special distinction to be his guest in the spring-wagon on such occasions. She was pleased and flattered.

"Ef you's got repentunce fur what you is done said, Jonas," she replied with Spartan fortitude, "I don't see how I gwine ter git out o' goin' wid you."

The stern features relaxed into a semblance of kindliness, and the gold earrings trembled visibly.

The younger women hearkened in admiration. Delphy, older and wiser, gave a scarcely audible grunt.

"Dey ain't neither o' dem two ole creeturs foolin' me," she said to herself. "Dey bofe on 'em up ter sump'n; an' I bets on Ommirandy."

Ommirandy was at peace with herself and all the world on the shining summer morning when she awaited the coming of Jonas and Baytop to take her to "preachin'." In the old days of slavery her predilections had been Episcopalian, due to her not infrequent attendance with Mis' on the services at Christ Church, where from Colonial times a gallery had been set apart for the house-servants of the neighborhood. But after the war a dearth of horses in the Kingsmill stables had rendered the means of travelling thence to Christ Church inadequate, and the old woman had become a "perfessin' member" of the colored Baptist congregation that worshipped in the rickety little meeting-house beyond the Quarters. Her attendance on the "meetings," however, had grown less frequent of late years. She had protested to the inquiring minister that her legs were too short and her bones too achey to walk so far, and when he intimated that a suggestion to Br'er Jonas would doubtless be immediately and gladly acted on by that worthy, Ommirandy had replied:

"Ef Jonas want me ter ride ter meetin' wid him, he kin ax me. I don't hint ter no nigger fur favors."

Arrayed in her Sunday's best of checked gingham dress, white cape, and a huge turban of an unusually vivid turkey-red hue, she sat by the kitchen-door on a



Drawn by Walter Biggs.

"Lemme feel it fus'," demanded Tiberius, vanquished by the prospect of such wealth.—Page 565.

chair which Evadne had brought out for her, holding in her hands the little prayer-book that Mis' had given her before the war.

The breeze that came up from the river was soft and sweet, and stirred the leaves of the ancient oaks in the Kingsmill yard into a faint susurrus, that, alike for young Mars' Jeems, smoking his pipe under the trees, and for Ommirandy, was full of happy if elusive memories. A tranquil silence lay over everything, which was typical of the day of rest.

"He pow'ful long time comin'," she said at length to Evadne, looking up beyond the shadow of the maple-tree to where the sun was mounting toward the zenith. "It mus' be mighty nigh ten o'clock; an' dey begins over dar at half pas' ten. De Rev'un' Simpson he don't wait fur time nur tide, nur fur no man nur fur no 'oman nuther, white nur black."

"Yondah he come, now, Ommirandy," said Evadne, relieving the tension. "He jes' turnin' de cornder at de stable."

In a few moments Uncle Jonas drew rein near the kitchen-door, and descended from his perch in the spring-wagon. He had a smile on his face, but the evil in his heart was invisible. He wore a long-tailed black coat and a pair of striped trousers which had belonged to Mr. Sinjinn in the earlier years of his sojourn at Kingsmill. His broad-cut waistcoat, from the middle buttonhole of which a huge brass watch-chain swung ostentatiously to the left-hand pocket, displayed an ample expanse of one of young Mars' Jeems's pleated-bosomed shirts, surmounted by a very high standing collar, over which the old man's thin and crinkled gray beard, in uneven fringes, impinged on a voluminous blue cravat. But the crowning glory of Uncle Jonas's Sabbath-day adornment was a silk hat, moth-eaten in places and of a size too large, with wads of paper under the sweat-band; yet in every shifting position which its wearer from time to time gave it, unmistakably illustrative of an aristocratic genesis and association.

Young Mars' Jeems had presented the "beaver" to him many years before.

"It is of the vintage of 1860, Jonas," he had said, "but I reckon it is still fashionable enough for you to wear on Sundays at Kingsmill."

Older even than Baytop, the perennial "beaver" had long continued to be Uncle Jonas's proudest possession, and no king's heir ever wore a crown at coronation with more pride and dignity than he wore his silk hat on the morning that he came for Ommirandy.

With a grace derived from persistent private practice in his cabin at Old Town, for it seldom went abroad save on most important occasions, he doffed the hat on this fair June day with a sweep that included in its recognition both Ommirandy and Evadne. To the former, the beaver spoke, at once, reverence, recognition of the compliment implied in her acceptance of his invitation, delight to be her host and escort. To the latter, it proclaimed admiration and regret that the occasion afforded no larger opportunity for its wearer's expression of his profound regard.

"Br'er Jonas," said Ommirandy, with woman's unfailing intuition of man's immemorial conceit, while her visitor stood bowing and scraping and waving his "beaver," "you looks pow'ful spry dis mornin' in yo' Sunday-go-ter-meetin's. I always did admire ter see you wid dat beaver on."

"Thanky, Sister M'randy, thanky, marm," he replied, dissembling the deceit in his heart, and genuinely pleased with her compliment.

"Br'er Jonas," continued Ommirandy, "you gwi' ter have ter set dis here cheer by de wheel, fur me ter git in. No duck-leg ole 'oman like me was uver built fur ter clime inter a spring-wagon at my time o' life, nohow. I been useter ridin' ter Christ Chu'ch in de white folks' carriage wid Mis', what let down de folded steps. Dat's de way me an' Mis' useter git in and out, dem days."

Uncle Jonas regarded the remark as gratuitous, and a "fling-off" on him and his equipage. But he gave no sign of annoyance.

"No trouble fur ter git in at all, Sister M'randy," he assured her. "None at all, marm. De hoss, he gentle. He gwi' stan'."

With the asseveration of Baytop's gentleness he replaced his hat at a rakish angle on his bald head.



Drawn by Walter Biggs.

On and on went Baytop, while Ommirandy, with shut eyes, began to murmur, "Now I lay me down to sleep."—Page 573

His last speech, or else something grotesque in Uncle Jonas's appearance and demeanor, was too much for Ommirandy. She had known the old horse nearly all his life. Jonas surely did look funny.

She broke out into an unaccustomed and hilarious laugh that was fiercely resented by Uncle Jonas.

"Ha! ha!" she laughed; and Evadne, turning her face away and holding her mouth with her hand, echoed:

"Ha! ha!"

" 'Fo' Gord, Br'er Jonas," said the old woman, puffing from her exertions, as she achieved the seat in the wagon, "don't you tell me nothin' 'bout Baytop stan'in'. I done seed dat hoss stan' so still Gab'el's horn wudden 'a' removed him. Ef he gits us dar 'fo' de Rev'un' come ter lars' hymn, I gwi' be saterfied."

Uncle Jonas mounted to his seat beside her in silence, and gathered up the "lines" with an expression on his ancient countenance that was an inadequate index of his overwrought feelings.

"Sister M'randy," he said at length, after clucking and calling "Giddup!" to Baytop, "I 'spec' you ain' 'quainted wid dis here hoss like I is. You done furgit Baytop is a blooded war-hoss."

"I ain't furgit," she retorted, adjusting her skirts and clinging to her prayer-book. "Dat how come I say what I duz say. I know he's a war-hoss. But dese here ain't no blooded war-hoss times, Jonas."

Uncle Jonas made no utterance in reply. He was beginning to grow a little weary of being, as he thought, "sawed off." Yet everything was coming his way. Why should he disquiet himself about the small matters of tithe, anise and cummin?

"Mebbe so! mebbe so!" he communed with himself. "But I 'spec' you gwine ter find out what sort o' war-hoss Baytop is in de nex' couple o' hours, honey. Yes, Lord!"

The ride of Uncle Jonas and Ommirandy to "meetin'" was placid and uneventful. They overtook other members of the congregation trudging warmly along on foot, some of the women fanning themselves with turkey-wing fans, and many of the men with their Sunday coats hung over their arms under the hot June sun. Ommirandy greeted them in passing with a smile of accustomed superiority.

After the meeting was over, and a short corner-bench had been fetched from the meeting-house by two of the obsequious deacons to facilitate her return to the spring-wagon, the journey back to Kingsmill was begun. Baytop walked slowly, and Uncle Jonas had clucked and said "Giddup!" twenty times between the place of worship and Old Town. The horse's placid movement seemed to Ommirandy to grow even more leisurely and sedate and irritating than usual as he passed along the road between the whitewashed cabins of the Quarters, under the faintly rustling aspen-trees, while the little children paused in their play to marvel at the patriarch in his Sunday raiment and his silk hat, driving the old woman back home. She grew impatient.

When they reached the three white oaks, standing by the roadside something over a hundred yards west of Old Town, Uncle Jonas moved nervously in his seat.

"Dis here hoss do 'pear kinder slow dis mornin', Sister M'randy," he said. "I gwi' stir him up."

"I wush you would stir him up," she replied. "Mis' Nancy want me 'fo' dinner."

"Giddup!" said Uncle Jonas to Baytop, hardening his heart.

The horse walked on.

"Attention!" the old man suddenly yelled in a stentorian voice that might have been heard by the playing children back at the Quarters.

Ommirandy flashed on him a glance of swift suspicion.

"What de matter wid you, Jonas?" she demanded. "Is you done gone plum crazy? What you holl'in' at de hoss dat-a-way fur?"

He made no reply, but gathered the reins in both hands and crouched in his seat. His "beaver" hat took on a new and grotesque angle.

"Charge!" he shouted, arising and standing up in the spring-wagon, while Ommirandy dropped the prayer-book and grabbed him by the leg.

At the first word of command the horse had laid his ears back and raised his head. With the order "Charge!" Baytop struck out in a gallop that in a few moments developed into a stiff run. The light wagon swayed and swung from side to

side of the road, and Ommirandy, arising also, transferred her grasp from Jonas's leg to his arm, and drew him back to his seat.

The old man resumed his crouching attitude, with a vague fear of what might happen. But he was in for it now at all hazards, and over his apprehension triumphed the exultant thought that he was "scaring Ommirandy stiff."

She planted her feet against the dashboard and held on to the wagon-seat with one hand and to the driver with the other.

"'Fo' Gord! He done resurrected! What you done ter him, Jonas?" she muttered.

Jonas made no reply.

A dominecker rooster and two hens flew from the road, where they had been feeding, with a squawk. Old Jonas was vaguely conscious that they were his daughter Janey's fowls escaping a premature violent death.

On and on went Baytop, while Ommirandy, with shut eyes, began to murmur, "Now I lay me down to sleep," and the old man vainly cudgelled his memory to recall the elusive word that Tiberius had told him would make the horse stop. For his life he could not remember it.

"What did Tibe say? What did Tibe say?" he kept repeating audibly, until his companion paused in her prayer, and opened her eyes to look at him.

"Crazy nigger an' crazy hoss!" she said aloud. "I dunno which de crazies'."

"I done furgit de word," said Uncle Jonas despairingly at the sound of his companion's voice. "I done furgit it!"

"What word you talkin' 'bout?" demanded Ommirandy with reviving courage, as she caught a glimpse in the distance of young Mars' Jeems sitting under the trees in the Kingsmill yard reading his newspaper. "What sort o' word, you old idjut? You nuver did have no sense, nohow!"

"De word fur ter stop him, Sister M'randy," murmured Uncle Jonas miserably. "Duz you know it? I 'clar ter Gord I done furgit it!"

"I ain't knowed nothin' 'bout none o' dis here foolishness," she responded. "You better think it up quick, 'fo' bofe on us gits our necks broke."

The owner of Kingsmill looked up from his paper at hearing the rattle of the spring-wagon and the subdued thud of Baytop's hoofs in the sandy roadway. They were coming toward the yard from the stable-corner. The old horse was on a run.

He threw down his newspaper and jumped to his feet.

"By heaven!" he exclaimed. "The horse thinks he's with the Laurel Brigade at Trevillian's!"

On came Baytop with ancient and mighty stride.

"Halt!" called young Mars' Jeems, as Baytop, with his scared human freight, approached him.

The old horse stopped within twenty yards of where his former rider stood wondering.

So sudden was his halt that Uncle Jonas went head foremost over the "spatter-board." Ommirandy, however, with firmly planted feet and clinging hands, forgetting "Now I lay me" in her faith in young Mars' Jeems, sat firm in her seat when the war-horse stopped. But she was visibly shaken.

"I 'spec' ef dese here duck-legs o' mine had 'a' been longer, I'd 'a' gone out, too, like dat ole vilyun!" she confided next day to Evadne.

Young Mars' Jeems hastened to the rescue of Uncle Jonas.

"Are you hurt, old man?" he queried anxiously, as he lifted thediscomfited Jehu to his feet from the soft greensward.

"Whar my hat, Mars' Jeems?" said Uncle Jonas, as he looked about him ruefully.

They found it some feet away, untouched save of the antique moths that long ago had corrupted it.

"Thank de Lord!" he exclaimed as he brushed it lovingly with the sleeve of his coat.

Then he continued, stooping and rubbing his leg:

"Mars' Jeems, so he'p me Gord, dat was de fus' an' de onlies' time. I ain't nuver gwi' do so no mo'. But, marster, would you mine tellin' me what dat rabbit-word was? It got away f'om me like a hyar out'n a gum-trap."

Ommirandy, still seated in the spring-wagon, while Baytop, quivering as a racer that has run his course, stood with heaving flanks and distended nostrils, heard Uncle Jonas's question and answered it.

"Rabbit, nuthin'!" she exclaimed. "It was de word o' Gorddlemighty an' de word o' young Mars' Jeems. Dat's what word it was. Ef it had depen'ed on yo' word, de debble would 'a' had you on a toastin'-fork dis minute, you pomponious ole hippercrit!"

Young Mars' Jeems fetched the chair from the place where he had been reading, and helped Ommirandy to the ground.

As she stepped down she caught a glimpse of Tiberius turning the corner of the smoke-house, and heard a note of shrill and derisive laughter.

LAIS TO HER DOG

By Emma A. Opper

You're a droll flower that lifts its face in meek
Obeisance to the skies;
You cannot smile, poor wight! you cannot speak,
But love yearns from your eyes.

I have blenched white under the cruel blaze
Of scorning glances bent;
Never was blame in your adoring gaze—
You hold me innocent.

Lovers that lightly come as lightly go,
Forget me and forsake;
Should you be torn from me, comrade, I know
Your little heart would break.

And if I whispered to you how I fought,
Shrinking with fear and hate,
The Doom that dragged me down and made me naught,
The ruthless, grinning Fate—

And how to see a white rose smites me sore,
Sets me to brood and grieve,
Because they grew beside my mother's door—
You'd listen; you'd believe.

You joy with me, you sorrow when I sigh;
I am your shining star.
O little wistful friend! And when I die
And creep to heaven's bar,

If then some angel, kinder than the rest,
Shall say, "Forgive her sin;
It is a tired soul, a fevered breast;
Forgive her; let her in"—

And if I cannot hide you 'gainst my heart
And somehow take you through,
And if they chide me, thrusting us apart,
I'll stay behind with you.

THE FREELANDS

BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

"Liberty's a glorious feast."—*Burns.*

XVIII

THE anxieties of the Lady Mallorings of this life concerning the moral welfare of their humbler neighbors are inclined to march in front of events. The behavior in Tryst's cottage was more correct than it would have been in nine out of ten middle or upper class demesnes under similar conditions. Between the big laborer and 'that woman,' who, since the epileptic fit, had again come into residence, there had passed nothing whatever that might not have been witnessed by Biddy and her two nurslings. For love is an emotion singularly dumb and undemonstrative in those who live the life of the fields; passion a feeling severely beneath the thumb of a propriety born of the age-long absence of excitants, opportunities, and the æsthetic sense; and those two waited, almost as a matter of course, for the marriage which was forbidden them in this parish. The most they did was to sit and look at one another.

On the day of which Felix had seen the dawn at Hampstead, Sir Gerald's agent tapped on the door of Tryst's cottage, and was answered by Biddy, just in from school for the midday meal.

"Your father home, my dear?"

"No, sir; auntie's in."

"Ask your auntie to come and speak to me."

The mother-child vanished up the narrow stairs, and the agent sighed. A strong-built, leathery-skinned man in a brown suit and leggings, with a bristly little mustache and yellow whites to his eyes, he did not, as he had said to his wife that morning, 'like the job a little bit.' And while he stood there waiting, Susie and Billy emerged from the kitchen and came to stare at him. The agent returned that stare till a voice behind him said: "Yes, sir?"

'That woman' was certainly no great shakes to look at: a fresh, decent, faithful sort of body! And he said gruffly: "Mornin', miss. Sorry to say my orders are to make a clearance here. I suppose Tryst didn't think we should act on it, but I'm afraid I've got to put his things out, you know. Now, where are you all going; that's the point?"

"I shall go home, I suppose; but Tryst and the children—we don't know."

The agent tapped his leggings with a riding-cane. "So you've been expecting it!" he said with relief. "That's right." And, staring down at the mother-child, he added: "Well, what d'you say, my dear, you look full of sense, you do!"

Biddy answered: "I'll go and tell Mr. Freeland, sir."

"Ah! You're a bright maid. He'll know where to put you for the time bein'. Have you had your dinner?"

"No, sir; it's just ready."

"Better have it—better have it first. No hurry. What've you got in the pot that smells so good?"

"Bubble and squeak, sir."

"Bubble and squeak! Ah! Good stuff!" And with those words the agent withdrew to where, in a farm wagon drawn up by the side of the road, three men were solemnly pulling at their pipes. He moved away from them a little, for, as he expressed it to his wife afterward: "Look bad, you know, look bad—anybody seeing me! Those three little children—that's where it is! If our friends at the Hall had to do these jobs for themselves, there wouldn't be any to do!"

Presently, from his discreet distance, he saw the mother-child going down the road toward Tod's, in her blue 'pinny' and corn-colored hair. Nice little thing! Pretty little thing, too! Pity, great pity! And he went back to the cottage. On his way a thought struck him so that he well-nigh shivered. Suppose the little thing brought back that Mrs. Freeland, the lady

who always went about in blue, without a hat! Phew! Mr. Freeland—he was another sort; a bit off, certainly—harmless, quite harmless—but that lady! And he entered the cottage. The woman was washing up; seemed a sensible body. When the two kids cleared off to school he could go to work and get it over; the sooner the better, before people came hanging round. A job of this kind sometimes made nasty blood! His yellowish eyes took in the nature of the task before him. Funny jam-up they did get about them, to be sure! Every blessed little thing they'd ever bought, and more, too! Have to take precious good care nothing got smashed, or the law would be on the other leg! And he said to the woman:

"Now, miss, can I begin?"

"I can't stop you, sir."

'No,' he thought, 'you can't stop me, and I blamed well wish you could!' But he said: "Got an old wagon out here. Thought I'd save him damage by weather or anything; we'll put everything in that, and run it up into the empty barn at Marrow and leave it. And there they'll be for him when he wants 'em."

The woman answered: "You're very kind, I'm sure."

Perceiving that she meant no irony, the agent produced a sound from somewhere deep and went out to summon his men.

With the best intentions, however, it is not possible, even in villages so scattered that they cannot be said to exist, to do anything without every one's knowing; and the work of 'putting out' the household goods of the Tryst family, and placing them within the wagon, was not an hour in progress before the road in front of the cottage contained its knot of watchers. Old Gaunt first, alone—for the rogue-girl had gone to Mr. Cuthcott's and Tom Gaunt was at work. The old man had seen evictions in his time, and looked on silently, with a faint, sardonic grin. Four children, so small that not even school had any use for them as yet, soon gathered round his legs, followed by mothers coming to retrieve them, and there was no longer silence. Then came two laborers, on their way to a job, a stone-breaker, and two more women. It was through this little throng that the mother-child and Kirsteen passed into the fast-being-gutted cottage.

The agent was standing by Tryst's bed, keeping up a stream of comment to two of his men, who were taking that aged bed to pieces. It was his habit to feel less when he talked more; but no one could have fallen into a more perfect taciturnity than he when he saw Kirsteen coming up those narrow stairs. In so small a space as this room, where his head nearly touched the ceiling, was it fair to be confronted by that lady—he put it to his wife that same evening—"Was it fair?" He had seen a mother wild duck look like that when you took away its young—snaky fierce about the neck, and its dark eye! He had seen a mare, going to bite, look not half so vicious! "There she stood, and—let me have it?—not a bit! Too much of a lady for that, you know!—Just looked at me, and said very quiet: 'Ah! Mr. Simmons, and are you really doing this?' and put her hand on that little girl of his. 'Orders are orders, ma'am!' What could I say? 'Ah!' she said, 'yes, orders are orders, but they needn't be obeyed.' 'As to that, ma'am,' I said—mind you, she's a lady; you can't help feeling that—'I'm a working man, the same as Tryst here; got to earn my living.' 'So have slave-drivers, Mr. Simmons.' 'Every profession,' I said, 'has got its dirty jobs, ma'am. And that's a fact.' 'And will have,' she said, 'so long as professional men consent to do the dirty work of their employers.' 'And where should I be, I should like to know,' I said, 'if I went on that lay? I've got to take the rough with the smooth.' 'Well,' she said, 'Mr. Freeland and I will take Tryst and the little ones in at present.' Good-hearted people, do a lot for the laborers, in their way. All the same, she's a bit of a vixen. Picture of a woman, too, standin' there; shows blood, mind you! Once said, all over—no nagging. She took the little girl off with her. And pretty small I felt, knowing I'd got to finish that job, and the folk outside gettin' nastier all the time—not sayin' much, of course, but lookin' a lot!" The agent paused in his recital and gazed fixedly at a bluebottle crawling up the window-pane. Stretching out his thumb and finger, he nipped it suddenly and threw it in the grate. "Blest if that fellow himself didn't

turn up just as I was finishing. I was sorry for the man, you know. There was his home turned out-o'-doors. Big man, too! 'You blanky-blank!' he says; 'if I'd been here you shouldn't ha' done this!' Thought he was goin' to hit me. 'Come, Tryst!' I said, 'it's not my doing, you know!' 'Ah!' he said, 'I know that; and it'll be blanky well the worse for *them!*' Rough tongue; no class of man at all, he is! 'Yes,' he said, 'let 'em look out; I'll be even with 'em yet!' 'None o' that!' I told him; 'you know which side the law's buttered. I'm making it easy for you, too, keeping your things in the wagon, ready to shift any time!' He gave me a look—he's got very queer eyes, swimmin', sad sort of eyes, like a man in liquor—and he said: 'I've been here twenty years,' he said. 'My wife died here.' And all of a sudden he went as dumb as a fish. Never let his eyes off us, though, while we finished up the last of it; made me feel funny, seein' him glowering like that all the time. He'll savage something over this, you mark my words!" Again the agent paused, and remained as though transfixed, holding that face of his, whose yellow had run into the whites of the eyes, as still as wood. "He's got some feeling for the place, I suppose," he said suddenly; "or maybe they've put it into him about his rights; there's plenty of 'em like that. Well, anyhow, nobody likes his private affairs turned inside out for every one to gape at. I wouldn't myself." And with that deeply felt remark the agent put out his leathery-yellow thumb and finger and nipped a second bluebottle. . . .

While he was thus recounting to his wife the day's doings, the evicted man sat on the end of his bed in a ground-floor room of Tod's cottage. He had taken off his heavy boots, and his feet, in their thick, soiled socks, were thrust into a pair of Tod's carpet slippers. He sat without moving, precisely as if some one had struck him a blow in the centre of the forehead, and over and over again he turned the heavy thought: 'They've turned me out o' there—I done nothing, and they turned me out o' there! Blast them—they turned me out o' there!' . . .

In the orchard Tod sat with a grave and puzzled face, surrounded by the three little Trysts. And at the wicket gate Kirsteen, awaiting the arrival of Derek and Sheila—summoned home by telegram—stood in the evening glow, her blue-clad figure still as that of any worshipper at the muezzin call.

XIX

"A FIRE, causing the destruction of several ricks and an empty cowshed, occurred in the early morning of Thursday on the home farm of Sir Gerald Malloring's estate in Worcestershire. Grave suspicions of arson are entertained, but up to the present no arrest has been made. The authorities are in doubt whether the occurrence has any relation with recent similar outbreaks in the eastern counties."

So Stanley read at breakfast, in his favorite paper; and the little leader thereon:

"The outbreak of fire on Sir Gerald Malloring's Worcestershire property may or may not have any significance as a symptom of agrarian unrest. We shall watch the upshot with some anxiety. Certain it is that unless the authorities are prepared to deal sharply with arson, or other cases of deliberate damage to the property of landlords, we may bid good-by to any hope of ameliorating the lot of the laborer"—and so on.

If Stanley had risen and paced the room there would have been a good deal to be said for him; for, though he did not know as much as Felix of the nature and sentiments of Tod's children, he knew enough to make any but an Englishman uneasy. The fact that he went on eating ham, and said to Clara, "Half a cup!" was proof positive of that mysterious quality called phlegm which had long enabled his country to enjoy the peace of a weedy duck-pond.

Stanley, a man of some intelligence—witness his grasp of the secret of successful plough-making (none for the British market!)—had often considered this important proposition of phlegm. People said England was becoming degenerate and hysterical, growing soft, and nervous, and towny, and all the rest of it. In his view there was a good deal of bosh about that! "Look," he would say, "at the

weight that chauffeurs put on! Look at the House of Commons, and the size of the upper classes!" If there were growing up little shrill types of working men and Socialists, and new women, and half-penny papers, and a rather larger crop of professors and long-haired chaps—all the better for the rest of the country! The flesh all these skimpy ones had lost, solid people had put on. The country might be suffering a bit from officialism, and the tendency of modern thought, but the breed was not changing. John Bull was there all right under his mustache. Take it off and clap on little side-whiskers, and you had as many Bulls as you liked, any day. There would be no social upheaval so long as the climate was what it was! And with this simple formula, and a kind of very deep-down throaty chuckle, he would pass to a subject of more immediate importance. There was something, indeed, rather masterly in his grasp of the fact that rain might be trusted to put out any fire—give it time. And he kept a special vessel in a special corner which recorded for him faithfully the number of inches that fell; and now and again he wrote to his paper to say that there were more inches in his vessel than there had been "for thirty years." His conviction that the country was in a bad way was nothing but a skin affection, causing him local irritation rather than affecting the deeper organs of his substantial body.

He did not readily confide in Clara concerning his own family, having in a marked degree the truly domestic quality of thinking it superior to his wife's. She had been a Tomson, not one of *the* Tomsons, and it was quite a question whether he or she were trying to forget it the faster. But he did say to her as he was getting into the car:

"It's just possible I might go round by Tod's on my way home. I want a run."

She answered: "Be careful what you say to that woman. I don't want her here by any chance. The young ones were quite bad enough."

And when he had put in his day at the works he did turn the nose of his car toward Tod's. Travelling along grass-bordered roads, the beauty of this England struck his not too sensitive spirit and made him almost gasp. It was that moment of the year when the countryside seems to faint from its own loveliness, from the intoxication of its scents and sounds. Creamy-white may, splashed here and there with crimson, flooded the hedges with breaking waves of flower-foam; the fields were in buttercup glory; every tree had its cuckoo, calling; every bush its blackbird or thrush in full even-song. Swallows were flying rather low, and the sky, whose moods they watch, had the slumberous, surcharged beauty of a long, fine day, with showers not far away. Some orchards were still in blossom, and the great wild bees, hunting over flowers and grasses warm to their touch, kept the air deeply murmurous. Movement, light, color, song, scent, the warm air, and the fluttering leaves were confused, till one had almost become the other.

And Stanley thought, for he was not rhapsodic: 'Wonderful pretty country! The way everything's looked after—you never see it abroad!'

But the car, a creature with little patience for natural beauty, had brought him to the crossroads and stood, panting slightly, under the cliff-bank whereon grew Tod's cottage, so loaded now with lilac, wistaria, and roses that from the road nothing but a peak or two of the thatched roof could be seen.

Stanley was distinctly nervous. It was not a weakness his face and figure were very capable of showing, but he felt that dryness of mouth and quivering of chest which precedes adventures of the soul. Advancing up the steps and pebbled path, which Clara had trodden once, just nineteen years ago, and he himself but three times as yet in all, he cleared his throat and said to himself: 'Easy, old man! What is it, after all? She won't bite!' And in the very doorway he came upon her.

What there was about this woman to produce in a man of common sense such peculiar sensations, he no more knew after seeing her than before. Felix, on returning from his visit, had said, "She's like a Song of the Hebrides sung in the middle of a programme of English ballads." The remark, as any literary man's might, had conveyed nothing to Stanley, and that in a far-fetched way. Still,

when she said: "Will you come in?" he felt heavier and thicker than he ever remembered feeling; as a glass of stout might feel coming across a glass of claret. It was, perhaps, the gaze of her eyes, whose color he could not determine, under eyebrows that waved in the middle and twitched faintly, or a dress that was blue, with the queerest effect of another color at the back of it, or perhaps the feeling of a torrent flowing there under a coat of ice, that might give way in little holes, so that your leg went in but not the whole of you. Something, anyway, made him feel both small and heavy—that awkward combination for a man accustomed to associate himself with cheerful but solid dignity. In seating himself by request at a table, in what seemed to be a sort of kitchen, he experienced a singular sensation in the legs, and heard her say, as it might be to the air:

"Biddy, dear, take Susie and Billy out."

And thereupon a little girl with a sad and motherly face came crawling out from underneath the table, and dropped him a little courtesy. Then another still smaller girl came out, and a very small boy, who, after staring, followed the first little girl out.

All these things were against Stanley, and he felt that if he did not make it quite clear that he was there he would soon not know where he was.

"I came," he said, "to talk about this business up at Malloring's." And, encouraged by having begun, he added: "Whose kids were those?"

A level voice with a faint lisp answered him:

"They belong to a man called Tryst; he was turned out of his cottage on Wednesday because his dead wife's sister was staying with him, so we've taken them in. Did you notice the look on the face of the eldest?"

Stanley nodded. In truth, he had noticed something, though what he could not have said.

"At nine years old she has to do the housework and be a mother to the other two, besides going to school. This is all because Lady Malloring has conscientious scruples about marriage with a deceased wife's sister."

'Certainly'—thought Stanley—'that does sound a bit thick!' And he asked:

"Is the woman here, too?"

"No, she's gone home for the present."

He felt relief.

"I suppose Malloring's point is," he said, "whether or not you're to do what you like with your own property. For instance, if you had let this cottage to some one you thought was harming the neighborhood, wouldn't you terminate his tenancy?"

She answered, still in that level voice: "Her action is cowardly, narrow, and tyrannical, and no amount of sophistry will make me think differently."

Stanley felt precisely as if one of his feet had gone through the ice into water so cold that it seemed burning hot! Sophistry! In a plain man like himself! He had always connected the word with Felix. He looked at her, realizing suddenly that the association of his brother's family with the outrage on Malloring's estate was probably even nearer than he had feared.

"Look here, Kirsteen!" he said, uttering the unlikely name with resolution, for, after all, she was his sister-in-law. "Did this fellow set fire to Malloring's ricks?"

He was aware of a queer flash, a quiver, a something all over her face, which passed at once back to its intent gravity.

"We have no reason to suppose so. But tyranny produces revenge, as you know."

Stanley shrugged his shoulders. "It's not my business to go into the rights and wrongs of what's been done. But, as a man of the world and a relative, I do ask you to look after your youngsters and see they don't get into a mess. They're an inflammable young couple—young blood, you know!"

Having made this speech, Stanley looked down, with a feeling that it would give her more chance.

"You are very kind," he heard her saying in that quiet, faintly lisping voice; "but there are certain principles involved."

And, suddenly, his curious fear of this woman took shape. Principles! He had unconsciously been waiting for that word, than which none was more like a red rag to him.

"What principles can possibly be involved in going against the law?"

"And where the law is unjust?"

Stanley was startled, but he said: "Re-

member that your principles, as you call them, may hurt other people besides yourself; Tod and your children most of all. How is the law unjust, may I ask?"

She had been sitting at the table opposite, but she got up now and went to the hearth. For a woman of forty-two—as he supposed she would be—she was extraordinarily lithe, and her eyes, fixed on him from under those twitching, wavy brows, had a curious glow in their darkness. The few silver threads in the mass of her overfine black hair seemed to give it extra vitality. The whole of her had a sort of intensity that made him profoundly uncomfortable. And he thought suddenly: 'Poor old Tod! Fancy having to go to bed with that woman!'

Without raising her voice, she began answering his question.

"These people have no means of setting law in motion, no means of choosing where and how they will live, no means of doing anything except just what they are told; the Mallorings have the means to set the law in motion, to choose where and how to live, and to dictate to others. That is why the law is unjust. With every independent pound a year, this equal law of yours—varies!"

"Phew!" said Stanley. "That's a proposition!"

"I give you a simple case. If I had chosen not to marry Tod but to live with him in free love, we could have done it without inconvenience. We have some independent income; we could have afforded to disregard what people thought or did. We could have bought (as we did buy) our piece of land and our cottage, out of which we could not have been turned. Since we don't care for society, it would have made absolutely no difference to our present position. But Tryst, who does not even want to defy the law—what happens to him? What happens to hundreds of laborers all over the country who venture to differ in politics, religion, or morals from those who own them?"

'By George!' thought Stanley, 'it's true, in a way; I never looked at it quite like that.' But the feeling that he had come to persuade her to be reasonable, and the deeply rooted Englishry of him, conspired to make him say:

"That's all very well; but, you see, it's only a necessary incident of property-holding. You can't interfere with plain rights."

"You mean—an evil inherent in property-holding?"

"If you like; I don't split words. The lesser of two evils. What's your remedy? You don't want to abolish property; you've confessed that property gives you your independence!"

Again that curious quiver and flash!

"Yes; but if people haven't decency enough to see for themselves how the law favors their independence, they must be shown that it doesn't pay to do to others as they would hate to be done by."

"And you wouldn't try reasoning?"

"They are not amenable to reason."

Stanley took up his hat.

"Well, I think some of us are. I see your point; but, you know, violence never did any good; it isn't—isn't English."

She did not answer. And, nonplussed thereby, he added lamely: "I should have liked to have seen Tod and your youngsters. Remember me to them. Clara sent her regards"; and, looking round the room in a rather lost way, he held out his hand.

He had an impression of something warm and dry put into it, with even a little pressure.

Back in the car, he said to his chauffeur, "Go home the other way, Batter, past the church."

The vision of that kitchen, with its brick floor, its black oak beams, bright copper pans, the flowers on the window-sill, the great, open hearth, and the figure of that woman in her blue dress standing before it, with her foot poised on a log, clung to his mind's eye with curious fidelity. And those three kids, popping out like that—proof that the whole thing was not a rather bad dream! 'Queer business!' he thought; 'bad business! That woman's uncommonly all there, though. Lot in what she said, too. Where the deuce should we all be if there were many like her!' And suddenly he noticed, in a field to the right, a number of men coming along the hedge toward the road—evidently laborers. What were they doing? He stopped the car. There were fifteen or twenty of them, and back in the field he could see a girl's red blouse, where a little group

of four still lingered. 'By George!' he thought, 'those must be the young Tods going it!' And, curious to see what it might mean, Stanley fixed his attention on the gate through which the men were bound to come. First emerged a fellow in corduroys, tied below the knee, with long brown mustaches decorating a face that, for all its haggardness, had a jovial look. Next came a sturdy little red-faced, bow-legged man in shirt-sleeves rolled up, walking alongside a big, dark fellow with a cap pushed up on his head, who had evidently just made a joke. Then came two old men, one of whom was limping, and three striplings. Another big man came along next, in a little clearance, as it were, between main groups. He walked heavily and looked up lowering at the car. The fellow's eyes were queer, and threatening, and sad—giving Stanley a feeling of discomfort. Then came a short, square man with an impudent, loquacious face and a bit of swagger in his walk. He, too, looked up at Stanley and made some remark which caused two thin-faced fellows with him to grin sheepishly. A spare old man, limping heavily, with a yellow face and drooping gray mustaches, walked next, alongside a warped, bent fellow, with yellowish hair all over his face, whose expression struck Stanley as half-idiotic. Then two more striplings of seventeen or so, whittling at bits of sticks; an active, clean-shorn chap with drawn-in cheeks; and, last of all, a small man by himself, without a cap on a round head covered with thin, light hair, moving at a 'dot-here, dot-there' walk, as though he had beasts to drive.

Stanley noted that all—save the big man with the threatening, sad eyes, the old, yellow-faced man with a limp, and the little man who came out last, lost in his imaginary beasts—looked at the car furtively as they went their ways. And Stanley thought: 'English peasant! Poor devil! Who is he? What is he? Who'd miss him if he did die out? What's the use of all this fuss about him? He's done for! Glad I've nothing to do with him at Becket, anyway! "Back to the land!" "Independent peasantry!" Not much! Shan't say that to Clara, though; knock the bottom out of her week-ends!' And to his chauffeur he muttered:

"Get on, Batter!"

So, through the peace of that country, all laid down in grass, through the dignity and loveliness of trees and meadows, this May evening, with the birds singing under a sky surcharged with warmth and color, he sped home to dinner.

XX

But next morning, turning on his back as it came dawn, Stanley thought, with the curious intensity which in those small hours so soon becomes fear: 'By Jove! I don't trust that woman a yard! I shall wire for Felix!' And the longer he lay on his back, the more the conviction bored a hole in him. There was a kind of fever in the air nowadays, that women seemed to catch, as children caught the measles. What did it all mean? England used to be a place to live in. One would have thought an old country like this would have got through its infantile diseases! Hysteria! No one gave in to that. Still, one must look out! Arson was about the limit! And Stanley had a vision, suddenly, of his plough-works in flames. Why not? The ploughs were not for the English market. Who knew whether these laboring fellows mightn't take that as a grievance, if trouble began to spread? This somewhat far-fetched notion, having started to burrow, threw up a really horrid mole-hill on Stanley. And it was only the habit, in the human mind, of saying suddenly to fears, Stop! I'm tired of you! that sent him to sleep about half past four.

He did not, however, neglect to wire to Felix:

"If at all possible, come down again at once; awkward business at Joyfields."

Nor, on the charitable pretext of employing two old fellows past ordinary work, did he omit to treble his night-watchman. . . .

On Wednesday, the day of which he had seen the dawn rise, Felix had already been startled, on returning from his constitutional, to discover his niece and nephew in the act of departure. All the explanation vouchsafed had been: "Awfully sorry, Uncle Felix; mother's wired for us." Save for the general uneasiness which attended

on all actions of that woman, Felix would have felt relieved at their going. They had disturbed his life, slipped between him and Nedda! So much so that he did not even expect her to come and tell him why they had gone nor feel inclined to ask her. So little breaks the fine coherence of really tender ties! The deeper the quality of affection, the more it 'starts and puffs,' and from sheer sensitive feeling, each for the other, spares attempt to get back into touch!

His paper—though he did not apply to it the word 'favorite,' having that proper literary feeling toward all newspapers, that they took him in rather than he them—gave him on Friday morning precisely the same piece of news as it gave Stanley at breakfast and John on his way to the Home Office. To John, less in the know, it merely brought a knitting of the brow and a vague attempt to recollect the numbers of the Worcestershire constabulary. To Felix it brought a feeling of sickness. Men whose work in life demands that they shall daily whip their nerves, run, as a rule, a little in advance of everything. And goodness knows what he did not see at that moment. He said no word to Nedda, but debated with himself and Flora what, if anything, was to be done. Flora, whose sense of humor seldom deserted her, held the more comfortable theory that there was nothing to be done as yet. Soon enough to cry when milk was spilled! He did not agree, but, unable to suggest a better course, followed her advice. On Saturday, however, receiving Stanley's wire, he had much difficulty in not saying to her, "I told you so!" The question that agitated him now was whether or not to take Nedda with him. Flora said: "Yes. The child will be the best restraining influence, if there is really trouble brewing!" Some feeling fought against this in Felix, but, suspecting it to be mere jealousy, he decided to take her. And, to the girl's rather puzzled delight, they arrived at Becket that day in time for dinner. It was not too reassuring to find John there, too. Stanley had also wired to him. The matter must indeed be serious! The usual week-end was in progress. Clara had made one of her greatest efforts. A Bulgarian had providentially written a book in which he showed, beyond doubt, that persons fed on brown bread, potatoes, and margarine, gave the most satisfactory results of all. It was a discovery of the first value as a topic for her dinner-table—seeming to solve the whole vexed problem of the laborers almost at one stroke. If they could only be got to feed themselves on this perfect programme, what a saving of the situation! On those three edibles, the Bulgarian said—and he had been well translated—a family of five could be maintained at full efficiency for a shilling per day. Why! that would leave nearly eight shillings a week, in many cases more, for rent, firing, insurance, the man's tobacco, and the children's boots. There would be no more of that terrible pinching by the mothers, to feed the husband and children properly, of which one heard so much; no more lamentable deterioration in our stock! Brown bread, potatoes, margarine—quite a great deal could be provided for seven shillings! And what was more delicious than a well-baked potato with margarine of good quality? The carbohydrates—or was it hybocardrates—ah, yes! the kybohardrates—would be present in really sufficient quantity! Little else was talked of all through dinner at her end of the table. Above the flowers that Frances Freeland insisted on arranging—and very charmingly—when she was there—over bare shoulders and white shirt-fronts, those words bombed and rebombed. Brown bread, potatoes, margarine, carbohydrates, calorific! They mingled with the creaming sizzle of champagne, with the soft murmur of well-bred deglutition. White bosoms heaved and eyebrows rose at them. And now and again some Bigwig versed in science murmured the word 'Fats.' An agricultural population fed to the point of efficiency without disturbance of the existing state of things! Eureka! If only into the bargain they could be induced to bake their own brown bread and cook their potatoes well! Faces flushed, eyes brightened, and teeth shone. It was the best, the most stimulating, dinner ever swallowed in that room. Nor was it until each male guest had eaten, drunk, and talked himself into torpor suitable to the company of his wife that the three brothers could sit in the smoking-room together, undisturbed.

When Stanley had described his interview with 'that woman,' his glimpse of the red blouse, and the laborers' meeting, there was a silence before John said:

"It might be as well if Tod would send his two youngsters abroad for a bit."

Felix shook his head.

"I don't think he would, and I don't think they'd go. But we might try to get those two to see that anything the poor devils of laborers do is bound to recoil on themselves, fourfold. I suppose," he added, with sudden malice, "a laborers' rising would have no chance?"

Neither John nor Stanley winced.

"Rising? Why should they rise?"

"They did in '32."

"In '32!" repeated John. "Agriculture had its importance then. Now it has none. Besides, they've no cohesion, no power, like the miners or railway men. Rising? No chance, no earthly! Weight of metal's dead against it."

Felix smiled.

"Money and guns! Guns and money! Confess with me, brethren, that we're glad of metal."

John stared and Stanley drank off his whiskey and potash. Felix really was a bit 'too thick' sometimes. Then Stanley said:

"Wonder what Tod thinks of it all. Will you go over, Felix, and advise that our young friends be more considerate to these poor beggars?"

Felix nodded. And with 'Good-night, old man' all round, and no shaking of the hands, the three brothers dispersed.

But behind Felix, as he opened his bedroom door, a voice whispered:

"Dad!" And there, in the doorway of the adjoining room, was Nedda in her dressing-gown.

"Do come in a minute. I've been waiting up. You *are* late."

Felix followed her into her room. The pleasure he would once have had in this midnight conspiracy was superseded now, and he stood blinking at her gravely. In that blue gown, with her dark hair falling on its lace collar and her face so round and childish, she seemed more than ever to have defrauded him. Hooking her arm in his, she drew him to the window; and Felix thought: 'She just wants to talk to me about Derek. Dog in the manger that I am! Here goes to be decent!' So he said:

"Well, my dear?"

Nedda pressed his hand with a little coaxing squeeze.

"Daddy, darling, I do love you!"

And, though Felix knew that she had grasped what he was feeling, a sort of warmth spread in him. She had begun counting his fingers with one of her own, sitting close beside him. The warmth in Felix deepened, but he thought: 'She must want a good deal out of me!' Then she began:

"Why did we come down again? I know there's something wrong! It's hard not to know, when you're anxious." And she sighed. That little sigh affected Felix.

"I'd always rather know the truth, Dad. Aunt Clara said something about a fire at the Mallorings'."

Felix stole a look at her. Yes! There was a lot in this child of his! Depth, warmth, and strength to hold to things. No use to treat her as a child! And he answered:

"My dear, there's really nothing beyond what you know—our young man and Sheila are hotheads, and things over there are working up a bit. We must try and smooth them down."

"Dad, ought I to back him whatever he does?"

What a question! The more so that one cannot answer superficially the questions of those one loves.

"Ah!" he said at last. "I don't know yet. Some things it's not your duty to do; that's certain. It can't be right to do things simply because he does them—*that's* not real—however much one loves."

"No; I feel that. Only, it's so hard to know what I do really think when there's such a lot trying to make me feel that only what's nice and cosey is right!"

And Felix thought: 'I've been brought up to believe that only Russian girls care for truth. It seems I was wrong. The saints forbid I should be a stumbling-block to my own daughter searching for it! And yet—where's it all leading? Is this the same child that told me only the other night she wanted to know everything? She's a woman now! So much for love!' And he said:

"Let's go forward quietly, my pret-

ty, without expecting too much of ourselves."

"Yes, Dad; only I distrust myself so."

"No one ever got near the truth who didn't."

"Can we go over there to-morrow? I don't think I could bear a whole day of Bigwigs and eating, with this hanging over——"

"Poor Bigwigs! All right! We'll go. And now, bed; and think of nothing!"

Her whisper tickled his ear:

"You are a darling to me, Dad!"

He went out comforted.

And for some time after she had forgotten everything he leaned out of his window, smoking cigarettes, and trying to see the body and soul of night. How quiet she was—night, with her mystery, bereft of moon, in whose darkness seemed to vibrate still the song of the cuckoos that had been calling so all day! And whisperings of leaves communed with Felix.

XXI

WHAT Tod thought of all this was, perhaps, as much of an enigma to Tod as to his three brothers, and never more so than on that Sunday morning when two police constables appeared at his door with a warrant for the arrest of Tryst. After regarding them fixedly for full thirty seconds, he said, "Wait!" and left them in the doorway.

Kirsteen was washing breakfast things which had a leadless glaze, and Tryst's three children, extremely tidy, stood motionless at the edge of the little scullery, watching.

When she had joined him in the kitchen Tod shut the door.

"Two policemen," he said, "want Tryst. Are they to have him?"

In the life together of these two there had, from the very start, been a queer understanding as to who should decide what. It had become by now so much a matter of instinct that combative consultations, which bulk so large in married lives, had no place in theirs. A frowning tremor passed over her face.

"I suppose they must. Derek is out. Leave it to me, Tod, and take the tinies into the orchard."

Tod took the three little Trysts to the very spot where Derek and Nedda had gazed over the darkening fields in exchanging that first kiss, and, sitting on the stump of the apple-tree he had cut down, he presented each of them with an apple. While they ate, he stared. And his dog stared at him. How far there worked in Tod the feelings of an ordinary man watching three small children whose only parent the law was just taking into its charge it would be rash to say, but his eyes were extremely blue and there was a frown between them.

"Well, Biddy?" he said at last.

Biddy did not reply; the habit of being a mother had imposed on her, together with the gravity of her little, pale, oval face, a peculiar talent for silence. But the round-cheeked Susie said:

"Billy can eat cores."

After this statement, silence was broken only by munching, till Tod said:

"What makes things?"

The children, having the instinct that he had not asked them, but himself, came closer. He had in his hand a little beetle.

"This beetle lives in rotten wood; nice chap, isn't he?"

"We kill beetles; we're afraid of them." So Susie.

They were now round Tod so close that Billy was standing on one of his large feet, Susie leaning her elbows on one of his broad knees, and Biddy's slender little body pressed against his huge arm.

"No," said Tod; "beetles are nice chaps."

"The birds eats them," remarked Billy.

"This beetle," said Tod, "eats wood. It eats through trees and the trees get rotten."

Biddy spoke:

"Then they don't give no more apples."

Tod put the beetle down and Billy got off his foot to tread on it. When he had done his best the beetle emerged and vanished in the grass. Tod, who had offered no remonstrance, stretched out his hand and replaced Billy on his foot.

"What about my treading on you, Billy?" he said.

"Why?"

"I'm big and you're little."

On Billy's square face came a puzzled defiance. If he had not been early taught

his station he would evidently have found some poignant retort. An intoxicated humblebee broke the silence by buzzing into Biddy's fluffed-out, corn-gold hair. Tod took it off with his hand.

"Lovely chap, isn't he?"

The children, who had recoiled, drew close again, while the drunken bee crawled feebly in the cage of Tod's large hand.

"Bees sting," said Biddy; "I fell on a bee and it stang me!"

"You stang it first," said Tod. "This chap wouldn't sting—not for worlds. Stroke it!"

Biddy put out her little, pale finger but stayed it a couple of inches from the bee.

"Go on," said Tod.

Opening her mouth a little, Biddy went on and touched the bee.

"It's soft," she said. "Why don't it buzz?"

"I want to stroke it, too," said Susie. And Billy stamped a little on Tod's foot.

"No," said Tod; "only Biddy."

There was perfect silence till the dog, rising, approached its nose, black with a splash of pinky whiteness on the end of the bridge, as if to love the bee.

"No," said Tod. The dog looked at him over yellow-brown eyes dark with anxiety.

"It'll sting the dog's nose," said Biddy, and Susie and Billy came yet closer.

It was at this moment, when the heads of the dog, the bee, Tod, Biddy, Susie, and Billy might have been contained within a noose three feet in diameter, that Felix dismounted from Stanley's car and, coming from the cottage, caught sight of that little idyll under the dappled sunlight, green, and blossom. It was something from the core of life, out of the heart-beat of things—like a rare picture or song, the revelation of the childlike wonder and delight, to which all other things are but the supernumerary casings—a little pool of simplicity into which fever and yearning sank and were for a moment drowned. And quite possibly he would have gone away without disturbing them if the dog had not growled and wagged his tail.

But when the children had been sent down into the field he experienced the usual difficulty in commencing a talk with Tod. How far was his big brother within reach of mere unphilosophic statements; how far was he going to attend to facts?

"We came back yesterday," he began; "Nedda and I. You know all about Derek and Nedda, I suppose?"

Tod nodded.

"What do you think of it?"

"He's a good chap."

"Yes," murmured Felix, "but a firebrand. This business at Malloring's—what's it going to lead to, Tod? We must look out, old man. Couldn't you send Derek and Sheila abroad for a bit?"

"Wouldn't go."

"But, after all, they're dependent on you."

"Don't say that to them; I should never see them again."

Felix, who felt the instinctive wisdom of that remark, answered helplessly:

"What's to be done, then?"

"Sit tight." Tod's hand came down on Felix's shoulder.

"But suppose they get into real trouble? Stanley and John don't like it; and there's mother." And Felix added, with sudden heat, "Besides, I can't stand Nedda being made anxious like this."

Tod removed his hand. Felix would have given a good deal to have been able to see into the brain behind the frowning stare of those blue eyes.

"Can't help by worrying. What must be, will. Look at the birds!"

The remark from any other man would have irritated Felix profoundly; coming from Tod, it seemed the unconscious expression of a really felt philosophy. And, after all, was he not right? What was this life they all lived but a ceaseless worrying over what was to come? Was not all man's unhappiness caused by nervous anticipations of the future? Was not that the disease, and the misfortune, of the age; perhaps of all the countless ages man had lived through.

With an effort he recalled his thoughts from that far flight. What if Tod had rediscovered the secret of the happiness that belonged to birds and lilies of the field—such overpowering interest in the moment that the future did not exist? Why not? Were not the only minutes when he himself was really happy those

when he lost himself in work, or love? And why were they so few? For want of pressure to the square moment. Yes! All unhappiness was fear and lack of vitality to live the present fully. That was why love and fighting were such poignant ecstasies—they lived their present to the full. And so it would be almost comic to say to those young people: Go away; do nothing in this matter in which your interest and your feelings are concerned! Don't have a present, because you've got to have a future! And he said:

"I'd give a good deal for your power of losing yourself in the moment, old boy!"

"That's all right," said Tod. He was examining the bark of a tree, which had nothing the matter with it, so far as Felix could see; while his dog, who had followed them, carefully examined Tod. Both were obviously lost in the moment. And with a feeling of defeat Felix led the way back to the cottage.

In the brick-floored kitchen Derek was striding up and down; while around him, in an equilateral triangle, stood the three women, Sheila at the window, Kirsteen by the open hearth, Nedda against the wall opposite. Derek exclaimed at once:

"Why did you let them, father? Why didn't you refuse to give him up?"

Felix looked at his brother. In the doorway, where his curly head nearly touched the wood, Tod's face was puzzled, rueful. He did not answer.

"Any one could have said he wasn't here. We could have smuggled him away. Now the brutes have got him! I don't know that, though—" And he made suddenly for the door.

Tod did not budge. "No," he said.

Derek turned; his mother was at the other door; at the window, the two girls.

The comedy of this scene, if there be comedy in the face of grief, was for the moment lost on Felix.

'It's come,' he thought. 'What now?'

Derek had flung himself down at the table and was burying his head in his hands. Sheila went up to him.

"Don't be a fool, Derek."

However right and natural that remark, it seemed inadequate.

And Felix looked at Nedda. The blue motor scarf she had worn had slipped off her dark head; her face was white; her eyes, fixed immovably on Derek, seemed waiting for him to recognize that she was there. The boy broke out again:

"It was treachery! We took him in; and now we've given him up. They wouldn't have touched *us* if we'd got him away. Not they!"

Felix literally heard the breathing of Tod on one side of him and of Kirsteen on the other. He crossed over and stood opposite his nephew.

"Look here, Derek," he said; "your mother was quite right. You might have put this off for a day or two; but it was bound to come. You don't know the reach of the law. Come, my dear fellow! It's no good making a fuss, that's childish—the thing is to see that the man gets every chance."

Derek looked up. Probably he had not yet realized that his uncle was in the room; and Felix was astonished at his really haggard face; as if the incident had bitten and twisted some vital in his body.

"He trusted us."

Felix saw Kirsteen quiver and flinch, and understood why they had none of them felt quite able to turn their backs on that display of passion. Something deep and unreasoning was on the boy's side; something that would not fit with common sense and the habits of civilized society; something from an Arab's tent or a Highland glen. Then Tod came up behind and put his hands on his son's shoulders.

"Come!" he said; "milk's spilt."

"All right!" said Derek gruffly, and he went to the door.

Felix made Nedda a sign and she slipped out after him.

XXII

Nedda, her blue head-gear trailing, followed along at the boy's side while he passed through the orchard and two fields; and when he threw himself down under an ash-tree she, too, subsided, waiting for him to notice her.

"I am here," she said at last.

At that ironic little speech Derek sat up.

"It'll kill him," he said.

"But—to burn things, Derek! To light horrible cruel flames, and burn things, even if they aren't alive!"

Derek said through his teeth:

"It's I who did it! If I'd never talked to him he'd have been like the others. They were taking him in a cart, like a calf."

Nedda got possession of his hand and held it tight.

That was a bitter and frightening hour under the faintly rustling ash-tree, while the wind sprinkled over her flakes of the may blossom, just past its prime. Love seemed now so little a thing, seemed to have lost warmth and power, seemed like a suppliant outside a door. Why did trouble come like this the moment one felt deeply?

The church bell was tolling; they could see the little congregation pass across the churchyard into that weekly dream they knew too well. And presently the drone emerged, mingling with the voices outside, of sighing trees and trickling water, of the rub of wings, birds' songs, and the callings of beasts everywhere beneath the sky.

In spite of her suffering because love was not the first emotion in his heart, the girl could only feel he was right not to be loving her; that she ought to be glad of what was eating up all else within him. It was ungenerous, unworthy, to want to be loved at such a moment. Yet she could not help it! This was her first experience of the eternal tug between self and the loved one pulled in the hearts of lovers. Would she ever come to feel happy when he was just doing what he thought was right? And she drew a little away from him; then perceived that unwittingly she had done the right thing, for he at once tried to take her hand again. And this was her first lesson, too, in the nature of man. If she did not give her hand, he wanted it! But she was not one of those who calculate in love. So she gave him her hand at once. That went to his heart; and he put his arm round her, till he could feel the emotion under those stays that would not be drawn any closer. In this nest beneath the ash-tree they sat till they heard the organ wheeze and the furious sound of the last hymn, and saw the brisk coming-forth with its air of, 'Thank God! And now, to eat!' till at last there was no stir again about the little church—no stir at all save that of nature's ceaseless thanksgiving. . . .

Tod, his brown face still rueful, had followed those two out into the air, and Sheila had gone quickly after him. Thus left alone with his sister-in-law, Felix said gravely:

"If you don't want the boy to get into real trouble, do all you can to show him that the last way in the world to help these poor fellows is to let them fall foul of the law. It's madness to light flames you can't put out. What happened this morning? Did the man resist?"

Her face still showed how bitter had been her mortification, and he was astonished that she kept her voice so level and emotionless.

"No. He went with them quite quietly. The back door was open; he could have walked out. I did not advise him to. I'm glad no one saw his face except myself. You see," she added, "he's devoted to Derek, and Derek knows it; that's why he feels it so, and will feel it more and more. The boy has a great sense of honor, Felix."

Under that tranquillity Felix caught the pain and yearning in her voice. Yes! This woman really felt and saw. She was not one of those who make disturbance with their brains and powers of criticism; rebellion leaped out from the heat in her heart. But he said:

"Is it right to fan this flame? Do you think any good end is served?" Waiting for her answer, he found himself gazing at the ghost of dark down on her upper lip, wondering that he had never noticed it before.

Very low, as if to herself, she said:

"I would kill myself to-day if I didn't believe that tyranny and injustice must end."

"In our time?"

"Perhaps not."

"Are you content to go on working for an Utopia that you will never see?"

"While our laborers are treated and housed more like dogs than human beings, while the best life under the sun—because life on the soil might be the best life—is despised and starved, and made the plaything of people's tongues, neither I nor mine are going to rest."

The admiration she inspired in Felix at that moment was mingled with a kind of pity. He said impressively:

"Do you know the forces you are up against? Have you looked into the un-

fathomable heart of this trouble? Understood the tug of the towns, the call of money to money; grasped the destructive restlessness of modern life; the abysmal selfishness of people when you threaten their interests; the age-long apathy of those you want to help? Have you grasped all these?"

"And more!"

Felix held out his hand. "Then," he said, "you are truly brave!"

She shook her head.

"It got bitten into me very young. I was brought up in the Highlands among the crofters in their worst days. In some ways the people here are not so badly off, but they're still slaves."

"Except that they can go to Canada if they want, and save old England."

She flushed. "I hate irony."

Felix looked at her with ever-increasing interest; she certainly was of the kind that could be relied on to make trouble.

"Ah!" he murmured. "Don't forget that when we can no longer smile we can only swell and burst. It *is* some consolation to reflect that by the time we've determined to do something really effectual for the ploughmen of England there'll be no ploughmen left!"

"I cannot smile at that."

And, studying her face, Felix thought, 'You're right there! You'll get no help from humor.' . . .

Early that afternoon, with Nedda between them, Felix and his nephew were speeding toward Transham.

The little town—a hamlet when Edmund Moreton dropped the *e* from his name and put up the works which Stanley had so much enlarged—had monopolized by now the hill on which it stood. Living entirely on its ploughs, it yet had but little of the true look of a British factory town, having been for the most part built since ideas came into fashion. With its red roofs and chimneys, it was only moderately ugly, and here and there an old white, timbered house still testified to the fact that it had once been country. On this fine Sunday afternoon the population were in the streets, and presented all that long narrow-headedness, that twist and distortion of feature, that perfect absence of beauty in face, figure, and dress, which is the glory of the Briton who has been for three generations in a town. 'And my great-grandfather'—thought Felix—'did all this! God rest his soul!'

At a rather new church on the very top they halted, and went in to inspect the Morton memorials. There they were, in dedicated corners. 'Edmund and his wife Catherine'—'Charles Edmund and his wife Florence'—'Maurice Edmund and his wife Dorothy.' Clara had set her foot down against 'Stanley and his wife Clara' being in the fourth; her soul was above ploughs, and she, of course, intended to be buried at Becket, as Clara, dowager Lady Freeland, for her efforts in regard to the land. Felix, who had a tendency to note how things affected other people, watched Derek's inspection of these documents and marked that they excited in him no tendency to ribaldry. The boy, indeed, could hardly be expected to see in them what Felix saw—an epitome of the great, perhaps fatal, change that had befallen his native country; a record of the beginning of that far-back fever, whose course ran ever faster, which had emptied country into town and slowly, surely, changed the whole spirit of life. When Edmund Moreton, about 1780, took the infection disseminated by the development of machinery, and left the farming of his acres to make money, that thing was done which they were all now talking about trying to undo, with their cries of: "Back to the land! Back to peace and sanity in the shade of the elms! Back to the simple and patriarchal state of feeling which old documents disclose. Back to a time before these little squashed heads and bodies and features jutted every which way; before there were long squashed streets of gray houses; long squashed chimneys emitting smoke-blight; long squashed rows of graves; and long squashed columns of the daily papers. Back to well-fed countrymen who could not read, with Common rights, and a kindly feeling for old 'Moretons,' who had a kindly feeling for them!" Back to all that? A dream! Sirs! A dream! There was nothing for it now, but—progress! Progress! On with the dance! Let engines rip, and the little, squash-headed fellows with them! Commerce, literature, religion, science, politics, all taking a hand; what a glorious chance had money, ugliness, and ill will! Such

were the reflections of Felix before the brass tablet:

"To the Loving Memory of
EDMUND MORTON
and
His Devoted Wife
CATHERINE.
At Rest in the Lord. A. D., 1816."

From the church they went about their proper business, to interview a Mr. Pogram, of the firm of Pogram & Collet, solicitors, in whose hands the interests of many citizens of Transham and the country round were almost securely deposited. He occupied, curiously enough, the house where Edmund Morton himself had lived, conducting his works on the one hand and the squirearchy of the parish on the other. Incorporated now into the line of a long, loose street, it still stood rather apart from its neighbors, behind some large shrubs, and trees of the holm-oak variety.

Mr. Pogram, who was finishing his Sunday after-lunch cigar, was a short, clean-shaved man with strong cheeks and those rather lustful gray-blue eyes which accompany a sturdy figure. He rose when they were introduced, and, uncrossing his fat little thighs, asked what he could do for them.

Felix propounded the story of the arrest, so far as might be, in words of one syllable, avoiding the sentimental aspect of the question, and finding it hard to be on the side of disorder, as any modern writer might. There was something, however, about Mr. Pogram that reassured him. The small fellow looked a fighter—looked as if he would sympathize with Tryst's want of a woman about him. The tusky but soft-hearted little brute kept nodding his round, sparsely covered head while he listened, exuding a smell of lavender-water, cigars, and gutta-percha. When Felix ceased he said, rather dryly:

"Sir Gerald Malloring? Yes. Sir Gerald's country agents, I rather think, are Messrs. Porter of Worcester. Quite so."

And a conviction that Mr. Pogram thought they should have been Messrs. Pogram & Collet of Transham confirmed in Felix the feeling that they had come to the right man.

"I gather," Mr. Pogram said, and he looked at Nedda with a glance from which he obviously tried to remove all earthly desires, "that you, sir, and your nephew wish to go and see the man. Mrs. Pogram will be delighted to show Miss Freeland our garden. Your great-grandfather sir, on the mother's side, lived in this house. Delighted to meet you; often heard of your books; Mrs. Pogram has read one —let me see—'The Bannister,' was it?"

"'The Barrister,'" Felix answered gently.

Mr. Pogram rang the bell. "Quite so," he said. "Assizes are just over, so that he can't come up for trial till August or September; pity—great pity! Bail in cases of arson—for a laborer, very doubtful! Ask your mistress to come, please."

There entered a faded rose of a woman on whom Mr. Pogram in his time had evidently made a great impression. A vista of two or three little Pograms behind her was hastily removed by the maid. And they all went into the garden.

"Through here," said Mr. Pogram, coming to a side door in the garden wall, "we can make a short cut to the police station. As we go along I shall ask you one or two blunt questions." And he thrust out his under lip:

"For instance, what's your interest in this matter?"

Before Felix could answer, Derek had broken in:

"My uncle has come out of kindness. It's my affair, sir. The man has been tyrannously treated."

Mr. Pogram cocked his eye. "Yes, yes; no doubt, no doubt! He's not confessed, I understand?"

"No; but——"

Mr. Pogram laid a finger on his lips.

"Never say die; that's what we're here for. So," he went on, "you're a rebel; Socialist, perhaps. Dear me! Well, we're all of us something, nowadays—I'm a humanitarian myself. Often say to Mrs. Pogram—humanity's the thing in this age—and so it is! Well, now, what line shall we take?" And he rubbed his hands. "Shall we have a try at once to upset what evidence they've got? We should want a strong alibi. Our friends here will commit if they can—nobody likes arson. I understand he was sleeping in your cottage. His room, now? Was it on the ground floor?"

"Yes; but——"

Mr. Pogram frowned, as who should say: Ah! Be careful! "He had better

reserve his defence and give us time to turn round," he said rather shortly.

They had arrived at the police station and after a little parley were ushered into the presence of Tryst.

The big laborer was sitting on the stool in his cell, leaning back against the wall, his hands loose and open at his sides. His gaze passed at once from Felix and Mr. Pogram, who were in advance, to Derek; and the man's soul seemed suddenly to look through, as one may see all there is of spirit in a dog reach out to its master. This was the first time Felix had seen him who had caused already so much anxiety, and that broad, almost brutal face, with the yearning fidelity in its tragic eyes, made a powerful impression on him. It was the sort of face one did not forget and might be glad of not remembering in dreams. What had put this yearning spirit into so gross a frame, destroying its solid coherence? Why could not Tryst have been left by nature just a beer-loving serf, devoid of grief for his dead wife, devoid of longing for the nearest he could get to her again, devoid of susceptibility to this young man's influence? And the thought of all that was before the mute creature, sitting there in heavy, hopeless patience, stung Felix's heart so that he could hardly bear to look him in the face.

Derek had taken the man's thick, brown hand; Felix could see with what effort the boy was biting back his feelings.

"This is Mr. Pogram, Bob. A solicitor who'll do all he can for you."

Felix looked at Mr. Pogram. The little man was standing with arms akimbo; his face the queerest mixture of shrewdness and compassion, and he was giving off an almost needlessly strong scent of gutta-percha.

"Yes, my man," he said, "you and I are going to have a talk when these gentlemen have done with you," and, turning on his heel, he began to touch up the points of his little pink nails with a penknife, in front of the constable who stood outside the cell door, with his professional air of giving a man a chance.

Invaded by a feeling, apt to come over him in zoos, that he was watching a creature who had no chance to escape being watched, Felix also turned; but, though his eyes saw not, his ears could not help hearing.

"Forgive me, Bob! It's I who got you into this!"

"No, sir; naught to forgive. I'll soon be back, and then they'll see!"

By the reddening of Mr. Pogram's ears Felix formed the opinion that the little man, also, could hear.

"Tell her not to fret, Mr. Derek. I'd like a shirt, in case I've got to stop. The children needn' know where I be; though I an't ashamed."

"It may be a longer job than you think, Bob."

In the silence that followed Felix could not help turning. The laborer's eyes were moving quickly round his cell, as if for the first time he realized that he was shut up; suddenly he brought those big hands of his together and clasped them between his knees, and again his gaze ran round the cell. Felix heard the clearing of a throat close by, and, more than ever conscious of the scent of gutta-percha, grasped its connection with compassion in the heart of Mr. Pogram. He caught Derek's muttered, "Don't ever think we're forgetting you, Bob," and something that sounded like, "And don't ever say you did it." Then, passing Felix and the little lawyer, the boy went out. His head was held high, but tears were running down his cheeks. Felix followed.

A bank of clouds, gray-white, was rising just above the red-tiled roofs, but the sun still shone brightly. And the thought of the big laborer sitting there knocked and knocked at Felix's heart with a mournful, miserable sound. He had a warmer feeling for his young nephew than he had ever had. Mr. Pogram rejoined them now, and they walked on together.

"Well?" said Felix.

Mr. Pogram answered in a somewhat grumpy voice:

"Not guilty, and reserve defence. You have influence, young man! Dumb as a fish. Poor devil!" And not another word did he say till they had re-entered his garden.

Here the ladies, surrounded by many little Pograms, were having tea. And seated next the little lawyer, whose eyes were fixed on Nedda, Felix was able to appreciate that in happier mood he exhaled almost exclusively the scent of lavender-water and cigars.

(To be continued.)



Hole in the Wall. Bank of the Skeena River.

THE NEW CANADIAN NATIONAL TRANSCONTINENTAL RAILWAY

By Duncan MacPherson

Member Canadian Society of Civil Engineers; Member Institution of Civil Engineers; former Assistant to the Chairman in Charge of Operation.

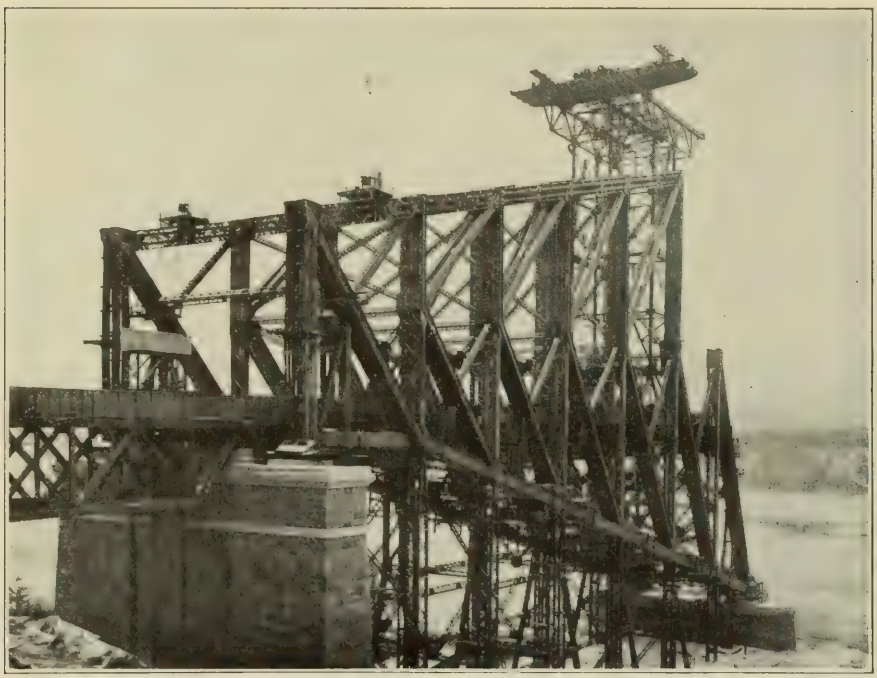
MOST people on the American continent know more or less about Canada's pioneer transcontinental railway, the Canadian Pacific, but probably not many, outside railway men, in the United States know very much about her latest creation in that line which has just culminated in the completion of what has been called, during construction, the Transcontinental Railway on the eastern half and the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway on the western half. Joined together, these halves constitute the new National Transcontinental Railway, to be operated by and called the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway.

It might be considered that the building of a trunk-line railway between 3,000 and 4,000 miles long is no great feat in these days of high explosives and gigantic steam-shovels; but when it is understood that a large part of this line runs through rugged and comparatively unknown northern latitudes, where the summers are short and the winters long and cold; that scores of mighty rivers had to be spanned, the Rocky Mountains crossed, and the whole line constructed on lower gradients and easier curves than had hitherto been thought practical, the accomplished fact becomes more interesting.

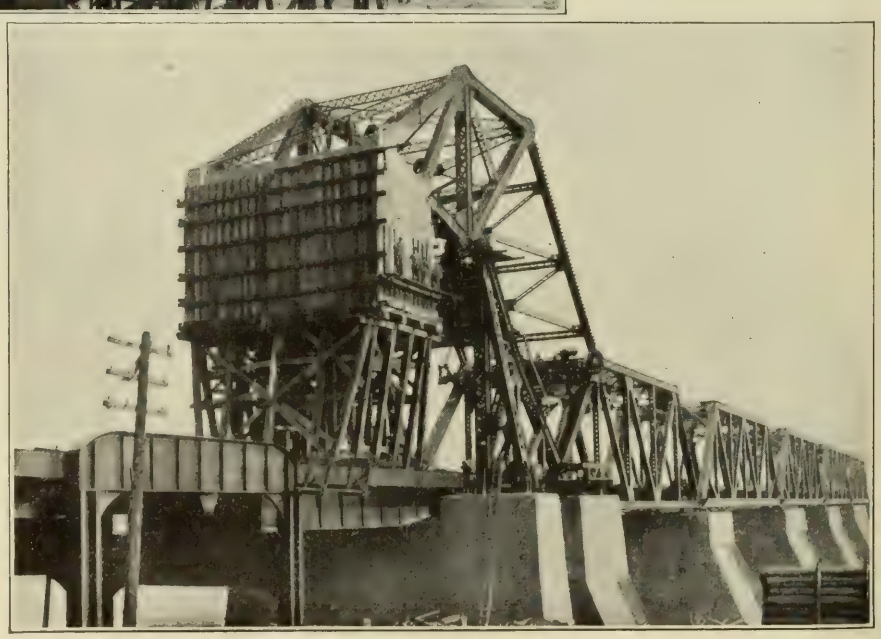
A few words as to its inception.* It was

*See "Canada's New Transcontinental Railway," by Hugh D. Lumsden, and "The Grand Trunk Pacific," by Cy Warman, in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, July, 1906.

only natural that the Canadian Pacific Railway, having been so successful, should in due time be emulated by rival lines, as, although that infant of the early eighties had been much decried at birth, and even early bankruptcy and death freely predicted by able men, it had grown to sturdy manhood before the end of the last century, and still continued to wax stronger as its new trunk lines and branches were extended into all promising territory in the early years of the new century.



Quebec Bridge.



Bridge over Red River, at Winnipeg.

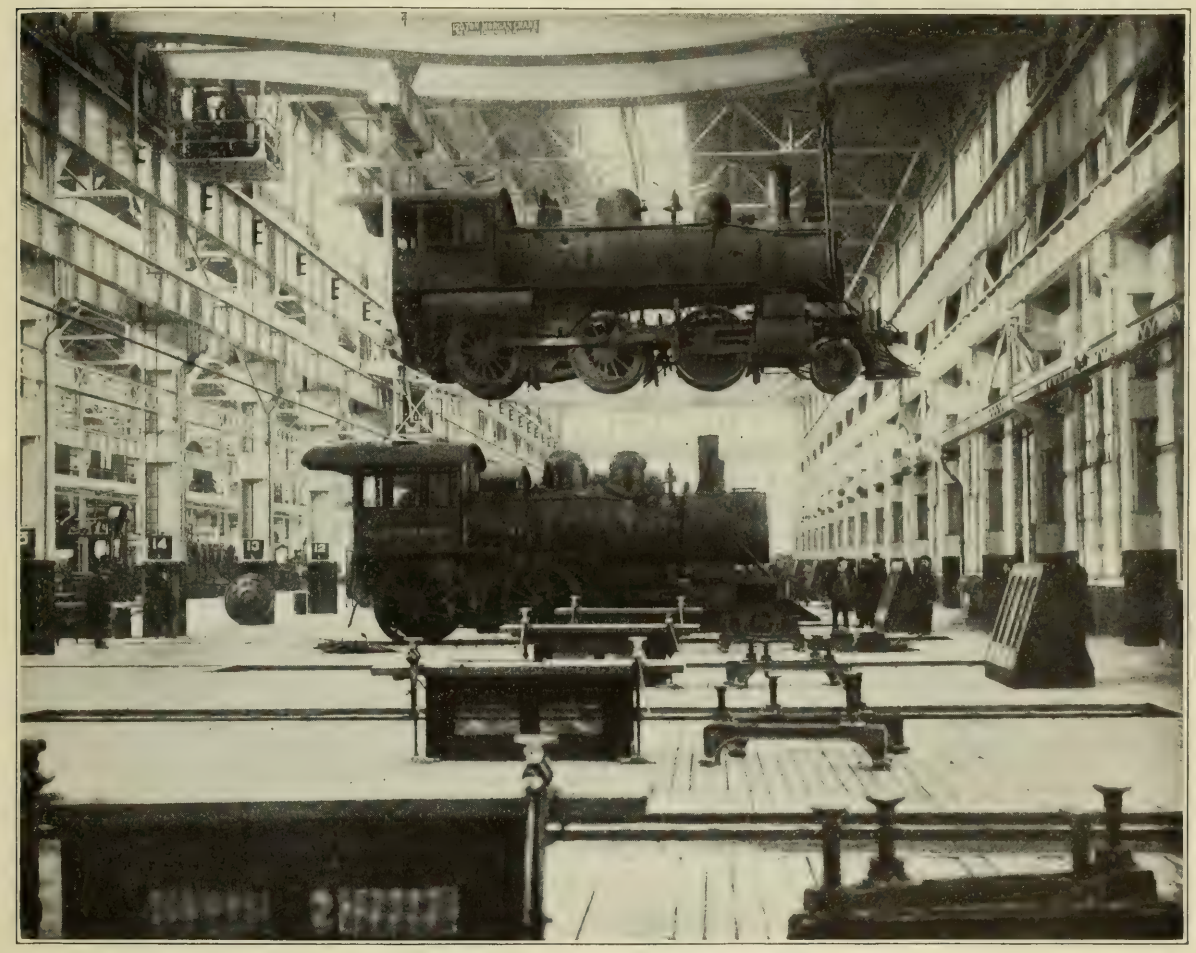
A glance over the successive annual reports of this company, from 1885 onward, is like reading a fairy tale, so swiftly but surely do the millions pile up from year to year. Great was the jubilation at the end of the year 1892, when the gross receipts first crossed the $20,000,000 mark, which was practically double what they had been five years previous. In 1903 their earnings were approximately $44,000,000, and in 1913 over $128,000,000.

Is it any wonder that emulating rivals brought forward many schemes from time to time, more or less well supported by enterprising men, until, in 1903, the proposition began to assume concrete shape under the auspices of the Grand Trunk Railway, which company had been the only serious rival of the Canadian Pacific Railway in eastern Canada up to that time.

There were, of course, divers opinions held by prominent railway men and others both as to the present necessity for another transcontinental railway and as to the organization and financial arrangements for its construction. It was, however, generally agreed that no private corporation could be induced to carry through such a stupendous undertaking, involving the construction of many hundreds of miles through an unsettled wilderness, difficult of access, requiring very expensive work and with little local traffic in sight.

The government of the day, therefore,

decided to construct the eastern division, from Moncton, N. B., to Winnipeg, Manitoba, themselves, by means of a commission, and afterward to lease it to the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway Company, which had entered into an agreement with them to construct the line from Winnipeg to the Pacific coast, and to operate the whole line from the Atlantic to the Pacific, when it was completed.



Shops at Transcona for building and repairing cars and locomotives.

Accordingly, an act respecting the construction of the National Transcontinental Railway was assented to by the Dominion Parliament on the 24th of October, 1903, which provided for the construction of a line to be operated as a common railway highway across the Dominion, from ocean to ocean, and wholly within Canadian territory.

Much importance was attached to the words "wholly within Canadian territory," as hitherto the only other transcontinental line, the Canadian Pacific Railway, although it is entirely in Canadian territory between Vancouver, on the Pacific Ocean, and Quebec, on tide-water of the Atlantic, passes through the State of Maine to really reach the ocean at Saint John.

It was decided to build an air-line, as nearly as possible, consistent with due economy, and to make the maximum gradient, east bound, or against the major traffic, 0.4 feet, and west bound, 0.5 feet per hundred, and to limit curvature to a maximum of 6 degrees, these maxima to be used sparingly. Bridges and culverts were to be of concrete and steel and of the most modern description.

These specifications—especially the low gradients—meant much heavier expenditure than for existing roads having one-per-cent grades; but, as most roads were busy cutting down one-per-cent grades, the higher standard set by the National Transcontinental Railway was considered justifiable.

There are no special hardships involved in building a railway through settled regions where other railways, highways,



Union Station at Winnipeg, the junction of the Canadian Northern Railway and the Grand Trunk Pacific. Fort Garry Hotel at the right, erected on the site of old Fort Garry.

and rivers furnish easy and rapid means for transporting men from point to point at all stages of the work, from the preliminary survey to the driving of the last spike; but it is an entirely different matter when, in the initial stages, the only means of transportation for hundreds of miles is by canoe in summer and dog train in winter.

Canoeing is very pleasant at times, when done for recreation, in fine weather, but when it becomes a necessity every day, without regard to weather conditions, the pleasure very often becomes a pain, after one has paddled a laden canoe many weary miles, with frequent intervals of portaging it and contents over the roughest of trails from lake to lake.

Travelling by dog train may also be considered grand sport when taken in homœopathic doses, or travelling light over a good trail, but when done every day for a week or more, over the worst of trails, or no trail at all, in deep snow, where you have to walk ahead of the dogs to tramp down with your snow-shoes a sufficiently firm trail for the dogs to haul the toboggans, there are more pleasant forms of exercise.

In 1904–5 the Transcontinental and Grand Trunk Pacific had some seventy-five surveying parties in the field, consisting of about eighteen men each, not counting the men engaged in transporting supplies by canoe and dog train, in the manner above described, though, of course, there were many accessible parts of the line where such primitive transport was unnecessary.

These men were mostly under canvas, and in the farthest-north locations the thermometer seldom ranged above zero for months at a time, in winter, and often fell to over 50° below zero. Living in tents is scarcely a picnic under such conditions ; but the men kept well and cheerful, owing to the fact that no pains were spared to keep them well supplied with a good variety of canned soups, vegetables, and fruits, in addition to the usual rations of flour, bacon, and beans.

Active construction began on the eastern division in the summer of 1906, when a few hundred men, steam-shovels, etc., started in to burrow through the hills and fill the valleys, to construct the latest of

man's scientific trails across the North American continent.

From time to time new contracts were let until, in 1908, the whole line was let of 1914. The ballasting, etc., was practically completed by November, 1914.

The quantities of the most important items of material moved and placed in the



The Fraser River from Stellaqua Mountain.

and something like 35,000 men were actually engaged on the work, not including officials and their office staffs. On the eastern division alone, which is 1,805 miles long, there was at one time an army of over 21,000 men employed.

The last link of the main track of the eastern division (except for the Saint Lawrence River bridge) was connected in November, 1913, and on the western division, 1,745 miles long, in the early summer

work, on the eastern division, were, in round figures, as follows:

	Cu. yds.
Solid rock	19,000,000
Loose rock	18,500,000
Common excavation	21,000,000
Train-hauled filling	33,000,000
Ballast	7,000,000
Concrete	700,000

Steel bridges, 11 miles, containing about 61,000 tons of steel.

The cost of this division was, approx-



Potato field at Fraser Lake.

imately, $160,000,000, including shops, etc., complete.

The cost of the western division was, approximately, $130,000,000 for 1,745 miles, and the quantities of material moved less per mile than on the eastern division, owing to the comparatively long stretch of prairie country from Winnipeg west.

The total length of line from Moncton to Prince Rupert is 3,550 miles.

The ordinary tourist or business man, as he rolls smoothly along at 75 miles per hour, whilst enjoying a meal in a well-appointed dining-car or sitting at ease in a comfortable smoking or library car, watching the ever-changing landscape roll past the window, has seldom much appreciation of all the foresight, mental and physical labor, and often real privation incidental to the building of a railway through long stretches of hitherto unexplored rugged country in a cold climate.

The pioneer engineers could tell such travellers many truthful tales of interesting experiences connected with nearly every mile of this line he may now be passing so smoothly over.

For example, that abandoned camp just passed beside the line, on the bank of a beautiful lake, brings back no memories to the ordinary passenger; yet two hardy exploring engineers reached that camp one bitter night, in December, 1904, when the temperature was 40° below zero, expecting to find an emergency supply of provisions that had been cached there for their use; but the storehouse and provisions had been burned, and it was too late to go farther that night. They had to satisfy, as best they could, on dry bread and tea, the ravenous hunger induced by a weary tramp of twenty miles on snowshoes over an unbroken trail, then dig a hole in the snow, make a bed of pine boughs, roll up in blankets, and take turns at trying to sleep, whilst the other kept a roaring fire going as near as was safe to the bivouac.

In the night a howling blizzard came on which lasted two days, during which it would have been suicide to start for the nearest camp, twenty-five miles distant; but, as soon as it cleared, they started the weary tramp through the new-fallen snow, having consumed the last of their bread and tea before starting.

They, however, reached camp late at



A field of bearded wheat in Saskatchewan.

night, footsore, weary, and ravenous. Fortunately the camp was occupied and well provisioned, so that no time was lost in satisfying the cravings of the inner man, after which they literally fell into bed and slept the sleep of the exhausted for twenty-four hours on end. They had good cause to remember the burned cache, which was facetiously christened "Shortbread Cache."

The occupant of a luxurious sleeping-car passing through the scene of such adventures may well ponder over the wide gap between dog-train and steam-train locomotives, though he will never fully appreciate the difference without a real test of the dog train.

That wildly beautiful rapid glinting through the trees as the train rounded the last bluff; what a superb picture, and framed by a harmonious landscape!

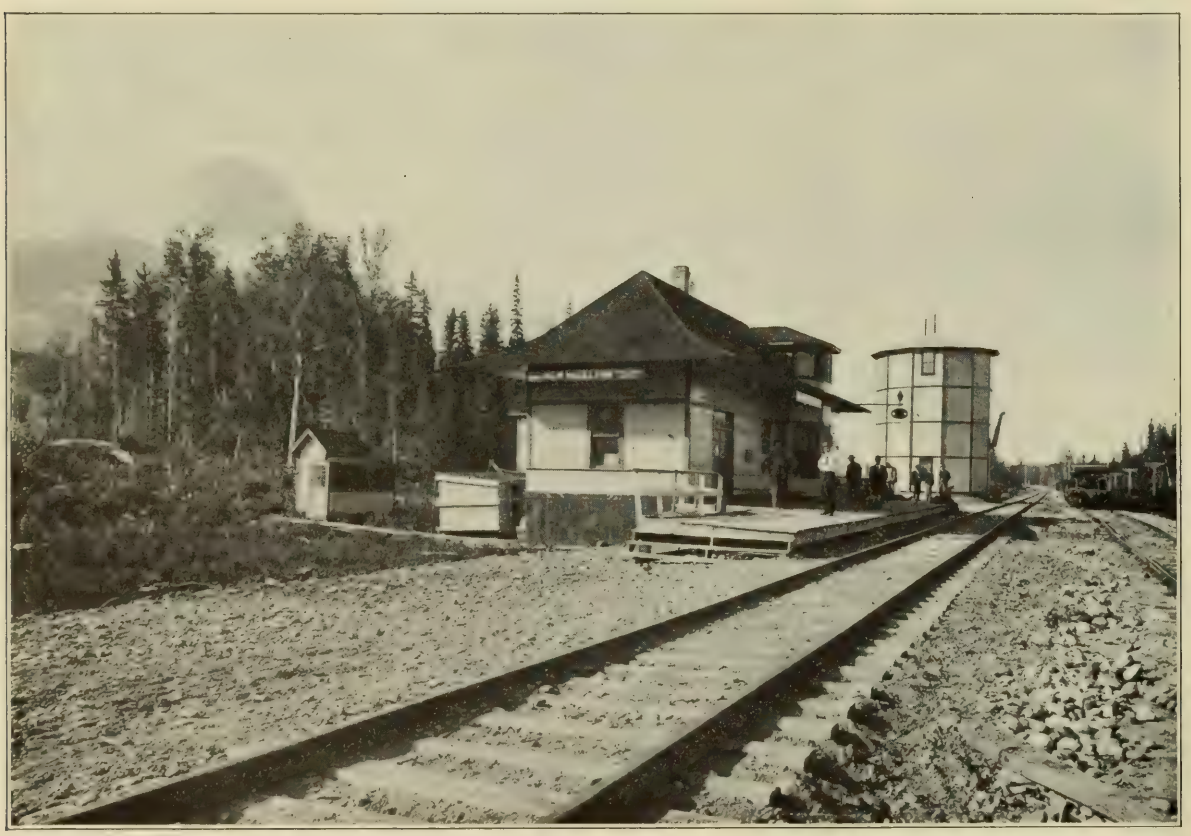
"Yes," but the pioneer replies, "I hate the sight of that picture. It was there, in those treacherous rapids, a wrecked canoe snuffed out in a moment the brightest life in our party. Dear old Harry! the cheeriest, the truest, and best of companions on many a weary trip by trail and canoe."

That seems a perfect terrace formed by nature for a railway, some thirty feet broad, with a steep bluff towering on the left and a sparkling lake some hundreds of feet below on the right! Yes, it looks as if made on purpose for a railway; and so it was, but by the hand of man instead of nature. Men were lowered by ropes from the cliffs above, to locate the line along that cliff, where nature had left scarcely a foothold for man; and now, behold the solid, seemingly natural road-bed, over which thunder in safety ponderous locomotives, hauling thousands of human beings, oblivious to the hardships of those who blazed the trail along a seemingly impassable barrier in order that the traveller might have several miles less to go on his journey across the continent than if the line had been put in a more accessible location! This also at the cost of several valuable lives, one due to falling over the precipice; several others to premature explosions when blasting off the mighty hillside.

Thus the toll was taken at every stage, from the early days of exploration to the final completion of construction, even though every possible precaution was

taken to guard against accidents to life and limb.

The understanding reader will not only appreciate the comfortable train all the more by knowing of the hardships which preceded it, but he will value at their full worth the hardy pioneers who have toiled and suffered that others might enjoy the results thereof. To such an appreciative person, then, the writer would say: Step with me on board the Transcontinental Limited, leaving Moncton for Prince Rupert, some fine day in June, and let us glance at the moving panorama as we speed toward the setting sun!



Station at New Hazelton, 180.7 miles east of Prince Rupert.

Before leaving Moncton one has, of course, seen "The Bore," that solid wall of water, six feet high, as it literally bored its way up the river. Moncton is one of the few places in the world where such a phenomenon can be seen in maximum volume, due to the excessively high tides in the Bay of Fundy and the formation of the bed and banks of the river Petitcodiac.

The terminus at Moncton being only fifty-seven feet above sea-level, the general trend of the grade is rising for some distance after leaving this point, though at some of the larger river crossings it has been necessary to run down and up again to minimize the cost of the bridging, which cost is large even after every legitimate economy has been practised.

For the first few hours there is nothing very special to note, from a scenic point of view; simply an undulating, more or less fertile farming country, with here and there a town, always located on one of the many rivers which form the natural highways here as elsewhere.

Most of these rivers are of very considerable size, and the Transcontinental crosses them all on modern and substantial structures of concrete and steel. The river names, Big and Little Salmon, etc., carry the sportsmen's thoughts back to the keen delight of his many struggles with that king of sporting fish; and, as the train speeds along, through and over tunnels, gorges, and bridges, between which the cultivated farms are giving place to dense forests, tales of the famous moose hunting of New Brunswick are brought to mind. Indeed, the moose is still to be found there in plenty by those



Jasper Lake in Jasper Park.

who are alive to his wily ways. As a rule, he is shy and keeps well away from the railway, but he has been known to get on the track and run for some distance ahead of a train. The writer can vouch for one such case in his own experience.



Mount Robson, from the north, 13,700 feet high.

The highest summit in New Brunswick, 1,195 feet above the sea, is 146 miles west of Moncton; and at Mile 185 is the Little Salmon River steel viaduct, 3,918 feet long, 200 feet high, containing 6,995 tons of steel. This is the largest of sixteen large steel bridges crossed within a distance of 125 miles, and gives one some idea of the magnitude of the work required to overcome such obstacles on a railway 3,550 miles long.

At Mile 256 the boundary line between the province of New Brunswick and the historical province of Quebec is crossed, and as we gradually surmount the summit, elevation 1,284 feet, between the watersheds of the Saint Lawrence and the Saint John Rivers, and as gradually descend to the crossing of the former river, just above and in view of the picturesque old city of Quebec, we pass through many typical old French hamlets and towns, with their glistening white cottages and substantial churches. Invariably the church is the most prominent feature of the works of man, until Quebec city is reached. There even the churches, which are many and conspicuous, are dominated by the frowning old citadel, on Cape Diamond, near which, on the plains of Abraham, the gallant General Wolfe fought the equally gallant Montcalm, and won Canada for the English on that memorable day in 1759.

Just above Cap Rouge, where Wolfe landed his force to scale the hitherto inaccessible heights, is being erected the Saint Lawrence River-Quebec Bridge, having the longest single span of any bridge



Junction of the Skeena and Bulkely Rivers.

in the world—1,800 feet, or over one-third of a mile. This bridge, when completed, will close the last link in the steel band of the Transcontinental Railway. The gap is at present crossed by a modern steel steam ferry capable of carrying a fully loaded train and engine on its three parallel tracks. The bridge is not expected to be finished until some time in 1917; but it is, even at present, a most interesting thing to see in the actual making what will be one of the wonders of the world when completed.

Some idea of the dimensions of the many gigantic members which will make up its colossal whole may be conveyed to the untechnical mind by the bald statement that there will be 65,000 tons of steel compressed within the whole length of 3,236 feet; whereas, about 61,000 tons of steel were sufficient to build 11 miles of heavy modern bridges, one of which, 3,918 feet long, only contained 6,995 tons, on this same Transcontinental Railway.

The crossing of the Saint Lawrence River is at Mile 460; thence northwesterly the way lies through some of the oldest French settlements in Canada, where the language, customs, and manners are practically the same as in the days of Champlain and Frontenac. Tradition and authentic writing establishes the association of these and other famous names with many points of interest in this part of the country, which are readily accessible from the railway.

A short distance west of Quebec the road crosses the Jacques Cartier River, and one's thoughts fly still further back, to 1535, when that intrepid explorer, Cartier, first sailed up the Saint Lawrence and discovered this New France.

It might be interesting to note that on the bank of the Jacques Cartier River, on a sunny plateau, stands the new historical camp site of Valcartier, now practically deserted, but recently echoing with the thunder of artillery and the many minor noises incidental to the training of 33,000 soldiers who have gone to the firing-line to assist in the defense of Jacques Cartier's native land—mayhap even of his home town of Saint Malo—against spoliation and devastation by the Germans. One wonders if the spirit of grim old Cartier is cognizant of the titanic struggle and inspiring his descendants to heroic deeds.

West of the Jacques Cartier River begins the long climb up the valley of the Saint Maurice River, which has been for many years a great highway for large lumbering interests and for centuries before that one of the routes down which the savage redskin descended to the Saint Lawrence, and thence to Quebec, on his forays against the paleface.

The Saint Maurice River is crossed three times by the Transcontinental Railway within a distance of 67 miles, and the size of the river may be judged by the fact that at the third crossing by the railway, 150 miles above where it flows into the Saint Lawrence, it requires a bridge of three spans of 200 feet each.

Near its headwaters, Mile 758, the height of land between the Saint Lawrence and Hudson's Bay watersheds is crossed, at an altitude of 1,494 feet above sea. The valley of the Saint Maurice is said to contain 3,000,000 acres of arable land, all of which will now be readily accessible to settlers. The sporting features of this region are well known to Canadian and American sportsmen, who have hunting and fishing clubs established at the numerous points of vantage.

The well-known Shawenegan Falls and many others are in this vicinity, some of them developed by large manufacturing interests and others being held for future developments.

After crossing the height of land the railway runs for some distance on the Hudson's Bay watershed, and soon enters the great clay belt, which extends some 450 miles westerly with a width of from 50 to 100 miles. The Transcontinental traverses approximately the centre of this belt, and will give easy access to its immense area of virgin soil, awaiting the right kind of settlers, who are already coming in in ever-increasing numbers.

At Mile 956 the road passes out of the province of Quebec into Ontario, and soon reaches Cochrane, Mile 1,028, where there is a junction with the Temiskaming & Northern Ontario Railway from North Bay. About 150 miles south of Cochrane the Temiskaming & Northern Ontario passes through the celebrated silver-min-



Yellowhead Lake. Mount Fitz William in the background.



Prince Rupert, the western terminal

ing district of Cobalt. Cochrane is one of the divisional points of the Transcontinental, of which there are fifteen on the eastern division and fifteen on the western division, selected approximately 125 miles apart. Winnipeg, one of these points, is common to both divisions.

At the divisional points are located railway offices, engine-houses, machine-shops, coaling and watering plants, and other usual accessories, and, even where located in the wilds, towns have quickly sprung up around them.

At Mile 1,157, the next divisional point west of Cochrane, called Hearst, is a junction with the Algoma Central & Hudson's Bay Railway.

The Grand Trunk Pacific branch line from Fort William joins the National Transcontinental Railway at Mile 1,547, about six miles east of Graham, which is another divisional point beautifully situated on one of a chain of lakes which have many interesting Indian traditions.

Near Graham is Sioux Lookout, a bold promontory, from which the warlike Sioux were wont to keep watch and ward against their enemies, whose movements on the lakes could be observed for long distances from that rocky eminence still called after those Indians.

The Fort William branch line gives an outlet to Lake Superior for the golden wheat stream from the prairies.

From Graham westerly, about 175 miles, the country is a succession of rocky ridges, with numerous lakes and streams, through which many lines were run before it was possible to get a practicable low grade at anything like reasonable cost. These lakes and rivers are full of fish and the woods abound in game.

Manaki, 114 miles east of Winnipeg, is already established as a summer resort,



of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway.

and has considerable attraction for those who love nature and are content with comfortable though perhaps not luxurious surroundings.

Winnipeg, 1,805 miles from Moncton, is on the great wheat plain and is the railway centre of western Canada, from which numerous lines radiate in all directions. It is the western terminus of the eastern division of the National Transcontinental Railway, which has been built by the government under a commission, and the eastern terminus of the Grand Trunk Pacific proper, which has been built by that company from there to Prince Rupert. Winnipeg, located on the level prairie, at the junction of the Assinaboine and Red Rivers, though possibly not a beautiful city, is arrogantly prosperous, and its streets and business places fairly hum with life and enterprise.

It owes much to the fact that Lake Winnipeg, jutting down from the north, leaves such a narrow belt between its southern end and the international boundary that all transcontinental railways must pass through, or near, Winnipeg. That in itself establishes the importance of the city and helps to account for the steady and rapid growth of the population—from about 40,000 in 1901 to 250,000 in 1914.

In the business heart of the city the Grand Trunk Pacific has modern joint terminal facilities with the Canadian Northern Railway and a handsome, commodious station and general office building on Main Street. Adjacent thereto, on the historical site of old Fort Garry, is the new hotel, appropriately named The Fort Garry.

At convenient intervals along the line, where business or pleasure will surely attract crowds of travellers, are other similar hotels, built or in process of construc-

tion, viz., at Saskatoon, Regina, Edmonton, Prince Rupert, etc.

The Canadian Pacific Railway having made such a success of their comfortable hotels from coast to coast, the Grand Trunk Pacific wisely followed suit, so that travellers are not only made comfortably at home en route but much more so at all points of interest where they may elect to spend a few days or months.



Hazelton.

About six miles east of Winnipeg are the Transcona Shops for building and repairing cars and locomotives. These shops are extensive and of the latest and most efficient design both as regards buildings and equipment. Adjacent are commodious holding, sorting, and forwarding yards for through freight business. There are over 50 miles of sidings at present, with room enough to extend to several hundred miles. These yards are all on the level prairie, which begins about 70 miles east of Winnipeg and extends over 900 miles west of that point. On this prairie, in harvest-time, may be seen the golden wheat-fields extending to the horizon on all sides.

The prairie section of the railway is, of course, the least interesting from a purely scenic point of view, but the potential wealth of the millions of acres of deep black soil is almost incalculable, therefore of much interest to present and future settlers and incidentally to the general public.

Engineering difficulties might seem absent from the level prairies, but the many large rivers which have in time burrowed

wide and deep channels for themselves through the rich, fertile soil, leaving precipitous banks, have to be spanned by gigantic bridges from 100 to 300 feet high and of great length. The largest one on the western division, over the Battle River, is 1¼ miles long, 185 feet high.

At all the divisional points new towns are springing up where older ones were not in existence, and all of them are centres of activity and progress. The principal older cities are Portage la Prairie, Saskatoon, Regina, Battleford, and Edmonton. The newer ones, Wainwright, Fort George, Prince Rupert, etc.

Edmonton, near the eastern foot-hills of the Rocky Mountains, 793 miles west of Winnipeg, has increased from about 3,000 to 70,000 population in ten years. It is beautifully situated on the banks of the North Saskatchewan River and forms the gateway to the great and as yet almost unsettled Peace River country, with its countless acres awaiting the plough and its great undeveloped resources of timber, coal, petroleum, and gas.

Edmonton is served by the three railways, the Grand Trunk Pacific, the Canadian Pacific, and the Canadian Northern, and is bound to be a city of importance, rivalling even Winnipeg for first place in the west.

In the vicinity of Edmonton coal is mined by the settlers from the banks of streams in the most primitive fashion, and between that point and the Rockies there are unlimited coal-beds, many of which are being profitably mined.

West of Edmonton begins the steady ascent of the eastern slope of the mighty Rockies, the summit of which is crossed through the Yellowhead Pass, at an altitude of 3,718 feet above sea-level, the location being 1,045 miles west of Winnipeg. This is the lowest altitude of any transcontinental railway Rocky Mountain summit in America, being about 1,280 feet lower than the Central Pacific Railway summit and much lower than that of any other North American railway.

This valuable desideratum is attained with much easier grades than on any other line, the eastern approach being surmounted with the normal 0.5-per-cent grade and the western by a comparatively short stretch of 1-per-cent grade. This latter is only a temporary grade and can be replaced later on, when the expense will warrant it, by the standard lower grade.

As the balance of the line has ruling grades of only 0.4 per cent rising east and 0.5 per cent rising west, the tonnage rating of trains will be practically double that of other lines, which will be an important economical factor in the operation of this most important and modern trunk-line railway.

On the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains the railway traverses Jasper Park for over fifty miles. This great national park comprises 5,000 square miles, in which vast expanse torrential rivers and waterfalls, pine-clad slopes and ice-bound peaks in endless procession combine in wonderful scenery the most tempting fields of endeavor for mountain climbing.

Five mighty rivers, the Athabaska, Saskatchewan, Thompson, Columbia, and Fraser, all have their sources in this great national playground. The railway follows the valley of the Athabaska for many miles on the eastern approach to the Great Divide and the valley of the Fraser, on the western slope, for a long distance beyond the boundaries of Jasper Park.

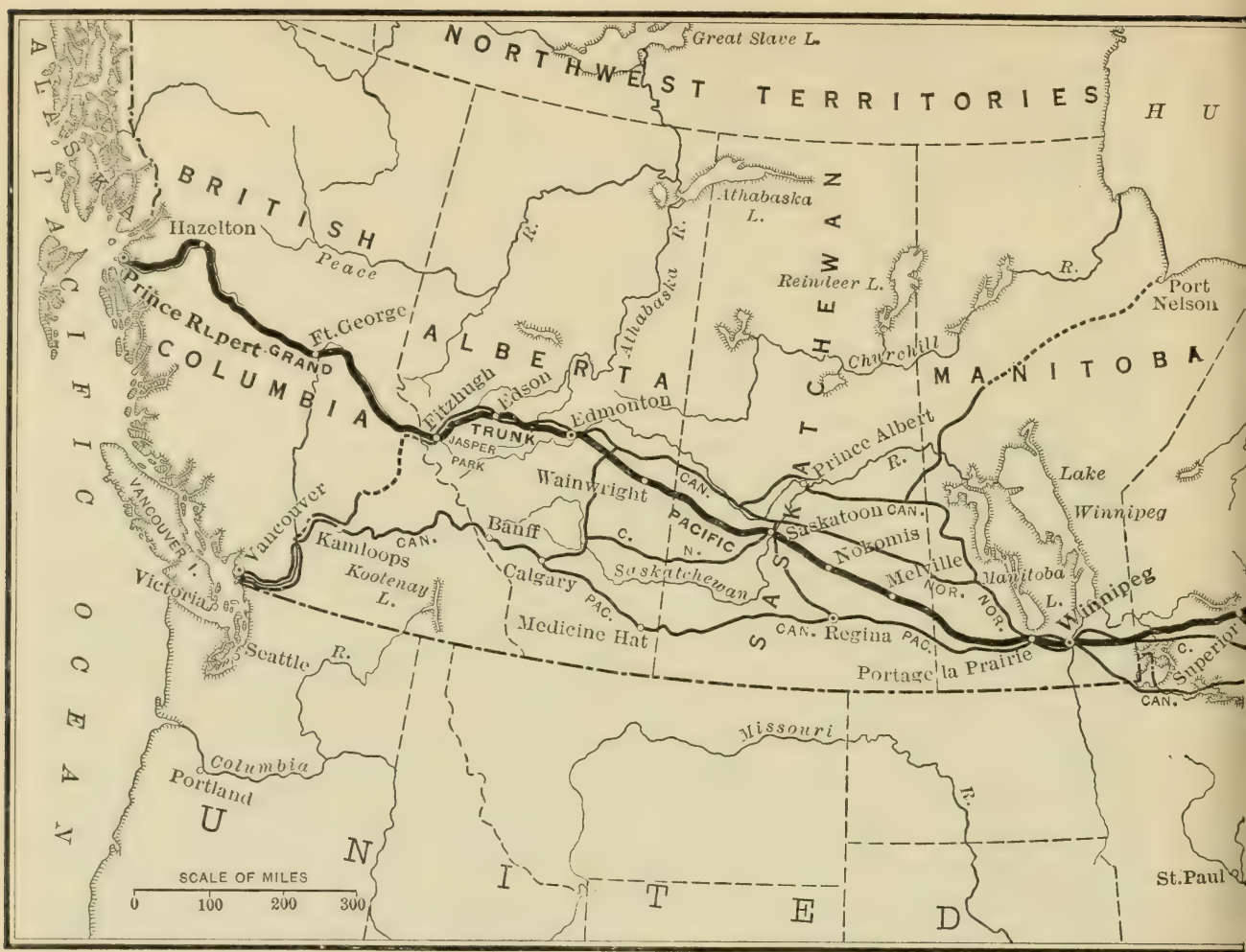
On each side of these magnificent rivers rise the overshadowing giant mountain peaks, and already hardy members of different alpine clubs have conquered a few of the mightiest.* There still remain hundreds of virgin peaks to conquer, and doubtless many will be attracted to this new tramping-ground next season.

At Prince George, 1,279 miles from Winnipeg, a branch line is projected down the Fraser River valley to Vancouver.

The main line, after leaving the Fraser and Nechako Rivers, strikes down along the precipitous sides of the Skeena River, through Smithers, Hazelton, etc., on to the coast and Prince Rupert, that pearl of the Pacific, fitly called after the dashing Prince whose very name is synonymous with heroic deeds.

The city is beautifully situated on Kaien Island, with a spacious, deep-water harbor bordering which capacious docks

*See "A New Field for Mountaineering," by Elizabeth Parker, in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE for May, 1914.



Route of the New Canadian

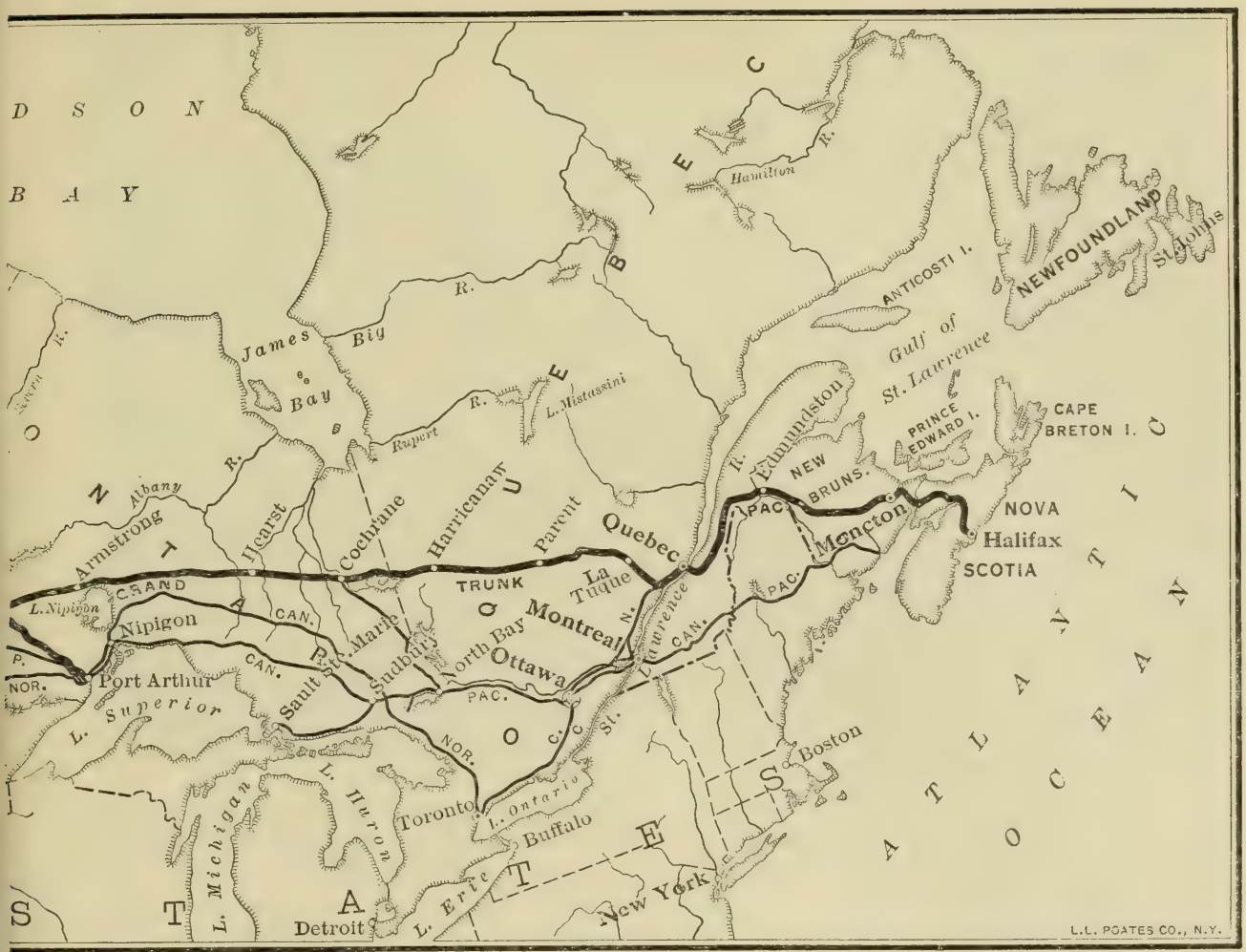
The Transcontinental Railway on the eastern half and the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway

and warehouses have arisen as if by magic. The hotel, stores, banks, schools, and private residences are already worthy of a city ten times its age, and all bid fair to a rapid and dashing advance befitting its princely namesake, until within a few years a great and thriving city will have replaced the primeval forest, and Prince Rupert, the new Pacific gateway to the continent, some 500 miles nearer to the Orient than Vancouver, may well rest assured of its future.

Dwellers in the great American republic might fairly question whether Canada, with its 8,000,000 of people, could give remunerative business to a second transcontinental railway when they, with their 100,000,000, have nothing like a proportionate number of such railways, and when those which they have are strenuously insisting upon permission to raise their rates in order to earn even a modest return on the many millions invested in the properties and at the same time provide for the rapidly increasing cost of materials and also meet the clamor for better services and the even more insistent demands of employees for higher wages. As an almost identical situation obtains in Canada, the query is pertinent whether the time was ripe for the second transcontinental line in that country.

The question can, perhaps, be truthfully answered both in the negative and affirmative.

In the negative, in so far that as a commercial proposition from the start it was quite impossible for any private corporation to finance its construction and operation until such times as the earnings would pay a reasonable return on the enormous necessary outlay. This applied more especially to a great part of the eastern division through an undeveloped country, where the local traffic will be comparatively meagre for many years.



National Transcontinental Railway.

on the western half, to be operated by and called the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway.

An affirmative answer can, however, be given, with some assurance as to the eventual satisfactory earning powers of this great undertaking and its present necessity, when it is borne in mind that the Canadian Pacific Railway also passes through a long stretch of sparse level traffic north of Lake Superior; yet the meagre earnings of its early years have grown with steady and increasing rapidity, even when the average increases of population and cultivated areas of the western wheat-fields have been comparatively small.

The government having undertaken to guarantee the financial end of the construction on the grounds that it was a present necessity for the development of vast areas hitherto without railway facilities, let us glance at the present condition and future possibilities of agricultural development in the new western provinces served by the transcontinental railways.

The provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta contain, in round numbers, 171,000,000 acres of wheat-lands, of which in 1912 less than 9,000,000 acres, or about 6 per cent, were under cultivation; yet in that year they produced 189,585,000 bushels of wheat in addition to many million bushels of other grains.

The total arable land in these same three provinces is over 357,000,000 acres, and again less than 6 per cent is cultivated.

That the first transcontinental railway has proved a national and financial success before 6 per cent of the available land was producing crops cannot be questioned, the earnings having risen from a little over $20,000,000 in 1892 to over $128,000,000 in 1913, during which time the population of the three provinces above mentioned had only increased from about 200,000 to 1,500,000 and the acreage under wheat had increased at the same time from about 1,000,000 to 9,000,000 acres.

Surely no more need be said to prove that the second transcontinental railway was a national necessity, that the government was justified in financing it, and that the people who have put their money into it will eventually receive fair returns on its seemingly enormous cost.

Let us summarize the salient facts and some of the possibilities, or probabilities, which seem almost certainties, inherent in a railway tapping the greatest potential wheat-fields in the world, only a small percentage of which has yet been cultivated.

The line has been well and permanently built, so that maintenance or renewal charges on structures should be light. The grades and curves are so easy that similar locomotives can haul about double the tonnage for the greater part of the mileage and for the mountain section about four times the tonnage as compared with other lines.

The distance from Winnipeg—the common wheat centre—to the nearest available seaport—Quebec—is 1,350 miles via the Transcontinental, or 215 miles shorter than the shortest rival railway. Assume twelve daily trains, six each way, over this 1,350 miles and the cost of operation at $1.50 per train mile. This would give a yearly operating cost of $8,869,500.

As a liberal estimate, assume that existing lines with 1-per-cent grades could haul as much in twenty trains as the Transcontinental could haul in twelve. Then the operating cost for the ten daily trains each way, on a line 1350 + 215 miles long, would be $17,136,750, or nearly double the cost that it would be to haul the same tonnage on the low-grade line, not taking into account the fact that each individual freight-train on the shorter line would cover the distance in about twenty-four hours less time.

Again, let us compare the new line with existing combined rail and water routes between Winnipeg and the Atlantic. The distance from Winnipeg to Quebec, via rail to Fort William, thence via lake, canal, and Saint Lawrence River, is, in round figures, 1,770 miles, involving five transshipments of grain.

On the Transcontinental grades an ordinary locomotive can haul a gross load of 3,000 tons, say 2,000 net, equal to 66,666 bushels of wheat, in one train.

The combined rail and water rate, Winnipeg to Quebec, is 15 cents per bushel. At this 15-cent rate the earnings on a train-load of 66,666 bushels over the 1,350 miles of the Transcontinental would be $10,000, or $7.40 per train mile.

Assuming the same class of locomotive could haul 1,200 net tons over 1-per-cent grades, on lines 215 miles longer the earnings of such a train, at 15 cents per bushel, would be $6,000, or $3.83 per train mile,—or just over half the earnings per train mile on the Transcontinental Railway. The earnings per train mile on the Canadian Pacific for the year 1913 were approximately $3.00.

Surely the above establishes the ability of the new Transcontinental Railway to make profitable earnings, even with a conservative estimate of the volume of business which is bound to develop from an agricultural district containing 357,000,000 acres, of which 336,000,000 acres are as yet unbroken. Every additional settler cultivating the soil or living in town and earning his living indirectly from the soil means so much more traffic for the railway, and as the wheat provinces, with a present population of 1,500,000, prospering on the cultivation of 6 per cent of the available land, have so well supported one of the most successful railways on the continent, the present need of another such railway seems apparent; also that more than two transcontinental railways will in the future be required to accommodate the 25,000,000 of people who will, doubtless, in time, occupy the whole of this vast treasure-house opened up by the railways, of which the National Transcontinental is by no means the last or least.



City election at the State-House, Philadelphia.

From the original water-color by John Lewis Krimmell, in the hall of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania.

FRENCH MEMORIES OF EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY AMERICA

EDUCATION, COLLEGES, AND NEWSPAPERS

By Charles H. Sherrill

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PAINTINGS AND ENGRAVINGS

SUPPOSE that some French traveller, who spoke no English, should find himself in the Grand Central Station, New York City, with no interpreter at hand, and suppose he tried, by speaking Latin, to make himself understood by some one of the passing throng, how long do you suppose he would have to wait to accomplish his purpose? It makes one hungry and thirsty and sleepy to think upon the hours and the endurance such a task would necessitate. And would this not be equally true in any part of the United States except in certain learned university circles? Yet during Revolutionary times the ability to speak Latin was not uncommon among our educated classes. Blanchard, quartermaster of the French forces, tells of a trip to a garden two miles out of Providence with General Varnum, commander of the local militia, to play at bowls, and incidentally to partake of punch and tea; although he knew only a few words of English, he got on famously, because "General Varnum spoke Latin." On another occasion a hussar who spoke Latin acted as his interpreter while purchasing supplies. Nor were incidents of that nature reported only by this erudite quartermaster, whose interesting narrative shows his enthusiasm for things American tempered only by his disgust at American bread, and the constant difficulty of procuring sufficient for Rocham-

beau's troops, even on one occasion bringing down on his perplexed head the wrath of that exacting commander. Times have changed, and that many of our college-bred folk could then converse in Latin may or may not have been a fine thing, depending on one's point of view. But there can be no difference of opinion as to the wide enjoyment of a common-school education by the contemporaries of those early linguists, which was as surprising to foreigners as is to us the facility in Latin speech just cited. Saint Méry was only one of many to be amazed that "everybody in the United States can read and write, although almost no French sailor is able to do so," and Michaux agrees that "it is very rare to find an American who does not know how both to read and to write." Even the ever-critical Beaujour admits that "primary instruction is widely spread in the different States, and especially in those along the Atlantic, where almost every one knows how to read, write, and figure." The acquisition in youth of this general boon was apt to be a painful and somewhat harrowing experience, if Bayard is to be believed: "The schoolmasters employ a system better suited for training slaves than forming citizens. An English or American school-teacher is the most dreary and pedantic personage that limited knowledge has ever produced. Doctor Benjamin Rush has in vain recommended the humane methods of J. J. Rousseau. The pedants have unanimously rejected them, and continue to purchase a very modest amount of information with blows of the whip. Their chief argument in favor of that method is that their dignity might be compromised by the pranks of a bright and lively child, that the discipline of their school runs this terrible risk. 'But you should dismiss the insubordinate,' you answer them. 'A detestable plan,' replies the vender of knowledge, 'there goes my pay for a whole quarter right out of my pocket. It is better to whip scholars than to let them go.' The unfortunates who toil under the direction of these pedants soon lose that sweetness of character which they took to school, and you see them emerging from their torture-chamber tormenting and beating each other." As balm for our aroused sympathies, and as antidote against a too confiding belief in youthful torture as depicted by Bayard, it is refreshing to read of Blanchard's experience, who, a few days after his landing, visited a school in Newport and, remarking upon the handwriting of a little girl of nine years, whose beauty and modesty he admired and whose name he kept (Abigale Earl), puts down in his journal, "She is what I would like to see in my little girl when she reaches her age," and he writes in her copy-book, at the end of the little girl's name, "very pretty." "The schoolmaster," he added, "had neither the air of a pedant nor of a missionary, but of a father of a family."



Mercy Warren, General Warren's wife.
From the painting by Copley.

It was a sore trial to several of the Frenchmen that we did not promptly decide to discard the English language at the same time that we threw off their authority. Even the wildest optimist of them all could not have foreseen a day when the fringe of colonies along the Atlantic would have grown into a nation



From the collection of Charles A. Munn.

The colleges at Cambridge.
After the engraving by S. Hill.

with twice the population of the British Isles, thus becoming much the largest English-speaking power, and therefore there were then some grounds for the French desire that we should renounce the language of as well as our allegiance to our English foes. But which tongue was to be adopted as our national language? Here was a puzzling problem. Two suggestions in this regard then advanced deserve notice because they came from such thoughtful and acute observers as Brissot and Chastellux. The former holds that nothing abrupt should be attempted, as a change in our speech was already commencing and would inevitably develop; "they should, if possible, seek to obliterate their origin, and remove every trace of it, and, since their language will always give them the lie, they should make such innovations in it as they have attempted in their Constitution. What should prevent their adopting certain terms from the French? The Americans are coming nearer to other peoples, and they are moving further away from the English. They are developing a language which will be theirs alone, and there will be an American language." Chastellux, on the other hand, discusses a proposition that we should adopt Hebrew in its entirety as a substitute for English. If he were to return in the flesh and see how numerous are the Hebrew signs displayed in New York shop-windows, he would conclude that the general esteem enjoyed by our Hebrew fellow citizens must have made the adoption of their language a more serious proposal now than it was when he wrote of it so flippantly. Neither of those writers took so gloomy a view as Beaujour, who, while despondently submitting to our continued use of English, regretfully points out that "they will never have, or at least not till very late, a literature of their own, because they lack a national language and because English literature will take the place of their own."

Chastellux has already told us of his astonishment that Mrs. Meredith, a Philadelphia lady, should know as much of French history as he himself, but even greater was his surprise when, turning from the realms of society to the humbler sphere of a public inn, he finds on the parlor table at Courtheath Tavern, "Milton, Addison, Richardson and several other books of that sort," the property of the tavern-keeper's two young sisters, and read by them when not busy waiting on travellers. Another glimpse at the education



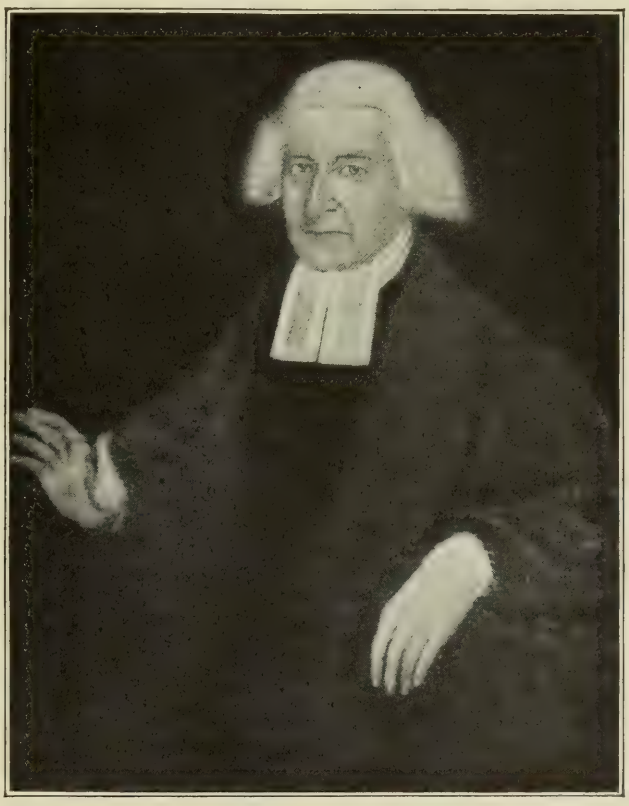
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Buildings of Yale College, New Haven.
From the engraving by A. P. Doolittle, 1807.

then enjoyed by American women is furnished by that distinguished exile, the Duc de Rochefoucauld Liancourt, who travelled extensively in the United States during 1795, 1796, and 1797. He noticed at the house of old General Warren that "his wife, of the same age as he, is much more interesting in conversation. Contrary to the custom of American women, she has been busy all her life with all sorts of reading. She has even printed one or two successful volumes of poetry, and has written a history of the Revolution which she had the modesty and good taste not to wish published until after her death. This good lady of seventy is amiable, and has lost none of her activity, nor of her sensibility, for she still mourns a son whom she lost in the War. They assured me that the literary occupations of this estimable dame have not diverted her attention from the duties of housekeeping." All of which makes out an excellent case for the adequacy of the education of our women, whatever their walk in life.

As forecasters of the future, upon anything except the generality of a glorious growth for the United States, the French were distinctly unsuccessful; upon any details of that growth they usually guessed wrong: Chesapeake Bay did *not* become the great centre, we did *not* grow steadily more lazy and lymphatic, etc., etc. One successful prophecy by Beaujour about our advance in the mechanical arts therefore deserves especial attention: "Although the Americans have made little progress in science and the arts, they carefully cultivate the more usual branches of learning, and one may judge from results that they have no less aptitude for them than other nations. They have very learned men in medicine and natural history, such as Doctor Rush, Wistar, Muhlenburg, Michel, Barton, and some very distinguished amateurs of agriculture like President Jefferson, Chancellor Livingston, and Humphries. In inventions they have had Franklin, Rittenhausen, Gould, and they now have Fulton. They even pretend that the squaring of the circle, attributed to the Englishman, Hadley, is the invention of their compatriot, Godfrey. While Americans show a marked inclination for science and the mechanical arts, they show less for literature and the fine arts. Nevertheless, they have had some writers who merit distinction, such as Ramsay, Franklin, Jefferson, Barlow; the latter's poem, 'The Columbiad,' although lacking animation and grace, still shows some originality and is full of liberal ideas and generous sentiments. One may therefore predict for Americans the greatest success in science and the mechanical arts, but not the same successes in the fine arts."

That our colleges were performing a great and a patriotic service for the rising generation, and therefore for the future of the nation, was the unanimous opinion of our observers, who realized how potent was their agency for good. Chastellux, in one of his quaint moods, even goes so far as to credit the College of William and Mary with a "miracle, that is to say, that it made me a Doctor of Law!" An agreeably modest way of saying that on May 1, 1782, they presented him with an honorary degree. Before further consideration of colleges and college life, there is a serious admission to make, which to some readers will prove a disheartening one, viz., that, except for Brissot's comment that Harvard's "surroundings are charming, open, and extensive, with space for the young men's exercise," there is absolutely nothing in all these memoirs to indicate that athletic sports even existed in American colleges. What a dreadful exposition of the inadequacy of early college life! How much times have changed can be seen by reflecting that in order to fill the sixty-seven thousand seats of the new stadium at Yale University (locally styled "the Bowl") it would have taken more than the combined population of Boston, New York, and Philadelphia, which were then respectively twenty thousand, twenty-five thousand, and twenty thousand, according to Robin, Pontgibaud, and Mandrillon. This is not the place to set out what the French thought of our boxing, the only athletic game they deign to mention, but at the best only brief excerpts could be used, as the descriptions are far too untidy with gore for quotation in full anywhere but in a butcher's shop.



Ezra Stiles, President of Yale.
From the portrait by Reuben Moulthrop, 1794.

To the patriotic stand taken by all our colleges many glowing tributes are paid, and in these encomiums the students share equally with their instructors. No finer type of college-bred patriot can be cited than Captain Nathan Hale, Yale 1773, who died with the glorious regret on his lips that he had but one life to give for his country. The colleges strove for the cause with brain as well as brawn, as appears from more than a few appreciations of the excellent political pamphlets of President Stiles, of Yale, and other collegians like him. They taught with their lives as well as their voices, did these early instructors: "living books," Chastellux calls them, of a "country already so distinguished for academies and universities equal to those of the Old World."

Warm approval of the system of removing colleges from the influence of large cities is accorded by Abbé Robin, a chaplain in Rochambeau's army, whose memoirs are of more than usual interest, so mellow are his appreciations of men and things: "There has been shown us in Europe the physical and moral danger of education in large cities. The Bostonians have done more; they have prevented it. Their university is at Cambridge, four miles from Boston, on the banks of the River Charles, in a delightful and healthy situation." Its site is also approved by Brissot for the same reason: "This university is far enough from Boston so that the tumult of business does not at all in-

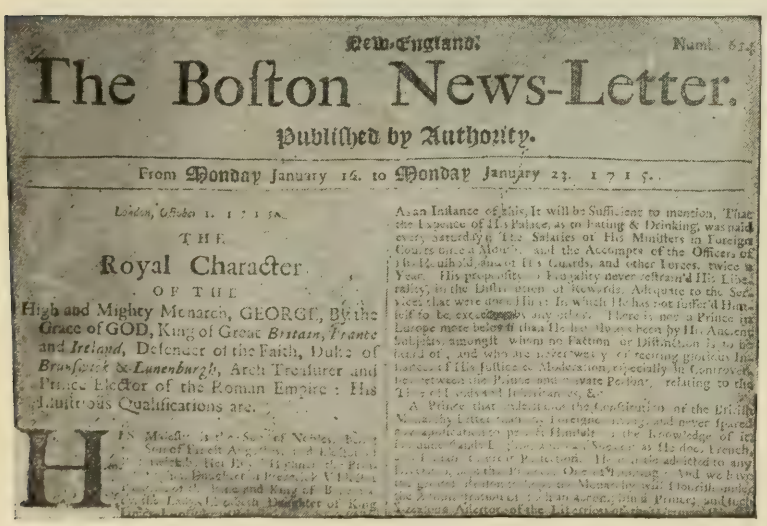
terrupt study. There one can give oneself over to that meditation which solitude alone permits. It is also sufficiently removed so that the arrival of strangers and



Nässau Hall.
From "An Account of the College of New Jersey, 1764."

that sort of license which is carried on in a commercial city (even in a free State) shall have no influence upon the habits of the students." Of another institution, which had been located in a city, we read: "One regrets only that this new academy had not been erected far from the city, in some rural retreat, where the scholars would have been farther removed from the tumults of business and the dissipations and pleasures so numerous in large cities." Thus wrote J. Hector Saint John de Crèvecœur, the most widely read of all these French writers, member of learned societies on both sides of the Atlantic, friend of Washington and Franklin, and for some time French consul at New York. He sold for thirty guineas his famous "Letters from an American Farmer," a book that Washington declared would "afford a great deal of profitable and amusive information"; neither of them foresaw the great vogue it was destined to enjoy, both in its English and French forms.

The individual universities and colleges of our country elicited frequent comments and general praise from the French. Of Harvard we learn from Brissot that "Boston has had the glory of giving the first university to America. The building in which the students and professors assemble is situated in a superb plain four miles from Boston in a place called Cambridge. The building is divided into different parts very well distributed. As the students, who arrive from all over the United States, are numerous, and the number is constantly increasing, additions will have to be built. The course of study is almost the same as at the University of Oxford." He gives an account of Mr. "Beaudouin," the president, and of the distinguished professors who assist him, and then goes on to describe how patriotic is the solemn festival celebrated the third Wednesday of July in honor of learning: "This festival which takes place in all the American colleges, but on different days, is called the 'Commencement.' It is similar to the exercises and distribution of prizes in our colleges. It is a day of joy for Boston; almost all the inhabitants, with all the government officers, set out for the beautiful plain of Cambridge. The most successful students there display their talent in the presence of the public, and receive prizes, and these academic exercises, of which patriotic subjects form the principal



New-England: Numb. 614

The Boston News-Letter.

Published by Authority.

From Monday January 14. to Monday January 23. 1715.

London, October 1. 1715.

THE Royal Character OF THE High and Mighty Monarch, GEORGE, By the Grace of GOD, King of Great *Britain, France* and *Ireland*, Defender of the Faith, Duke of *Brunswick* & *Lunenburgh*, Arch Treasurer and Prince Elector of the Roman Empire: His Illustrious Qualifications are.

HIS Majesty is the Son of Nobody, Son of Ernest Augustus, late Elector of Hanover, by the Princess Sophia Daughter of the Prince Palatine of Bohemia, Daughter of King James the First of England, Scotland, France and Ireland, Grandson of the Princess Elizabeth Daughter of King

As an Instance of this, It will be Sufficient to mention, That the Expence of His Palace, as to Eating & Drinking, was paid every Saturday: The Salaries of His Ministers in Foreign Courts once a Month, and the Accompts of the Officers of the Household, Guards, and other Forces, twice a Year. His Prerogative & Royalty never restrain'd His Liberality, in the Distribution of Rewards, Adequate to the Services that were done Him: In which He has not suffer'd Himself to be exceeded by any other. Here is not a Prince in Europe more beloved than He has always been by His Ancient Subjects, amongst whom no Faction or Distinction has ever been found of, and who are never weary of receiving gracious Instances of His Justice & Moderation, especially in Controversies between the Prince and Private Persons, relating to the Rights of Subjects or Inheritances, &c.

A Prince that understands the Constitution of the British Monarchy, Letters, Foreign Languages, and never ignored Any application to perfect Himself in the knowledge of it, [illegible] Subjects as the Duc, French, [illegible] Tyrant or Pretender. He is not addicted to any Debauch, or the Pleasures. One Morning [illegible] we have the general Testimony of the Monarchy with Humble smiles [illegible] Prince, Father of his Country, and Prince, as [illegible] a certain Affector of the Interior [illegible]

Fragment of an issue of the Boston *News-Letter*.
From the copy at the New York Public Library.

part, end with an entertainment out-of-doors at which frankness, gayety, and the most touching fraternity reign." In these days of constant increase in the cost of living, it is disheartening, not to say exasperating, to read in Rochefoucauld that the Harvard undergraduates "are subject to the modest tax of sixteen dollars for each one of the four years that they stay there, and six dollars per month pays for their food. If after their four years of residence, they desire to prolong their study to take degrees, they no longer pay the sixteen dollars, but only the rent of their rooms."

Of Yale there are numerous and favorable accounts. Rochefoucauld reports that "there is in New Haven a college of an already ancient foundation, where they assure you that the instruction is as good as in any other of the United States," and Mandrillon agrees that in New Haven "the instruction of youth is very carefully conducted, and to that end they have founded a college which is largely attended." It is comforting to learn that "the young students, who are there in great numbers, are subjected to very wise regulations." That same city so highly appreciated the value of the services the French were rendering our country, not only by their swords but also their pens, that they voted the freedom of the city to sundry soldiers and littérateurs of that friendly nation. This act enabled the Marquis de Condorcet, when adding four letters to Mazzei's book, to use the *nom de plume* of "A Burgess of New-Heaven" (*sic*).

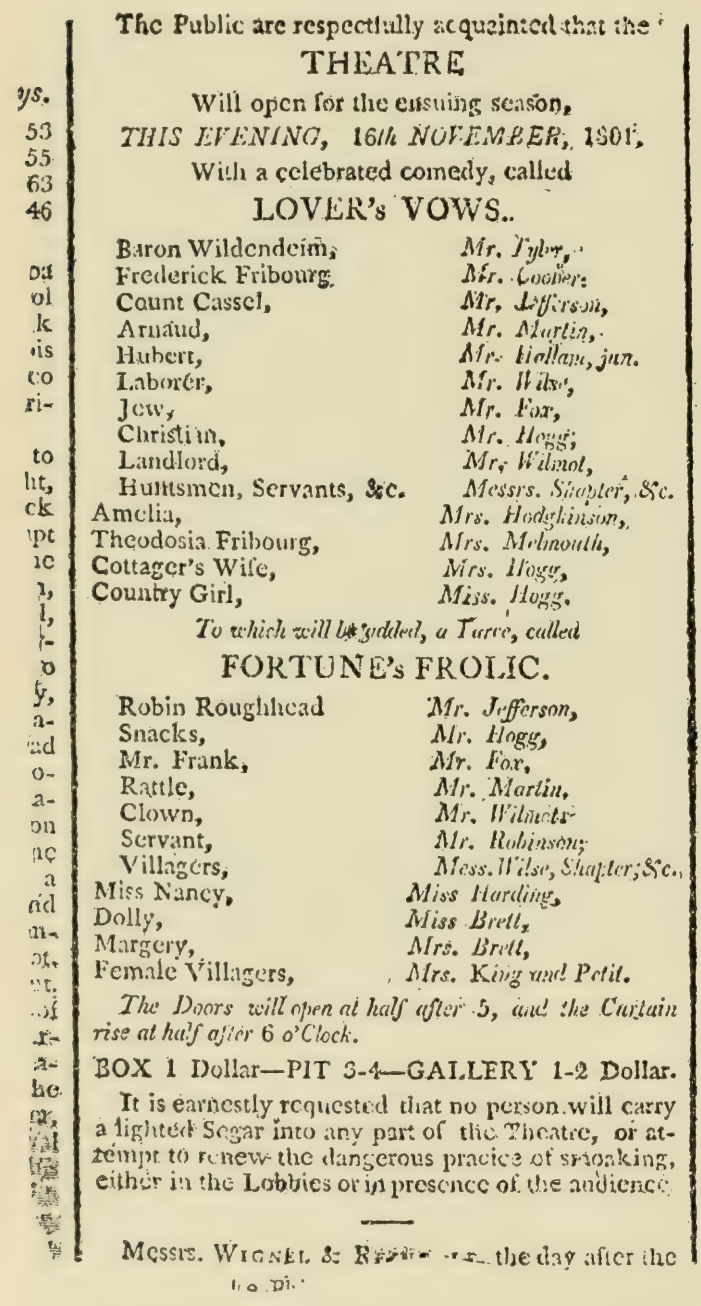


A Columbia College diploma of 1788.
(The first year of work after the name was changed from King's College.)
From the original at Columbia College.

Because of the long sojourn of the French army in Rhode Island, there are frequent complimentary references to Brown University, although Rochefoucauld ranks it after Yale and Harvard: "The college is maintained at Providence by legacies, gifts and private subscriptions, and as it is incompletely kept up, families who wish to give their children a more careful education send them to Massachusetts or Connecticut. The principal gifts to the college have been made by a Baptist. He has imposed the condition that the chief posts, and most of the others also, must be filled by men of that persuasion, and that fact has drawn to this State a greater number of that sect than of any other."

Because of the sedate reputation which Princeton has earned and long enjoyed, the author does not hesitate to discharge his duty as historian by quoting in full Saint Méry's remarks concerning that distinguished institution: "Princeton has one college, with a brick wall around a dirty courtyard, which is a bad example to set the students. There is also an old cannon which is in bad condition. In Nassau Hall are forty-two bedrooms, each for three students. Although there is room for one hundred and twenty students, there are generally only about eighty in residence, mostly from Virginia

and the two Carolinas. The life there is too easy-going. Gaming and loose living occupy the students more than study." Chastellux was a most discriminating observer, so that over against those just quoted shall be set his remarks upon what he calls "Prince-Town": "This town is situated on a sort of slightly elevated plateau sloping off on every side. It has but one street, which is formed by the highway. The houses are to the number of sixty or eighty, all pretty well built, but they are hardly noticed because one's attention is at once called to an immense building easily seen from a distance. It is a college that the State of New Jersey built several years before the War. As this building is remarkable for its size alone, it is useless to describe it. I dismounted for a moment to go through the vast edifice. I was joined almost immediately by Mr. Withersporn [*sic*], President of the University. He is a man of at least sixty years of age, a Member of Congress, and very highly esteemed in his country. In meeting me he spoke French, but I easily perceived that he had acquired the use of this language rather by reading than by conversation, which did not prevent me from replying to him in French, for I saw that he was very pleased to show that he knew it. With an annual expenditure of forty guineas, parents can keep their children in this college. Lodging and the teachers take up half of this sum, and the rest is for food, either at the college itself or in boarding-houses in the town. Since the War this useful institution has fallen into decay. They had gotten together a great number of books, most of which had been dispersed. The English had even taken from the chapel the portrait of the King of England, but the Americans were easily consoled for this loss, saying that they did not want a King, —not even a painted one."



The Public are respectfully acquainted that the
THEATRE
Will open for the ensuing season,
THIS EVENING, 16th NOVEMBER, 1801,
With a celebrated comedy, called
LOVER's VOWS.

Baron Wildendeim,	*Mr. Tyler,*
Frederick Fribourg,	*Mr. Cooper,*
Count Cassel,	*Mr. Jefferson,*
Arnaud,	*Mr. Martin,*
Hubert,	*Mr. Hallam, jun.*
Laborer,	*Mr. Wilson,*
Jew,	*Mr. Fox,*
Christian,	*Mr. Hogg,*
Landlord,	*Mr. Wilmot,*
Huntsmen, Servants, &c.	*Messrs. Shapter, &c.*
Amelia,	*Mrs. Hodgkinson,*
Theodosia Fribourg,	*Mrs. Melmouth,*
Cottager's Wife,	*Mrs. Hogg,*
Country Girl,	*Miss. Hogg.*

To which will be added, a Farce, called
FORTUNE's FROLIC.

Robin Roughhead	*Mr. Jefferson,*
Snacks,	*Mr. Hogg,*
Mr. Frank,	*Mr. Fox,*
Rattle,	*Mr. Martin,*
Clown,	*Mr. Wilmot,*
Servant,	*Mr. Robinson;*
Villagers,	*Mess. Wilse, Shapter, &c.,*
Miss Nancy,	*Miss Harding,*
Dolly,	*Miss Brett,*
Margery,	*Mrs. Brett,*
Female Villagers,	*Mrs. King and Petit.*

The Doors will open at half after 5, and the Curtain rise at half after 6 o'Clock.

BOX 1 Dollar—PIT 3-4—GALLERY 1-2 Dollar.

It is earnestly requested that no person will carry a lighted Segar into any part of the Theatre, or attempt to renew the dangerous practice of smoaking, either in the Lobbies or in presence of the audience.

Messrs. WIGNELL & [illegible] the day after the

Facsimile extract from New York *Evening Post* of Monday, November 16, 1801.

Of far wider scope than the educational influences exercised by our universities and colleges is and always has been that wielded by our newspapers, and from the very beginning of our republic the character of those educating and enlightening publications has been of an excellence unsurpassed in foreign lands. One has only to recall that Benjamin Franklin, our first and greatest diplomat, was a member of that worthy guild, to realize the high type of many of the men concerned in the presentation of current events to our public thirsty for

information. No wonder Robin remarks that "almost all take the newspaper which is printed in their neighborhood" or that "all, from the Congressman to the workman, read one or another of the thousands of newspapers which appear." Brissot realizes that "these newspapers are the channel of information in America, and that is why they are kept so generally informed." The great political usefulness of these numerous public prints especially appealed to La Fayette: "In this happy country, where every one hears of and follows the course of public events, newspapers prove of great assistance to the Revolutionary cause." In Boston, says Bourgeois, "there are printed, just as in London, not only books but also daily sheets called 'papers,' which have encouraged both credulity and fanaticism among them—what a curious collection it would be if there were gotten together all the different gazettes published in Boston, and circulated thence throughout the United States!" He seemed to think the editors capable of sometimes coloring the news to suit their own wishes, and General Moreau also thought "the newspapers of this land do not always tell the truth, when it is a question of their own interests." Even in the then most sparsely settled regions the newspapers' educating influence was constantly exerted. "In the province of Main [*sic*] they only print one newspaper twice a week, but that is an important one," says the Duc de la Rochefoucauld. "It is widely circulated in the country districts and read with interest. Newspapers are more numerous in New Hampshire, three of them are printed at Portsmouth, two at Dover and one at Darmouth [*sic*] on the Connecticut River where the state college is located." Saint Méry tells us that in Norfolk, Va., there were two printing-offices, two newspapers, and a loan library, but he gives the palm to Philadelphia, with its thirty-one printing-offices and thirteen newspapers. In this conclusion several other writers agree, among them Brissot: "There is no city on this continent where they print so much as in Philadelphia. The printing-offices, the newspapers, and the booksellers are as numerous there as the booksellers are throughout the State." While speaking of Lexington's two presses, each printing a biweekly gazette, Michaux comments that "some of the paper is made in this country and costs a third more than in France; writing-paper is imported from England."



Sarah Bache, daughter of Benjamin Franklin.

From the painting by John Hoppner, 1793, in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.

It is perhaps surprising to learn that the early American gazettes did not confine themselves to neighborhood or even to American news. It was from a Boston newspaper that the Marquise de la Tour du Pin learned that her father, Colonel Arthur Dillon, had been guillotined in Paris, April 13, 1794, and she adds: "Indeed, all the news from France was printed in the American papers as soon as received." While dining at General Schuyler's in Albany she learned from a local newspaper of the overthrow of Robespierre, and she comments on the personal satisfaction this news gave to Talleyrand and Beaumetz, who were also present on that occasion. Brissot records that "Salem, like all American cities, has a printing-press and a newspaper which copies the newspapers of other States. While waiting for supper there I read a newspaper in

which was the speech delivered by Monsieur de l'Etremesnil when he was arrested in open Parliament (in Paris). What an admirable invention is the printing-press! it puts all nations into touch. It electrifies one by the recital of fine actions in one country that will soon become common to all."

In view of what we have just learned of how large was the reading public enjoyed by the numerous American newspapers, we are quite prepared to find the Frenchmen encountering a wide-spread interest in political affairs. Ségur had hardly landed and started for Philadelphia when he mentions that, "as all took a great interest in public affairs, before allowing me to go, I had to reply as best I might to countless questions which they asked." Even more forcibly is this evidenced in the episode of Rochambeau's vehicle breaking down on the road near Windham, Conn., necessitating the services at night of a carter, whom they found already in bed. The man was sick, and though they offered to fill his hat with guineas he would not work at night, but when he heard who it was he did so. Called out a second time, he still asked further political questions, and ended by saying: "'Well, you are brave men, you shall have your wagon by five o'clock in the morning,—but before setting to work and without wishing to pry into your secrets,—are you pleased with Washington, and was he with you?' We assured him that we were. His patriotism was satisfied, and he kept his word." "All the agricultural people in the interior," said Rochambeau, who recounts the foregoing anecdote in his memoirs, "and almost all the landholders of Connecticut are animated by this public spirit, which should serve as a model for many others." Beaujour remarks, "The conversation of the men generally turns upon politics"; and Chastellux adds, "Every American conversation has to wind up with politics." Bayard evidently agrees with the two foregoing: "After the ladies withdrew, we talked politics. The liberality of the sentiments of these two Americans as well as their education encouraged me to hazard some reflections on the mode of elections adopted in the United States." Mazzei concludes that "they seek to inform themselves upon public affairs because they find it to their interest. The progress made by the American people, since the beginning of the Revolution till now, in the matter of reasoning upon this sort of affairs, is really astonishing." This same Mazzei was the indiscreet person who, by quoting Jefferson in his letter of April 24, 1796, to the Directory, which it hastened to publish in the *Moniteur* of January 25, 1797, was (according to Robert de Crèvecœur, biographer of his distinguished progenitor) the means of causing the estrangement between Jefferson and Washington which persisted so long. That Jefferson cherished no ill feeling against Mazzei for this indiscretion is clear from the friendly tone of a subsequent letter from the former to the latter.

Nor did the interest in public affairs, everywhere noticeable in the United States, evidence itself in speech alone. Baron De Kalb, that intelligent investigator of the French Government, who died so gloriously at the battle of Cowpens, reported to his Foreign Office that even while it was still peace "Boston has suspended all commerce with the port of London. The people are no longer willing to use anything brought from or made there." The women even denied themselves their cherished solace of tea in order to injure the English tea trade, and the men, on the occasion of the "Boston Tea Party," changed this passive resistance into an active one by turning Boston harbor into a stronger infusion of the costly herb than the English authorities could stomach! Our early women-folk were as sturdy as their consorts in practical demonstrations of their keen interest in public affairs, as appears from La Fayette's letter of October 7, 1780, to his wife: "The women have made and are still making subscriptions to aid the soldiers. When this idea was broached I made myself your ambassador to the ladies of Philadelphia, and you are down for one hundred guineas on their list." Chastellux's account of a call upon "Mrs. Beach" (*sic*) (Franklin's daughter) gives a pleasant picture of how practical was the women's patriotism: "Simple in her manners as was her respected father, she has also his benevolence. She led us into a room filled with recent handiwork of Philadelphia ladies. This work was nei-



From the collection of Charles A. Munn.

Dartmouth College, showing chapel and hall.
From the engraving by S. Hill.

ther embroidered waistcoats nor sets of lace, nor even gold embroidery—it was shirts for the Pennsylvania soldiers. These ladies had provided the cloth at their own expense, and had taken real pleasure in cutting and sewing them themselves. On each shirt was marked the name of the lady or girl who had made it, and there were 2,200 of them!"

Connecticut was not behind Maryland in setting patriotism before thrift when her interest in public affairs was appealed to, for, after the victory at Yorktown, Rochambeau says that on his way to his transports at Boston "the French Army, in its march, crossed Connecticut, and Governor Trumbold [*sic*] and his Council issued a proclamation requesting all their fellow citizens not to increase prices during the march of the French Army. Everybody conformed thereto so generously that each soldier's mess obtained daily at a very low price all sorts of food to add to their ordinary rations." Beaujour believes our zest for politics was due to our English origin: "They get their political opinions from those nations from which they spring, and as most of them are of English origin, they have carried to America all these elements of discord which agitate England. In every State they are divided into two great parties like those of the Whigs and Tories, and what is most tiresome is that neither of those parties knows exactly what it wants, or at least takes no steps to obtain it." Then follow four pages of what he understands to be American politics, but he can hardly be said to unravel the mysteries thereof.

A little time ago a friend of the author remarked to him that the worthies of the Revolution and the times in which they lived had become so idealized as to seem to him no more human than a steel engraving. As a protest against this use of denatured alcohol for preserving the memories of our glorious past, and by way of proving that our worthy sires were quite as human as their descendants, it seems well to conclude this article with Bayard's description of scenes on election day, which, for real human nature, rivals those which Mr. Pickwick and Samuel Weller witnessed: "Your election days are days of debauch and quarrels. Candidates publicly offer drinks to whomsoever will give them his vote. Those who would excuse everything reply that the intention of the candidates is only to offer refresh-

ments to those who abandon their work and come from a distance. It is a great scandal that these candidates are charged with this entertainment, and another that the voters should live so far away from the place of election. The taverns are occupied by party adherents. The citizens take their stand under the banners of the candidates, and the voting-place is often surrounded by men armed with sticks, who push back and intimidate the voters of the opposing party. Therefore, it is not the people who register their decision, but the factions which fight about it. After the candidates have published their platforms in the public prints, their adherents start the campaign, and give drinks to those they wish to win over. To get the recruits all together, the public is often notified to assemble on such a day at such a tavern in order to clarify the opinion of the voters. If the candidate has oratorical talent, he is to be found there haranguing his friends and awaiting with security the day of election. The country people come on horseback, and in troops of two by two. Drums beaten by hirelings who cry out 'Huzza' at the top of their lungs, complete the martial confusion on election day. Women solicit votes, running from shop to shop to get them." "This is a true picture of what happens in the maritime cities," replied Mr. Smith, "but it is overdrawn if you are trying to depict election days in the interior cities."

OLD KING COLE

By Edwin Arlington Robinson

In Tilbury Town did Old King Cole
A wise old age anticipate,
Desiring, with his pipe and bowl,
No Khan's extravagant estate;
No crown annoyed his honest head,
No fiddlers three were called or needed;
For two disastrous heirs instead
Made music more than ever three did.

Bereft of her with whom his life
Was harmony without a flaw,
He took no other for a wife,
Nor sighed for any that he saw;
And if he doubted his two sons,
And heirs, Alexis and Evander,
He might have been as doubtful once
Of Robert Burns and Alexander.

Alexis, in his early youth,
Began to steal—from old and young.
Likewise Evander, and the truth
Was like a bad taste on his tongue.
Born thieves and liars, their affair
Seemed only to be tarred with evil—
The most insufferable pair
Of scamps that ever cheered the devil.

The world went on, their fame went on,
And they went on—from bad to worse;
Till, goaded hot with nothing done,
And each accoutred with a curse,

The friends of Old King Cole, by twos,
And fours, and sevens, and elevens,
Pronounced unalterable views
Of doings that were not of heaven's.

And having learned again whereby
Their baleful zeal had come about,
King Cole met many a wrathful eye
So kindly that its wrath went out—
Or partly out. Say what they would,
He seemed the more to court their candor;
But never told what kind of good
Was in Alexis and Evander.

And Old King Cole, with many a puff
That haloed his urbanity,
Would smoke till he had smoked enough,
And listen most attentively.
He beamed as with an inward light
That had the Lord's assurance in it;
And once a man was there all night,
Expecting something every minute.

But whether from too little thought,
Or too much fealty to the bowl,
A dim reward was all he got
For sitting up with Old King Cole.
"Though mine," the father mused aloud,
"Are not the sons I would have chosen,
Shall I, less evilly endowed,
By their infirmity be frozen?

"They'll have a bad end, I'll agree,
But I was never born to groan;
For I can see what I can see,
And I'm accordingly alone.
With open heart and open door,
I love my friends, I like my neighbors;
But if I try to tell you more,
Your doubts will overmatch my labors.

"This pipe would never make me calm,
This bowl my grief would never drown.
For grief like mine there is no balm
In Gilead, or in Tilbury Town.
And if I see what I can see,
I know not any way to blind it;
Nor more if any way may be
For you to grope or fly to find it.

"There may be room for ruin yet,
And ashes for a wasted love;
Or, like One whom you may forget,
I may have meat you know not of.
And if I'd rather live than weep
Meanwhile, do you find that surprising?
Why, bless my soul, the man's asleep!
That's good. The sun will soon be rising."

SINEWS OF WAR

By Annie Eliot Trumbull

Illustrations by W. T. Benda

IT was haymaking time in Gnadenfest. The valley lay at the foot of the Karer Pass, and upon its near horizon rose the peaks of the Dolomites. About the scattered houses of the tiny village stretched the fields of harvest, warm in the sunlight—a sunlight so warm in the Austrian Tyrol that it would seem to make the very snows of the glaciers glow into incandescence. These fields were flecked with the color of the haymakers—men and women, but for the most part women—flushed with labor, laughing in the sun, gay with the gladness of accomplishment. In their white bodices, their bright-colored petticoats, and their brighter-colored aprons, their heads bound with brilliant kerchiefs, the girls and women spread and tossed the hay, or even swung a scythe with that swiftness of strength and achievement which makes a field of mowers as stirring as a march; dressed for the harvest-home of light opera, they were vital with the concentration of purpose. It was all so sunny that it seemed impossible that it could ever be overcast, so gay that it could never be saddened, so warm and alive that there could be no such things as cold and death.

From the hard, white road came the sound of approaching hoof-beats. There were many passers along this white road: villagers to and from the town, strangers—decorous English and rich Americans, for were not all Americans rich as all English were decorous?—on their way through the mountains. Work was not so pressing in the hay-fields but that one could pause an instant, handsome, brown, and unwearied, to look up, smiling, from beneath a scarlet kerchief; one woman, her bodice of black satin, her petticoat more gayly embroidered than those of the others, was a Madonna della Sedia, with a touch of the allegro of sun and laughter. She stood leaning on her fork while the hoof-beats sounded nearer, and was the first to recognize the horses trotting into view with their stalwart driver. This time it was no peasant on his way to market, nor any Auslander touring the country: it was Anton Huttebach, driving his own two splendid horses, strong and gentle like Anton himself, which drew the comfortable, low-hung carriage as lightly as if it had been a racing sulky. He reined into the field and beckoned to the Madonna della Sedia, who dropped her fork and went over to him. The other haymakers nodded, and either went on with their work or stood watching the interview with that placid, rustic curiosity which is satisfied with its own exercise and does not demand significant results.

"Elsabetta," said Anton, the reins lying loosely in his careful hands as he leaned from his driver's seat to smile down into her uplifted eyes. "Two Amerikanerinnen have engaged me for the three days' drive. We go over the pass this afternoon, and it is best that we start within the hour. Get in, and I will take you home to give me a bit of Mittagsessen."

"Schön!" said Elsabetta, and she turned back to call out a word of explanation. "And do they pay you well, Anton?" she asked as she turned again toward him.

"They pay me well," he assented. "And they are freundlich. I think," he added, "that usually the Americans have friendliness—they are like that."

Still Elsabetta paused, her foot on the step of the carriage.

"And they, Anton," and she gave a little nod toward the horses. "It is not too soon? They are not tired from the last time? They are rested?"

"Tired!" exclaimed Anton proudly. "That they are not. Get in and you will see! I will but say the word and we are there."

"I know they are strong—but it was a long way yesterday," she said apologetically as she sprang to his side, and the horses, released from their immobility, broke into a long, swift gait which certainly betokened no fatigue.

"You see," said Anton. But it was a moment only before he checked their speed. They had a long pull before them, and what mattered a minute or two more before they reached the low, white house with the odd eaves and the many windows? "But you are right, Elsabetta—yes—to think of the horses as always. You think about as much of Hans and Gretel as of Anton, is it not true?" he concluded, laughing, as she sprang down as lightly as she had stepped in.

"Why not?" she asked, with a lift of the brown Italian eyes from under the smooth white brow. "Are they not part of Anton, and were they not his dearest before I was?" Then she walked to their heads and petted them, while Gretel whinnied and Hans put his nose in her brown hand.

"Well, after all, they are good horses, hein?" said Anton, smiling broadly, unashamed of his commingled sentiments.

An hour later, his own snack partaken of, he was again taking up the reins, fodder for Hans and Gretel in the carriage, rubber blankets stowed, and everything ready.

"Auf Wiedersehen, Elsabetta," he said for the last time.

"Ade, ade, Anton!" and again she paused, the laughter of her eyes giving place for a moment to a faint shadow of anxiety as she reached up and laid her hands on his. "We shall not have war?—it is not true—all the talk—it will not be?"

"War!" he answered, "Nein, nein. A little lesson, perhaps, some time to Servia—who knows?—she is not polite, Servia. He was not much—the archduke"—and he gave a little shrug by way of tribute to the slain—"but it was not polite that which they did. But war!—no, I do not believe it—our Franz Josef, has he not seen enough war?—and the German Kaiser, he is a man of peace, too—does he not always say it?—nein, nein, my Elsabetta, no war this time!"

"But," and her hand did not leave his, "if they mobilize—they say even now, in Deutschland——"

"Ach ja, Deutschland! When is it not mobiliziert—Deutschland! And Austria perhaps—a little—but war!—no. And if there is war, Elsabetta, Hans and Gretel, will they not bring me back to you safe and sound? Hans and Gretel and I, we will not forget thee—ade!"

This time she let him go, and he snapped his whip as he waved it in farewell, and the little plume in his Jaegerhut danced gayly down the road. She was still thoughtful as she went back into the house. Anton knew even better than she what he was to do and where he was to go in case war was declared—though he was not to go on the first call—and as for Hans and Gretel—they were so wise, perhaps they knew, too—it is true that they were very wise! But it could not be—it was as Anton said—the Emperor he was too old and too sad to want war again in his day—and as for the German Kaiser, was he not always talking of peace?—natürlich, there would be no war!—and, throwing back her pretty head in a long breath of pure enjoyment of the sunny, perfumed air of noon as she came out of the house again, she closed the door behind her and went back trippingly to the hay-field for the afternoon.

Meanwhile Anton had picked up the Amerikanerinnen, and they were climbing the road to the pass. For hours they mounted toward the sky—a sky which hung over them in a sort of breathlessness of beauty and lucidity. It was so lovely that one felt as if the slightest jar must shatter something precious, that some detail of the vision might slip or tremble from its place, that the foaming waters might be arrested in the perfection of their swirl and plunge, that the shining duskiness of the green forests might thin and scatter, that the glorious white of the glaciers might tarnish, that the blue and purple and pink of the hillsides and fields might droop and dull, that the splendid road itself, as it bridged cataracts and lost itself in rock galleries and emerged again into blinding sunshine, might suddenly yawn into a chasm or lose itself upon a brink. It was a vision of that perfection which makes the human heart stand still in fear of its eclipse.

At the first long ascent Hans and Gretel had settled themselves steadily to their work and Anton had swung himself off the box and tramped beside them.

"He begins early to save his horses," said one of the Americans.

"And it is not a very heavy load, either," responded the other.

Once, that first day, they came to a bit of road that was nearly level. It skirted a magnificent wall of rock, while on the other side the mountain fell steeply to the stream—for ever about them was the sound of rushing waters, rivers green and rivers gray, rivers almost colorless—snow-waters from the neighboring glaciers, pallid with the cold—all hurrying madly as only Alpine rivers hurry. Here, where the stream lifted its voice from far below, steep precipices shut them in; before and behind them the road seemed abruptly to begin and end—end at a bridge beneath which a cataract plunged and whitened in the dimness of the daylight—a daylight tempered almost to gloom by the high hilltops. On this comparative level Anton climbed to the box and rode for a half-mile, regarding with unwinking satisfaction the easy stride of his bays. It was then that Hans took a slight advantage, accruing from the fact that he had succeeded in getting his tail over the reins, and proceeded to kick a section off the dashboard. For a moment it looked as if the incident might result in something like permanent distrust. To the Amerikanerinnen it seemed prophetic of possible disaster and indicative of too much temperament on the part of Hans. But Anton, after the first moment of prompt activity, took it so calmly, he so swiftly and so securely mended the subordinate strap that Hans's inadvertence had broken, and surveyed the splintered dashboard in such absence of bitterness, that they at once fell into what was evidently his own opinion, that it had been, to be sure, a little careless of Hans, but that no great harm had been done in the present and that it held absolutely no dark presage for the future. In fact, save for the rift, and consequently revelation of the unpainted wood of the dashboard, an incongruity which gave Anton opportunity to play at diplomatic negotiation at several rest-houses on the route, the incident was closed. They soon got to know Hans so well that they estimated his carelessness at its true value; as for Gretel, she had never flickered into mutiny for an instant. Anton smilingly proffered what was undoubtedly a perfectly adequate explanation, but, like all the spoken communication between the members of the party, considered from the point of view of a document in the case, it lost something, through a difference in tongues, of the more elusive niceties of expression, though from the first there had been between the three that entire understanding of both the physical and mental moods of the moment which goes deeper than the exigencies of speech and makes clear any clumsiness of verbal statement. This gentle-voiced Anton, with his ready smile, his quick perception of inclination, his prompt measures, and his patient execution—why was it necessary that he should find English at his tongue's end? And Anton, on his part, soon found a certain swiftness of realization and an ungrudging delight in his country's beauty, with a flexibility in adjustment to circumstance, which made for the easy establishment of an *entente cordiale.*

"You see, Hans did not understand," he explained; "he does not always understand, Hans. But there is no evil in him. Gretel, she is different—and she holds back—because she sees," and as he walked beside him he petted the brown flanks of the somewhat confused Hans as if to make up to him for that slight social lapse and consequent embarrassment which sometimes betray the most well-meaning. Indeed, from that moment it appeared that the three had entered upon a tacit compact to entirely overlook, for the complete reassurance of Hans, the slip and its consequences. No one alluded to, or even glanced at, the rough aspect of the dashboard, and if, during a rest, one happened to come upon Anton engaged in the labor of emergency repairs, both parties ignored his occupation as though it were a thing superfluous and uncalled for. Thus was the charm of confident personal intercourse preserved intact.

More than once they halted at small, isolated inns, between the larger villages with their post hotels, and at each one of them there were exchanged a few words,

at least, about Hans and Gretel—words which never failed to redound, directly or indirectly, to their credit. Proprietors all along the Dolomite highway knew them, as they knew and liked Anton, and so when the distant mutterings of war—so distant and so incredible—had died out of the conversation there was admitted a note of peace and understanding. Once they paused for mid-morning refreshment at a little osteria planted in the midst of the forest. Under a primitive pergola of vines, by the side of the white road, the Americans sat at a round table and ate strawberries and cream brought them by a bright-eyed, bright-clad girl—those tiny wild strawberries that have the perfume of sun-warmed flowers!—while Anton within, in the Gastzimmer, smoked a cigarette, drank his foaming beer, and gossiped with the landlord.

"There is talk of war, is it not so?" said one of the Americans to the pretty Fräulein. She nodded.

"They are mobilizing," she said without enthusiasm, as she half-shrugged her shoulders, as Anton had done.

"Austria mobilizes, does she?" said the American. "Yes—but it is impossible that there should be war."

She had said it a number of times already, her mood remaining quite detached. Of course there would be no actual war—that was out of the question in this age—but mobilizieren—yes, perhaps—that seemed to be part of the game. Europeans were always playing at hostilities. It was so absolutely apart from hostilities, really, this sunny peace under dancing leaves—*sousligné* by strawberries and cream. This was the real thing—and talk about war was the artificial fever of diplomats.

"And the Amerikanerinnen, do they like Hans and Gretel?" asked the landlord good-naturedly, as he came out with Anton and helped with a buckle.

"Ja, ja, they understand," nodded Anton. "They have seen—why should they not have seen?" he exclaimed with justifiable pride. "Have they not come over the Karer without a stumble and without delay?"

"Ja wohl," agreed the landlord, "and they are not even breathed," and he slipped the Trinkgeld into his pocket and settled the travelling-rugs more securely in their places. The carriage went on into the wonders, the exquisite, serene wonders, of the way, and ever before them, drawing nearer and nearer in their isolation, were the Dolomites themselves, castles and towers, monoliths and turrets, strange, inaccessible, unresponsive, white with snow; gray, as if covered with gray velvet of a heavy pile; soft, seamed, and fissured, touched with saffron and with rose, shadowed and accented with violet—dominant, serrated, fantastic.

On their way they passed other fields where other bright-skirted, bright-kerchiefed women were harvesting the hay, for it must be the women who gather into barns. Mobilizing—that hitherto somewhat unfamiliar word, beginning to be uttered with unconscious familiarity as of long acquaintance—mobilizing evidently meant something practical. Was it a fancy that the faces of the haymakers were a shade less glad than they had been the day before?—even though they still looked up and smiled? Perhaps. But it would be but a transient shade. It would all be over with the precaution of mobilizing. The civilized world would never go to war.

"There are moments," said one of the Americans meditatively, "when it seems to me that it is upon childhood that the shadow of mature anxiety has fallen with the most obvious effect. Did you ever see such funny little old children? Do you suppose they have aged in a single night?"

"They are certainly funny," returned the other, "but I don't believe it is the war. It is more apt to be father's coat and trousers, cut down, but not remodelled. Not to mention father's hat."

"Mother's cap and apron also add," agreed the first speaker. "And their cheeks are unblanched as yet."

Crimson-cheeked and solemn-eyed, the little Dolomite girls and boys stood in turns of the road or within the confines of garden fences and watched the strangers drive past, unchallenging and unwinking babies, dressed like burgomasters and burgomasters' wives.

"Give them some chocolate," said one of the strangers, "and see if they smile. They are eating it, silver paper and all,"

she added a moment later as she looked back; "but they have not smiled."

They were charming, these little children, weighed down as they were by the traditions and responsibilities of adult garments.

The day they went over the third pass one said to the other, as she looked, half-absently, at Anton, a sturdy figure with the usual cigarette in his mouth, as he forged steadily ahead by the side of Hans: "Do you realize that he has practically walked the whole distance over all three passes?"

"So he has," returned the other. "Anton," she said, "why do you always walk? You must be more tired than the horses."

"Nein, nein," he smiled. "I am not tired—nor is Hans, either," he added jealously, "nor Gretel. But they have to go back, you see," and again he patted the warm flanks as if to assure Hans that there was always some one near to see that justice was done and considerations taken into account.

Always climbing, they were drawing nearer to the summit of the pass. They had left the fields of flowers, the lovely, swift rushes of color which dyed the reticence of the unshaded meadows below the glaciers; above them the white-walled fastnesses of the road bulwarked the last of the mounting curves, which lost itself in the echoing chambers of a tunnel, only to emerge, after mysterious convolutions in the semi-dark, upon the highest level. Beside them the curious cattle, cropping the short herbage, hardy as themselves, wandered to the road to see them pass. Finally, they left behind them the last of the climbing curves, and their breath coming a little shorter in the rarefied air, they looked out, with a new thrilling sense of exultation, over the superb, outlying mountains of strange, tinted rock and glistening glaciers, and down into green valleys where the trees stood magnificently dense and the pale streams broke from their recesses.

After they had eaten luncheon in the dazzling chill of the summit, where a good-natured and unhurrying German Frau distributed hot soup and eclectic stew to the guests of all nations, sitting about the bare Speisezimmer, and where a glassful of sour wine borrowed the intoxicating glow of the true Falernian, they dropped down into the last valley. Anton was on the box now—the journey was nearly over, and Hans and Gretel were permitted a discreet trot down the gentler declivities of the descent.

"They know, is it not true?" Anton said, with a confident nod toward Hans and Gretel. They knew perfectly, there was no doubt of that. The hard part of the journey was over, but there were other passes and other journeys before them—had they not spent their lives in going over passes?—and this was no place for an abuse of privilege, at once perilous and premature.

Even upon the pristine calm of this remote valley there seemed to lie an unusual peace. As the sun dropped down to the mountain-tops, which rose so high to shield its disappearance, and which threw their long shadows athwart the warm dusk of the forests and the declining activities of the twilight, it was as if the very dove of peace were folding her soft wings to brood above its rest. And when, later on, the moon rose over the enchantment—when the village slept and the valleys dreamed in the dark, and only the mountains waked and watched in the serenity of everlasting strength, while the flood of the moonlight bathed their shoulders and flowed down to their feet, still the world was wrapped in a vision of perfect peace.

Early the next morning was the awakening. Before the moon had set, while yet the darkness lay dense in the depths of the mountains, at three o'clock of the dawn, rushing like the whirlwind of war itself, came into the courtyard of the inn an automobile, bringing the news that peace was at an end, and that the nations were arming themselves for battle.

"War! War! War!" it panted, as it paused a moment among the peasants of the inn. "War! War! War!" it shrieked like a modern Valkyr as it tore out of the courtyard, and, as it plunged into the night and the mountains, from the far distance came its humming monotone: "War! War! War!"

Anton was very apologetic when the Americans came out after their hasty breakfast, served by red-eyed women—five of the men had already left. He had had to rouse the Herrschaften an hour

earlier than had been agreed upon, because, you see, they must be carried to their destination, and then he must get back at once to Gnadenfest with Hans and Gretel. Hans and Gretel were *angemeldet*—they must be in readiness should they be called for. No, he should not have to go himself, this time, but Hans and Gretel—yes—if they were called out. But they would not be—no, he did not think it—only—and he leaned over to pat Hans—they must be ready. And truly Hans and Gretel had much to do to-day, and must do it quickly. Their hoofs rang more noisily and more swiftly on the hard road, and the carriage bowled along with fewer delays for rest and good-fellowship.

The same beauty waited upon their steps, still an unshattered vision, but if it was not jarred it was charged with something new—something anticipatory though undefined—the trail of that automobile which had rushed over that road a few hours earlier. There were groups of gray-coated soldiers about the inns; there were sharp-eyed sentries on the frontier who scanned the carriage and its occupants; there were stolid peasants trudging along with their bundles of clothing; and there were anxious women, their gay kerchiefs not much alleviating the terrors of their solicitude.

"Yes," said Anton, as he turned and leaned toward his passengers, "Hans and Gretel have been listed for long—with their stable and their owner—every good horse in Austria was known and stood waiting conscription—naturally Hans and Gretel would be—such horses, would they not be very useful in time of war? To draw cannon? Well, perhaps," and he paused an instant as if to grasp the possibility—"yes, or perhaps supplies—meat and bread. But, after all, it would soon be over—yes, Servia would have her lesson—ja, ja—perhaps she needed it; if Russia had not eingetreten there would not have been much trouble," he thought—"but Russia would see—yes—she would see."

There was nothing of the braggart in Anton's quiet manner and words; evidently he cared very little whether Servia had her lesson or not—or if Russia saw—but in the depths of his kind eyes, as he watched Hans and Gretel cover the mountain spaces, there was lurking a great fear.

Early that afternoon they came to the end of their journey. Anton left the Americans at their hotel—a hostelry which preserved a forced air of comfort and adequacy, a would-be placidity, as of an existence something supernal, above the disturbing currents of war, by means of a force reduced to the portier and two unaccomplished bell-boys, with a rapidly waning visitors' list.

Anton's drive back was by a shorter route than that by which he had brought his passengers, and it was pricked by haste—the awful, ruthless, calculated haste of war. Hans and Gretel must now put forth those reserves which had been undrawn upon on the way over. Armed men stopped Anton, made inquiries, and passed him on. He paused voluntarily only for food and rest necessary for man and beast, and in the inn-yards soldiers tossed grim jests from one to another, or shouted peremptory orders, and there was no dallying over beer and cigarette. The tremors of hostility were troubling the crystalline beauty of the woods and fields, and only the mountains seemed to draw farther away from the tumult of quarrel, and, flushed with violet and with pearl, to turn the shoulder of their strange, barren, dream-like inaccessibility to the clamor of the wrath of man. One wonders if to the limited equine intuitions of Hans and Gretel there penetrated any sense of a coming struggle. Did their instinct tempt them to start and swerve at the presence of the wild beast lurking unleashed, but unseen, in the forest that bordered their path? In all probability they caught nothing of the melancholy of farewell to the sunny road over which they had fared so gayly. The war-horse, like the militarist, snuffs the battle from afar, and recks little of present happiness in the prospect of the fierce contest of the brute.

Through his village of Gnadenfest Anton drove, without a word of parley on the way, straight to his own door. Indeed, there was little for which to pause; there were no gay groups of haymakers; only here and there a lonely figure raking listlessly in the late afternoon. It was as if, in the brief interval, a veil of something

filmy yet constricting had settled down upon the land, something that muffled and shrouded without darkening or obliterating. War had come into the quiet valley, not as a stimulant, but as an anodyne.

Elsabetta saw him coming and ran out to the stable to meet him.

"They have been sent for, Anton," she cried, throwing her arms about him, "but, Gott sei dank, not you, not you!"

"They have been sent for?" he repeated dully. "Already?" And he looked at Hans and Gretel as if for explanation, as they stood shaking their heads, gently impatient to be rid of the harness they had carried long enough for one day.

"Yes," sobbed Elsabetta, "already," and she laid her head on Hans's brown coat while her deft fingers unbuckled a strap with a touch that was a caress.

"So—o!" breathed Anton, in a long, low exclamation. "And they must go at once—hein?"

"To-morrow," sighed Elsabetta. "It is within—the order. You will see." Slowly Anton walked about the splendid creatures, unharnessing, petting, admonishing, as if for the first time examining every buckle, testing every strap, mute under the magnitude of the blow that had fallen. Elsabetta watched him, her eyes brimming still with tears, murmuring now and then a fond word to Hans or Gretel.

"But not you, Anton," she said at last.

"Ach, nein, not I!" he replied half-impatiently. All his anxieties were concentrated upon the two grateful animals, whinnying in pleasure, their smooth coats tended to glossiness, their strong limbs scarcely wearied by the long drive. He had thought only for them—none to spare even for Elsabetta, just now. "Not already. Time enough for that," he added.

"Nein! nein!" cried Elsabetta in her turn, but in a different note—a sharp cry of protest. "Thou hast told me that this time thou art not called out—that——"

"And so I tell thee again," he answered with what was not meant for brusqueness. "But Hans and Gretel—yes! Aber," and he turned back as he led Gretel into her stall, "they will come back! I tell thee they will come back!"

"Yes, yes," assented Elsabetta gladly, "they will come back," and Hans docilely followed her to his appointed place as she spoke, "and without a scratch—well, perhaps—it may be, a little scratch—to show that he has fought for Austria, like our Colonel Austerburg—but that is all—is it not true, Hans?"

Never had Hans and Gretel looked better than the next morning when they were ready to be driven to the rendezvous. As Elsabetta stood waiting to see them start, they turned their heads and looked at her, as if in conscious demand for an acknowledgment of their beauty—of how satin were their coats, how scrupulously combed their manes, and how polished the shoes that were to ring upon the hard, white road. As for Anton, he walked round and about them, searching in vain for a shabbiness or a flaw.

"The general himself, he will ride one, I think," said Elsabetta, wiping away with her apron a tear which had snatched a moment's inadvertence to course down her brown cheek.

"I wish it would be the Kaiser von Deutschland!" said Anton, with a sudden flash of anger such as seldom illumined the calm resourcefulness of his temperament. "Then Hans, he would be quite safe!"

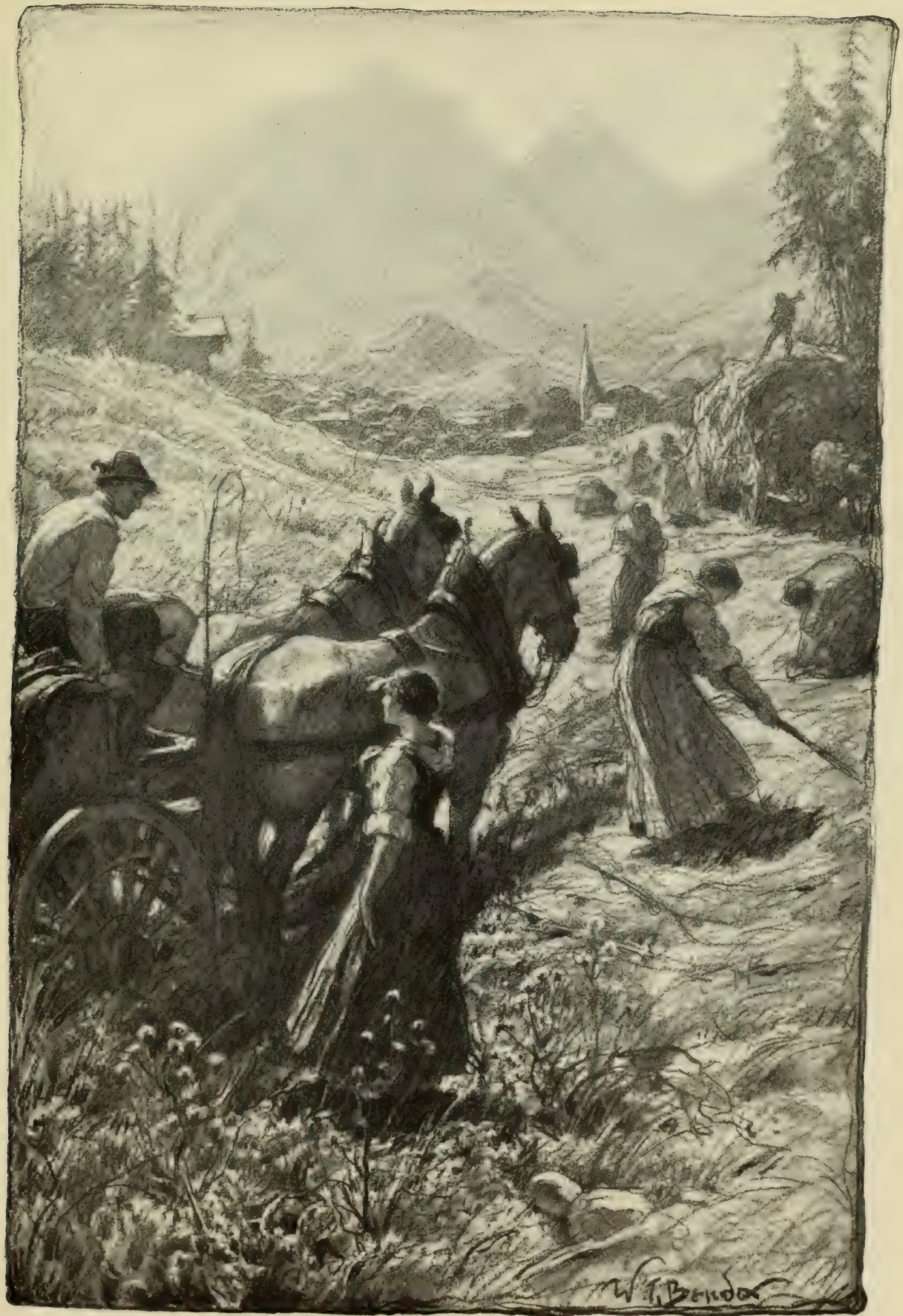
"Aber, Anton," said Elsabetta with alarmed compunction. "The German Kaiser—he is a brave man."

"Ja, ja, freilich," muttered Anton. "Brave! for others—yes. But I have not said that he was not a brave man," he added lamely. "Only it would be an honor for Hans to carry him. It is that—yes."

"Or Gretel," said Elsabetta.

"Or Gretel—schön," nodded Anton with a return to the soft, smiling speech which had so won the Amerikanerinnen.

"See," and Elsabetta came nearer. "I have put here a little, little knot of ribbon, where it will never show—seest thou, Anton?—even the sergeant, he will not see it—in the mane of Hans and of Gretel—so that if one saw them, perhaps—if they were riderless—or hurt—why one could find that blue ribbon and shall say—'Sehen Sie an—that is the ribbon of Elsabetta, the Frau of Anton'—is it not true?" and the gayety of her laughter, though it may have been dangerously near the border-land, sought to dispel the hint of tragedy.



Drawn by W. T. Benda.

"Get in, and I will take you home to give me a bit of Mittagsessen."—Page 624.



"He begins early to save his horses," said one of the Americans.—Page 626.

"You are always a child," grumbled Anton with what tried to be disapproval, "always die Kleine. I should take it out—but so! who would see?—no, I leave it—it makes nothing. Ade, Elsabetta, auf Wiedersehen."

And walking proudly at their heads, though the pain of parting tugged sharply at his heart-strings, with the downy feather in his Jaegerhut flickering a little in the breeze, his horses following spiritedly but obediently, Anton led the way to the rendezvous of dumb recruits. Thus, with all their silken flanks in garlands dressed, Hans and Gretel went through the little town to the sacrifice—to plunge, with their shining coats, their docile strength, their ignorant gayety, into the horrible vortex of inhuman battle—of an inhumanity far below the cruelties of the beast, in that it was coldly directed by human brains and human hands, and trained by human craft to maim, to torture, and to kill. It was not so many days after—those were days in which things happened fast—first, the declarations of war, one after another, sharp, decisive, like the reports of guns heard round the world—that battle itself drew near; fighting, fierce, lustful, devilry incarnate, deciding nothing, achieving nothing, horribly effective, supremely ludicrous in its folly; eager, tragic as life, vapid, vain, purposeless as hell.

And very early, as it chanced, the regiment in the neighborhood of Gnadenfest was engaged in active warfare. They fought their first fight and met with heavy loss, and the field was left in its horror of torture, mutilation, and the unburied dead. The hurricane of the wrath of man passed over it and left a devastation to which the mercy of God could only send his swift angel of death.

"Elsabetta," said Anton, the second day after, "I am going to see where they fought the battle. Isidor Gansbuch is going, and he gives me a seat in his cart. Isidor's Lena was too old to be commandeered," he added with a flash of the disdain of the owner of Hans and Gretel, "and lame—wirklich—a little lame."

"Yes, Anton," said Elsabetta submissively. "It will take some time with Isidor's Lena," she added almost timidly; "for you it will be something different."

"Different? Ach, ja," answered Anton morosely. "But I shall go," he concluded doggedly.

"Ja, freilich," she rejoined quickly. "It may be, too, that you would find—would see——"

"Nothing, nothing," he interrupted, as if resenting the quickness of her compre-

hension. "What would there be for me to see? We have there no brothers and sons."

"That is true," agreed Elsabetta as if on second thoughts; "my brother, he is far to the north, is it not? And"—she



Never had Hans and Gretel looked better than the next morning when they were ready to be driven to the rendezvous.—Page 630.

paused an instant, and then went on with the little laugh which she meant to make one of gay confidence—"as for Hans, I think the prince has him by this time—and Gretel, would she not be for the colonel himself?"

"Ja, ja," said Anton, but without the quick smile which had endeared him to the Americans. "He has ridden him to safety, I believe. Hans and Gretel, they are strong, and they have gone far with our army by this time—and our men, do they not know a good horse when they see him?—they will look after Hans. But," he added, "I go with Isidor to see the battle-field. It will, perhaps, be my turn next," he concluded under his breath. But Elsabetta heard him.

"Nein, nein, Anton!" she cried aloud.

"But if it is for the Vaterland," he said without enthusiasm, as if repeating a well-worn formula.

"For the Vaterland!" she began mutinously, and then checked herself as Anton rose and went out without speaking. Her eyes filled with tears—tears were

so much nearer Austrian eyes these last weeks than they had ever been. Anton had changed already. With his horses had gone his occupation, and for him and Elsabetta what had been the poetry of their existence. With Hans and Gretel, there had been always something—if it were not the homely cares of feeding and watering and grooming, there had been their beauty and their strength, and their manifest superiority to talk about. There had been the long drive over the mountains to plan for, and the shorter drives into the glory of the forests; there had been the personality of the travellers to discuss, and the inspiration of intercourse with other villagers and other wayfarers; there had been the breath of the high peaks and the cold, clear stimulant of the glaciers. Then, besides these deprivations, there was now the question of money. Where was that to come from? They had a moderate sum laid up, to be sure—there was no immediate hardship—but food was already less plenty—and Elsabetta's eyes grew more anxious as they watched Anton pass the door of the empty stable—if he was to spend all his time at the village Gasthaus, smoking cigarettes and drinking beer, how was more money to be earned?

Certainly Isidor's lame Lena made slow work of the trip to the battle-field, and the two men stopped overnight on the way, in a melancholy wayside inn, where two women and a small boy did all the work which had been done by a landlord and two sturdy assistants. On the third day they reached the scarred and broken level, where a hastily dug trench, shattered tree-trunks, and a ruined mill testified to a recent engagement, and dotting its irregular surfaces were ghastlier witnesses. Merciful and patriotic hands had done what they could, but it had not been enough. It had been one of the least episodes of a titanic struggle, this skirmish in a secluded Austrian valley. A body of men hastening to join a large force had been surrounded and cut off after a sharp resistance—an affair hardly worth a bulletin in the official reports. But had the same suffering and the same toll of death been the burden of a day of peace, a sympathetic world would have paused long enough in its avocations for a sigh of horror. As the two men climbed out of the cart they paused a moment as they stood, for the first time, face to face with the savage irony of war. In the distance the flush of the setting sun lay upon the Rosengarten, and the strange, carven monoliths of the dolomites held themselves austerely aloof, while faintly to the ear came the sound of the pallid waters from the depths of forests touched in turn by the blackening hand of destruction. And scattered here and there, indistinguishable in detail, but appallingly significant in suggestion, were grim, motionless forms amid the more trivial confusion of torn and shattered accoutrements and splintered guns. There lay many horses still unburied, dumb, helpless creatures who had never known even the savage lust of killing, nor yet the warm thrill of a responsive patriotism—condemned to death before the trumpet of war had even sounded—their names called, their days numbered, the bounds of their existence set—sealed unto death by the official tape of militarism while yet they breathed the scent of hay-filled meadows and tossed their heads in the pleasure of mountain highways.

Slowly the two men made their stumbling way over the ridges of the field—leaving Isidor's Lena standing unambitiously in the road, not uncontented with her hampered fate, had she but known. Suddenly Anton paused a second time, while his heart gave a quick throb, and a rush of something hot and swift seemed to blind him for seconds before he realized that he was looking down at Hans, stretched out in a mutilated and tortured death. For an appreciable instant he tried to think that there was a mistake, but revelation had been too direct, he knew too well every line and muscle that he had followed with the faithful carefulness of love. The skin was no longer satin, its gloss had vanished long since, and there were marks of other hardship than those of the hideous shrapnel; but as Anton dropped on his knees and dragged toward him the lifeless head, not for a moment did he doubt that it was that of his beloved Hans. It was hardly worth while to put his hand under the uncombed mane and find still unwound, amid all the fury of onset and defeat, the bit of blue ribbon that Elsabetta, only half in jest, had twisted there to identify the gallant charger of a victorious commander.



Anton did not answer.

"Du lieber Gott!" exclaimed Isidor in heavy-hearted wonder, "it is, indeed, thy Hans."

Anton did not answer. Slow tears came into the eyes that looked down at the glazed and tragic sightlessness of his dear companion, and his strong, brown fingers pulled aimlessly at the little scrap of ribbon. He must get it for Elsabetta, he said to himself, he must get that for Elsabetta. Isidor moved on a step or two and then paused again, looked over at Anton as if about to speak, but did not. Finally he broke the silence.

"Anton," he said, "is it not that this is thy Gretel? See here."

Anton did not rise, but he leaned forward on hands and knees and scanned the dead animal as it lay stretched out near Hans.

"Ja, ja," he said heavily. "That is Gretel. Why should it not be? But she is so thin—I might not have known. And Hans—how he is thin, too!"

"There is not a scratch on her," said Isidor as he, too, kneeled down to examine her. "It is, I think"— and again he hesitated—"that she has starved. One says, you know, that they were never fed, the horses. What is the use?" he went on with the bitterness of the helpless. "They are sure to be killed—is it not so? Why give them food and water?"

Anton pulled himself to his feet slowly, like a man that has been stunned, and came nearer to Isidor and Gretel.

"So—o!" he breathed between his closed teeth. "They gave them neither food nor water, and they drove them into the fight!" He spoke brokenly, as if it were difficult to find the words. The Americans would not have recognized the Anton of the soft voice and the ready speech had they seen him standing there, his Jaegerhut over his bitter eyes, his big fingers twisting and untwisting the pitiful knot of blue ribbon while he gazed down at the scarred fields and off to the freshness of the hills that was never again to breathe upon him and Hans and Gretel, and down again to the ground at his feet. "So! They were good enough to be killed, Hans and Gretel, but not to feed nor to water. No, she has not a scratch—Gretel; Hans, he was hit, was it not?—but Gretel, not a scratch—but she was weak—she was used, you see, to food and water—hein? I must tell Elsabetta," he repeated, still twisting about the tiny spot of blue. Then suddenly, in the half-affrighted presence of Isidor, and over the bodies of those companions to whom his voice had been like that of their maker, Anton lifted up an exceeding bitter cry and cursed the lord of war.

MIDDLE AGE

By Alice Duer Miller

ILLUSTRATION BY ALONZO KIMBALL

THOUGH Miss Wooster's life had been an unusually happy one, she was, at forty, still prone to believe that the worst was extremely likely to happen.

Each year, when she came back from Europe, she would lean, bravely enough, over the rail, trying to read in the eyes of her brother-in-law, who always came to meet her, with his pockets full of American gold, what was the special disaster that had occurred during her absence.

Rodney Traver was a delightful person to help you through the customs—at once so good-tempered and so efficient; and usually, by the time this was over, Miss Wooster found herself reassured, and began to think it possible that perhaps her family and friends had struggled through after all. But on the special occasion before us she was aware that even after they had left the docks and were driving uptown her spirit was not completely at rest.

Was something really wrong? Or was Rodney annoyed at the amount of her duties, or shocked at her not having declared the dress she was wearing?

She decided to hazard a direct question.

"How is Helena?"

He did not instantly answer, and in that second's pause Miss Wooster had time to imagine every possible human tragedy that could have overtaken her sister.

"Helena's well, I think," Rodney answered, but his tone did not satisfy her.

She liked her brother-in-law, sincerely and without reserves, and yet thirteen years before she, and others more naturally optimistic, had not felt absolute confidence that the marriage would turn out well.

For Helena was a beauty—not just a pretty woman, but a pure, perfect blonde beauty, whom foreign courts honored and no one ever forgot. The objection to Rodney was not only that he did not offer anything very brilliant in the way either of money or position, but that he insisted on being interested in his own affairs; he was not absolutely selfless, as it was felt the husband of a great beauty, like the husband of a prima donna, ought to be.

And then Miss Wooster had her own private objection, which she hadn't told any one. Helena was too much in love. It was all very well for ordinary, every-day people to be swayed by such considerations—Mildred Wooster herself would have married for no other reason, but she had an undefined feeling that great beauties, like royalties, ought to look a little farther ahead. It seemed to her as if in some way Helena had been false to a career and would be made to regret it.

For Helena's beauty was of an order that made it in a measure a career. There are, as Miss Wooster had long ago noted, two kinds of beauties—the passive and the active, the hoarders and the spenders: those who consider their beauty as an end in itself and those who consider it merely as a means. Helena was of the latter sort. She did not just contribute her appearance as a splendid spectacle. She made it serve to make her a personage, and a personage she certainly was.

Some of Helena's admirers had regretted that Rodney did not seem to be content with one personage in the family, but had, in a quiet sort of way, set out to be at least a person. But as years went by, and the marriage proved to be an uncommonly successful one, all these criticisms died away, and only an observer as determinedly apprehensive as Miss Wooster still remembered the old doubts.

She was much relieved on arriving at the house to find Helena much as usual. The first fifteen minutes went beautifully; the first hour not so well. And after this everything began to look so black that the

first instant she was alone with her sister she turned to her and asked:

"Helena, what in the world is the matter?"

This question is met in but one way by those who do not intend to answer it. Helena allowed her eyes to dwell on her sister as if far away she could just hear a strange but unimportant sound, and then she said:

"With me? Why, nothing at all."

But of course Miss Wooster was not deceived. Helena was depressed, was indeed much more than that—she lived in a sort of fog, an icy mist surrounded her. There was something careful and mechanical in every gesture and expression. The very tone of her voice was indefinably different.

At the end of a day or two Miss Wooster, knowing that her imagination had sometimes led her astray, spoke to her brother-in-law, hoping that he would tell her the nightmare did not exist. But no such comfort was to be hers.

"Oh, I'm so glad you've come home, Mildred," he broke out. "It's been like this for months. What can it be? Sometimes I've tried to persuade myself that it was nothing, but of course you see it too. She's like a fellow I once knew who found out he had a fatal disease—so like that I actually went to the doctor about her, but he says she's as sound as ever. If she were a clerk in my office, I'd say she had embezzled and that she saw the penitentiary looming just ahead of her. You see, if one only knew what it was, one might be able to help."

"Bills sometimes weigh on the best of us," said Miss Wooster from the depths of her own experience.

"Oh, if it were only that! But it isn't."

A darker suspicion had crossed Miss Wooster's mind. A lover. Helena was just at the age to fall in love with a beautiful boy who either did not return the feeling or else was too prudent to admit it. (Miss Wooster had long been of the opinion that prudence was the great masculine virtue—or defect.)

She spent several busy days trying, as it were, to pass Helena's conversation through a sieve, in the hope that a telltale name would appear, but without success.

The truth at length came out in the simplest way. Mildred Wooster had brought her sister out a dress, as she usually did, and this year it was of a faint yellowish-pink color which had always been a favorite with Helena. It was obvious from the first moment that it was not becoming. Miss Wooster, with natural egotism, was most occupied with that aspect of the case which concerned her own failure. She felt extremely sorry and said so a number of times.

"But why in the world doesn't it become you?" she cried. "It always used to—that color."

Helena, standing before her long light mirror, turned to her sister with the dress slipping about her knees.

"Because I'm getting old," she said, and for an instant she looked actually haggard.

"My dear child——"

"I'm old; I'm done for," she said with real passion. "Oh, other women wouldn't be who do other things, but I had nothing else. I was a beauty and that was all. Rodney had a friend who went bankrupt last year, and we all pitied him because we said he was nothing but rich. I'm like that. I was nothing but a beauty, and it was quite enough while it lasted. Everything I did was different because of it. You don't understand. No one could, I suppose, who had not had it. Why, the way I came into a room was different because I was beautiful; and don't imagine that the room was not different, too. I believe, Mildred, I could have had anything in the world in the gift of man, if I had wanted it; it isn't impossible. Do you remember our first night at the opera in Berlin? Or that wonderful Texan? I valued those things, not just because they flattered me, but because they made anything possible—they opened doors. And now all the doors are closing."

"I never thought you so vain, Helena."

She smiled. "This is not vanity," she said. "It's just a fact—the greatest fact in my life."

"Not greater than Rodney."

"Yes, in a way greater. Love is a relation, but this is me, myself. I'm like a goddess whose worshippers have turned atheist. They may be kind to me, but there will be no more worshipping done."



Drawn by Alonzo Kimball.

Staring where he was staring—into the fire.—Page 641.

"Certainly Rodney——"

"Yes, Rodney loves me, but do you think I want to be loved because I'm a nice old hag whom he's accustomed to! Oh, I shall come to being grateful even for that, but remember, I've been used to being loved because I'm lovely—strange that I never thought of myself as being without my beauty any more than I thought of myself as being without a roof over my head. 'She must have been handsome'—that's what people will soon be saying. I'd rather be dead."

"My dear, my dear, be careful what you say. You have so much to live for. This bitterness of spirit will pass."

"Yes, with the last spark of youth," said Mrs. Traver, "and I shall still go on living—if you call it living."

Miss Wooster was in some doubt whether this interview left her relieved or depressed. Age, after all, was not exactly a catastrophe, and yet there was something terribly inevitable in the quality of Helena's despair.

"She'll adjust herself," Miss Wooster thought, and, even as she formulated the belief, was aware that she herself would find it hard to adjust herself to the idea of Helena faded and marred.

But whatever Mildred's feelings in regard to this conversation may have been, there was no doubt that Rodney, when she told him, as she immediately did, was immensely relieved—relieved and, like so many of us when the strain of anxiety relaxes, a little annoyed.

"I don't want to be a fatuous fool," he said to his sister-in-law, "but, after all, she has me, and to me she is as much the goddess as ever. It seems to me it's rating our relation pretty low in the scale. Besides, even if I didn't exist, her life is a fairly pleasant one—most women would consider it so, I think."

Miss Wooster tried to say something tactful about Helena valuing her beauty principally on her husband's account, but the words would not come. In her heart she thoroughly agreed with him.

II

It was one of Mildred's gayer theories of life that unwarranted gloom was a beacon to misfortune. And so she was not in the least surprised to learn, some months later—Helena's depression having continued unabated—that her sister was now in the grip of a real disaster.

Rodney's heart, never very strong since his college days, had suddenly given out. There had been a short, sharp, life-and-death struggle to which an indefinite period of invalidism seemed likely to succeed.

Mildred was in California when she received the news, and the worst was over before she reached her sister. Her anxiety had been acute. It was quite clear to her that, if Rodney died, for Helena the last incentive to live would be gone. And then there were other worries.

Rodney's affairs had always been solid rather than brilliant. He was the channel through which an uncle, who owned mills in New England, marketed his products. This business, so prosaic in Mildred's eyes, was not prosaic to Rodney. He had been brought up in and out of the mills, he believed in them; the whole subject had always had his liveliest attention. Now, for the first time, he had begun to succeed, his plans had begun to bear fruit. He was bringing contracts to his uncle instead of merely disposing of whatever his uncle sent him.

But Mildred feared the business was dependent for its existence on Rodney. She feared deeply for the Travers' finances. Helena poor, as well as old, was a thought she could not face.

She had been prepared on her arrival to find her sister heroic, or unstrung, or cold, or passionate, but the one thing she had not expected was to find Helena was out.

Mildred reached the house about noon. Rodney was still in the hands of his nurses. Mrs. Traver would not be back until lunch-time. Miss Wooster went up-stairs to superintend her unpacking and here elicited another fact: Mrs. Traver was always out from half past nine to one.

Soon she heard Helena come in and go straight to Rodney's room. When, presently, luncheon was announced, Miss Wooster was urged to go down alone, as Mrs. Traver was with Mr. Traver and might be a little late.

Mildred had reached the sweet course before Helena came in, very eager and affectionate.

"My dearest Mildred," she cried, "how good of you to come as quickly—" But she did not finish the sentence, for a servant interrupted to say—Mildred could not help hearing—that Mr. Bristow, of the Bristow Curtain Company, would like to speak to Mrs. Traver on the telephone.

Helena was gone in a flash.

As Mildred sat, trying to make three spoonfuls of pudding last twenty minutes, she allowed herself to become aware of one encouraging fact: her sister was no longer plunged in melancholy. If not exactly gay, she was keener and more active than she had seemed for years. Was this merely the effect of a crisis?

One of the little things that in the past had been indicative of Helena's state of mind had been her utter indifference as to what she ate. There was nothing of that now. When, presently, she came back, and at last sat down to the table, she selected her food with the closest attention.

The reason for her changed demeanor was not long in coming out. Helena was running her husband's business. A few days after his illness he had had an appointment in which he had hoped to secure an important contract. He had fretted so much over the danger of losing it that the doctors had finally allowed the interview to take place at his bedside. Helena had been present. She had subsequently become Rodney's messenger and then his representative. He had, of course, coached her for her part.

"It's such fun, Mildred. Business is more of a game than I ever imagined. Rodney told me first what he really wanted and then—a, b, c—what he would be willing to accept. And then he made me try and imagine their point of view and what they would try to put through. He would take my rôle, and I theirs, and we could almost always guess just what they were going to say. And then he taught me to recognize just the psychological second when a deal can be made—the moment to get either in or out."

"Dear me," said Miss Wooster, "it sounds very difficult."

"It is, and it isn't. There are really only a few things to think about, but you must think of them hard. And then you see, my dear, I have the advantage of all Rodney's experience besides the immense advantage of being a woman."

"You mean your looks?"

"Oh, no," said Mrs. Traver, "my looks, in a way, have been a disadvantage."

"A disadvantage!" cried Miss Wooster, and no one could blame her for being astonished. "What do I hear! Is the goddess repudiating her divinity? Six months ago you told me that your beauty——"

"I know, I know, Mildred," said her sister, "but you must not laugh at me because I'm trying to begin all over again—to find something where, since I am losing my beauty, beauty doesn't so much matter. It's not easy, you know—not being a goddess to one who had grown accustomed to it—but I've suddenly found a way that makes it bearable. At least I feel as if I were alive again, and that's something. Only, of course, I was a great beauty, and I shall never be a great business woman."

"I own I'm surprised to see what an interest you take in it," said Miss Wooster.

"Interest!" Helena laughed. "I wake up at six every morning so as to have an uninterrupted hour or two to think out just what I must do through the day. It isn't quite fair, in a way, for my being a woman fusses them terribly: they never can guess how wise or how stupid I'm going to be; whereas, their being men doesn't fuss me at all."

During the hour which, later in the day, she was allowed to spend with her brother-in-law she heard his account of Helena's activities. He had been terribly anxious at first—just at a time when anxiety was most dangerous to him. Helena had, perhaps, saved his life as well as his business.

"When I get about again," he said, "I must take her in as a partner."

Miss Wooster regarded such talk as fantastic, but she was much relieved. Obviously, the Travers' finances were not instantly going to destruction.

III

Miss Wooster had set up a great friendship with Rodney's doctor, who used to stop in her sitting-room both before and after his visit to his patient.

"Yes," he said on one of these occa-

sions, "I feel thoroughly satisfied. With proper care he'll live for years, though—this between ourselves—he must never go to work again."

"What! Rodney not go back to business!"

"No, it will be safer not. He's one of the fortunate ones, however, with enough money to live on and a wife he adores. When I have to say this to some beggar who knows he must either work or starve, it's a very different matter. But I'm only sentencing Traver to a perpetual holiday."

"Oh, come," said Miss Wooster, "you would not like such a sentence yourself."

"Ah, it's different in my case," said the doctor. "A wretched bachelor—what has he but his work? At my time of life a man begins to realize fully what a mistake it is to suppose that any one can make work his whole existence. We need something more than a career, Miss Wooster, and yet one is hardly fit—hardly dares to offer oneself as a companion. I own I dread idleness, but I should feel very differently if I had a wife to share my leisure. Besides, I can't help feeling that a profession has a slightly higher value to a man than a mere business can have. I have no doubt your brother-in-law, with all his many interests, will find himself leading a pleasanter life than when he used to go to an office every day."

And at this they fell to picturing possible lives for an imaginary couple until the nurse came down to know if she should delay Mr. Traver's luncheon any longer or if the doctor were coming up.

All that day the subject of a fitting background to the life of a sympathetic pair occupied so much of Miss Wooster's attention that perhaps she was not as observant as usual of the particular pair who were nominally, at least, to occupy the centre of the stage.

She had been with Rodney some time before she noticed that his response to her customary gossip was more listless than usual. She rose rather guiltily to go.

"I'm so glad you're really out of the woods, Rodney."

"Yes," he answered, "I'm going to live—if you call it living." Then, seeing her surprise at the bitterness of his tone, he explained: "Didn't you know? I supposed you were in the secret. The doctor talks of a trip abroad, a few months' holiday. I know very well I shall never be able to work again."

"Oh, I'm sure you're mistaken," Miss Wooster gasped rather unconvincingly; "but, even at the worst, is enforced idleness so dreadful?"

He smiled. "Death is nothing but enforced idleness on rather a large scale," he answered. "And, upon my word, I think I'd about as lief be dead. I was not born to be an idler, and, even if I were, my training has made it impossible. I've worked all my life for one object, and now, just as I was reaching it, my doctor blandly tells me to take a holiday and think of something else. Of what, in Heaven's name?"

"How about Helena?"

"Of course it was for Helena I wanted success."

"Business isn't everything, Rodney," said Miss Wooster. "Your daily life does not sound so terrible to me—travelling, books, Helena——"

"Yes, yes, that's what my medical man has been dinning into my ears," he returned crossly. "It's all very well for him. In the first place, he has no one to think of but himself; he's unmarried; and in the second, he's a professional man; I suppose he could sit placidly at home all day and study. But it's very different in business. My only ability is in action—to pit my brain against the other fellow's in the actual every-day contest. That's all I know how to do and about all I want to do. They talk of peace and leisure and art—well, I'm afraid we've just got to face the fact that I'm a commonplace American business man and my only reason for existence has just been taken from me."

There was something so hard and final in his tone that even Mildred could think of nothing consolatory to say, and as she watched him she saw the same haunted look come into his face that had so lately disappeared from Helena's.

In the long pause that followed Helena herself came into the room, and, without breaking the silence, took her husband's hand, not looking at him but staring where he was staring—into the fire.

At last she said, as if phrases from the

late dialogue were still audible in the air:

"How strange it is that we are brought up to think middle age is a peaceful time—an easy, monotonous down-grade. As a matter of fact, it's the time for beginning over—for starting your life afresh."

"I'm too old to start fresh," said Rodney.

"It's because you're old that you have to," she answered. "When we're young it all goes of itself. Yes, every one who's worth anything begins life again somewhere between thirty-five and fifty—begins it destitute in some important respect. I look back and see that my parents did it, though I did not know it at the time; they lost their belief in each other; and yours, too, Rodney, though their fresh start was only a financial one. And I've had to do it, and now you must, Rodney."

He shook his head sadly, but she did not change her tone.

"Yes, you will, my dear," she said. "It's a losing fight, I suppose, and that makes it terrible, but somehow it's rather exciting."

There was another pause, and in the silence Miss Wooster, watching her brother-in-law, fancied she saw a speculative gleam begin to waken in his eyes.

THE FUTURE

(VOYAGEURS' SONG)

By Samuel McCoy

But what was before us we knew not,
And we know not what shall succeed.
—MATTHEW ARNOLD.

DRIFT, brothers, drift!
Down the long shallow reaches floating, floating!
Our voices lift
Songs of another home, another year;
Oh, hark! the hidden singer answers clear—
The thrush pours out his golden-timbred throating!

Fast, brothers, fast,
Down the swift rapids our canoes are flying, flying!
The bend is passed,
Where long-leafed willows rest upon the stream
And hide the eddy with its breast agleam,
And last the River, in his broad strength lying!

Soon sets the sun;
From the dark ripples fast the light is flowing, flowing!
See, one by one,
Bright in the swirling flood, the stars gleam out;
Now friendly voices raise their answering shout;
See, on the farther shore, the camp-fire glowing.

· THE POINT OF VIEW ·

THE writer of a recent "Point of View" suggests that there was a reason why we, who were as young a generation ago as our children are to-day, didn't go to the movies. And not improbably, as he wisely concludes, the games which occupied our out-of-school hours furnished quite as good training for our minds and bodies as do the fascinating moving pictures which stimulate the imaginations of our children to-day.

Instead of the Movies

But this writer set some of us thinking, along another track, of certain charmed hours of our own childhood, when we did go, not to moving-picture shows, indeed, but to entertainments as rare as they were entrancing, and for which the children of to-day might shake the pennies out of their banks in vain.

I recently discovered, at the bottom of a box of old keepsakes, which had not seen the light in many a year, a little photograph showing four doll-like figures standing in a row, two tiny men in dress suits and two tiny ladies in low-necked satin gowns, holding elaborate lace handkerchiefs in their infinitesimal, white-gloved fingers.

General Tom Thumb and his wife, Commodore Nutt, and Minnie Warren! When had I thought of them, and of the breathless delight of those evenings when, at intervals of a year or two probably—I am sure we saw them several times—this miniature troupe appeared upon the stage of our town hall!

I do not remember much that they did, except that General Tom Thumb sat astride a chair and winked his eye and said things that the grown-up people laughed at, but I do recall, with great distinctness, the way they looked and the sound of their voices, that matched the size of their persons.

The general and the commodore were interesting, of course, but chiefly, to our way of thinking, as foils to the fairylike beauty of the little ladies whom they accompanied.

When I dreamed of Titania, I am sure that I saw Minnie Warren, with her bewitching dark curls, her exquisite features, so perfect in shape and delicate in color, her doll-like figure, and her tiny hands and feet. She always wore a pink satin gown with a beautiful spreading train that fell over the sides of the little elevated board walk on which they all promenaded, down the centre aisle, during the "intermission," while they sold their photographs. I remember actually touching that shimmering train with my finger when she swept by my seat at the end of the aisle!

Mrs. Tom Thumb was very lovely, too, we thought, and her little, beribboned white satin gown was also a thing of beauty—such as queens probably wore!—but while we responded gratefully as she smiled when we bought her photograph, she did not take quite the place in our affections that did her tinier younger sister.

No other entertainment provided for our youthful enjoyment ever quite equalled the Tom Thumb performance.

Then there were the glass-blowers! I do not recall much of their processes, but that they were magical we were certain, and the trophies which we brought home in careful fingers seemed proof positive of the fact. Who but a magician could ever have produced those fragile and exquisite swans, with uplifted wings, by just blowing and blowing!

The London bell-ringers came a little later in our experience than most of these other entertainers, I am inclined to think, for I recall with much vividness those active figures lifting the bells from their long table and swinging them with a curious, wizard-like swiftness and precision. I wonder if those tones were really so wonderfully soft and musical, with a kind of muffled sweetness, as I recall them.

"The Blue Bells of Scotland" I can still remember, as if I had heard that soft chiming but yesterday, and there were "Annie Laurie" and "Robin Adair" and other tunes which our parents sang, tunes of a generation or two back of our own.

What became of those London bell-ringers? Did the chimes that began to gather more frequently in the towers of our city churches finally put their music on the list of too easily attained enjoyments?

Then came "Uncle Tom's Cabin"!

I remember the beautiful blue sash which Eva wore, Uncle Tom's kindly face, Topsy's ridiculous little figure, and, most clearly of all, Eliza stepping guardedly across the stage on unconvincing blocks of ice planted at regular intervals in a blue cambric river.

This was the theatre; we were growing up —it was promised that some time we should go to the city and see Joe Jefferson in "Rip Van Winkle"!

Alas! my children of the movies, those were glories which will never be for you, though you may daily see, with accustomed eyes, such marvels as were not dreamed of by the sagest philosophers of a few short years ago!

IN spite of popular usage provincialism does not consist necessarily in living apart from a large city. The name implies less an accident of position than a mental bias: an exclusive satisfaction with some one particular province of the universe. In this sense Broadway is as full of Provincials as Rocky Ford; Regent Street as Barsetshire. Yet, though the census may mark him down as the inhabitant of a metropolis, the Provincial is never conscious of the variety, the cosmopolitanism which makes the great city to some extent a miniature of the whole world. Though he moves in the very thickest of life, he is always surrounded by a self-built fortification of traditions and prejudices, and nothing short of a French Revolution or a Day of Judgment can make him look over his wall at anything beyond. Hence, no matter what his geographical position, in spirit the Provincial always does live in a village, and it is his conviction that this tiny spot is the centre of the universe about which the planets and the constellations revolve, that here are concentrated all the good things in creation, leaving for the other places in the world nothing but the bad. By an easy transition the Provincial comes to think that he must be a rather extraordinary person since he inhabits such an all-important situation, and from this conception it is only a step to the certainty that he himself is the centre of his own centrally located community.

Bulwarks of Society

The Provincial finds few to agree with him—the cosmic centrality of Harlem is obvious only to the Provincials who live in Harlem; Camden jeers at Hoboken's self-importance; Brookline at Evanston. But the Provincial is protected from the world's scepticism by thick-shielding obtuseness; no seed of doubt can germinate in a mind so fundamentally sterile as his; no suspicion of the world as it exists for others can blur his own clear vision; none of the rude stimuli of daily life can disturb the serenity of his settled mind.

His is an intelligence uncontaminated by unrest; amply satisfied with the world as it appears to him, he deplores the thought of change. To new ideas he opposes all the force of a solid and inflexible personality. New ideas imply the possibility of change; hence they are of the devil. To combat them by invoking the machinery of logical discussion would be to pay them too much honor; besides, in such an encounter an honest man runs the risk of being put at a seeming disadvantage by some agile unscrupulous sophist. The Provincial chooses rather to shout down the offending suggestion under a torrent of derogatory epithets: "socialism," "legalized robbery," "vandalism," "treason to society"—the relevancy of the charge matters less than its sonorousness.

He does not care what people may be doing in other cities; he is sure they are doing very well in the best city in the world. He never changes his mind or his manner of life. He is proud of himself, of his dwelling, and of his part in preserving the atmosphere of heavy stagnation which he calls settled tradition. So long as he lives on in his quiet corner, insulated from thought and progress, the strength of his spirit is masked by a complacent placidity which combines many of the genial characteristics of the Bourbon and the Boer, but the true salt and vigor of his soul become evident only when chance takes him away from his contented home into strange lands. This is his time of trial! Strange sights, new customs, are a pain to him. It is difficult to determine which he loathes more heartily, European bed-making or Continental breakfasts. Yet even in the midst of inconveniences and torments of the flesh, the Provincial abroad enjoys a certain spiritual exaltation; for does he not have daily evidence of the sloth and stupidity of the common herd, of his own infinitely superior intelligence and virtue? He is no selfish

egotist, to keep to himself such an uplifting faith. To the best of his power he sheds his light on other men. He detests European trains because they are so different and so slow. He makes himself agreeable to such foreigners as understand his language by comparing the foreign accommodation train on which he travels between way stations, with the Twentieth Century Limited or the Empire State Express. All trains in America, he reiterates, average at least sixty miles an hour.

Foreign languages appear to him only intricate ciphers to disguise English. He has no patience with grown men and women who keep on jabbering such gibberish when they might talk a sensible tongue. He is quite in accord with that classic Provincial who laughed at the French for calling milk "lait," and when a Frenchman replied that he could see as much to laugh at in the English calling *lait* "milk," settled the matter by exclaiming, "Oh, but it *is* milk, you know."

The Provincial's dislike of Europeans goes deeper than language or customs; the antipathy is fundamental. Germans and Austrians seem to him excessively Teutonic; French and Italians deplorably Latin. If he does not specify the other races it is because, with broad superiority to ethnological quibbles, he recognizes only two classes, the Dagoes and the Dutch. Neither does he waste his intelligence on foreign books. Picture galleries, architecture, music cannot tempt him. There is nothing of the sort at home. He is no sentimental tourist to see in cathedral, palace, and town hall, milestones on the long road of human advance; he is no crude revolutionist to suspect from the management of the ports of Antwerp and Liverpool, from the administration of Frankfort, that everything at home has not yet reached ultimate perfection. Such a craven imitative spirit is not for the devoted bulwark of conservatism; he strides over Europe in the hob-nailed boots of the village shoemaker, he glares at the kingdoms of earth and the glory thereof through the correcting lenses of his inherited parochial spectacles.

R. F. D.

NOT that we ever call it by those cold, official letters. We do not even call it "the mail," though the latter term means much. We call it "Robert"; and therein is suggested the whole distinction between the impersonal mechanism of the city and the country's warm, human friendliness.

Robert is the event of the day. There again the country's advantage is indicated. In the city letters come dropping in with such casual frequency that, priceless as they are, they cannot be properly appreciated. But in the country their one daily arrival is anticipated, realized, and remembered with a zest which gilds their refined gold.

Robert is due at our house anywhere between one and three; and, though we often find fault with it, the latitude has its own charm. Our eagerness is augmented by being sometimes surprised and sometimes kept waiting a little. The general time of day is just right—with the long morning's work behind us, with the tranquillizing effect of dinner in beneficent action, with no immediate duties to claim our attention. We have the wish and the leisure to do our letters and papers all the honor in the world, and to extract from them their utmost of interest.

Like all our neighbors, we possess an oven-shaped mail-box, mounted on a post; but, also like them, we seldom permit it to be of any use. Paradoxically, it is only when we happen to be in a hurry or when we are especially eager for our mail that we retreat from it, hiding behind the curtains in the house until Robert has filled our box, then dashing out and collecting our booty, with many a regretful, apologetic glance at our benefactor's receding vehicle. We know, and he knows, that an unwritten social law is infringed when we take our mail in this way.

The proper method is demonstrated by our neighbors all down the road, as far as the eye can see; and the observation of it is a stiff training in patience and self-control. Fortunately, a merciful hill limits the scope of our discipline to four boxes. At each of them, Robert draws up with a flourish; for they are convenient symbols and may as well be treated with at least a pretense of recognition. But they perform no active function; that is all monopolized by the waiting householder. Into his hands the mail is delivered; from his hand his own contribution to the next outgoing mail is received; then his friendly eyes are consulted, and Robert leans back in his seat and addresses himself to conversation. Some-

times, the whole family gathers; sometimes, chance passersby stop and join in; occasionally, Robert gets out and goes to inspect a new horse or a fence; now and then, the householder retires to answer one of his letters; always the factors of the social group pay full tribute to whatever of human interest the occasion may hold. Five minutes, ten minutes, a quarter of an hour: what matter, so long as the amenities are preserved?

Now, I affirm, this is quite as it should be; and if we, watching and waiting behind our fence, are fully in our right minds, we accept it tolerantly. The humanness of the method of our letters' delivery is the element which we most applaud; and if Robert did not take time to cultivate the friendly relations between himself and his clients the daily transaction would soon degenerate into the mechanical dulness which we so deplore in the city. But sometimes, being quite human ourselves, we are false to our finer intelligence and grow impatient.

I remember well one day when I thus fell from the grace of sympathetic wisdom. I think that I must have been tired; I probably had an inflated sense of the possible importance of my lingering letters. At any rate, I hung over the fence, watching Robert's delays, until I worked myself into a ridiculous state of protest.

"Outrageous!" I went so far as to exclaim, quite in the urban manner. "Official business should not be conducted in such a random fashion. I wonder that we put up with it."

Finally, I swept out of the gate and down the road to our next-door neighbor's box, where Robert had been at a standstill for twenty minutes.

"Robert," I said coldly, "I have been waiting for half an hour. Will you kindly give me my mail?"

Robert's conduct was admirable. He looked startled, as did all the little group of people, with whom I am generally on the best and mildest of terms; but he did not defend himself, nor did he smile as he promptly produced from his bag and handed over to me my so highly important consignment of mail, consisting of one circular addressed to my maid Bridget. This document I made shift to receive as if it were a communication from the White House, and retired with it, very stately. But I have not yet heard the last of the matter in my family.

Nor was that all of my punishment. The next day a caller from the village referred to an astonishing bit of news which brought me up short, speechless and staring.

"What!" she exclaimed. "You don't mean to say you haven't heard that? Why, it was all over the valley by yesterday evening."

Then I, remembering, understood the cause of Robert's delay, and was doubly humiliated by the effects of my failure in self-control. Not only had I brought on myself an immediate ridicule (politely suppressed, but none the less effective for that), but I had missed my share of the sympathetic excitement which, originating in a village elopement, had been carried all over the township along with the daily mail.

The lesson was good for me. Now, when Robert is late, I harbor no criticism, but wait expectantly by our letter-box; and when our turn comes and he drives up, smiling and fraught, "What's the news?" I cry.

Robert is a man to be envied. He serves the community in a vital, indispensable fashion, weaving for it the threads of its most important affairs. In the performance of this function he meets with none of the opposition which so often falls to the lot of other public benefactors, such as the minister and the editor of the local paper; and he gathers an admirable fund of experience and knowledge. How well he knows the times and the seasons, the tricks of the weather, the moods of the hills! How thoroughly he must understand the ways of his fellow men! His light touch is daily on the pulse of the life of the little valley, and he knows more about it as a whole than any other man. Probably he does much to interpret it to itself and to bring its parts into harmony. That would be a great work, more important than letter-carrying.

If I were ambitious to be a moulder of public opinion, an arbiter in the affairs of men, an influence in a community, I think I should apply for an R. F. D. position.

·THE FIELD OF ART·



Sepulveda, near Segovia, Spain.
From the collection of Willard D. Straight.

IGNACIO ZULOAGA

SO emphatic has been his success, and so significant is his position in the province of contemporary art, that few realize the fact that Ignacio Zuloaga y Zabaleta has but comfortably turned forty. Into his brief, picturesque career have been crowded enough adventure and achievement to satisfy a dozen ordinary mortals. Although determined from the outset to become a painter, he was forced by circumstances to undertake the study of engineering, to work as an operative in his father's foundry, to accept a position as clerk for a mining company, and to practise such incongruous professions as those of antique-dealer and bull-fighter. His struggle for recognition forms one of the most stimulating chapters in the annals of current artistic endeavor. A less virile, affirmative nature would have succumbed, but not so this sturdy Basque in whose veins flows some of the oldest and proudest blood of Europe. Whatever else may be his claim to consideration, he assuredly offers a salutary instance of ethnic as well as æsthetic persistence.

You must not fail to note the important rôle that inheritance has played in the development of Zuloaga both as man and as artist. He is, before all else, a typical son of Spain—not the sparkling Spain of Fortuny and his school, but the sombre, ascetic Spain which still survives in Castilla la Vieja—Old Castile. In the best sense of the term his art is traditional. It looks back to the days of El Greco, Ribera, Velázquez, and Goya. Against an unchanged and unchangeable background is projected this modern incarnation of the antique Iberian spirit. Everything that is Spanish exercises an imperious fascination over Ignacio Zuloaga. During those lean years when he was proudly, even defiantly, awaiting acceptance as a painter, he made himself familiar with the wildest, most inaccessible parts of the Peninsula. His companions were gypsies, mule-drivers, and idols of the bull-ring. He everywhere sought that which savored strongly of national and local life. And when at last he came into his own, it was inevitable that he should have been saturated with the character and color of the land he loved with such passionate intensity.



"Rosito."
By the courtesy of C. W. Kraushaar.

Although the general outlines of Zuloaga's career are reasonably fresh in the popular mind, it may not be amiss to mention that he was born July 26, 1870, at Eibar, in the heart of the Pyrenees. Situated on the tortuous, narrow-gauge railway connecting San Sebastián and Bilbao, Eibar has been aptly christened the "Toledo of the North," its entire population of twelve thousand souls being either directly or indirectly concerned with the manufacture of small arms. It was in this rigorous industrial atmosphere that Ignacio grew to manhood. Descended from a veritable dynasty of craftsmen, it was but logical that he should have been expected to continue in the footsteps of his forebears. The lad had, however, somewhat different ideas upon the subject of his future profession, and these were strengthened by a visit to Madrid where, for the first time, he beheld the masterpieces of the Prado. Though he submitted for a while to the dictates of a stern-willed father, it was not long before he departed for Rome, rich in aspiration, precariously poor of purse.

It is unnecessary here to trace save briefly the successive steps by which the young Basque attained that prominence in the art world he to-day so rightfully merits. Unhappy and out of his element in Rome, he shortly drifted to Paris, where life on the heights of Montmartre, just back of Sacré-Cœur, appealed more strongly to him than the serenity of Raphael and the troubled majesty of Michelangelo. Yet Paris was unprepared to accept Peninsular subjects as presented upon the canvases of the uncompromising newcomer. His vision was too austere for a public accustomed to the Spain of convention, of sunshine and castanets. It was with indifferent success that he exhibited on one occasion at the Old Salon, and later placed a few pictures on view at Le Barc de Boutteville's in the rue Le Peletier. Realizing that he was not gaining a foothold, and painfully conscious of the fact that he was unable to earn even a bare living by his brush, he next crossed the Channel to London. With a few pounds saved through painting portraits, he subsequently managed to reach Spain, and it is Spain which has since been the scene of his activity.

Such a casual silhouette gives but scant hint of the life led by the robust young Basque during his period of probation. His circle in Paris included his countrymen Rusiñol, the landscape painter, and Paco Durrio, a gifted exponent of decorative sculpture, together with the Frenchmen Toulouse-Lautrec and Paul Gauguin. He was, and still is, rugged and independent of

temper, positive of opinion, and pronounced in his likes and dislikes. Although he did not at first paint with that sovereign assurance which to-day characterizes his style, he was certain of himself, and seldom in doubt as to what he wished to accomplish. It is significant to recall in this connection that Ignacio Zuloaga had no preceptor, and never once set foot in an academy or art school. He is a purely autogenous product. "I have received no lessons," he lately remarked, "save from nature and the few painters whose works I admire." Though living in Paris during the rise of the much-discussed modern movement, he remained untouched alike by the delicate ambience of Impressionism and the stressful decision of the Expressionists. Nothing was able to turn him from his appointed pathway. He stepped into the arena fully equipped for the struggle, destined to fight, and to win, alone and unaided.

While you may be able to gather a reasonably serviceable conception of Zuloaga at his studio apartment in the rue Caulaincourt, or dining at certain of his favorite haunts on the crest of Montmartre with Paris palpitating at your feet, it is necessary to see him in Spain in order to grasp the fulness of his personality and the fundamental essence of his production. Directly he boards the train for San Sebastián he becomes a new man, a sort of glorification of his Parisian self. And when he alights and changes carriages for Eibar his enthusiasm for native soil and scene is overpowering. It is not, however, at Eibar, but at Segovia, where for the past sixteen years Zuloaga has lived and worked. His uncle Daniel and family having previously settled in this typically Castilian town, it was there that the young painter-bull-fighter repaired in order to recuperate after an accident which caused him to renounce the *corrida* for brushes and canvas.

He has at various periods possessed three different studios in Segovia. The first was situated in the grim Casa del Crimén, the second in the fortress-like Canonjía Vieja, and the third, which he now occupies, consisting of a portion of the famous Romanesque church of San Juan de los Caballeros. It is in Segovia that you encounter the real Zuloaga. Possessing incomparable models for a certain class of subject in his cousins, las Señoritas Candida, Theodora, and Esperanza Zuloaga, he finds types of a more primitive aspect among the dwarfs, witches, and sorceresses of San Millán, or the muleteers and brigands of the neighboring mountains. And yet while Segovia constitutes the focus of his activity, his observation covers a radius including Avila, the wine districts of La Rioja, and, on occasion, the cafés and dance-halls of Madrid and Sevilla. From the high terrace fronting San Juan de los Caballeros, or the soaring towers of the Alcázar, his gaze seems to embrace all Spain. And it is the very essence of Spain, both



El Ciervo (The Deer).
From the collection of Willard D. Straight.

past and present, that he fixes with unflinching accent upon his canvases.

From the day when he achieved his first real success—it was at the *vernissage* of the New Salon of 1899—Ignacio Zuloaga has forged steadily toward his goal. Impelled by forces all the more potent because latent and hereditary as well as conscious, he has been a law unto himself. There are those who have painted blithely and brilliantly the shining outer shell of Spain. Naturalism and Impressionism have had their fervent apostles south of the Pyrenees, yet it is the old-time note of absolutism that finds reflection in the art of Zuloaga. He cares nothing for slavish fidelity to nature or that scrupulous study of *milieu* which are the watchwords of so many contemporary painters. Nature simply furnishes the pretext, the finished picture being the only factor worthy of consideration. The avowed enemy of everything that savors of imitation or illusionism, his work is personal and synthetic. The facts and chance effects of form and mass, of plane and perspective, do not of themselves interest him. He does not scruple to subordinate, to dominate at will, those elements which he deems the mere accessories of pictorial representation.

While it cannot be denied that a method so individual, so arbitrary, has its grave defects, it is nevertheless not without legitimate compensations. The art of Zuloaga displays a rare identity of conception and expression. No trivial details disturb the general effect. The design is clear, firm, and follows the dictates of an invincible sense of logic. The rhythms are superb, the coloring boldly schematic, and the setting invariably conforms to the character of the theme. Conceived upon such lines, each canvas offers an aspect of concentrated unity that can scarcely fail to compel attention. In a measure all this work falls within the category of portraiture. The large compositions containing several figures reveal a succession of likenesses, while the glimpses of wide-sweeping sierra or silent monastery are veritable portraits of place, not descriptive, but subjective in appeal. It is an eloquent, penetrant vision, now sinister, now seductive, which groups together these fragments from the inexhaustible pictorial treasury of Spain, and brings to life these countless atavisms never, indeed, far beneath the surface.

As we were strolling one fitful night under the arches of the massive Roman aqueduct that spans Segovia from end to end, Zuloaga paused abruptly as though overpowered by the might and mystery of the scene and exclaimed: "Ah, it is sombre and tragic—this land and its people; I sometimes think they can only be painted with colors made of granite dust and brushes of steel!" You have herewith an illuminating commentary upon the creative processes which inspire the art of Zuloaga. That indomitable personality so apparent in his work is expressed in these few trenchant words. Beyond question a certain metallic induration sometimes mars these canvases. At moments they are hard and glittering, again they are seething and sulphurous. It was not for naught that the painter's ancestors were celebrated armorers. Not only is he a legitimate product of the vivid graphic tradition of his country; in many respects as well he recalls those sturdy artist-artisans who, through their work in iron, bronze, or carved and colored wood, added equal lustre to the æsthetic legacy of the Peninsula.

Ignacio Zuloaga has placed to his credit approximately four hundred sketches and finished pictures. He is represented in most of the important public and private collections of the Continent. Three years ago he was awarded the Grand Prize at the exhibition of international art at Rome, and, though averse from official recognition of any description, is at present experiencing a flattering measure of favor. Those who saw his pictures a few seasons since at the Hispanic Society will note the change that has taken place even during so brief an interval. Some hint of this progress toward a more pronounced self-revelation was manifest in the subjects lately on view at a local gallery, an impression which was confirmed by the four canvases that figured at a recent Salon. To-day, rejoicing in the fulness of creative power, Zuloaga epitomizes the fundamental passions and instincts of his race. Dignity, austerity, and a convincing fusion of realism and mysticism are the dominant characteristics of his production. It is not from the restless, questing moderns that he descends. It is from those masters of the past who have left their imperishable stamp upon Peninsular art and life.

Christian Brinton.



Drawn by Eunice Paisted Abbott.

MADRIGAL.

"Love lightened in her dewy eyes,
Love piped a melody."

—"Madrigal," page 691.

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IN ARGONNE

BY EDITH WHARTON

I

THE permission to visit a few ambulances and evacuation hospitals behind the lines gave me, at the end of February, my first sight of War.

Paris is no longer included in the military zone, either in fact or in appearance. Though it is still manifestly under the war-cloud, its air of reviving activity produces the illusion that the menace which casts that cloud is far off not only in distance but in time. Paris, a few months ago so alive to the nearness of the enemy, seems to have grown completely oblivious of that nearness; and it is startling, not more than twenty miles from the gates, to pass from such an atmosphere of workaday security to the imminent sense of war.

Going eastward, one begins to feel the change just beyond Meaux. Between that quiet episcopal city and the hill-town of Montmirail, some forty miles farther east, there are no sensational evidences of the great conflict of September—only, here and there, in an unploughed field, or among the fresh brown furrows, a little mound with a wooden cross and a wreath on it. Nevertheless, one begins to perceive, by certain negative signs, that one is already in another world. On the cold February day when we turned out of Meaux and took the road to the Argonne, the change was chiefly shown by the curious absence of life in the villages through which we passed. Now and then a lonely ploughman and his team stood out against the sky, or a child and an old woman looked from a doorway; but many of the fields were fallow and most of the doorways empty. We passed a few carts driven by peasants, a stray wood-cutter in a copse, a road-mender hammering at his stones; but already the "civilian motor" had disappeared, and all the dust-coloured cars dashing past us were marked with the Red Cross or the number of an army division. At every bridge and railway-crossing a sentinel, standing in the middle of the road with lifted rifle, stopped the motor and examined our papers. In this negative sphere there was hardly any other tangible proof of military rule; but with the descent of the first hill beyond Montmirail there came the positive feeling: *This is war!*

Along the white road rippling away eastward over the dimpled country the army motors were pouring by in endless lines, broken now and then by the dark mass of a tramping regiment or the clatter of a train of artillery. In the intervals between these waves of military traffic we had the road to ourselves, except for the flashing past of despatch-bearers on motor-cycles and of hideously hooting little motors carrying goggled officers in goat-skins and woollen helmets.

The villages along the road all seemed empty—not figuratively but literally empty. None of them has suffered from the German invasion, save by the destruction, here and there, of a single house on which some random malice has wreaked itself; but since the general flight in September all have remained abandoned, or are provisionally occupied by troops, and

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the rich country between Montmirail and Châlons is a desert.

The first sight of Châlons is extraordinarily exhilarating. The old town lying so pleasantly between canal and river is the headquarters of an army—not of a corps or of a division, but of a whole army—and the network of grey provincial streets about the Romanesque towers of Notre Dame rustles with the movement of war. The square before the principal hotel—the incomparably named "Haute Mère-Dieu"—is as vivid a sight as any scene of modern war can be. Rows of grey motor-lorries and omnibuses do not lend themselves to as happy groupings as a detachment of cavalry, and spitting and spurting motor-cycles and "torpedo" racers are no substitute for the glitter of helmets and the curvetting of chargers; but once the eye has adapted itself to the ugly lines and the neutral tints of the new warfare, the scene in that crowded clattering square becomes positively brilliant. It is a vision of one of the central functions of a great war, in all its concentrated energy, without the saddening suggestions of what, on the distant periphery, that energy is daily and hourly resulting in. Yet even here such suggestions are never long out of sight; for one cannot pass through Châlons without meeting, on their way from the station, a long line of "éclopés"—the unwounded but battered, shattered, frost-bitten, deafened and half-paralyzed wreckage of the awful struggle. These poor wretches, in their thousands, are daily shipped back from the front to rest and be restored; and it is a grim sight to watch them limping by, and to meet the dazed stare of eyes that have seen what one dare not picture.

If one could think away the "éclopés" in the streets and the wounded in the hospitals, Châlons would be an invigorating spectacle. When we drove up to the hotel even the grey motors and the sober uniforms seemed to sparkle under the cold sky. The continual coming and going of alert and busy messengers, the riding up of officers (for some still ride!), the arrival of much-decorated military personages in luxurious motors, the hurrying to and fro of orderlies, the perpetual depleting and refilling of the long rows of grey vans across the square, the movements of Red Cross ambulances and the passing of detachments for the front, all these are sights that the pacific stranger could forever gape at. And in the hotel, what a clatter of swords, what a piling up of fur coats and haversacks, what a grouping of bronzed energetic heads about the packed tables in the restaurant! It is not easy for civilians to get to Châlons, and almost every table is occupied by officers and soldiers—for, once off duty, there seems to be no rank distinction in this happy democratic army, and the simple private, if he chooses to treat himself to the excellent fare of the Haute Mère-Dieu, has as good a right to it as his colonel.

The scene in the restaurant is inexhaustibly interesting. The mere attempt to puzzle out the different uniforms is absorbing. A week's experience near the front convinces me that no two uniforms in the French army are alike either in colour or in cut. Within the last two years the question of colour has greatly preoccupied the French military authorities, who have been seeking an invisible blue; and the range of their experiments is proved by the extraordinary variety of shades of blue, ranging from a sort of greyish robin's-egg to the darkest navy, in which the army is clothed. The result attained is the conviction that no blue is really inconspicuous, and that some of the harsh new slaty tints are no less striking than the deeper shades they have superseded. But to this scale of experimental blues, other colours must be added: the poppy-red of the Spahis' tunics, and various other less familiar colours—grey, and a certain greenish khaki—the use of which is due to the fact that the cloth supply has given out and that all available materials are employed. As for the differences in cut, the uniforms vary from the old tight tunic to the loose belted jacket copied from the English, and the emblems of the various arms and ranks embroidered on these diversified habits add a new element of perplexity. The aviator's wings, the motorist's wheel, and many of the newer symbols, are easily recognizable—but there are all the other arms, and the doctors and the stretcher-bearers, the sappers and miners, and heaven knows how many more ramifications of this great host which is really all the nation.

The main interest of the scene, however, is that it shows almost as many types as uniforms, and that almost all the types are so good. One begins to understand (if one has failed to before) why the French say of themselves: "*La France est une nation guerrière.*" War is the greatest of paradoxes: the most senseless and disheartening of human retrogressions, and yet the stimulant of qualities of soul which, in every race, can seemingly find no other means of renewal. Everything depends, therefore, on the category of impulses that war excites in a people. Looking at the faces at Châlons, one sees at once in which sense the French are "une nation guerrière." It is not too much to say that war has given beauty to faces that were interesting, humorous, acute, malicious, a hundred vivid and expressive things, but last and least of all beautiful. Almost all the faces about these crowded tables—young or old, plain or handsome, distinguished or average—have the same look of quiet authority: it is as though all "nervosity," fussiness, little personal oddities, meannesses and vulgarities, had been burnt away in a great flame of self-dedication. It is a wonderful example of the rapidity with which purpose models the human countenance. More than half of these men were probably doing dull or useless or unimportant things till the first of last August; now each one of them, however small his job, is sharing in a great task, and knows it, and has been made over by knowing it.

Our road on leaving Châlons continued to run north-eastward toward the hills of the Argonne. [See map, page 660.]

We passed through more deserted villages, with soldiers lounging in the doors where old women should have sat with their distaffs, soldiers watering their horses in the village pond, soldiers cooking over gypsy fires in the farm-yards. In the patches of woodland along the road we came upon more soldiers, cutting down pine saplings, chopping them into even lengths and loading them on hand-carts, with the green boughs piled on top. We soon saw to what use they were put, for at every cross-road or railway bridge a warm sentry-box of mud and straw and plaited pine-branches was plastered against a bank or tucked like a swallow's nest into a sheltered corner. A little farther on we began to come more and more frequently on big colonies of "Seventy-fives." Drawn up nose to nose, usually against a curtain of woodland, in a field at some distance from the road, and always attended by a cumbrous drove of motor-vans, they looked like giant gazelles feeding among elephants; and the stables of woven pine-boughs which stood near by might have been the huge huts of their herdsmen.

The country between Marne and Meuse is one of the regions on which German fury spent itself most bestially during the abominable September days. Half way between Châlons and Sainte Menehould we came on the first evidence of the invasion: the lamentable ruins of the village of Auve. These pleasant villages of the Aisne, with their one long street, their half-timbered houses and high-roofed granaries with espaliered gable-ends, are all much of one pattern, and one can easily picture what Auve must have been as it looked out, in the blue September weather, above the ripening pears of its gardens to the crops in the valley and the large landscape beyond. Now it is a mere waste of rubble and cinders, not one threshold distinguishable from another. We saw many other ruined villages after Auve, but this was the first, and perhaps for that reason one had there, most hauntingly, the vision of all the separate terrors, anguishes, uprootings and rendings apart involved in the destruction of the obscurest of human communities. The photographs on the walls, the twigs of withered box above the crucifixes, the old wedding-dresses in brass-clamped trunks, the bundles of letters laboriously written and as painfully deciphered, all the thousand and one bits of the past that give meaning and continuity to the present—of all that accumulated warmth nothing was left but a brick-heap and some twisted stove-pipes!

As we ran on toward Sainte Menehould the names on our map showed us that, just beyond the parallel range of hills six or seven miles to the north, the two armies lay interlocked. But we heard no cannon yet, and the first visible evidence of the nearness of the struggle was the encounter, at a bend of the road,

of a long line of grey-coated figures tramping toward us between the bayonets of their captors. They were a sturdy lot, this fresh "bag" from the hills, of a fine fighting age, and much less famished and war-worn than one could have wished. Their broad blond faces were meaningless, guarded, but neither defiant nor unhappy: they seemed none too sorry for their fate.

Our pass from the General Head-quarters carried us to Sainte Menehould on the edge of the Argonne, where we had to apply to the Head-quarters of the division for a farther extension. The Staff are lodged in a house considerably the worse for German occupancy, where offices have been improvised by means of wooden hoardings, and where, sitting in a bare passage on a frayed damask sofa surmounted by theatrical posters and faced by a bed with a plum-coloured counterpane, we listened for a while to the jingle of telephones, the rat-tat of typewriters, the steady hum of dictation and the coming and going of hurried despatch-bearers and orderlies. The extension to the permit was presently delivered with the courteous request that we should push on to Verdun as fast as possible, as civilian motors were not wanted on the road that afternoon; and this request, coupled with the evident stir of activity at Head-quarters, gave us the impression that there must be a good deal happening beyond the low line of hills to the north. How much there was we were soon to know.

We left Sainte Menehould at about eleven, and before twelve o'clock we were nearing a large village on a ridge from which the land swept away to right and left in ample reaches. The first glimpse of the outlying houses showed nothing unusual; but presently the main street turned and dipped downward, and below and beyond us lay a long stretch of ruins: the calcined remains of Clermont-en-Argonne, destroyed by the Germans on the 4th of September. The free and lofty situation of the little town—for it was really a good deal more than a village—makes its present state the more lamentable. One can see it from so far off, and through the torn traceries of its ruined church the eye travels over so lovely a stretch of country! No doubt its beauty enriched the joy of wrecking it.

At the farther end of what was once the main street another small knot of houses has survived. Chief among them is the Hospice for old men, where Sister Gabrielle Rosnet, when the authorities of Clermont took to their heels, stayed behind to defend her charges, and where, ever since, she has nursed an undiminishing stream of wounded from the eastern front. We found Sœur Rosnet, with her Sisters, preparing the midday meal of her patients in the little kitchen of the Hospice: the kitchen which is also her dining-room and private office. She insisted on our finding time to share the *filet* and fried potatoes that were just being taken off the stove, and while we lunched she told us the story of the invasion—of the Hospice doors broken down "à coups de crosse" and the grey officers bursting in with revolvers, and finding her there before them, in the big vaulted vestibule, "alone with my old men and my Sisters." Sœur Gabrielle Rosnet is a small round active woman, with a shrewd and ruddy face of the type that looks out calmly from the dark background of certain Flemish pictures. Her blue eyes are full of warmth and humour, and she puts as much gaiety as wrath into her tale. She does not spare epithets in talking of "ces satanés Allemands"—these Sisters and nurses of the front have seen sights to dry up the last drop of sentimental pity—but through all the horror of those fierce September days, with Clermont blazing about her and the helpless remnant of its inhabitants under the perpetual threat of massacre, she retained her sense of the little inevitable absurdities of life, such as her not knowing how to address the officer in command "because he was so tall that I couldn't see up to his shoulder-straps."—"*Et ils étaient tous comme ça,*" she added, a sort of reluctant admiration in her eyes.

A subordinate "good Sister" had just cleared the table and poured out our coffee when a woman came in to say, in a matter-of-fact tone, that there was hard fighting going on across the valley. She added calmly, as she dipped our plates into a tub, that an obus had just fallen a mile or two off, and that if we liked we could see the fighting from a garden over the way. It did not take us long to reach

that garden! Sœur Gabrielle showed the way, bouncing up the stairs of a house across the street, and flying at her heels we came out on a grassy terrace full of soldiers.

The cannon were booming without a pause, and seemingly so near that it was bewildering to look out across empty fields at a hillside that seemed like any other. But luckily somebody had a field-glass, and with its help a little corner of the battle of Vauquois was suddenly brought close to us—the rush of French infantry up the slopes, the feathery drift of French gun-smoke lower down, and, high up, on the wooded crest along the sky, the red lightnings and white puffs of the German artillery. Rap, rap, rap, went the answering guns, as the troops swept up and disappeared into the fire-tongued wood; and we stood there dumb-founded at the accident of having stumbled on this visible episode of the great subterranean struggle.

Though Sœur Rosnet had seen too many such sights to be much moved, she was full of a lively curiosity, and stood beside us, squarely planted in the mud, holding the field-glass to her eyes, or passing it laughingly about among the soldiers. But as we turned to go she said: "They've sent us word to be ready for another four hundred to-night"; and the twinkle died out of her good eyes.

Her expectations were to be dreadfully surpassed; for, as we learned a fortnight later from a three column *communiqué*, the scene we had assisted at was no less than the first act of the successful assault on the high-perched village of Vauquois, a point of the first importance to the Germans, since it masked their operations to the north of Varennes and commanded the railway by which, since September, they have been revictualling and reinforcing their army in the Argonne. Vauquois had been taken by them at the end of September and, thanks to its strong position on a rocky spur, had been almost impregnably fortified; but the attack we looked on at from the garden of Clermont, on Sunday, February 28th, carried the victorious French troops to the top of the ridge, and made them masters of a part of the village. Driven from it again that night, they were to retake it after a five days' struggle of exceptional violence and prodigal heroism, and are now securely established there in a position described as "of vital importance to the operations." "But what it cost!" Sœur Gabrielle said, when we saw her again a few days later.

II

The time had come to remember our promise and hurry away from Clermont; but a few miles farther our attention was arrested by the sight of the Red Cross over a village house. The house was little more than a hovel, the village—Blercourt it was called—a mere hamlet of scattered cottages and cow-stables: a place so easily overlooked that it seemed likely our supplies might be needed there.

An orderly went to find the *médecin-chef*, and we waded after him through the mud to one after another of the cottages in which, with admirable ingenuity, he had managed to create out of next to nothing the indispensable requirements of a second-line ambulance: sterilizing and disinfecting appliances, a bandage-room, a pharmacy, a well-filled wood-shed, and a clean kitchen in which "tisanes" were brewing over a cheerful fire. A detachment of cavalry was quartered in the village, which the trampling of hoofs had turned into a great morass, and as we picked our way from cottage to cottage in the doctor's wake he told us of the expedients to which he had been put to secure even the few hovels into which his patients were crowded. It was a complaint we were often to hear repeated along this line of the front, where troops and wounded are packed in thousands into villages meant to house four or five hundred; and we admired the skill and devotion with which he had dealt with the difficulty, and managed to lodge his patients decently.

We came back to the high-road, and he asked us if we should like to see the church. It was about three o'clock, and in the low porch the curé was ringing the bell for vespers. We pushed open the inner doors and went in. The church was without aisles, and down the nave stood four rows of wooden cots with brown blankets. In almost every one lay a sol-

dier—the doctor's "worst cases"—few of them wounded, the greater number stricken with fever, bronchitis, frost-bite, pleurisy, or some other form of trench-sickness too severe to permit of their being carried farther from the front. One or two heads turned on the pillows as we entered, but for the most part the men did not move.

The curé, meanwhile, passing around to the sacristy, had come out before the altar in his vestments, followed by a little white acolyte. A handful of women, probably the only "civil" inhabitants left, and some of the soldiers we had seen about the village, had entered the church and stood together between the rows of cots; and the service began. It was a sunless afternoon, and the picture was all in monastic shades of black and white and ashen grey: the sick under their earth-coloured blankets, their livid faces against the pillows, the black dresses of the women (they seemed all to be in mourning) and the silver haze floating out from the little acolyte's censer. The only light in the scene—the candle-gleams on the altar, and their reflection in the embroideries of the curé's chasuble—were like a faint streak of sunset on the winter dusk.

For a while the long Latin cadences sounded on through the church; but presently the curé took up in French the Canticle of the Sacred Heart, composed during the war of 1870, and the little congregation joined their trembling voices in the refrain:

"Sauvez, sauvez la France,
Ne l'abandonnez pas!"

The reiterated appeal rose in a sob above the rows of bodies in the nave: "*Sauvez, sauvez la France,*" the women wailed it near the altar, the soldiers took it up from the door in stronger tones; but the bodies in the cots never stirred, and more and more, as the day faded, the church looked like a quiet grave-yard in a battle-field.

After we had left Sainte Menehould the sense of the nearness and all-pervadingness of the war became even more vivid. Every road branching away to our left was a finger touching a red wound: Varennes, Le Four de Paris, le Bois de la Grurie, were not more than eight or ten miles to the north. Along our own road the stream of motor-vans and the trains of ammunition grew longer and more frequent. Once we passed a long line of "Seventy-fives" going single file up a hillside, farther on we watched a big detachment of artillery galloping across a stretch of open country. The movement of supplies was continuous, and every village through which we passed swarmed with soldiers busy loading or unloading the big vans, or clustered about the commissariat motors while hams and quarters of beef were handed out. As we approached Verdun the cannonade had grown louder again; and when we reached the walls of the town and passed under the iron teeth of the portcullis we felt ourselves in one of the last outposts of a mighty line of defense. The desolation of Verdun is as impressive as the feverish activity of Châlons. The civil population was evacuated in September, and only a small percentage have returned. Nine-tenths of the shops are closed, and as the troops are nearly all in the trenches there is hardly any movement in the streets.

The first duty of the traveller who has successfully passed the challenge of the sentinel at the gates is to climb the steep hill to the citadel at the top of the town. Here the military authorities inspect one's papers, and deliver a "permis de séjour" which must be verified by the police before lodgings can be obtained. We found the principal hotel much less crowded than the Haute Mère-Dieu at Châlons, though many of the officers of the garrison mess there. The whole atmosphere of the place was different: silent, concentrated, passive. To the chance observer, Verdun appears to live only in its hospitals; and of these there are fourteen within the walls alone. As darkness fell, the streets became completely deserted, and the cannonade seemed to grow nearer and more incessant. That first night the hush was so intense that every reverberation from the dark hills beyond the walls brought out in the mind its separate vision of destruction; and then, just as the strained imagination could bear no more, the thunder ceased. A moment later, in a court below my windows, a pigeon began to coo; and all night long the two sounds strangely alternated. . .

On entering the gates, the first sight to

attract us had been a colony of roughly-built bungalows scattered over the miry slopes of a little park adjoining the railway station, and surmounted by the sign: "Evacuation Hospital No. 6." The next morning we went to visit it. A part of the station buildings has been adapted to hospital use, and among them a great roofless hall, which the surgeon in charge has covered in with canvas and divided down its length into a double row of tents. Each tent contains two wooden cots, scrupulously clean and raised high above the floor; and the immense ward is warmed by a row of stoves down the central passage. In the bungalows across the road are beds for the patients who are to be kept for a time before being transferred to the hospitals in the town. In one bungalow an operating-room has been installed, in another are the bathing arrangements for the newcomers from the trenches. Every possible device for the relief of the wounded has been carefully thought out and intelligently applied by the surgeon in charge and the *infirmière major* who indefatigably seconds him. Evacuation Hospital No. 6 sprang up in an hour, almost, on the dreadful August day when four thousand wounded lay on stretchers between the railway station and the gate of the little park across the way; and it has gradually grown into the model of what such a hospital may become in skilful and devoted hands.

Verdun has other excellent hospitals for the care of the severely wounded who cannot be sent farther from the front. Among them St. Nicolas, in a big airy building on the Meuse, is an example of a great French Military Hospital at its best; but I visited few others, for the main object of my journey was to get to some of the second-line ambulances beyond the town. The first we went to was in a small village to the north of Verdun, not far from the enemy's lines at Cosenvoye, and was fairly representative of all the others. The dreary muddy village was crammed with troops, and the ambulance had been installed at haphazard in such houses as the military authorities could spare. The arrangements were primitive but clean, and even the dentist had set up his apparatus in one of the rooms. The men lay on mattresses or in wooden cots, and the rooms were heated by stoves. The great need, here as everywhere, was for blankets and clean underclothing; for the wounded are brought in from the front encrusted with frozen mud, and usually without having washed or changed for weeks. There are no women nurses in these second-line ambulances, but all the army doctors we saw seemed intelligent, and anxious to do the best they could for their men in conditions of unusual hardship. The principal obstacle in their way is the over-crowded state of the villages. Thousands of soldiers are camped in all of them, in hygienic conditions that would be bad enough for men in health; and there is also a great need for light diet, since the hospital commissariat of the front apparently supplies no invalid foods, and men burning with fever have to be fed on meat and vegetables.

In the afternoon we started out again in a snow-storm, over a desolate rolling country to the south of Verdun. The wind blew fiercely across the whitened slopes, and no one was in sight but the sentries marching up and down the railway lines, and an occasional cavalryman patrolling the lonely road. Nothing can exceed the mournfulness of this depopulated land: we might have been wandering over the wilds of Poland. We ran some twenty miles down the steel-grey Meuse to a village about four miles west of Les Eparges, the spot where, for weeks past, a desperate struggle had been going on. There must have been a lull in the fighting that day, for the cannon had ceased; but the scene at the point where we left the motor gave us the sense of being on the very edge of the conflict. The long straggling village lay on the river, and the trampling of cavalry and the hauling of guns had turned the land about it into a mud-flat. Before the primitive cottage where the doctor's office had been installed were the motors of the surgeon and the medical inspector who had accompanied us. Near by stood the usual flock of grey motor-vans, and all about was the coming and going of cavalry remounts, the riding up of officers, the unloading of supplies, the incessant activity of mud-splashed sergeants and men.

The main ambulance was in a grange, of which the two stories had been par-

titioned off into wards. Under the cob-webby rafters the men lay in rows on clean pallets, and big stoves made the rooms dry and warm. But the great superiority of this ambulance was its nearness to a canal-boat which had been fitted up with hot douches. The boat was spotlessly clean, and each cabin was shut off by a gay curtain of red-flowered chintz. Those curtains must do almost as much as the hot water to make over the *moral* of the men: they were the most comforting sight of the day.

Farther north, and on the other bank of the Meuse, lies another large village which has been turned into a colony of éclopés. Fifteen hundred sick or exhausted men are housed there—and there are no hot douches or chintz curtains to cheer them! We were taken first to the church, a large featureless building at the head of the street. In the doorway our passage was obstructed by a mountain of damp straw which a gang of hostler-soldiers were pitchforking out of the aisles. The interior of the church was dim and suffocating. Between the pillars hung screens of plaited straw, forming little enclosures in each of which about a dozen sick men lay on more straw, without mattresses or blankets. No beds, no tables, no chairs, no washing appliances—in their muddy clothes, as they come from the front, they are bedded down on the stone floor like cattle till they are well enough to go back to their job. It was a pitiful contrast to the little church at Blercourt, with the altar lights twinkling above the clean beds; and one wondered if, even so near the front, it had to be. "The African village, we call it," one of our companions said with a laugh: but the African village has blue sky over it, and a clear stream runs between its mud huts.

We had been told at Sainte Menehould that, for military reasons, we must follow a more southerly direction on our return to Châlons; and when we left Verdun we took the road to Bar-le-Duc. It runs southwest over beautiful broken country, untouched by war except for the fact that its villages, like all the others in this region, are either deserted or occupied by troops. As we left Verdun behind us the sound of the cannon grew fainter and died out, and we had the feeling that we were gradually passing beyond the flaming boundaries into a more normal world; but suddenly, at a cross-road, a sign-post snatched us back to war: *St. Mihiel*, 18 *Kilomètres*. St. Mihiel, the danger-spot of the region, the weak joint in the armour! There it lay, up that harmless-looking bye-road, not much more than ten miles away—a ten minutes' dash would have brought us into the thick of the grey coats and spiked helmets! The shadow of that sign-post followed us for miles, darkening the landscape like the shadow from a racing storm-cloud.

Bar-le-Duc seemed unaware of the cloud. The charming old town was in its normal state of provincial apathy: few soldiers were about, and here at last civilian life again predominated. After a few days on the edge of the war, in that intermediate region under its solemn spell, there is something strangely lowering to the mood in the first sight of a busy unconscious community. One looks instinctively, in the eyes of the passers-by, for a reflection of that other vision, and feels diminished by contact with people going so indifferently about their business.

A little way beyond Bar-le-Duc we came on another phase of the war-vision, for our route lay exactly in the track of the August invasion, and between Bar-le-Duc and Vitry-le-François the high-road is lined with ruined towns. The first we came to was Laimont, a large village wiped out as if a cyclone had beheaded it; then comes Revigny, a town of over two thousand inhabitants, less completely levelled because its houses were more solidly built, but a spectacle of more tragic desolation, with its wide streets winding between scorched and contorted fragments of masonry, bits of shop-fronts, handsome doorways, the colonnaded court of a public building. A few miles farther lies the most piteous of the group: the village of Heiltz-le-Maurupt, once pleasantly set in gardens and orchards, now an ugly waste like the others, and with a little church so stripped and wounded and dishonoured that it lies there by the roadside like a human victim.

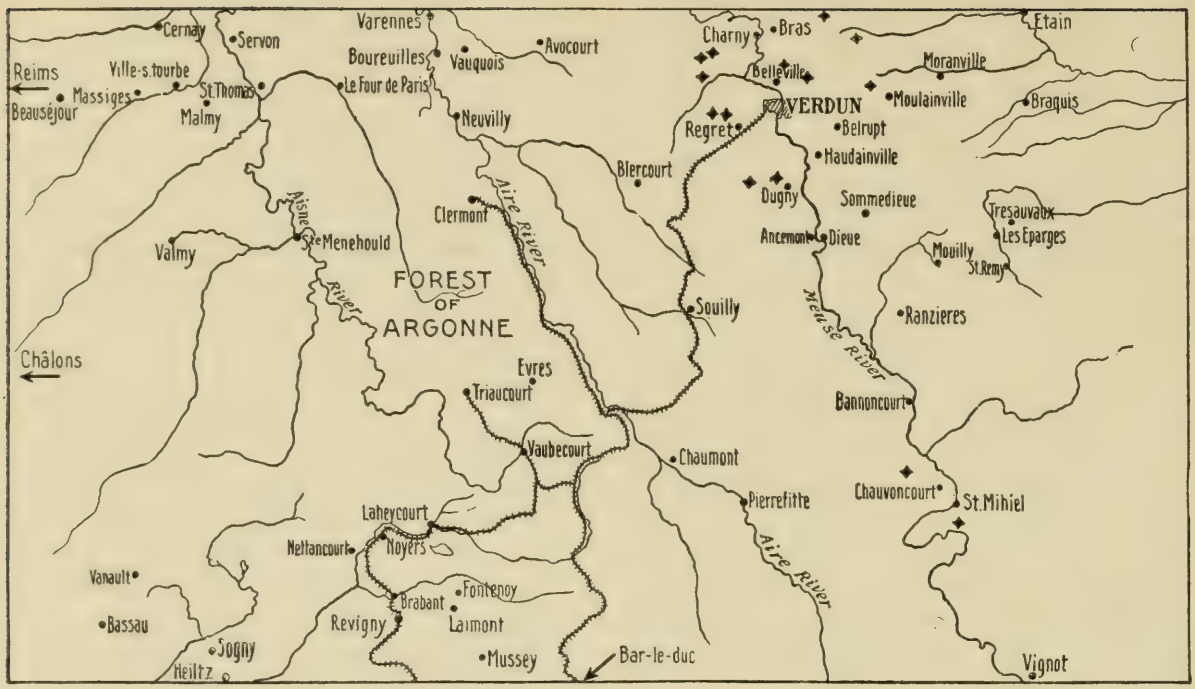
In this part of the country, which is one of many cross-roads, we began to

have unexpected difficulty in finding our way, for the names and distances on the mile-stones have all been effaced, the sign-posts thrown down and the enamelled *plaques* on the houses at the entrance to the villages removed. One report has it that this precaution was taken by the inhabitants at the approach of the invading army, another that the Germans themselves demolished the sign-posts and plastered over the mile-stones in order to paint on them misleading and encouraging distances. The result is extremely bewildering, for, all the villages being either in ruins or uninhabited, there is no one to question but the soldiers one meets, and their answer is almost invariably: "We don't know—we don't belong here." One is in luck if one comes across a sentinel who knows the name of the village he is guarding.

It was the strangest of sensations to find ourselves in a chartless wilderness within sixty or seventy miles of Paris, and to wander, as we did, for hours across a high heathery waste, with wide blue distances to north and south, and in all the scene not a landmark by means of which we could make a guess at our whereabouts. One of our haphazard turns at last brought us into a muddy bye-road with long lines of "Seventy-fives" ranged along its banks like grey ant-eaters in some monstrous menagerie. A little farther on we came to a bemired village swarming with artillery and cavalry, and found ourselves in the thick of an encampment just on the move. It seems improbable that we were meant to be there, for our arrival caused such surprise that no sentry remembered to challenge us, and obsequiously saluting *sous-officiers* instantly cleared a way for the motor. So, by a happy accident, we caught one more war-picture, all of vehement movement, as we passed out of the zone of war.

We were still very distinctly in it on returning to Châlons, which, if it had seemed packed on our previous visit, was now quivering and cracking with fresh crowds. The stir about the fountain, in the square before the Haute Mère-Dieu, was more melodramatic than ever. Every one was in a hurry, every one booted and mud-splashed, and spurred or sworded or despatch-bagged, or somehow labelled as a member of the huge military beehive. The privilege of telephoning and telegraphing being denied to civilians in the war-zone, it was ominous to arrive at night-fall on such a crowded scene, and we were not surprised to be told that there was not a room left at the Haute Mère-Dieu, and that even the sofas in the reading-room had been let for the night. At every other inn in the town we met with the same answer; and finally we decided to ask permission to go on as far as Epernay, about twelve miles off. At Head-quarters we were told that our request could not be granted. No motors are allowed to circulate after night-fall in the zone of war, and the officer charged with the distribution of motor-permits pointed out that, even if an exception were made in our favour, we should probably be turned back by the first sentinel we met, only to find ourselves unable to re-enter Châlons without another permit! This alternative was so alarming that we began to think ourselves relatively lucky to be on the right side of the gates; and we went back to the Haute Mère-Dieu to squeeze into a crowded corner of the restaurant for dinner. The hope that some one might have suddenly left the hotel in the interval was not realized; but after dinner we learned from the landlady that she had certain rooms permanently reserved for the use of the Staff, and that, as these rooms had not yet been called for that evening, we might possibly be allowed to occupy them for the night.

At Châlons the Head-quarters are in the Préfecture, a coldly handsome building of the eighteenth century, and there, in a majestic stone vestibule, beneath the gilded ramp of a great festal staircase, we waited in anxious suspense, among the orderlies and *estafettes*, while our unusual request was considered. The result of the deliberation was an expression of regret: nothing could be done for us, as officers might at any moment arrive from the General Head-quarters and require the rooms. It was then past nine o'clock, and bitterly cold—and we began to wonder. Finally the polite officer who had been charged to dismiss us, moved to compassion at our plight, offered to give us a *laissez-passer* back to Paris. But Paris was about a hundred and twenty-five



Sketch map of region around the Forest of Argonne.

miles off, the night was dark, the cold was piercing—and at every cross-road and railway crossing a sentinel would have to be convinced of our right to go farther. We remembered the warning given us earlier in the evening, and, declining the offer, went out again into the cold. And just then chance took pity on us. In the restaurant we had run across a friend attached to the Staff, and now, meeting him again in the depth of our difficulty, we were told of lodgings to be found near by. He could not take us there, for it was past the hour when he had a right to be out, or we either, for that matter, since curfew sounds at nine at Châlons. But he told us how to find our way through the maze of little unlit streets about the Cathedral; standing there beside the motor, in the icy darkness of the deserted square, and whispering hastily, as he turned to leave us: "You ought not to be out so late; but the word tonight is *Jéna*. When you give it to the chauffeur, be sure no sentinel overhears you." With that he was up the wide steps, the glass doors had closed on him, and I stood there in the pitch-black night, suddenly unable to believe that I was I, or Châlons Châlons, or that a young man who in Paris drops in to dine with me and talk over new books and plays, had been whispering a password in my ear to carry me unchallenged to a house a few streets away! The sense of unreality produced by that one word was so overwhelming that for a blissful moment the whole fabric of what I had been experiencing, the whole huge and oppressive and unescapable fact of the war, slipped away like a torn cobweb, and I seemed to see behind it the reassuring face of things as they used to be.

The next morning dispelled that vision. We woke to a noise of guns closer and more incessant than even the first night's cannonade at Verdun; and when we went out into the streets it seemed as if, overnight, a new army had sprung out of the ground. Waylaid at one corner after another by the long tide of troops streaming out through the town to the northern suburbs, we saw in turn all the various divisions of the unfolding frieze: first the infantry and artillery, the sappers and miners, the endless trains of guns and ammunition, then the long line of grey supply-waggons, and finally the stretcher-bearers following the Red Cross ambulances. All the story of a day's warfare was written in the spectacle of that endless silent flow to the front: and we were to read it again, a few days later, in the terse announcement of "renewed activity" about Suippes, and of the bloody strip of ground gained between Perthes and Beauséjour.

OFF MONOMOY

By Bliss Carman

HAVE you sailed Nantucket Sound
By light-ship, buoy, and bell,
And lain becalmed spellbound
On an oily Summer Swell?

Lazily drooped the sail,
Moveless the pennant hung,
Sagging over the rail
Idle the main boom swung.

The Sea one mirror of shine
A single breath would destroy,
Save for the far low line
Of treacherous Monomoy.

Yet Eastward there toward Spain,
What castled cities rise
From the Atlantic plain,
To our enchanted eyes;

Turret and spire and roof
Looming out of the sea,
Where the prosy chart gives proof
No cape nor isle can be!

Can a vision shine so clear
Wherein no substance dwells?
One almost harks to hear
The sound of the city's bells.

And yet no pealing notes
Within those belfries be,
Save echoes from the throats
Of ship-bells lost at sea.

For none shall anchor there
Save those who long of yore,
When tide and wind were fair,
Sailed and came back no more.

And none shall climb the stairs
Within those ghostly towers,
Save those for whom sad prayers
Went up through fateful hours.

O image of the world,
O mirage of the sea,
Cloud-built and foam-impearled,
What sorcery fashioned thee?

What architect of dream,
What painter of desire,
Conceived that fairy scheme
Touched with fantastic fire?

Even so our city of hope
We mortal dreamers rear
Upon the perilous slope
Above the deep of fear;

Leaving half-known the good
Our kindly earth bestows,
For the feigned beatitude
Of a future no man knows.

Lord of the Summer Sea,
Whose tides are in thy hand,
Into immensity
The vision at thy command

Fades now, and leaves no sign,—
No light, nor bell, nor buoy,—
Only the faint low line
Of dangerous Monomoy.

SIXTEEN PHOTOGRAPHS

BY

DWIGHT L. ELMENDORF

TAKEN IN THE NATIONAL PARKS OF THE UNITED STATES

THE GRAND CANYON OF ARIZONA
THE YOSEMITE VALLEY, CALIFORNIA
MT. RAINIER PARK, WASHINGTON
YELLOWSTONE PARK, WYOMING

The pictures here published for the first time have been seen only in Mr. Elmendorf's lectures, and are reproduced from glass positives made by Mr. Elmendorf especially for SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE.



The Castle Geyser, Upper Geyser Basin, Yellowstone Park.

This beautiful geyser is one of the oldest in the park. It plays at irregular intervals, but the eruptions are most interesting. After the superheated water is ejected, vast quantities of steam are forced out of the crater with a deep, roaring sound.



The top of Jupiter Terrace, Mammoth Hot Springs, Yellowstone Park.

These terraces are being formed by the calcareous deposits of the many hot springs which here abound. Their exquisite coloring surpasses description and contrasted with the semibarren surroundings the effect is startling.



Norris Geyser Basin, Yellowstone Park

The many steam vents are here in evidence, making the beholder feel sure that there is a hot region "down below." In and around this basin are many geysers and boiling springs.



The Great Falls, Yellowstone Park.

No other waterfall has the marvellous setting of this, the Yellowstone Falls. The deep-green forests above, the bright yellows and reds of the cliffs below, the bluish-green river that is transformed into glistening silvery arrow-heads as it falls into the abyss below, where it is lost in clouds of rainbow mist, make this the climax of "The Wonderland of the World."



Nature's Monument, Grand Canyon, Arizona.

Above the tents of Elmendorf Camp, in the bottom of the canyon, rises this wonderful pyramid four thousand feet toward the clear sky. The upper portion is gray, the middle reddish brown, while the lower parts are deep maroon, relieved here and there by the cool green of the canyon cactus.



A glimpse of the Grand Canyon from Grand View, Arizona.

The Grand Canyon of the Colorado River is the most stupendous natural wonder of the world. The marvellous coloring of the various strata of the earth's surface, which here lies revealed down to the archaic granite, and the overwhelming silence of the vast depths compel respect for the work of the Master Builder.



The Inferno, Grand Canyon, Arizona.

Near the beginning of the new Hermit Trail is this appalling cliff, like a great bulwark against the depths five thousand feet below.



Evening shadows in the Grand Canyon, Arizona.

This view from the rim at Hopi Point was taken from the new Rim Road. Seven miles away and nearly a mile below the observer flows the Colorado River. The canyon at this point is fifteen miles wide and the distant horizon is sixty miles away.



Indian Henry Trail, Mount Rainier Park, Washington.

From the Nisqually Valley this trail to Indian Henry's camp at the base of Mount Rainier is fascinating to the lover of uncivilized nature. The forests are magnificent and are filled with rare and beautiful wild flowers, surpassing anything of the kind in the Alps or Norway.



Mount Rainier, Mount Rainier Park, Washington.

Near the base of the mountain there are many little lakes which seem to rejoice in reflecting the grand peak. Mount Rainier has more than thirty glaciers extending over an area of one hundred square miles. This isolated peak, crowned with glittering ice and snow, rising from beds of multicolored flowers to an altitude of 14,529 feet, is like a perfect solitaire diamond.



Mirror Lake, Yosemite Valley, California.

Early in the morning this little lake, at the mouth of the Tenaya Canyon, reflects the North and the South domes and surrounding rocks like a perfect mirror.



The Yosemite Valley and the Tenaya Canyon, California.

This is one of the many beautiful views obtained from the trail to Glacier Point. On the left is the North Dome, on the right the South or Half Dome, while the floor of the valley is three thousand feet below.



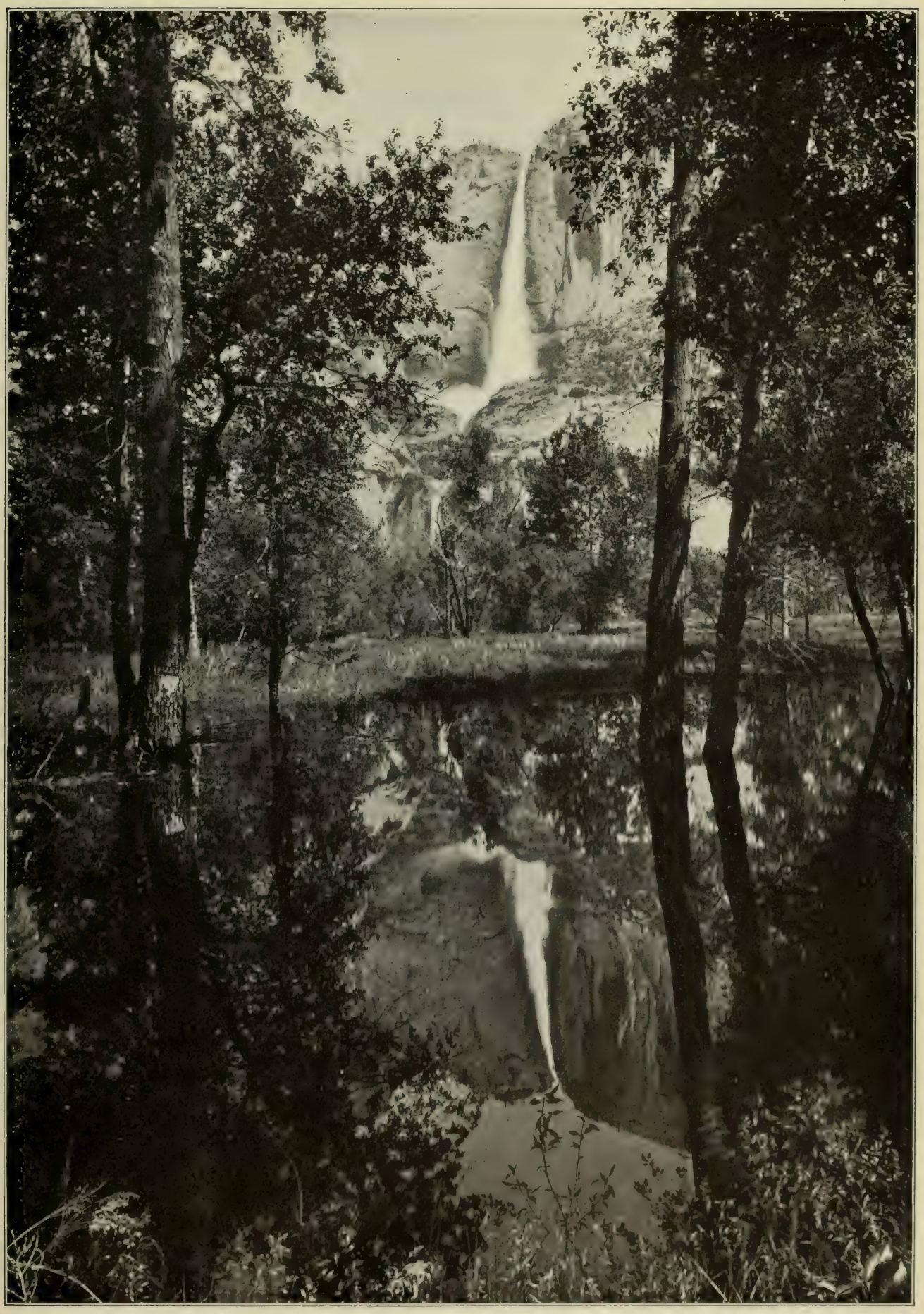
The Half or South Dome, Yosemite Valley, California. (Telephoto view.)

This great split granite rock, rising four thousand feet or more above the valley to an altitude of nearly nine thousand feet above sea-level, is the most singular feature of the Yosemite Valley.



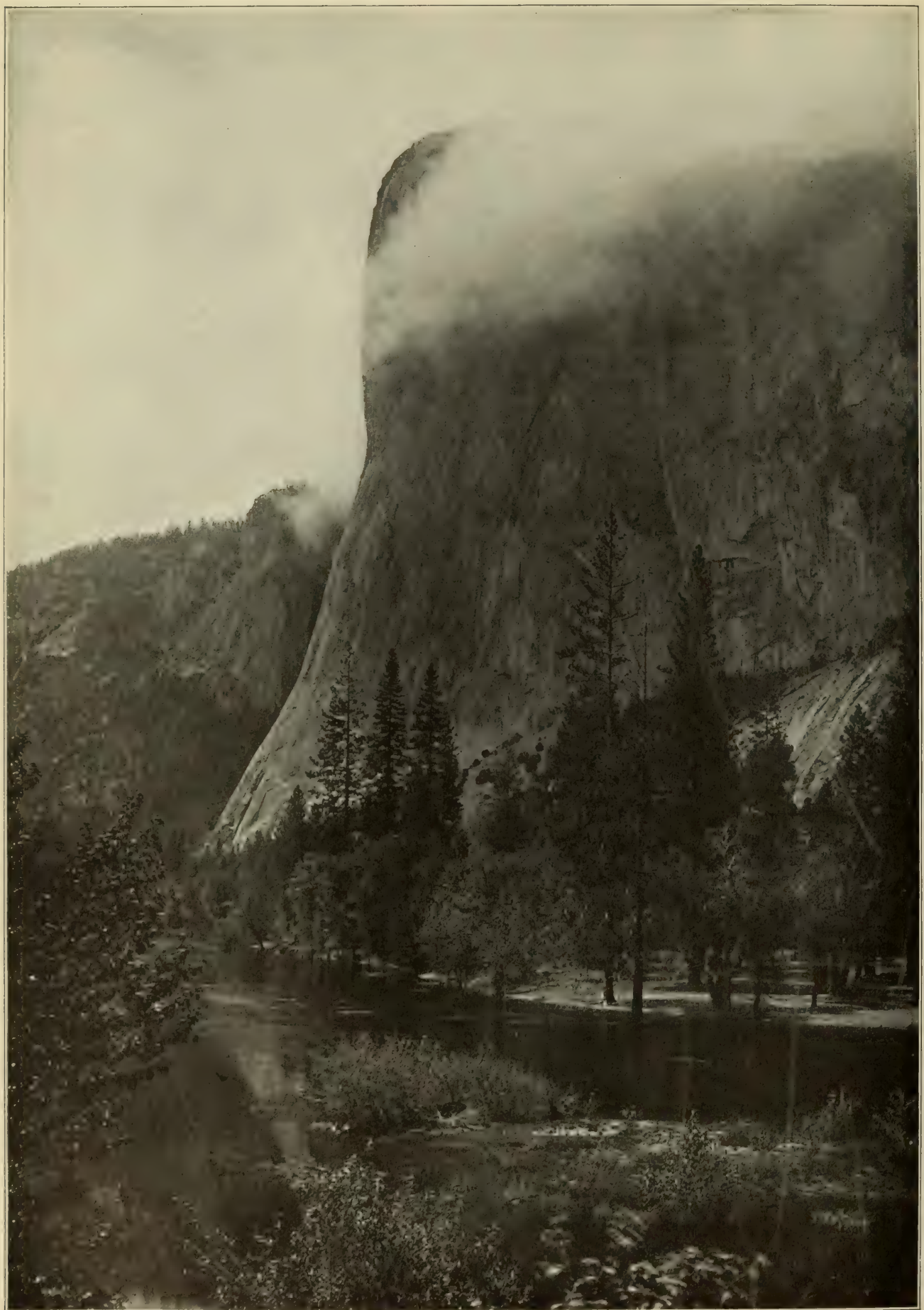
Bridal Veil Fall, Yosemite Valley, California.

Of all the falls in the valley this is the most interesting, because the wind sometimes catches the falling water and tosses it about in a bewitching way, so that it resembles a delicate lace veil with fleecy arrow-head points falling six hundred feet into a rainbow mist.



The Yosemite Falls, Yosemite Valley, California.

Near the centre of this valley, which has been carved out of the Sierra Nevada Mountains by erosion, is the highest waterfall in the world. The three leaps are respectively 1,436, 626, and 400 feet, a total height of over 2,500 feet.



El Capitan, Yosemite Valley, California.

This great cliff of solid granite towering into the morning clouds is the first of the vertical walls seen on entering the valley. On account of its dominating position in the narrowest part of the valley it always gives the impression of overwhelming majesty.



From a copyrighted painting by W. R. Leigh.

The Great Beyond.

(On the mesa—the Pueblo of Walpi, Arizona.)

MARTIN'S HOLLOW

By Katharine Fullerton Gerould

Illustration by F. C. Yohn

I HAVE always been of the opinion that, as a good wine needs no bush, a good story needs no psychology to speak of. Yet before I tell mine I think I had better describe myself briefly as I seem to myself to have been at the moment of my adventure.

I was that most jaded of all types, the professional scorner of fiction. I had my tongue in my cheek for almost everything that came off a printing-press. I was tired of red blood; I was even more tired of the blue blood that drips out of a fountain-pen. I was tired—oh, very tired—of "penny plain," and almost more tired of "twopence colored." I had hunted for a real, healthy thrill in the books spread out before me, until I believed there was no such thing. I was like the boy in the folk-tale who could not shiver. I had searched the newspapers for a sensation and found there nothing but musical comedy. Most mysteries turn into farce. Do you remember the Italian opera company that went broke in Samarcand? Or the true tale of Death Valley Scotty? Or the gentleman who discreetly offered a fine Tudor house rent-free for a year to any one intending murder? The prima donna was entertained by the Russian governor-general; Death Valley Scotty (I believe) went into vaudeville; and the gentleman with the Tudor mansion was the mildest of men: a thwarted romantic who wanted an authentic ghost on the premises, and had to be content with an expensive mechanical device that frightened his friends but never, alas! deluded him. Even life seemed to have declined in quality from Gilbert and Sullivan to comic movies.

All this, not so very long ago, suddenly became acute, and I planned an escape. I decided to leave town, and go for a solitary walking-tour in and about and over a certain range of mountains. I knew some of the more important points in the region, but I had never explored the remoter valleys, though I was aware that they were lonely and lovely and sparsely inhabited. Be it understood that I did not go in search of mystery: I went to get back my appetite for plainer food and simpler sensations; to savor to the core the blessed impossibility of reading overnight, and reviewing the next day, ten volumes of the latest trash. I went to get back my tone; to recapture a normal attitude. The return to Nature, if taken seriously, is apt to have bad effects; but I was in no danger of growing mawkish over a woodchuck, or addressing the garter-snake as "brother." I was willing to pay for hill-winds as I would have paid for a good brand of Burgundy; and to have the sunset thrown in like the smile of the perfect waiter. These things had a value and a charm, a positive virtue of their own. I could not get them in town; so Mohammed went to the mountains, though in no transcendental frame of mind. He took with him survey maps, a rubber cape, a flask, plenty of tobacco, and some of the other things that Baedeker recommends to the pedestrian.

I shall not chart my course for you; I shall not name my mountains or my valleys. I shall make no sociological estimates of the people I met; I shall not account for them in any recognizable way, by descent or occupation, politics or dialect. Let me content myself with describing accurately. Too many people know the trains I took, the towns through which I passed, and the names of the heights I crossed. I have, above all, no wish to fling discredit on that loveliest and loneliest of remote valleys which I shall call Martin's Hollow. Perhaps I am more sensitive than I need be, because in my early youth I spent many summers in and about these mountains, and have, myself, a vicarious patriotism for the locality. Good

men, honest citizens and prosperous, have come out of the district school in Martin's Hollow—but few of them live in Martin's Hollow now.

I had been tramping a week or more when the rain came on. Usually I had managed to spend the night in some village hotel or other, but this once I had had to make shift with an atrocious boarding-house half-way up a lovely wooded slope. It was filled with women in cheap frills, who walked on the narrow porches with their arms round each other's waists, and danced awkwardly together, after the dining-room was cleared, to the nasal tones of a cheap victrola. Some of the older ones played halma in the corners. After a talk with the melancholy proprietor, the next morning, I decided to spend that night on the mountain that lifted itself above the boarding-house. I was to climb it that day, and by the next night I could probably get to one of the bigger hotels in the second valley beyond.

I started out early and presently struck a trail of which the boarding-house-keeper had told me. It was not on my map. All went well until I reached the summit —or what I took to be the summit. The mountain was wooded to the top, and there was no clearing from which one could get a view. I had a glimpse of the sky, however, from a desolate spot which had, at some time, been cut over; and the sky looked ominous. I decided to make for lower ground and the possibility of a barn-roof, if nothing else, over my head. I always leave behind something of importance, and this time I had forgotten my compass. I had no means of knowing surely into which valley I was going to drop; but I took a trail that came to hand. It looked like an old one; which augured well, I thought, for habitations below me. The rain came on; and I dripped my way along between the dripping trees, at a tremendous downward slant. A little past sunset-time the rain let up, and I stopped on a rock by a spring to eat and drink and look at my map. It marked the trail I had taken; and I gathered from the somewhat unfeatured section of the map that I should presently strike the Martin's Hollow brook, which, carefully followed, would lead me into Martin's Hollow.

I have, since then, heard about Martin's Hollow. It is one of the "shiftless" valleys; a place where the farms have a curse on them and every other family will probably count its degenerates. There are plenty such among our older mountain communities, as every one knows. They get a bad name, and the best element goes away to other countrysides. The feeble and the mad and the shiftless and the hard drinkers are apt to stay; and when they too are withdrawn, their houses fall to ruin, until in after years you trace human histories by old cellar foundations. None of this was in my mind when I took the trail from somewhere near the top of Silvernail Mountain. Martin's Hollow was a mere name on a map to me: a place where I hoped to find shelter of some sort from the gregarious showers that were chasing each other about the hills.

It must have been eight o'clock when I got below the timber-line on the southern spur of Silvernail. Darkness was thickening, and I could see little except a few separated lights below and beyond me to the southward. The valley is very narrow and very steep; at the bottom, in the middle, there is room only for the brook and a little bordering meadowland. The noose-like road runs higher up, on the hillsides, and along it the farms are scattered. I say noose-like; and yet the loop is incomplete, for the curved head of the hollow is all woods and wilderness, and there is no road across. If you wish to make the tour of the little valley you can only go up one side, make your way back nearly to the mouth, where the single cross-road lies, and take the other side. The valley opens out at the mouth ever so slightly, so that from the head, on a fine day, you would get a magnificent mountain glimpse.

Here, then, at the head of Martin's Hollow, I found myself, in the twilight. I knew from the mere look of the place in the dimness that the farms were not good. There was no big bulk of barns, and the hillsides had the rough outline of rocky pasture. Here and there, before me, I could see the glimmer of an irregular and desultory patch of buckwheat. I cursed the weather and my compassless condition, which had combined to pitch me into this stupid gorge. I also cursed a blister on my heel, which had joined it-

self to the catastrophes of the afternoon. The proprietor of the boarding-house had not mentioned Martin's Hollow by name. "Better go through the next valley and over to Woodelton," he had advised. "Or, better still, keep along the lower ridge of Silvernail and Kettletop, and drop right into Woodelton itself." I had not inquired further, for I had intended fully to sleep on Silvernail and walk for miles through the woods along the irregular ridge, until I found the Woodelton trail. But here I was in Martin's Hollow; and if the people were an unprosperous lot, I could the more easily induce them to let me sleep in a haymow. The houses would be impossible—of that I was sure. I had seen shiftless valleys before.

And now I come to my adventure: which is nothing more, really, than my single fluttering contact with the devil. If I cannot explain how the walk down the valley, with its casual encounters, was like a sudden hypochondria progressing by leaps and bounds, I cannot make you feel why even the climax seemed to have the terror of inexorable logic, as well as its own unpleasantness, to inflict. I know how Dante felt—except that I had no Virgil by my side.

The first farmstead I came upon was a small, ramshackle, malodorous place. There was a light somewhere within at the back, which illuminated a filthy bit of barnyard. Some tuneless drunken singing of Moody and Sankey hymns was going on inside. I decided to knock and ask for information. There are worse people in the world than men who sing hymns in their cups. The knock called forth the hoarse barking of a dog, but the singing stopped. A youth opened the door. He was surly, but sober. He did not think there was any place in the Hollow where I could sleep, but perhaps Foster's might take me in. They were over on the other side, beyond the cross-road. But I had better go six miles on to the village. He slammed the door to; the barking subsided, and another hymn began, more tuneless than ever. I went out into the road, slightly depressed. The clouds were ominous; I could hear the soft mutter of distant thunder, and there were already a few practice flashes of lightning. As I got into the road, an upper window was flung up, and I heard the wail of a baby. I turned, but could see nothing. A cracked voice issued from the window, however, bidding me "go away, go away." I went, with what dignity I could muster—tired of the *Rücksack* on my back, tired of my own spleen and depression, wearying unspeakably for the fly-blown boarding-house of the night before.

I had gone a third of a mile, still on the same side of the Hollow, before I came to another habitation. The darkness had grown thicker: it was virtually night. There was no rain yet, but the wind was tearing over the top of Silvernail, behind me, and the mutter of the thunder had deepened into long, weary, reverberating rolls. Each casual lightning-flash showed me the pinkish road winding on ahead of me. This house was larger than the other, but there was no light in it. I knew all about country hours, and hesitated to rouse folk from their beds; but I should have the rain pelting on my shoulders in five minutes, and I was desperate. There was a biggish barn, and I had hopes of bribing them to drive me to the village. So I knocked. There was dead silence for two minutes. People sleeping so soundly as that would not want to drive any one anywhere, even if they waked to hear my request. I turned to go away again, thoroughly disgusted, for there was no doubt that this wind carried rain with it. Just as I turned, a sudden creak broke through the perfect silence—the door was flung open. I started: for there had not been the faintest sound of footsteps. You would have thought that the person who opened had been sleeping against the door, like an animal. I grasped my stick firmly in my hand and lifted my cap. A lightning-flash came to help me out—the tenant of the house had no light—and I saw a bent and toothless old man staring at me. I put my question, but got no answer. He did not even shake his head. He simply looked me over with an incompetent and hostile eagerness. His eyes rested on my stick, and peered over my shoulder at my *Rücksack*. He was, clearly, very much interested in me, but he did not speak. I pulled the matches out of my pocket, struck one, and gave him stare for stare. He did not seem insulted by my inspection; only craned his

neck a little more, as if to see the *Rücksack* better. Apparently his examination was reassuring; but he still made no sound. I tried sign language, thinking he might be dumb; I pointed in various directions queryingly. He made no gesture of reply; simply continued to look me over, with a slow, snakelike motion of the head. Apparently he was satisfied by the time I grew utterly disgusted, for as I turned my back on him he shut the door. I was, for some indefinite reason, on my guard; and I stopped and listened after the door was shut. I heard no voices, but I thought I caught a faint, senile cackle. If there had been whispering, I could not have heard it, for, though it was a warm night, the windows were all shut. I stumbled over a rusted woodchuck trap, and found myself in the road again.

Then the rain came on in earnest—great sheets of it torn from the skies and flung broadcast through the valley. I was tempted to climb through a pasture to the shelter of trees, but the thunder and lightning had now reached the Hollow, peal simultaneous with flash, and I pushed on, with my rubber cape over my shoulders. The violence of the shower took half an hour to spend itself, and in that half-hour—though, to be sure, I walked very slowly, impeded at every step by the gurgling mud of the road—I passed no inhabited dwelling. One ruined house I saw, and I thought of climbing in through one of the paneless windows and taking such shelter as I could; but some fastidiousness of the imagination restrained me. In that hour, I dare say, the trash I spent my life in scorning told upon me. I preferred encountering any of the detrimentals of Martin's Hollow to spending the night in a hole those detrimentals had forsaken. I do not think, at the moment, I would have accepted the shelter of the noblest castle if I had had to sleep in the haunted room. I leaned against the house wall for a few moments—porch or other outside shelter there was none—but went on.

The thunder and lightning had pretty well stopped by the time I reached the cross-road. The rain still fell and the wind churned up and down the gorge, so that I had reason to expect another shower would presently cross the ridge of Silvernail. I quickened my pace as well as I could for the mud, for I saw lights ahead on the other side of the valley. The six miles to the village—five, by this time—were not to be thought of. At that house I would stop, until the rain was over, at least, come what might.

It was about nine o'clock, I fancy, when I reached the house with the lights—just beyond the cross-road, a little way up the valley on the other side. I lit a match on the door-step before I knocked. It was an ancient stone house, low and small, but at least not ruinous. One of the lights I had seen must have been a lantern carried between house and barn, for at present only one window was illumined. My knock was answered at last by the sliding of a bolt, and an uncouth young fellow stood in the door before me. He was heavily built and strong, but looked stupid. Behind him two fraternal faces appeared. One of the youths behind carried a gun.

"He ain't here." The man spoke briefly.

I protested. "I don't know whom you mean. I don't belong in this place. I've been on a walking trip, and have got caught in the rain and want some place to spend the night. If you know of a haymow anywhere in this valley—" I stopped. By this time I did not in the least wish to spend the night in his haymow.

The three men had closed in around the door. There was no consulting among them, but presently the second one—the one with the gun—spoke in exactly the tone of his brother.

"We ain't got no haymow. We gin up keepin' cattle. You better go on to Foster's. They got thirty cows."

"Where is Foster's? And how far is it?"

The third one spoke. "It's on a piece, up the road. A white house with two red barns. Them's the only painted barns in the Hollow. You better hustle. It's gittin' late."

"Could you give me a glass of water?"

The first one answered. "We ain't got no glass." The door was shut in my face.

I stepped down the bank into the road again and turned—but not in the direction of "Foster's." It was foolish of me, I dare say, but my chief desire was to get

nearer the entrance to the Hollow, nearer the village, nearer the world. "Foster's" was the only suggestion of hospitality, apparently, that the inhabitants of Martin's Hollow could make. But "Foster's" was up the valley, nearer that unfinished loop where the woods came down. I wanted every step I took to lead me out of the Hollow, not deeper in. And "Foster's" was problematical, in any case. The painted barns sounded promising, as if they held whatever prosperity the valley had to offer; yet the recurring suggestion might as easily be sinister as helpful. At all events, I would not go up the gorge instead of down. I was alone, by night, between two storms, in a valley where I trusted no one. I would go down the road. There would be comfort in seeing it—or, rather, feeling it—gradually widen to the outer world. So I plodded on, away from the stone house, away from "Foster's."

The thing was becoming dreamlike: my clogged steps taking me, with decreasing speed, nowhere; and each human encounter more sinister than the last. The wind rose and fell, the trees swayed, and now and then dark forms wavered in a hillside pasture. The atmosphere, too, was not without that electrical suspense which is the very breath of thunderous weather. The Hollow seemed to be keyed up, waiting for something. The drunken singing, the foolish ancient's curiosity, the malicious cackle behind the closed door, the surly speech of the armed brothers, the way in which I was flung to "Foster's" at every turn—all made me feel an imperilled outsider in some crazy tragedy. The very winds seemed to be in the business: every one in that abominable valley was in it except me. Whatever it was—if it was only a human mood—I did not wish to be in it. I only desired, with a direct childlike passion, a roof over my head, a chance to change into dry socks and shoes, and a stiff drink of Scotch out of my flask against the chill. The very road seemed to catch at my feet as I walked; the unbroken darkness ahead of me defied my efforts to emerge from the detestable gorge, or to make connections with anything, any one, of my own kind. I had lost all sense of time: I no longer took out my watch, even for irony's sake. I walked on and on, wet, tired, footsore, fatalistically oppressed, dreading every rod of the valley road that stretched on before me in the illimitable dark of a nightmare. Only dawn could rescue me, I suspected; and dawn was far away. But rest I would find; and shelter, even though I could not sleep and a chill was unescapable. I would not, I felt with blind wrath, be beaten by a few fools in a God-forsaken valley not ten miles from a railway.

Finally, I came to another house, set far back from the road. The shutters were closed, but between the slats I could see scattered lights within. No flame could live in that wind, so this time I groped to the bottom of my *Rücksack* and found my little electric flashlight. This enabled me to get a good look at the place before I undertook the flagged path. The house was large and ill-kept, but I could see by the proportions and the general hint of detail that it had once had dignity. Though it was in sad need of paint and, I suspected from my brief survey, of repairs, it looked water-tight—which was all I cared for. The same could hardly be said of the barns. Great gaps between the boards, and a crazy inclination of the walls, showed that they had long been unused to shelter anything. The roof of that house should cover my head until morning, or I would know why. The perfectly responsible pedestrian is by no means unknown in these hills, and I flattered myself that, if I was disreputable, it was at all events not after the fashion of a tramp. I knocked authoritatively on the front door with my stick—making it rattle and flaking off, I regret to say, a little more of its scanty paint.

I saw a light passing from room to room within the house, then saw it extinguished. Presently I heard footsteps. The door was neither locked nor bolted, evidently, for it opened easily.

The figure that stood before me on the threshold struck me dumb. I could not get out my prepared speech, with its cunning combination of pathos, simplicity, and graceful firmness. The room behind the woman was lighted faintly by four candles set in a row on a central table. They did not flicker in the draft from the open door. I dare say there was no draft; that the wind was, at the mo-

ment, hurrying round the other corners of the house, and that the exceeding stillness of the flames in all that hurly-burly was natural enough. But, at the instant, it did not seem natural; and I wondered, somewhere at the back of my brain, "Why four? Why four?"

The woman who surveyed me in silence was enough, as I think any one would have admitted, to put a curse on the candles for any traveller to whom she stood suddenly revealed. She was well above middle height, but her shoulders were fearfully bowed; and her thick white hair, cropped short, stood out like a wild mane. The candles were behind her, so that I could not see her eyes, but I could make out the thinness of the face, and the nose and chin that approached each other over the toothless mouth. I knew at once that all the stage crones I had ever seen were mere mockeries of make-up. Still I was absolutely silent, and still she did not ask me my business. Over her misshapen shoulder, behind the table, I saw four chairs precisely placed, and, behind those, four ill-assorted mirrors hung askew on the wall from which the paper was peeling. And still we stared at each other with no word.

Finally she stood aside, obviously meaning for me to come in.

Then I stammered out the ruins of my speech—hypnotized, simply, by the situation; for as soon as I saw her and the room in which she stood, my intention to stop there had slipped quite away. She paid no attention to my words, but put her hand on my arm and drew me inside the door. I hardly realized what I was doing. Not a muscle opposed her touch. Only when I found myself standing in the room itself I wondered why I had gone in. I put my hand on the knob, intending to pass back at once across the threshold, but she shook her head. I waited, simulating patience, to see what she would do, for one look at her eyes and one quick comprehensive glance about the room had explained everything. There were four spoons on the table and four shovels carefully stacked in the corner against one of the doors. Otherwise—except for a heap of red woollen cloth, evidently an old curtain, on the floor beside me—the room was empty. The careful art of madness had arranged the room, and the hand that had done it was the hand that, a moment since, had been laid on my arm. The eyes and the room together told me everything.

Then she spoke. "Have you seen them?"

I shook my head. "I haven't seen any one." And I started to go out, but she twisted herself behind me and shut the door.

She seemed disappointed. "You haven't seen *her*, have you?" The dreadful brown eyes came an inch nearer my face.

"No—no one."

She nodded satisfied. "He isn't here."

"No, I am sure he isn't. There isn't any one here except you, is there?" I spoke conversationally, edging my way to the door, pushing her slightly before me. My hand was on the knob again.

"Oh, yes, the house is full. But he isn't here. I wouldn't let him in. You know I wouldn't."

Her voice was very deep, and her speech, though ordinary enough, was not the slipshod idiom of the other inhabitants of the Hollow whom I had encountered.

I opened the door an inch or two—open it farther I could not, she was so close to it. A big moth flew into one of the nearly burned-out candles, sizzling loudly. She started toward it, and I opened the door wider. I did not wish to make any sudden dash, for somewhere back in my head was book-wisdom to the effect that one must be intensely quiet with the insane. She pulled the moth out with her long fingers and came back. Her movements were exceedingly quick, but before she reached me I had time to open the door wide, and to pick up the red curtain and drop it on the floor again between her and me. It parted and fell in four pieces. She did not tread on it; she got down on her knees to push it aside. But by that time I was on the flagging in front of the house.

"Good-night," I said, as I turned—still forcing myself to move slowly.

"He isn't here. Come in, come in." The wind blew the white mop of hair wildly as she craned her neck out into the darkness.

"I know he isn't. But I have to go, you see." I was half-way down the path, walking very slowly, though every muscle

cried haste, and I was dripping with sweat.

"You're going to find him," the voice boomed after me. But, thank heaven, she did not stir.

"Not I." I was still walking on, but looking back at her over my shoulder as I went. A coquettish, prancing effect it must have given me! At the gate I turned squarely and looked up at the house. One of the candles guttered out, and she must have heard the faint sputter of it, for she turned from the wind and the night and rushed back into the room, slamming the door. Mingled with the crash of the closing door I heard an angry scream—not like other screams. The singular volume of her voice, quite uncontrolled by mind or sense, lent it a quality that I can never describe. Evidently her mad logic saw in the four candle-flames some desperate symbol. I stepped down into the road, and almost immediately I heard a clatter of breaking glass, as if she had mistaken a window for the door. I did not wait to hear more, but broke across the road into the orchard opposite, where I could neither be seen nor divined. Behind a twisted apple-tree, long past bearing, I listened; but at the end of five minutes all was still silent, except for the steady choral chanting of the wind.

I reconnoitred carefully with my flashlight, taking good care to interpose my body constantly between the little spot of illumination and the road. I had no desire to make any further attempt at demanding shelter, though my watch, which I drew out gingerly, showed me it was scarcely past ten o'clock. I asked only to live out the hours between then and daylight with no human interruption. My cautious search revealed to me a little cave ahead of me in the hillside—the entrance shored up with stones, after the troglodyte fashion of the countryside. Very slowly I made my way to it. A vegetable cellar was not the retreat I should have chosen, but the broken and gaping door suggested that it was no longer used—that at least it was not likely to be occupied. It was a loathsome hole, I found, when I got in. My battery ran down at that moment, and I was reduced to striking more matches. Their little flicker made almost no impression on the stenchy blackness of the place, but by dint of feeling the entire circumference of the walls with a firm hand I assured myself of its proportions and its emptiness. A rough trough was half-filled with rotten sacking, and across the hard earth floor something brilliant and green writhed in a hundred convolutions. I started—it was so rankly serpentine in that wavering match-flare—but it was only a potato-vine grossly intent on surviving. My chief comfort in being reduced to this shelter was that it had obviously long been out of use. "If she wants potatoes in the middle of the night, she won't come here for them," I found myself gravely whispering. I pulled to the rotten door—there was, of course, no inside fastening, and I could only wedge it with sacking, in a makeshift fashion, against the wind. The gaps in the boards were many, however, and I withdrew into a corner of the cellar to light my pipe, calculating angles of vision as best I could. I did not care to have the tiniest spot of light visible from the road.

With a great deal of meticulous labor I got out socks and shoes and flask from my *Rücksack*. It really took two hands on that windy night to keep a match going. Finally I managed it, and sitting in the dark on the edge of the trough, I changed into dry footgear and took the most solitary drink I have ever had. There was no hope of a restful position, but by sitting cross-legged in the trough I could lean against the cold stones of the wall behind. I hoped that somnolence would come, if not sleep.

In a measure, I suppose, it did; for though I heard—hours later, as it seemed—the baying of hounds, the sound had some fantastic context that must have belonged in part to a dream. A pistol-shot followed the dogs' baying, but it, too, wove itself into some vision that I was sufficiently awake to know was partly sleep-induced. The rest of the night was silent except for the sudden gusts of wind and the patter of milder rains. Now and then I relieved my cramped discomfort by pacing the narrow floor of the cellar, but, luckily for me, I was too tired to keep, through the endless hours, unbrokenly alert. My nervousness dropped: I did not feel alarmed. I was in a kind of trance,

and my only hold on waking sanity was to say to myself occasionally in a whisper: "Morning will come." I was to that extent safe on the outer edge of nightmare, and I spurred myself with the assurance now and then to keep myself on that outer edge. But Martin's Hollow was very nearly impregnable to common sense.

Dawn finally came. I have had, ever since that night, an absurd consideration for the solar system. Quite honestly, it seemed to me in the hour before sunrise as if nothing less fundamental and august than the central mechanism of the spheres could release me. If anything in magic or human science could have perpetuated that night, I should have felt sure that dawn would never break. If I had not known beyond a doubt that Martin's Hollow was ultimately subject to the laws of the planet, I should have imagined suns rising over other valleys of earth and leaving this free in its own Stygian aberration. But against that doubt the muscles of my mind contrived to array themselves. Otherwise I should probably long since have been myself qualified for residence in Martin's Hollow.

When the light came, in a blessed irresistible flow, I shook myself together and prepared to start on my way. I was cold to the marrow, and stiff in every joint. Somewhere inside me an insistent little pain protested that I needed food. I was hungry, in no ravenous way, but with a factitious exhaustion, as if I had been fasting for forty hours. And, reassured though I was by the first streaks of light on the orchard outside, I was loath to break my flimsy barricade. I had no wish to look at the house across the road, though it was morning of a perfect summer day. But the desire to have done with Martin's Hollow overbore all else, and about five o'clock I stepped into the worn-out orchard (not without bravado) like a free man. I kept to the fields for a time, for even in the light I did not care to be hailed from the house opposite. I was not more than three-quarters of a mile above the entrance—or the outlet, rather, as my mood put it—of the Hollow, and I made my way at a good pace to the main road. I passed a few houses, but did not stop. Even if I should have luck, I preferred to eat elsewhere.

In half an hour I was clear of the gorge and on a road that, as my map showed, would take me to Hebron—the "village" of my overnight colloquies. I had turned for one view of the Hollow as I stepped into the main road, and was constrained to admit that it was very lovely. Far up the right-hand side I saw some red barns—undoubtedly "Foster's."

Presently a buckboard overtook me. The driver half pulled up as he passed and nodded mechanically. He was a cheerful, shrewd-looking farmer, and I decided to ask him for a lift. The man stopped and looked me over.

"Get in," he said abruptly.

I thanked him politely, and described my general situation. Instinct warned me not, at the moment, to mention how I had spent the night. Some careful references to the countryside at large, the mention of a certain judge I knew in a small town down the railway, and probably my obvious cockneyism, seemed to reassure him. He broke through one or two of the outer walls of his reserve.

"Got caught in the rain on Silvernail, did you? Well, them showers will come up, this time o' year. Seems as if we'd had more'n our fair share this season, though. Been awful bad for the hayin'."

I made a few remarks well calculated to show that I was familiar with the problems of the farmer. I also put a few questions as to crops. My English was as careful as I could make it. A few more outlying bastions crumbled silently. Finally he turned to me.

"Pretty early start I got this mornin'."

"It *is* early for any one who didn't get caught on Silvernail in a shower."

"Yes—had to take the constable over to Curtis. He come to my place about half-past three. 'Go 'way, John,' says I, 'chickens ain't up yet.' 'You harness up your team an' take me over to Curtis,' says he. 'County business.' An' county business it was, but I ain't had my breakfast yet, 'count of his county business." He laughed. "They had the hounds out all night, but the rain come an' spoiled the scent, an' he went over to Curtis to get the sheriff an' a posse, an' they'll be back some time along. I won't be drivin' 'em, though. I'm goin' to have my breakfast."



Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

She started toward it, and I opened the door wider.—Page 686.

At this moment I happened to remember a college acquaintance of mine who had been born most respectably in Hebron. The man slewed his horses skilfully round a bad break in the road and settled down to comfortable narrative.

"I knew there was trouble up in Martin's Hollow weeks ago, but I didn't know when I went to bed last night as how it had broke out again. One of the Teeder boys shot up his cousin yesterday, an' made for the woods. His three brothers helpin' him, of course."

"What was the trouble?" I asked.

"Oh, the trouble goes back a piece, I guess. You can't keep track o' things over in Martin's Hollow. We don't see them over our side much, except the Fosters. They've got a fine farm up there, but they're down sick with typhoid now. They're about the only folks in the Hollow that amounts to anything. It's kind o' gone to seed. If Jim Foster didn't have a hankerin' after his father's old place, he'd move away, too. Guess he'd sell, but people ain't buyin' much in Martin's Hollow. It's too discouragin'. Used to be some good places up there, too."

We went over a dangerous grade crossing with due solemnity.

"I never want to see the place again," I ventured. And I told him of my vain hunt for a lodging, without going into details. I was sure that the brothers in the old stone house were Teeders, and I had no desire to be detained as a witness in a clumsy country trial.

"Sho!" He laughed. "Excuse *me*, but the idea of your goin' round from one of those houses to the other for a Christian lodgin' is a little too much. How come you didn't go to Foster's? 'Twouldn't have done any good, for they're down sick, but you could have slept in the barn, maybe. The hired man's all right. 'Less they took you for Sam Teeder in the dark!" He chuckled over his mild joke. "It was a bad night to be in Martin's Hollow. Constable had the dogs all over the place. Between you an' me, I don't think they'll find Sam. He might be in most any house over there."

"Are they all such desperate characters?"

"Well, I wouldn't say desperate. Most of 'em ain't up to that." He laughed again. "But they're all connected up over there—Teeders an' Rowells an' Skeeles—an' I guess they've got sense enough to stick by each other. The man that was shot was a Skeele, but he an' his family quarrelled, an' I guess the whole crowd would stick by Sam Teeder. Andy Skeele didn't have anybody much left but his old father, an' he's half cracked."

"Is there also an old woman in the Hollow who's more than half cracked?"

"Old Mrs. Rowell, the Teeder boys' aunt? She's crazy as a loon. You didn't go *there?*"

"I did." Again I gave no details.

The man slapped his thigh. "Well, of all the— Guess you didn't want to stop after you see *her*, did you? I drove a patent-medicine fellow over to Martin's Hollow last spring. Hebron's dry as a bone, an' all those folks can get is some kind of tonic with a big per cent of alcohol in it. Well, he wanted to stop there—the house is kind of imposin', you know—an' I thought I'd let him. I don't care about agents much. I stayed with the horses. Old Mrs. Rowell come to the door, an' he lit out with one whoop. I had to laugh. I don't know what she said to him, but he wouldn't go anywheres else except Foster's, an' of course they didn't want his stuff. Excuse *me*, but you certainly did get the worst of the bunch. My father's told me she used to be a real pretty woman, too, before anythin' happened to her. There was plenty of good stock up in Martin's Hollow once, but —well, you know how 'tis." He looked a little shamefaced and lowered his voice. "Fact is, they've intermarried and intermarried over there, till you don't know what relation any of them is to each other. Guess they don't know themselves. Now and then they have a row. Them Teeder boys won't last long. They ain't worth the stones in their own pasture."

"What was the Teeder-Skeele quarrel about?"

"Oh, it began with a girl. She died last winter, but there's been bad blood ever since."

"Was she from Martin's Hollow?"

He did not answer my question directly. "Her name was Rowell."

Though I had known Pete Manning at college, I was still an outsider, and Martin's Hollow was in the township. I quite understood the psychology of it, and did not press him further. We drove into the peaceful village of Hebron, and I went to the hotel for breakfast.

I did not go on with my walking journey. I was afraid that my tone was past recovering. I took the afternoon train, very glad to escape from hotel-porch and corner-store gossip. The talk was all of Martin's Hollow, and I was so bursting with the knowledge of how I could have interested the inhabitants of Hebron, had I chosen, that I was afraid I should proceed to interest them in spite of myself.

Towards noon I met the man who had driven me into Hebron. He waved his hand. "'Spose you're goin' up Silvernail to-night?" he inquired jocosely as he passed. The question was purely rhetorical. My answer also was purely rhetorical.

I went back to town where there were a dozen thrillers on my desk, and I reviewed them with a pen dipped in vitriol. With a Martin's Hollow in the world there really seemed no excuse for people's not doing better.

MADRIGAL

By Edith Ives Woodworth

Illustration (frontispiece) by Elenore Plaisted Abbott

I

She came across the shining hill
Adown a golden lea.
Love lightened in her dewy eyes,
Love piped a melody.

Love led her to a silver space,
Beneath a gray-leaved tree;
Dear Heaven! the wind tossed in her hair,
The sunlight touched her knee.

Ah, unforgotten morn of gold,
O river running free,
I thrilled to see her foam-white foot,
When my love came to me.

II

Night broods upon the gray-leaved bough
Around the shadowed door,
O dark is yon unlighted hill
And dull the reedy shore.

Nor will she pass upon the plain
As once she passed before,
Nor evermore her foam-white foot,
My starry love of yore.



Drawn by F. Graham Cootes.

"There! How natural it looks!" and seizing the thread, the old lady kissed it.—Page 695.

THE LAST FLASH

By Sarah Barnwell Elliott

Illustration by F. Graham Cootes

ALONG a road a little procession was moving, headed by a clergyman in a white surplice and carrying a service-book in his hands. Behind the priest came a four-wheeled wagon; the wheels had been freshly washed, and the horses had been curried, and the driver was very careful how he drove, for in the wagon there was a large coffin wrapped in an old Confederate flag and surrounded by wreaths and crosses, all of red or white flowers. Each side of the wagon marched six men, the guard of honor—all gray-haired, some bent, some limping; behind the wagon came a boy who wore on his little sleeve a broad black band, and in his arms he carried an old-fashioned sword. His round, pink face was very serious and he held the old sword close to his breast as if it were very precious, not moving a hand even to brush away his hair which sometimes the wind blew into his eyes. Behind him came eight young men, the pall-bearers. A few vehicles followed, all that the town could boast, public and private. On the path that ran along the roadside a long procession of people moved, old and young, rich and poor, walking two and two. The procession of people was longer than the procession that marched in the road, some people being ahead of the priest.

It was very quiet, only the creaking of the vehicles and a low murmur that might have been the talk of the people who marched, or that might have been the wind in the tops of the big trees of the wood, for the wind was blowing—not very hard as yet but it was rising—and the people said to each other that they thought it would rain before night. It always rained after a good person died, many of them believed, though they did not say it, so that the footsteps of the righteous might be washed away and not be desecrated. And the old general had been a good man. Yes, they thought it would rain before night.

In the depths of the wood was the graveyard where the negro grave-diggers, resting on their spades, stood each side of the grave. A white man was there, too, the town carpenter, who also took charge of funerals. Across the grave were two beams of wood and by each beam stretched a stout rope. The crowd flowed in and around the grave; the vehicles drove as close as possible, and the big coffin was laid on the two beams. The family stood closest, mostly women, with their arms about each other and their black veils hiding them. The little boy with the sword stood at the foot of the grave; the priest at the head. The coffin was lowered, the service was read, the prayers repeated with bowed heads. A hymn was sung while the grave was filled in—an Easter hymn:

> "Alleluia! Alleluia!
> The strife is o'er, the battle is done!"

quaveringly at first, until all the people joined in. The grave was "shaped"; the flowers were laid on it by all the friends until it was quite covered. The priest lifted his hand and gave the blessing; then from out the crowd there stepped a thin old man carrying a bugle. In his buttonhole there was a bit of red ribbon, on his breast a bronze Cross of Honor. He was one of those who had walked beside the coffin. He laid his old, gray, campaign hat on the ground, then stood up very straight. He put the bugle to his lips and lifted his head a little, and his eyes were fixed on the tops of the tall trees. He was so old, could he blow his bugle the people wondered? He had asked to blow "taps" for his old commander; could he do it?

How clear it rang out—how far it seemed to go—to echo—to come back

from the solemn woods! And the old bugler stood there, still looking up, still listening!

There was a sudden movement in the crowd; it had begun to rain. But nobody hurried until they were out of the graveyard.

The war in Europe had killed the old general, they said; he had got so excited about it and his heart was so weak. A heated argument between him and a strange man he had met in the post-office, a travelling man; before the end of the argument the general had fallen dead. His old wife had been with the general at the post-office, and she had tried to catch that big man! Others had done it, fortunately, else the little old lady would have been killed; but she sat on the floor and held his head in her lap until the wagon had come that would bring him to his home; but the travelling man, without so much as speaking to a merchant about what he had come to sell, left on the next train. The village children watched him so, and followed him so closely, he was glad to get away. "A German," the children whispered, "and the Germans are trying to kill all the people in the world, and he killed the old general!" and they threw stones at the train as it moved away.

But the general's old wife sat by the little fire that, winter or summer, burned always in her room, and did not speak. When people came to see her she only looked at them; even her children and grandchildren could not rouse her. "His voice was so loud," she would whisper, "so loud and so angry—a wicked man!"

She did not go to the funeral; she did not seem to know about what was taking place. Day after day she sat over the fire silent. The family was in despair. One day her daughter, called out of the room, dropped the newspaper she had been reading and the head-lines caught the eyes of the old lady.

"Terrible Battle Raging!" she read. "Latest from the Front! Awful Carnage!"

She grasped the paper and began hurrying about the room. Her granddaughter came in.

"They are fighting!" the old lady cried, "and I must meet Arthur! Come, help me get my things!"

The granddaughter ran out to her mother and together they came into the old lady's room. "Arthur's things must go into that trunk," she said, pointing to a small, old trunk in the bottom of the closet.

"Yes," her daughter said, fearing to contradict her, while the granddaughter thought it strange that such an old man as her grandfather should have such a beautiful young name.

"His socks!" the old lady cried; "I darned them yesterday, but there are so few!"

The daughter turned quickly. "Every one is knitting socks for the soldiers," she said; "why not you? You told me that in the war you knit a pair a day."

The old lady paused. "I did," she said, and with a half-folded garment in her hands she stood a moment as if thinking. Then—"I will!" and she dropped the half-folded garment on the floor. She went to an old-fashioned wardrobe and pulled open a drawer. "My needles are here," she said, her little old fingers busy among small bags and bundles all laid away in camphor. "Here, two sets; I can keep one going with wool and one with cotton." Then to the granddaughter, who stood watching in wonder: "Run and get me some thread; I shall try to bring a dozen pairs to Arthur."

The granddaughter ran to the shops to get the thread and the daughter wiped her eyes. "Poor, poor soldiers," she said; "they'll be so glad to get the socks."

"Yes," the old lady answered proudly; "and the way I turn the heels they never wrinkle; no man has ever a blistered heel from the stockings I knit. And when I'm tired knitting socks I can scrape lint! Hunt up some old linen for lint; and we can tear and roll bandages, too! And gloves! Not knitted gloves, but out of chamois-skin, I will make those, too. Strange that I should have thought the war all over and my work all done, and the 'Terrible Battles' still raging—still raging—how awful—how awful! The fatherless children, the desolate widows! Raging battles—the dead and the wounded all piled together in the burning sun, in the rain, in the snow—and I thought it was over."

The granddaughter came running in

with the wool thread in hanks, the cotton in balls.

"There! How natural it looks!" and, seizing the thread, the old lady kissed it. "I thought it was all over and my work all done. I'll knit and knit!" Swiftly she knitted, sharply the glittering needles clicked and the stockings grew beneath her skilful fingers, while sometimes she quavered "The Bonnie Blue Flag" and sometimes an old love-song, "Lorena."

One day the old bugler came to sell some eggs. "Did you think the war was done?" she asked. "I did, but now the war is still raging; still there are terrific battles, and I am knitting—knitting for the soldiers. The general has joined his command. Are you going, too, with your bugle?"

"Yes, ma'am, I'm going, too."

"And again you'll be band-leader?"

"I hope so, ma'am," and as he went away he drew the back of his hand across his eyes.

BASEBALL—THE IDEAL COLLEGE GAME

By Lawrence Perry

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS AND FROM A PAINTING BY H. HOWLAND

WHEN the score of a Commencement game stands one to nothing in favor of the home team, with the young men of a rival university at bat in the first half of the ninth inning, intercollegiate baseball, in point of thrill, color, and general spectacular environment, may be regarded as having reached its apotheosis.

In the distance the hills and woods sleep in the purple haze of a placid June afternoon. Over the baseball field silence hangs heavily and tensely, where formerly the air had vibrated with organized uproar, breaking occasionally into that unordered upheaval of sound which one knows at the Polo Grounds or at Shibe Park. Myriads of red, blue, white, pink, mauve parasols, gay costumes, and flags have become so motionless that each color-note stands out distinctly.

The antics of the reunited classes, who just before the game paraded into the field, dominating it completely, are forgotten. Scotch Highlanders, Dutch peasants, Indian Parsees, Arabs, sailors, and red Indians long ago melted from the centre of the arena and now form merely a segment in a vast, towering bank of color.

The bands and drum corps have disappeared; floats laden with apt, timely symbolical groups are out of sight behind the stands. A great part of the game, it may be supposed, had passed before the jovial graduates and those watching them had been able to disassociate this struggle on the diamond from the scenes of merry abandon which had marked its opening stages. But now, in this first half of the ninth, the game holds full sway.

A sharp crack of a bat against an inshoot smites the ears like the splitting of a giant oak. A deep murmur drowns the little clattering volley of cheers, from the devoted group of supporters of the alien nine, as the white sphere describes a perfect parabola. But an agile outfielder keeps pace with it—a race always as beautiful as anything in the realm of sport—and the ball finally settles into his hand. A roar of relief and applause acclaims the play, as a similar outburst does a moment later when a stinging grounder whizzes to the short-stop and is deftly handled, making two out. Alumnus, undergraduate, and mere spectator rise in their seats eager for the celebration of victory which will make anything that has gone before—even the game itself—seem dull and colorless in retrospect.

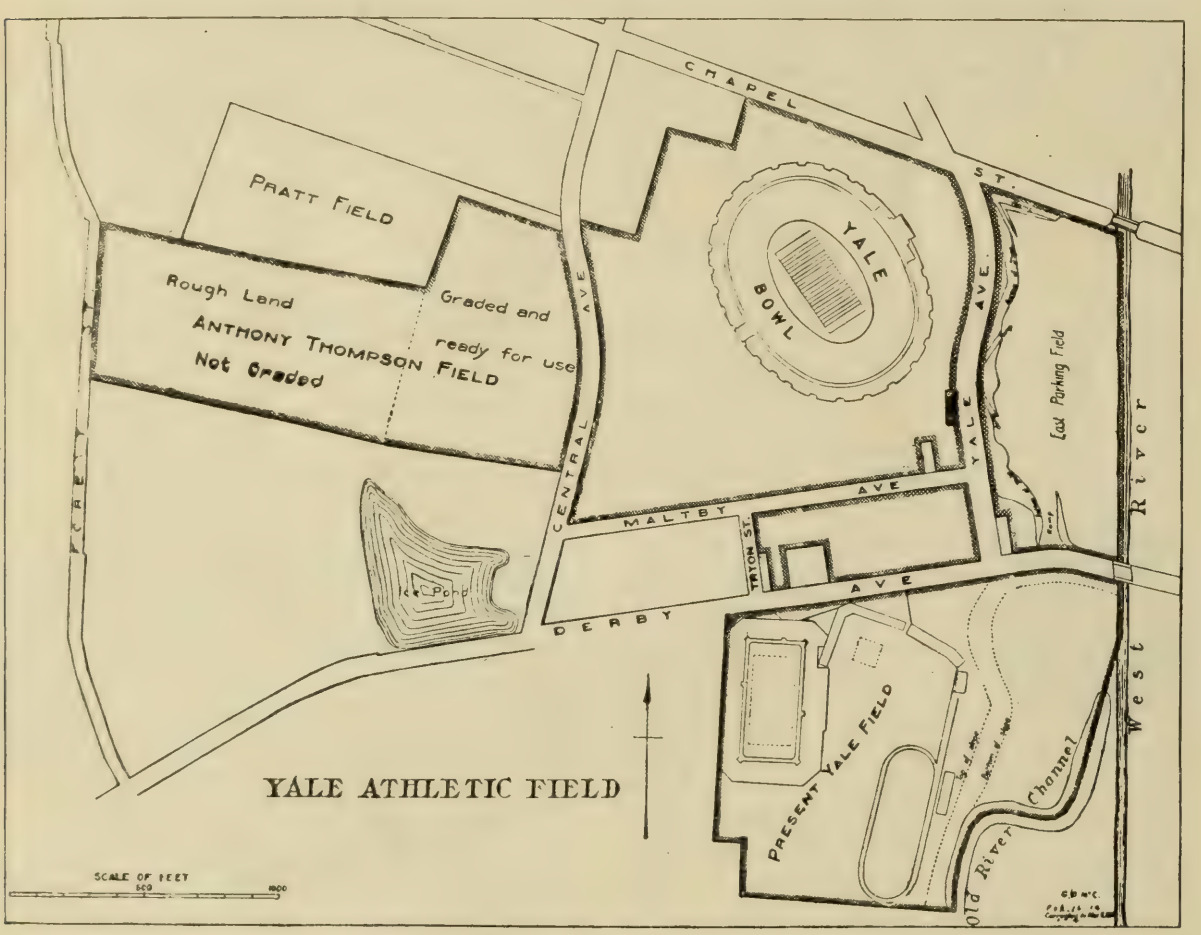
Not just yet, though. The pitcher, upon whom the issue now depends, unnerved by his responsibility or by the rising tumult, or both, misses the plate four times. The batter moves blithely to

first, while the coaches chatter with new life and batters next in order swing their two and three bats viciously in the air in process of warming up for the attack.

On stand and bleacher silence falls heavily. There is an instinctive surging backward, a deprecatory indrawing of breath, lest the gods of battle be moved to fickle ends. This seems entirely possible, if only for the reason that the most potent slugger on either nine is advancing to the plate. If he were considerate, he might strike out and, as the saying is, end the agony. But he won't do that—not if he can help it, that is. If his manifest duty of attempting to put a damper upon the joyous afternoon—to interpose, as it were, the skeleton at the feast—is a disagreeable one, he gives no indication of this. His mien, indeed, is one of determination. He is there to knock the cover off the ball, if he can. This, metaphorically speaking, he does. From his bat the spheroid flies far into the hinterlands, on a line past all recovery, and with the consequent home run the fortunes of the contest are diametrically reversed.

There are calls to the home team, cheers of encouragement, appeals. But all to no avail; while the university anthem rises and swells the home team languishes and supinely dies, and a Roman holiday has gone aglimmering. The crowd which would have filled the playing area with joyful carnival silently flows down from the stands, pondering perhaps the saving thought that, after all, a university depends upon many deeper things than a baseball game for her prestige.

But, even so, the feeling in the mind of most observers, partisan or non-partisan, of an anticlimax of the sort at New Haven; Princeton; Franklin Field; Ferry Field, Michigan; or Morningside Heights —for the picture in the foregoing is a composite—must be that things might have been better ordered, and that baseball is too uncertain to lend itself inevitably to alumni exuberance. For that matter, the alumni of one important university are



Plan of development of the athletic area at Yale.



Drawn by H. Howland.

"Warming up" for the Commencement Week game.

talking of a movement to eliminate a certain powerful rival as a Commencement attraction and to substitute therefor a team less liable to mar the complete pleasure of the occasion.

Yet even this promises nothing inevitable; for, to the lasting credit of baseball, be it said that the small-college team is as likely as not to humiliate its rival of greater prestige—as see the record of Williams against Princeton and Yale. On the other hand, there would be this advantage: such a game would be more likely to be decided on the merits of play. For no sport demands such co-ordination of team play and individual exactitude as baseball, and contests are won and lost upon the ability with which muscular effort is adjusted to eye and instinct. One cannot count upon preliminary form when traditional intercollegiate rivals struggle for supremacy in crucial contests; where this condition is accentuated by the presence of crowds of alumni with their costumes and horse-play anything unusual is likely to happen.

Once Timothy Hurst, famous in his day as a National League umpire, was assigned to Princeton to umpire his first intercollegiate game, Yale being the opponent. In the ninth inning a great, husky player, a football linesman of renown, struck out and retired to the bench, tears streaming from his eyes.

"Say," said Timothy, solemnly doffing his mask and walking out to the field umpire, who was better versed in intercollegiate rivalry, "what's that guy crying about?"

"Why, he wanted to lick Yale," was the reply.

But Hurst walked away shaking his head dazedly.

Later, as his experience in games of the sort increased, he came to realize some of the spirit which animates these university players. But he never did quite understand it.

"It's a great game these college boys play," he said not many years ago. "You could knock over any man of either team by coming up from behind and laying your finger upon his shoulder."

Withal, intercollegiate baseball contests may be followed approvingly whatever the environment, because they encourage



Game between the Colleges of Agriculture and Civil Engineering on the Alumni Field, Cornell.

So great is the interest in these intramural contests that fear has been expressed that they may interfere with the university athletic spirit.



Interclass games on Brokaw Field, Princeton.

healthy competition and rivalry. The game is better played without the attachment of an alumni circus, to be sure; but at bottom every one recognizes this and, generally speaking, is well content that upon at least one day in the year it shall hold place less as a sport than as an amusement. The sporting aspect is sufficiently taken care of, for that matter, in the long schedules of thirty-odd games which the university nines play, as well as in the various problems which have grown out of the extreme popularity of the game with the general public, such as the temptation to play summer baseball for money and other infringements against the spirit of pure amateurism.

Aside from all this, however, the great fact about college baseball which stands out clear from all the glitter and excitement of momentous contests is the significance which the sport has come to assume in relation to the health and physical growth, not of a small group of experts but of the great body of students generally. No game is so adaptable to so many degrees of proficiency, and no game, to the vast majority of young men, is more enjoyable to play.

Yet, only a short time ago, the number of students who took systematic exercise on the diamond or elsewhere was confined largely to members of the various university teams. In point of fact, it is only within the past five years that there has been a general effort on the part of university and college authorities to make capital of the attraction which baseball holds for any normal boy. This is in line with the development of the idea of intramural sport as a duty to the students hardly less significant than the work of the curriculum.

Last year an effort to obtain a comparison of the number of students engaged as regular or substitute members of "'varsity" teams, as compared to the total number of students, brought replies from one hundred and fifty seats of learning. Compilation of figures submitted showed that 18,000 students were represented in intercollegiate competition as against a total enrolment of 111,000. This leaves 93,000 students open to participation in



This field is set apart for non-'varsity players.

the scheme of intracollegiate athletics. All of which gives some suggestion of the timeliness of the movement which has already become national in its scope.

From the University of Washington and other colleges on the West coast, through the Middle West, clear across the country, north and south to the Atlantic seaboard, efforts are now making to enlarge playgrounds and not alone to enlist, but to compel the interest of the boy-in-the-bleachers, the boy who can't play 'varsity ball but can play ball of some sort. Purdue, for example, with her fifteen-acre stretch of turf adjoining Stuart Field—the regular athletic grounds—gives the students every facility for intramural sports, stipulating only that baseball and other games shall be of such a nature that the recreative element shall dominate, and that the strength and interest of the students be not taken away from the work of the curriculum.

The addition to the old Regents Field at the University of Michigan, which was made possible through the generosity of Dexter M. Ferry, gives this university a domain of thirty-five acres, only a few minutes' walk from the campus, on which several hundred students may be seen playing ball at the same hour any afternoon in the spring term. Lincoln Field at Brown is similarly devoted, Andrew Field being used by the regular university athletic organizations.

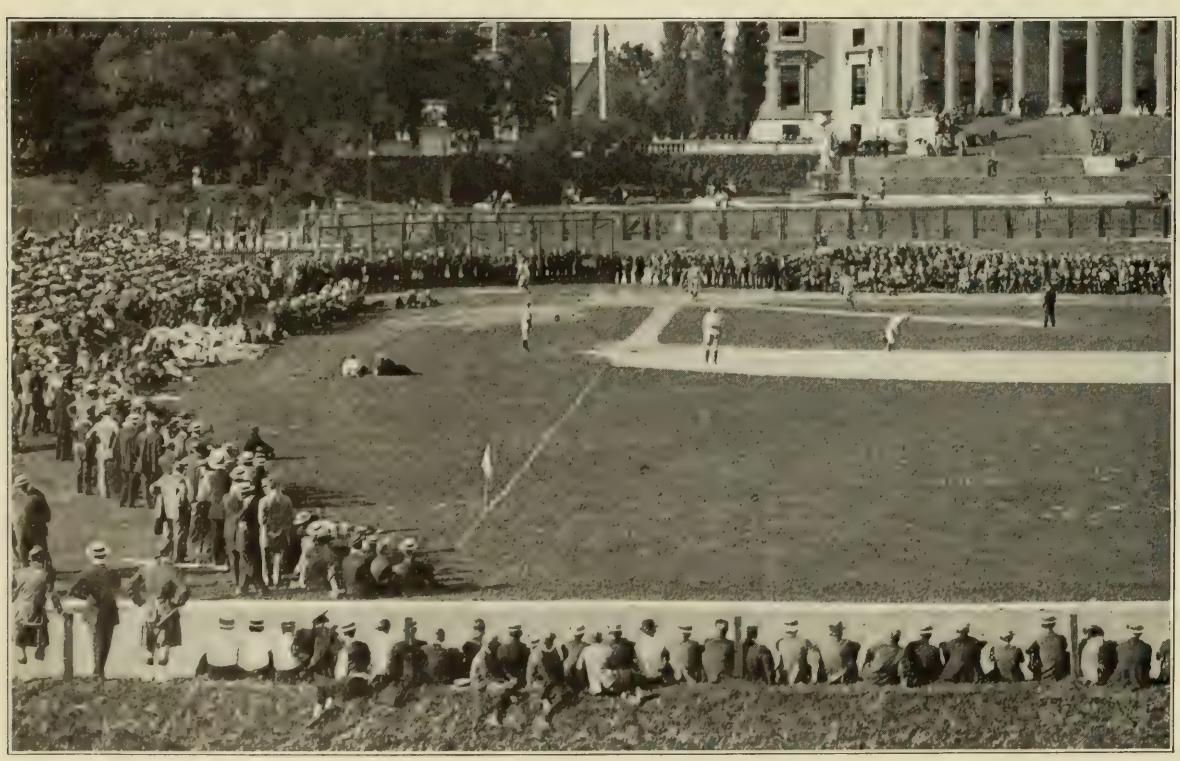
The aim of every college, in fact, is to secure enlarged facilities for the new cause of out-of-doors, not with any idea that the curve of student attendance corresponds in direct or indirect proportion to athletic prestige, or lack of it, but because its value as to the health and physical and mental development of the scholastic body has become so patent. As to the effect of success in competitive sports on university enrolment, it has been demonstrated at several universities, notably at Columbia and Michigan, that results are negligible. Hence the present trend may certainly be regarded as disinterested on the part of the collegiate authorities. The colleges whose position is now fortunate are those who long ago foresaw the present need and provided against it. Play areas

are not to be picked up for a song, and in the case of urban universities, such as Columbia, Chicago University, and the like, there is scant ground to be picked up at whatever price.

But visit Soldiers' Field at Cambridge a bit after three o'clock some sparkling June afternoon, when the students are free from recitations for the day, and you will see what baseball is doing for Harvard, or what Harvard is doing for baseball, as you will. Walking down Boylston Street to the bridge, there come to the ear sounds of activity and excitement quite at variance with quiet Cambridge, the Charles slumbering among its meadow-grasses, and the silent walls of the stadium smouldering in lambent light. The sharp clack of ash on horsehide punctuates a chorus of sharp, staccato cries, and constantly there rises that steady barking and confused murmur of voices without which no scrub game of baseball—wherein play is essentially for the sport and fun thereof—can be conducted.

As you cross the river and enter upon that broad, level domain of sixty-odd acres which Harvard has dedicated to the gods of out-of-doors, the mind is confused by the color and animation of the spectacle. Organized games are in progress on six fields—one hundred and eight ardent young athletes involved in the thrill of spirited competition. It is a vibrant atmosphere into which to step. Besides, there are odd corners occupied by games of one-o'-cat and fungo batting and catch-and-toss. The danger of contact with some flying sphere, approaching unseen from any number of directions, is not in any sense negligible. A ball rolls gently to your feet and stops. A distant "Thank you!" comes to your ears and you pick up the grass-stained object and hurl it toward an outfielder with the elated sense of participation in the picture.

To the southward the 'varsity and substitutes are practising; indulging, no doubt, in star plays, as becomes men of the university nine; but the things they do with beautiful ease and proficiency are witnessed by an inconsiderable band of spectators—inconsiderable, that is, when compared to the crowd attending a momentous contest on a diamond near the tennis-courts. It is a game, say, between the "Grass-Eaters" and the "Prickly Heats," two nines whose ambition is to enter the final matches which will determine the season's ownership of the Leiter cup. This is a scrub series in which twenty-five teams compete, over two hun-



South Field, Columbia University, New York City.
Commencement Day game with University of Pennsylvania.



Harvard students in action on Soldiers' Field.

It contains adequate room for men who love to play ball but cannot make the 'varsity.

dred and twenty-five men drawn from all departments of the university. Some of the players have never been members of an organized nine; others have been cut from other squads. But wherever they have come from, and whatever the components of the various nines—the "Neversweats," "Airwhackers," "Skyscrapers," "Knights of Leisure," what not?—they are all very much concerned. The spirit, if not the skill and team work, is that of a 'varsity intercollegiate struggle. Teams likely as not are grotesquely unbalanced. There may be found at second base a former Yale or Princeton 'varsity player, who is in the law school at Cambridge, and ineligible for any regular team of the university, or a big league star, taking some graduate course, while at the other extreme there are infielders on the same nine who decline to play the infield without the protection of a mitt, who drop their bats and run when a "bean ball" looms upon their startled vision.

There are star plays, ludicrous errors, disputes with the umpire—incident after incident thrilling or side-splitting, all of which accounts for the drawing powers of this contest over and above the appeal which the practice of the 'varsity exerts.

Elsewhere, class teams are struggling for supremacy, while on another diamond two of the three freshman dormitory nines are engaged. Harvard, it will be grasped, believes in baseball, the more of it the better. All students who are not engaged in other forms of athletics are urged to come out for the various series as arranged by the athletic authorities, who undertake to supply all masks, protectors, bats, and balls that are required. Any boy, whatever his ability, who cares to play baseball gets an opportunity. It is not by any means an overestimate to say that between 500 and 600 Harvard students avail themselves of the privileges offered, of which 317 are members of regularly organized teams. This compares favorably with the total of 606 students who rowed last season, and exceeds the number of students who played football —202.

Not all boys are star players, or even fair performers with bat and ball, but it is indeed a rare case where you find a student who has never played the game in one form or another. Beneath the two levels of brilliant stars and men whose proficiency is sufficiently great to make them members of 'varsity or second or class teams, there is a standard of proficiency so broad as to include hundreds and hun-



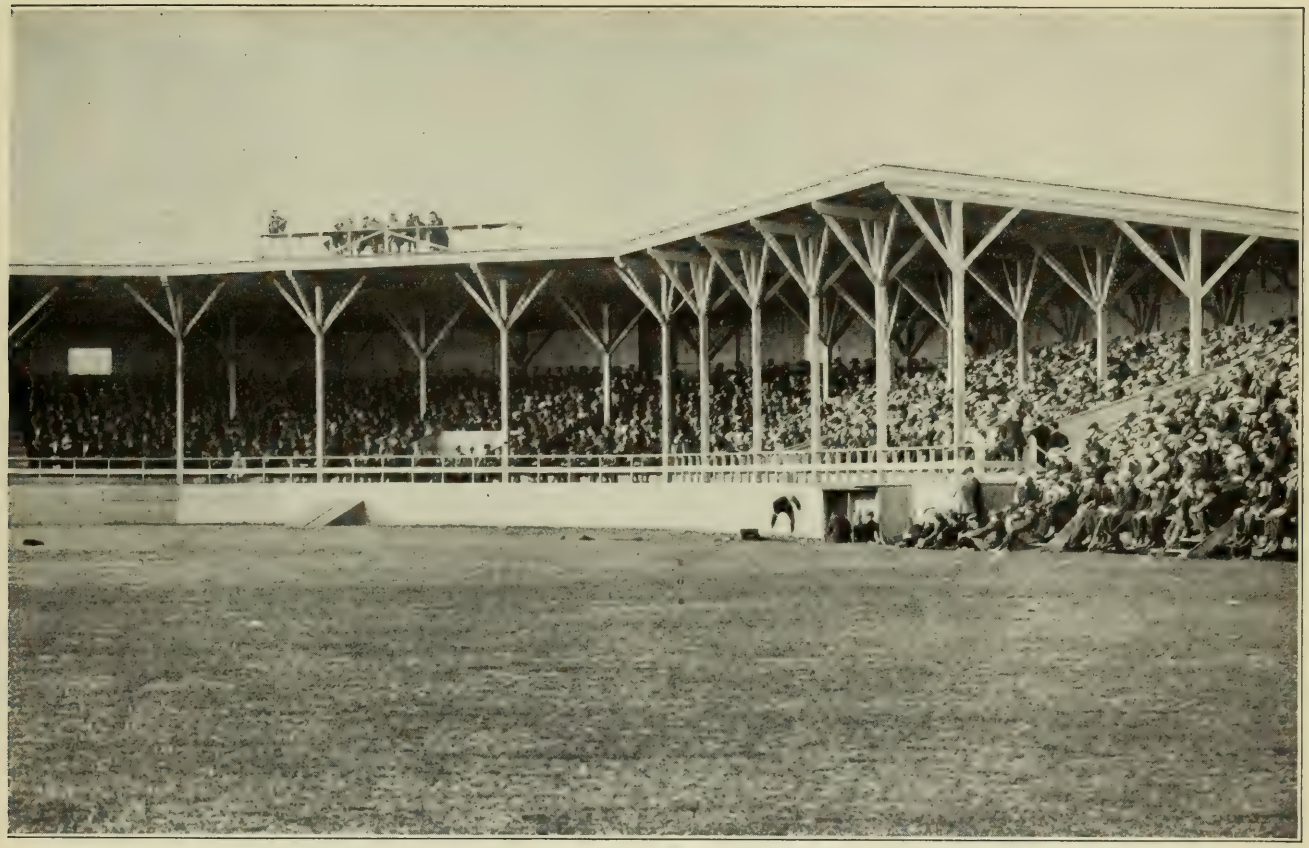
Annual commencement game on Ferry
Besides this diamond, the field has

dreds of students in any great seat of learning. These are players who are neither very good nor very bad, who love baseball and need but the encouragement to bring them forth in games against their kind. And such is the nature of the sport that contests can be as thrilling, as prolific of excitement, as the healthy young American animal can ask.

Pennsylvania is an example of a city university which has felt the vital need of increased space for baseball and other outdoor sports without being able to meet the demand of the students. At the present time the university is in litigation over an extensive plot of ground which it desires to employ in large part in extending facilities for baseball and games generally among the undergraduates. Now, with this matter in abeyance in the courts, all teams, aside from the 'varsity, second, and freshman nines, must play their games without opportunity for practice, a fact recognized as a disadvantage by the trustees and faculty as well as by the students. A similar condition exists at the University of California.

The great thing about the scholars at Pennsylvania, as elsewhere, is the increasing aversion they evince to taking their exercise vicariously. One sees no longer the crowds of pipe-smoking students lounging in the stands, watching the 'varsity nine at practice. When one considers that at Harvard, Yale, Brown, Illinois, Princeton, Dartmouth, Cornell, Purdue, North Carolina, Missouri, Michigan, and elsewhere, from three to six hundred students, who formerly had nothing better to do than watch the 'varsity, are now vitally concerned in contests of their own, the advancement which has been made in behalf of definite outdoor exercise will be appreciated.

It is a fine thing that this is so, for no game in all the calendar of sports is so valuable a factor in the health and general physical development of young men. George Huff, director of athletics at the University of Illinois—a man whose knowledge and judgment of all matters pertaining to physical exercise are scientific and exact—says that the exercise which the game affords is almost pre-



Field, University of Michigan, Ann Arbor.

several devoted to intracollegiate games.

cisely the amount that every college student should have, and that football, track, crew work, and the like suffer in comparison "because of the lesser fun which participants in these sports have." Mr. Huff thus voices what all competent physical directors recognize, that the utmost benefit is derived from that sport which, while it exercises the muscles and organs, also exhilarates the mind. Herein is the happy combination; baseball effects it.

One of the first things Mr. Huff did when he came to Urbana was to develop interest in the national game. To-day may be seen strolling about the campus of the University of Illinois many young men wearing intricate monograms of various colors. They signify that the wearers have made some class nine. Intramural baseball thrives here. Besides the 'varsity, second 'varsity, and freshman nines, there is an interclass team composed of from twelve to twenty teams, a fraternity league of some twenty-two teams, and a club league of eight teams. The university now has about thirty acres devoted to scrub baseball, and when the new recreation field is completed this area will be greatly enlarged.

"My own belief is," says Dean LeBaron R. Briggs, chairman of Harvard's Committee on the Regulation of Athletic Sports, "that there is scarcely anything like baseball to interest young men in out-of-door exercise, and that the only practical difficulty is in getting room enough for those who wish to play it. One year, when we hastily prepared an additional diamond on Soldiers' Field, we had within a week twenty-five scrub teams formed for a set of games."

These facts as set forth are vital, hence should be interesting. When one sees the campus of Dartmouth covered with baseball players any fair afternoon in the spring, he will receive an impression which holds something of significance aside from the sheer sporting aspect of the scene. It takes one down to the heart of things, things which lie beneath all the shouting and tumult and glory of intercollegiate contest, with its few participants and the many looking on. Thinking in this way, Dartmouth's 200 fraternity league play-

ers, her 140 members of class and dormitory nines, her 120 men who play on scratch teams, create an impression of clean, healthful activity and honest, if sometimes crude, competition, which make the activities of the vaunted 'varsity players seem gilt and tinsel.

The value of baseball as a form of exercise for students is nowhere recognized more adequately than at Princeton, where, indeed, freshmen are permitted to elect the sport under the Princeton system of compulsory exercise. Instruction and coaching are given these students, and results have impressed Professor Joseph E. Raycroft, of the Department of Hygiene and Physical Education, with the conviction that the game is one of the most valuable forms of exercise in which students indulge. It develops, he says, a body control, a co-ordination of eye and hand, a quickness of reaction and initiative, which are very valuable. Its shortcomings as a means of symmetrical muscular development, and a means of gaining good body posture, are to a very large extent, he believes, compensated for by the advantages mentioned and the further one represented by a training in team play.

Every encouragement and facility possible are given by Princeton for the promotion of intramural contests. There are lower-class and upper-class championship series scheduled, and the number of teams so engaged in regularly organized contests is about forty each year. Then there are club teams, teams representing various undergraduate publications, and scrub nines, so that, altogether, Princeton sees nearly five hundred of her one thousand six hundred-odd students playing ball regularly in the fall, spring, and early summer.

The plan followed by the university athletic authorities in conducting these various schedules of games is designed to insure the playing of many contests in each series. The number of class teams contesting in a given series for class or club championships will vary from eight to twelve or fourteen teams in each of the two lower classes, and from sixteen to twenty nines in the two upper classes. These are divided into groups of four and five and a round robin, or sometimes a double round robin, is played among the teams of each group. The winners in each group play an elimination series for the class, or club, championship, as the case may be. A little figuring will show that this plan involves the organization of a considerable number of teams, all of which have opportunity of playing out a comprehensive schedule.

Yale goes on the assumption that players who are fair may, under proper tuition, develop into valuable 'varsity mate-



Just before Yale's annual Commencement-Day game with Harvard at Yale Field.

rial. Under the system established by Frank Quinby, Yale's efficient graduate coach, no player, however mediocre, is overlooked. Aside from the 'varsity squad of some thirty men, which is divided into a 'varsity and second team, there is a freshman squad under a coach of its own, and a class league squad which also has a coach. All men not able to play on the freshman team proper have opportunity of playing on a second freshman nine, which is one of the class league teams. This league is composed of five teams: the Academic-Sheffield Senior Team, the Academic Juniors, Sheffield Juniors, Academic Sophomores, and the Second Freshman Nine, accounting in all for over seventy men.



From a photograph by Reily and Way, Philadelphia.

Straw-Hat Day, Franklin Field, University of Pennsylvania.

This game between Pennsylvania and Princeton in early May marks the advent of summer headgear at the university.

The regular 'varsity and freshman squads comprise as many more players, so that Yale has more than one hundred and forty men any one of whom—aside from freshmen—has a chance to prove his fitness for the university nine. The class-league coach develops his men with this idea in mind and not infrequently players are thus promoted upon recommendation to the head coach. The class teams play a long schedule against one another, and rivalry is keen, as the champions receive their numerals, sweaters, numeral hats and cups, and are, in addition, sent out to play various preparatory-school teams in the vicinity of New Haven.



Alumni "Pee-rade" on University Field, Princeton.

Yale occasionally dims Commencement joy upon this occasion.

All these contests are watched by the coach or his assistants, and rewards of improved play are so swift and unerring as to stimulate great interest among the men. Yale, therefore, conducts nine regular teams. In addition, the university



Dartmouth's baseball field, Hanover, New Hampshire.

encourages organization of teams among groups of individuals—scrub, fraternity, and other intracollegiate outfits—who play matches among themselves and against the smaller preparatory institutions. The demand of students wishing to play baseball already taxes Yale's extensive facilities and the future will see the necessity of an even larger area.

The plan on page 696 shows the present holdings of Yale University and the "Yale Committee of Twenty-one, Incorporated," all of which constitutes area to be devoted—where not already devoted—to the cause of baseball, football, and track. Ideas for the full development of the property are at present only tentative, but the drawing will show the possibilities that lie in these immense tracts comprising some eighty-seven acres in all. In the area south of Derby Avenue is Yale Field, a domain of about thirty-two acres, of which only about twenty-three acres are at present available for playing-fields. This section was purchased and developed about thirty years ago. The remaining ten acres are not at present usable for baseball or other sport, as they lie in marsh-land or upon a steep bluff which separates the West River marsh from the upland.

About four years ago the corporation of the university, recognizing the desirability of increasing the facilities for students who wished to indulge in athletic sports, appointed a committee of graduates to investigate the subject and report to the corporation ways and means for accomplishing the object sought. This committee recommended an extensive athletic development, and a committee of graduates was appointed to carry it out. This committee entered upon its duties by purchasing the land lying northerly of Derby Avenue, shown by the cross-hatched lines in its plans. The total area now standing in the name of the committee is about eighty-seven acres. Of this area about eleven acres were, at the time of purchase, marsh-land unsuitable for playing-fields, but, in connection with the grading necessitated by the building of the Bowl, along lines suggested by Charles A. Ferry, of New Haven, this area was filled in, and as soon as turf can be grown upon it, it will be admirably suited for the use of the teams. The remainder

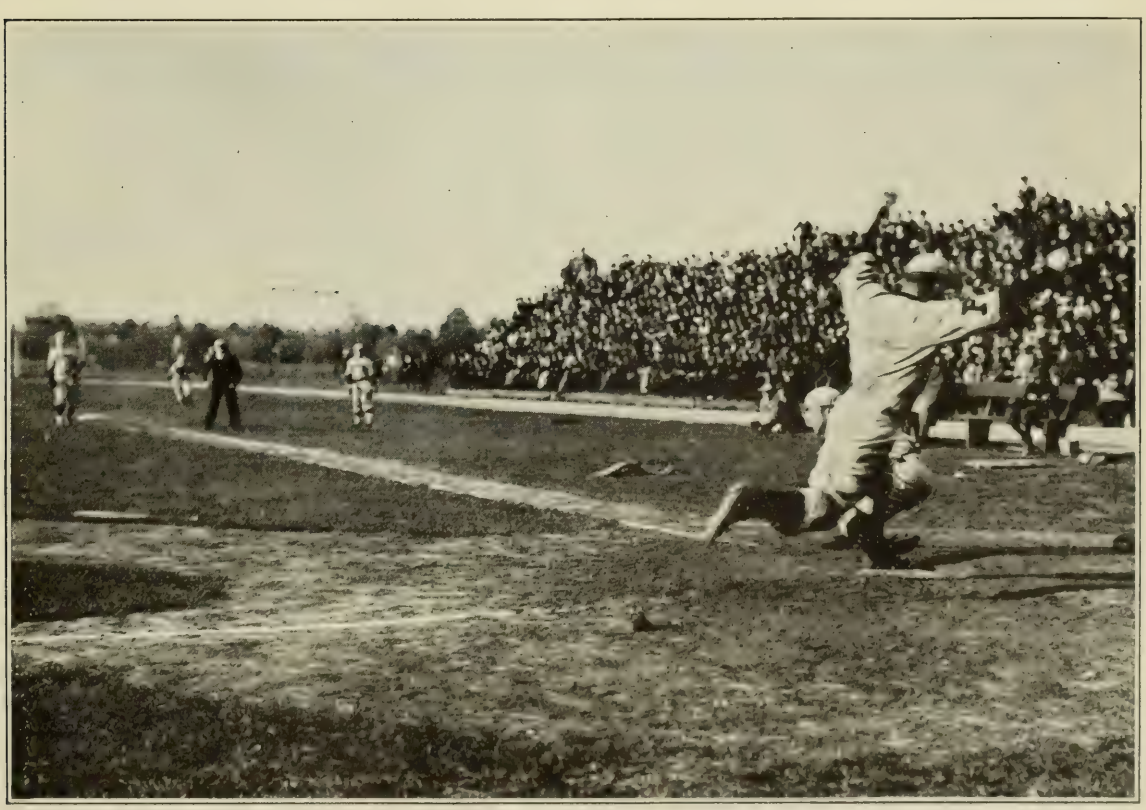
of the tract, except a small area of steep slope between Yale Avenue and the filled section, is all upland, and, with a small amount of grading, can be cheaply put into condition for use.

As soon as the land came into possession of the committee, a section of about twelve acres, on the westerly side of Central Avenue, was graded and fitted for playing-fields for the class teams. This area provided ample space for four diamonds, and the field was in constant use during the past season either for baseball or football. The approximately level area northerly of Maltby Avenue has been put into condition so that it can be used, temporarily, for two playing-fields: soccer football in the fall, and baseball in the spring. Thus, with facilities already developed, it is estimated that an average of about five hundred students daily enjoyed the facilities for athletic sport which these fields offered during the past season.

Further development of this area, as said, is tentative, but in general, however, it is proposed to erect a large club-house provided with lockers, showers, rubbing-tables, and all other necessary requirements for a first-class athletic training-house for all students using the fields. At present the only facility for the players at the field is a small house for the track team, the members of the other teams being obliged to use the gymnasium for dressing-rooms and the like. It is proposed to have the club-house large enough to accommodate a relay of twelve hundred students at one time. As all of the students do not use the same hours for recreation, it is thought this will be ample to accommodate those who will wish to use it.

At Cornell, in the spring, baseball is played by hundreds of students. Besides the 'varsity and freshman teams, there is a team in every one of the eight colleges of the university. These college teams are organized in a league, and they have a regular series of championship games extending through April and May every year. At the same time a series of interfraternity games is going on and the number of fraternity teams in the field is usually thirty to forty.

There is on the campus an open playground of thirty-five acres—a part of the new Alumni Field—where these collegiate and fraternity games are played. On this broad field there is room for about ten diamonds. They are numbered, and, when the college and fraternity schedules are arranged, each game is assigned to a cer-



Stuart Field, Purdue University, Lafayette, Indiana.

A close decision in a championship game.

tain diamond for a certain hour on a certain day. It is by no means an uncommon thing for all ten diamonds to be in use all the afternoon. The total number of men engaging in more or less organized games of baseball at Cornell is not far short of five hundred, a fact in which the university takes pride.

More students of the University of Missouri at Columbia, Mo., participate in baseball than in all other outdoor activities combined. There are playing this year, for instance, aside from the 'varsity squad, an all-freshman squad, a pan-Hellenic League with twelve teams, a regimental league with eight teams, interclass and interdepartment series, with several departments having interclass series within the departments. In addition to these there are more informal series such as Inter-Hall, and "the Hash House League," as it is called.

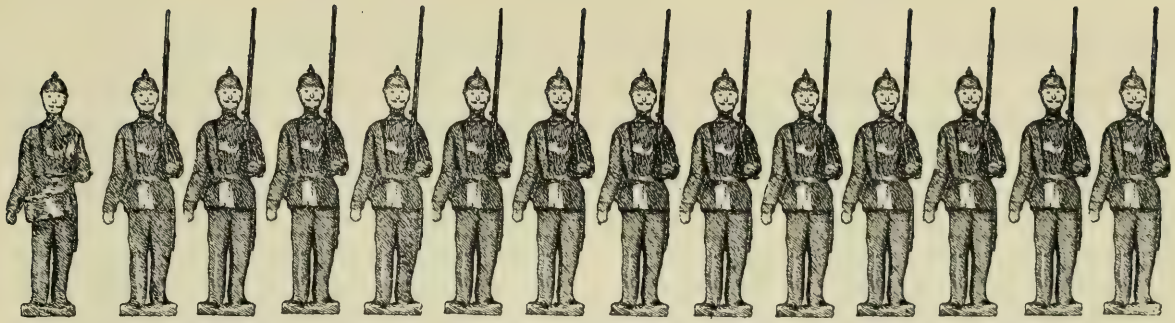
The four complete fields which the university maintains have proved so inadequate to meet the present demands that an addition has been made to the present area which will provide two more baseball fields by next summer. Every Saturday in the current season the fields are in use all day, four and five games being played on every one of the four fields between eight o'clock and sunset.

Even the co-eds play regularly, and C. L. Brewer, director of athletics at Missouri, has found baseball a fine sport for them. The various classes of the university girls have their representative teams and play a regular series on the Girls' Athletic Field, where only girls of the university are admitted. At no seat of learning in the country, indeed, is the baseball spirit so rampant as here.

So one might go on extending examples of the growth of our national game as an extremely valuable medium of healthful student life throughout the universities of the United States, did not the limitations of space forbid aught but citation of these comparatively limited number of typical instances. Curiously enough, it is found as a result of a study of conditions at our seats of learning, that intracollege sports have been the outgrowth of spirit engendered by intercollegiate competition. One might have fancied the condition to be the other way round. The old idea that 'varsity baseball and a wide-spread participation in the sport for the sheer fun and exercise of it are incompatible has gone by the board, and in the fact that we now see the two phases of the game flourishing side by side may be read much of significance.



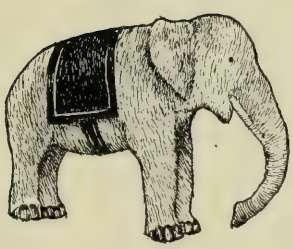
University of Illinois baseball field at Urbana, Illinois.



MADE IN GERMANY

By Temple Bailey

ILLUSTRATIONS BY KERR EBY



DOROTHEA'S little shop was at the very edge of the residence district, on the boundary line, as it were, of business. At first she had sold only needles and pins and thread and collar bones and embroidery silks and ruching and ink and paper and post-cards. Then one Christmas she had added a few toys, and since then her small place had been known quite prominently as the Toy Shop.

For Dorothea was a genius at discovering toys that the youngsters wanted. She was so much of a child herself, in spite of the silver threads which shone faintly through her fair hair, and in spite of the tiny wrinkles which encroached on the pink-and-white of her complexion.

The needles and pins and ink and collar bones were side issues now, for the little shop overflowed with lead soldiers and woolly sheep and furry cats and things that had to be wound up, and things that barked when you pulled a string, or mewed when you tipped them upside down, or ran on wheels when you put them on the floor. And all the cases were crowded with dolls that talked and dolls that walked, and dolls that went to sleep, and dolls that simply smiled and did nothing. And there were little china dishes heaped with such natural-looking food that you really couldn't believe that the spinach and the eggs and the puddings and the pies and the sausages and the salads weren't ready to eat on the spot! There were little iron cook-stoves, and houses with all the furniture in them to the very last footstool, and with bathtubs and electric lights; and there were railroads that led up to the most wonderful tin mountains, with tin trains that stopped at tin stations, and with tin signals and bridges.

And every one of these wonderful toys was "made in Germany."

Dorothea, coming in one dull September morning, surveyed her stock for the first time without a smile on her face.

In her hand she held a newspaper. She had read it on the trolley, and what she read had sickened her. For the paper told of the things which Germany was doing on the other side of the water, and which had nothing to do with dolls or tin tracks or lead soldiers. But they had to do with real soldiers and with big guns and with death and destruction. For Germany, it seemed, was at war with all the world, and Germany was to blame.

At least, it looked that way to Dorothea.

It had always seemed to her before that the toys had welcomed her. To people without imagination, toys are inanimate things, but to Dorothea they were as alive as the people who bought them. She never sold a pussy-cat without hoping that it would get a good home; she never parted with a wistful bisque baby without some anxiety as to the kind of mother it was to acquire. And as for her white ele-

phants, she always saw them go with a heavy heart, fearing that their almost pathetic mildness might place them at the mercy of some boyish tyrant.

There was only one white elephant left and there would be no others. Making toys was one of the arts of peace, and Germany was at war!

Dorothea pulled up the shades of the big window. Every morning she set forth in that window the toys which were to act as a lure for the public eye. Even in these early fall days there were those who, passing through on their way from north-shore resorts, patronized the little place which was noted for its uniqueness.

It was quite the usual thing for Dorothea to give her white elephant the place of honor in the window. But this morning she would have none of him. The lead soldiers seemed to offer themselves obtrusively. The Prussian troops positively swaggered as Dorothea turned a stern eye upon them. For a moment she surveyed them, then she shut the cover of the box tightly, hiding the spectacle of their triumphant insolence.



Since then her place had been known quite prominently as the Toy Shop.
—Page 711.

She put some books in the window, and a row of Kewpie post-cards. These, with a few boxes of letter-paper and some half-dozen tubes of library paste, made a strictly American and neutral display. The books were published in Boston, the paper and paste were Middle West, and the Kewpies were irreproachably United States.

It was while she was giving the last touches to this somewhat sombre display that a man opened the door and entered. He was a small man with an upstanding halo of gray hair. But he was not old. Like Dorothea, his hair was older than his face, and his face was older than his heart. He limped a little, and in his hand he, too, carried a newspaper.

"Dear lady," he said, "good morning."

Dorothea turned and faced him. "It is not good morning, Herr von Puttkamer, it is bad morning. What do you think of your country now?"

"It is my country."

"And you still defend it?"

"It needs no defense."

"Not for this last awful thing?"

"War always brings awful things."

"But not such things as this—the shooting of non-combatants—of women and of children——"

He was very pale. "These things are not proved." Then, softly: "Dear lady, are we to quarrel over this?"

She had been all ready to quarrel with him. Yet he was her friend. He had a little studio over the Toy Shop. He gave lessons in German and he did some translating. Their friendship had begun when she had carried up to him a letter from a firm in Nuremberg. He had helped her with that, and had since helped her with others. Now and then, on dull days when customers were few, he would come down and sit in her little shop and talk to her. It was then that she learned of his younger brother, Franz. Franz was in the German army, and was big and blond and beautiful. When Otto spoke of him, it was as one speaks of one's beloved.

As their friendship had progressed, they



"Dear lady, are we to quarrel over this?"—Page 712.

had walked together in the summer evenings, in the Public Gardens and across the Common. They had even taken a few adventuring rides in the swan-boats. They had come back to the shop quite late after one of these rides, and Dorothea had made coffee in her little electric percolator. At another time they had gone down to Marblehead, and had had lobster sandwiches at the Pirate House, and had looked at the sea by moonlight.

The memory of these things stopped the words which cried for expression. Dorothea was of New England, and prone to say the things which were on her mind. But the soft voice of the little man was again protesting: "Dear lady, surely we are not to quarrel."

"I don't want to quarrel," Dorothea told him, "but how can I help it when you defend this dreadful unnecessary thing? Why, every time I look at my toys I think: 'There won't be any more. There won't be any more lead soldiers or lovely dolls or white elephants.'"

Otto laid his hand on the head of the meek white beast. "So, my friend," he said quietly, "it is you and I who are to blame, because we are of the—Fatherland, and presently she will sell you, and quarrel with me, and then——?"

"I shall never sell him," Dorothea flared. "I shall keep him always as a monument to the folly of your country."

And now the fire in her seemed to light some fire in him. "It is not folly, but a woman cannot understand these things."

He could have said nothing worse. As I have said, Dorothea Dwight was of New England. In spite of the modishness of her blue-serge frock, in spite of the French twist to her hair and the silk-stockinged slenderness of her feet, she was the product of a civilization which sets women side by side with men mentally. The point of view of Otto von Puttkamer seemed to her as mediæval as the war which his country was waging.

"I understand this," she flung back at him, "that a few weeks ago you said that the women of England because they destroyed a few pictures and threw a few bombs were too hysterical to rule; yet your Kaiser, your generals, the *men* of your country, have burned libraries, and this morning there's the cathedral——"

"There were signalmen in the towers——"

"It is useless to argue"—her cheeks were flaming—"the whole thing is of the Middle Ages. It is cruel, cowardly. I'm sorry to say it, but I must, because I believe it, and there isn't any use in being hypocritical about it, is there?"

"No," he said, "no. But there is tragedy in this—that you should say these things—to me."

He turned toward the door, and it was not until he had crossed the threshold that Dorothea called him back. "Please," she said, "I'm sorry——"

But her apology came too late. He stood quite stiffly and formally beyond the door, and said: "Good-by."



At another time they had gone down to Marblehead.—Page 713.

II

Mary Barnes, who helped in the shop, arriving late and breathless, was swept by Dorothea into a perfect vortex of housecleaning.

"We might as well do it this morning, Mary," Dorothea said. "I can't get my mind down to anything else."

It was noon before Dorothea finished her housewifely task. Everything glittered and shone. The dolls in the cases smiled through the clear, clean glass. A row of pussy-cats on the counter seemed positively to purr with contentment.

But Dorothea did not partake of the general effulgence. She was nervous and tired. It was raining, and as she stood by the window looking out on the sodden streets, she was conscious of her deep depression. She knew that she had hurt and offended Otto von Puttkamer, and he was the very best friend that she had in the whole wide world. To be sure, she had other friends, nice staid people whom she had always known, and whose mothers and fathers had known her mother and father, and whose grandfathers and grandmothers had known her grandfathers and grandmothers, and so on, down to the early days of the Massachusetts colony when everybody had known everybody else.

It was these friends who conceded to her, her proper place as a competent business woman and as a brainy one, and who invited her to dine with them on Thanksgiving, and to sup with them on Sundays, and who sent her tickets to the play, and who took her to ride in their limousines, and who were altogether considerate and kind in a pleasant, middle-aged manner. But it was Otto who gave to friendship the effect of youth and romance. It was Otto who left flowers for her in the most unexpected places—a rose fresh and nodding from a keyhole, a bunch of violets on the bayonet of a tin soldier, the cart of the little gray donkey heaped

high with crocuses, a spray of hyacinths adorning the brow of the white elephant.

And no one but Otto took her adventuring. No one but Otto knew how to play.

And she should miss her playmate!

the umbrella, shut the door, turned, and peered through the ground glass.

Baffled by its opaqueness, she darted to the window.

"There," she said triumphantly, "I did not let myself meet him. He was coming down the stairs, and if I had met him,



The umbrella turned toward the shop.

In the midst of her doleful reflections, she was aware that there had come suddenly within the line of her vision a big umbrella. Beneath the umbrella she could see little feet and a held-up black skirt. The umbrella turned toward the shop, and was lost in the outer entrance-hall. The door of Dorothea's shop opened into this hall, and a stairway led above.

But it was not up the stairway that the umbrella was going, for suddenly the door of the shop opened and the umbrella came in, precipitately. It was revealed in that moment that the little feet belonged to a little old lady, who, dropping

Mees Dwight, I might have been rude. I did not want to speak to him, for one should not be rude—if one can avoid! So when I saw him, I quite rushed in here quickly!"

She had rushed in so quickly that she was breathless. Dorothea was conscious that Otto von Puttkamer was passing the window. He glanced neither to the right nor to the left, but went on.

The little old lady was very small and very fragile. Her little lovely feet were matched by little lovely hands. She was in simple and almost severe black. But the lace scarf which protected her throat, the little flat black hat which framed the

oval of her high-bred face, were worn with the air which belongs only to the women of France.

"I should not care to quarrel with him," she said, with a catch of her breath, "but this morning I have on my heart the great cathedral—" Her voice faltered and stopped.

"I know," Dorothea said. "Dear Madame Papin, I have just quarrelled with him myself."

Madame Papin sat down in the low chair which Dorothea had placed for her, and folded her little hands. "That is more serious," she said; "he loves you, *chérie*."

Dorothea flushed. "Please," she protested.

Madame Papin leaned forward. "I know you do not talk of these things, as we talk of them. You are waiting for him to tell you—when his eyes are telling it, and his voice, and there's no need for words——"

"Oh, *please!*" Dorothea protested again. To her Puritan self-consciousness Madame Papin's Gallic frankness was appalling.

Madame Papin laughed. Her laugh was the trill of a bird. "We will not talk of it, then," she said; "but I shall think of it, deep in my heart, and I shall think how you can make up your quarrel."

"If we make this up, we shall quarrel again," Dorothea said. "Oh, Madame Papin, I would never have believed that I could hate any one as I hate the Germans."

The little lady shrugged. "They are beasts," she said calmly. Then she leaned forward and looked straight into the eyes of the meek white elephant, upon whose dangling tag was blazoned forth the damning device—"Made in Germany."



"'Yes, our hearts weep.'"—Page 717.

"I hate you!" said little Madame Papin to the white elephant.

III

"All the things in my window this morning were made in America," Dorothea said. "It may seem silly, but I couldn't help it."

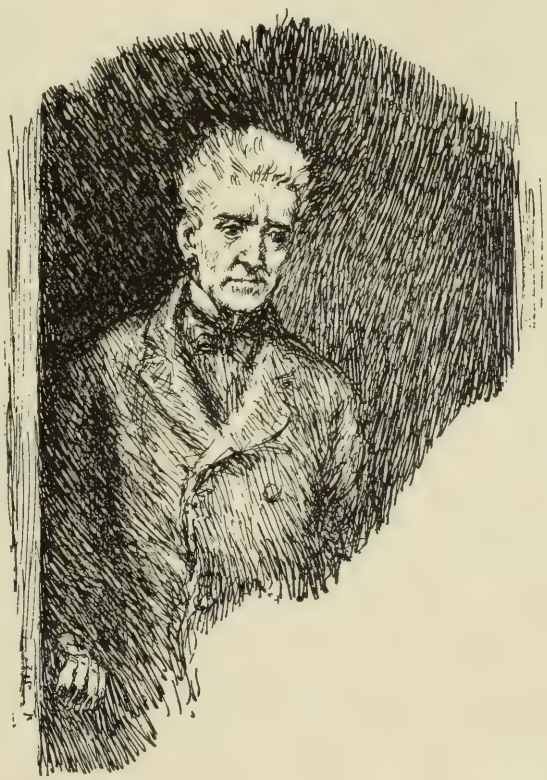
"And now you will have my little boxes to show," cried Madame Papin, "and the dinner-cards with the little roses."

Everything that Madame Papin painted had little roses, blushing on little china dishes, budding on little china boxes, wreathed on dinner-cards, rioting on bowls and vases and perfume bottles.

"I've lots of orders for you," Dorothea said as Madame Papin opened her bag and brought forth her rosy treasures; "it will keep you busy until Christmas, madame."

"I want to be busy," said the little lady. "It is hard work which keeps the heart from aching. Dear Mees Dwight, there are four nephews fighting in France. I am afraid to look at the papers—I am —I am afraid."

And this was war which made women afraid! Dorothea's hand went across the counter to clasp that of the little old lady. And presently she said: "Dear Madame Papin, stay and have a cup of tea with me in my little office. Mary shall get us something to eat with it, and then I'll send her home and we can have a visit together."



This was no triumphant enemy, but an enemy agonized and pale.—Page 718.

And thus it happened that the window display was changed that afternoon, and it was changed by Madame Papin.

And now who so gay as the little French soldiers in the window! Line upon line, with flags flying, they seemed to march toward victory. And back of them were Madame Papin's rosy boxes, and rose-wreathed cards, with the Kewpies pushed quite into a corner, and the tubes of paste totally obscured!

With this accomplished, madame sat down to knit on gray wool scarfs for the Belgians, and again to discuss the sins of Dorothea's neighbor.

"It was a week ago," she related with a sort of quivering indignation, "a week ago I met him, Mees Dwight, when I was coming in here with the dinner-cards, and we spoke of the war. I did not want to speak of the war. But he said, most politely: 'Ah, madame, it grieves me that your country and mine should be at war.' And I said: 'Monsieur, my heart weeps for France, as yours weeps for Germany.' And he said: 'Yes, our hearts weep,' and then, as we walked on together, I said, quite with innocence: 'And my heart weeps for the poor Belgians.' Then he spoke with such sharpness, Mees Dwight: 'But, madame, the Belgians were so obstinate.' I gave him just one little look and I left him, and since then I have not cared to speak to him. Would you call it obstinate, Mees Dwight, if some one came to you and said: 'Give me your white elephant and your lead soldiers and your little pussy-cats'? You would say: 'They are mine—you are a robber.' And now it is Germany that robs. If I had met Herr von Puttkamer this morning I might have told him—that——"

Outside, the wet pavements, illumined by the street lamps, glimmered in a golden mist. Dorothea had not lighted the little shop. On an afternoon of rain there would be no customers. The toys were shadow shapes in the dusk. Dorothea dropped down on the stool which she had placed for Madame Papin's little feet.

"Madame," she said, "there was Waterloo, you know, and you hated the English——"

"They were our enemies."

"And now you hate the Germans."

"They are our enemies."

The little lady's needles clicked in the ensuing silence. Dorothea's brain was busy. She had been nourished, as it were, in childhood on stories of the tea which had been tumbled into Boston harbor; on

the midnight ride, the lights in the old North Church, and the embattled farmers. She had been saturated with pride at the part which Massachusetts had played in the struggle for independence.

In that struggle England had been wrong, dead wrong. And as for France, had there ever been any war-madness to equal the war-madness of Napoleon! Should Germany stand alone among the nations in the scarlet of military sins?

And of Herr von Puttkamer was there not this to be said: that he would have been less of a man if he had not loved his country?

She rose and moved restlessly about the shop, and presently she set a music-box playing. It tinkled out, quite consistently, a little tune from "The Magic Flute."

"There," said Madame Papin, "even the music is their music——"

"Herr von Puttkamer says," Dorothea stated, "that the music of his country, the literature, should show us that they would not fight for an unjust cause. He says that for this if for nothing else we should love Germany."

"*Mon Dieu!*" said the little lady from among the shadows. "*Mon Dieu!* Herr von Puttkamer is like the little lead soldiers, he was *made in Germany*. And when he speaks of love, he is thinking of you."

Dorothea, flushing, turned on the light, and went to the door to answer the postman's knock. Outside on the hall table a letter had been left for Otto von Puttkamer. It was a big letter with a foreign postmark and with an official look.

As Dorothea shut the door, Madame Papin cried: "Come quickly—Herr von Puttkamer this minute passed the window."

And now they heard his step in the hall.

"If he comes in here," said the sparkling little lady, "if he comes in here, Mees Dwight, my little French soldiers shall shoot him!"

They heard his slow steps going up the stairs, and presently they heard him coming down again. The door opened!

Their enemy was upon them!

This was no triumphant enemy, but an enemy agonized and pale. In his hand he held the letter with the official stamp.

He did not seem to see Madame Papin. His eyes were seeking Dorothea's. "I could not bear it alone," he said brokenly. "Dear lady, my brother—*mein Brüderchen!*"

O little lead soldiers, be glad that you have no hearts to break! O meek white elephant, be glad that your head is stuffed with sawdust, so that you have no mind to meditate on this monstrous murderous thing: War!

The hands of Madame Papin were very still. Her eyes were deep wells of tears. But Dorothea felt suddenly that here was something too deep for tears.

"Dear lady," Otto was saying, "surely you cannot hate me—now."

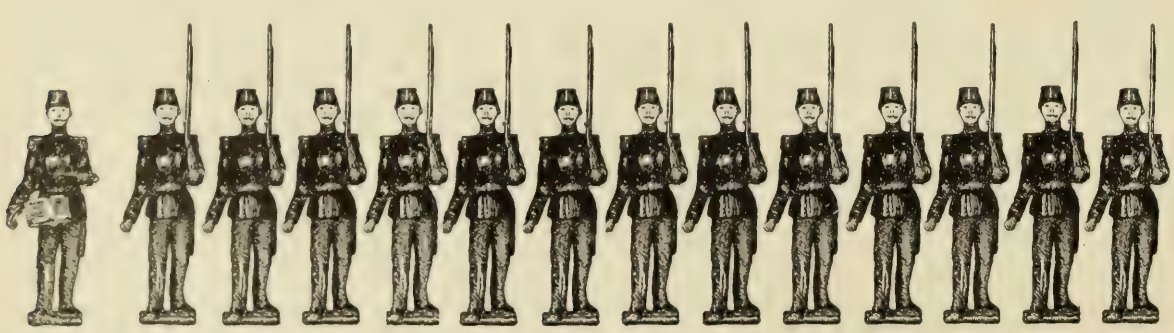
She went toward him swiftly, her hand outheld.

"It is—your country," she said softly. "*Right or wrong—it is your country.*"

He took her hands in his and bent his face upon them, while all the little things which had been made in Germany stared at the man who had given to Germany the thing that, next to this woman who stood with her hands in his, he loved more than anything else in the whole wide world.

And now it was Madame Papin who broke the silence. She rose from her chair and touched Otto on the arm. He raised his head and looked down at her.

"Listen," she said with great earnestness; "listen, my friend. She will comfort you. She loves you. And where death is—there are no—enemies."



LOVE CALLED ME NOT AWAY

By Solomon Solis Cohen

I

Love called me not away. She came
  Straight to the field where I was plowing
And laid her hand by mine, the while
  She whispered low her sweet avowing:
  "Thy path I'll choose, that I may fill
  With joy the day laborious, whether
On rich-loamed plain or stony hill
  We guide the furrowing share together."

Shapely the hand I bent to kiss,
  White, as a lily long and slender;
And all my soul was aflood with bliss—
But I laughed in my heart: "Shall a hand like this
  Hold the staff of a plow in its grasp so tender?"

Yet days there came, when that hand held true
  The plow wherefrom my grasp had faltered,
Whilst glance and call gave courage new,
  Though frowning skies the world had altered.

And thus are toil and joy made one
  Through Love's high magic, day by day,
Who walks beside me in the field,
  Nor called me from the plow away.

II

Love walked beside me in the field
  When as the time had come for sowing;
Or whiles, danced merrily before,
  Right, left, her lavish handfuls throwing.

Like song of bird her laughter rang;
  Like laughter of the brook, her chanting:
"In gladness sow, for who may know,"
  She sang, "The harvest of his planting!
If empty prove the garnered ears—
  If bursting sheaves the wains o'erburden—
Alike through lean and plenteous years,
  Shall bloom the flowers Love hath for guerdon."

Bright smiled the eyes that I bent to kiss,
  Through tears with sad, sweet memories laden;
And I thrilled in my heart: "But a fool would miss
The workday world with its pain-won bliss,
  For the dull delights of a toilless Aiden!"

And thus it comes to pass that life
  Is full and rich, whate'er the yield
Of acres plowed and sown; for still,
  Love walks beside me in the field!

[A companion to "When Love Passed By," by the same author, in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, December, 1883.]

THE BUILDING OF THE PANAMA CANAL*

IV.—THE HUMAN ELEMENT IN ADMINISTRATION

BY GEORGE W. GOETHALS, U. S. A.
Governor of the Panama Canal

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

THE general impression prevailed from the beginning that the building of the Panama Canal comprised one of the world's greatest engineering feats, and the tremendous scope of the work as it developed during the construction period served to mould this impression into a fixed belief; yet Mr. Stevens, who, for nearly two years had control on the Isthmus, not only of all construction, but of those various co-ordinate branches which were essential adjuncts to the building of the Canal, expressed the opinion that the engineering features were the least difficult, describing them as "of magnitude and not of intricacy." On the other hand, his experience convinced him that the administrative problems were the greater, presenting as they did many unusual features, involving an immense amount of detail and extending into every branch of business, with ramifications touching many phases of social and domestic economy.

In every undertaking of an engineering character there must necessarily be a greater or less amount of administrative detail resulting from problems of supply, labor, policy, and considerations arising out of them. In the case of the Panama Canal, not only were these problems present, but, as compared with those of engineering, they made the latter appear relatively small.

The very magnitude of the work imposed difficulties which would have existed even had it been undertaken in any portion of the United States, but these difficulties were increased materially by reason of having to carry on the work in a tropical country, sparsely populated, nonproductive, affording no skilled and very little efficient common labor, with customs and modes of living as different as the civilizations of North and Central America have been since the settlement of these portions of the western hemisphere, with a heavy rainfall during the greater portion of the year, and with a reputation for unhealthfulness which placed Panama in the category of one of the worst pest-holes of the earth.

It would seem that these circumstances and conditions imposed sufficient burdens, but they must needs be increased. As in the earliest days of our Civil War there arose the popular but ill-advised cry of "On to Richmond!" so, with the acquisition of the territory and the organization of the directing force on the Isthmus, came a clamor to "make the dirt fly," without heed or regard for the existing conditions under which the work had to be done; and when the results attained did not appear to be adequate there followed criticisms which were unjust and disheartening, considering that those on the ground, though handicapped on all sides, were doing their very best to secure results. The beginning of the Canal work coincided with the most flourishing period of the "muck-raking" magazine writers and unscrupulous free-lances contributing to the daily press; and this popular clamor and criticism were fed and inflamed by a number of articles which misstated facts, misrepresented conditions, and attempted to convict the organization of utter in-

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competency. It happened, as it often happens in the lives of individuals, that when the Canal organization most needed support it received harsh criticism instead, while later, when success was assured, there was a superabundance of praise.

The amount of preparatory work that had been accomplished prior to the advent of the third commission in 1907 was enormous, and it never will be appreciated, nor will proper credit be given to those who planned and executed it, for relatively few are thoroughly familiar with the details of the difficulties encountered. In the subsequent apparently smooth working of the vast machine that had been created there was no evidence of the trials, worries, and vexations that were overcome in order to "make the dirt fly" and to secure "yardage"—which, even to the end of the construction period, seemed to the popular eye to be the only desideratum.

Much that was of inestimable value had been learned from the French and from their experience, and that they builded well so far as they went is the consensus of opinion of all those who know. Their failure was due, not to faulty engineering, for their engineering was above criticism; not to the lack of proper sanitation, which appears to be the popular belief—for they worked on through the various epidemics that occurred, new men undauntedly taking the places of those who fell—but purely and simply to poor and maladministration. They were handicapped also in that they constituted merely a private corporation working under a concession, without absolute control over the territory—a situation which brought difficulties and delays. These were removed entirely when the United States acquired its rights through treaty provisions.

The forces of the United States were fortunate in other respects, for before the transfer of the work to them preventive medicine had made such advances as to make possible the conversion of the pesthole into a habitat where most white men could live and work. The diseases which sapped the energy and vitality of the men and struck terror to their souls were malaria and yellow fever. The cause of the former had been discovered by Sir Ronald Ross, of the British army, who formulated rules by which an infected locality could be rid of its influences. Not only were his theory and practises known, but we had the benefit of his advice and experience, for he visited the Isthmus on invitation of the commission at the instigation of the health authorities in order that we might have his assistance. After Sir Ronald Ross's discovery, Doctors Reed, Lazear, and Carroll, in Cuba, with Aristides Agramonte, a Cuban immune, proved the correctness of the theory advanced by Doctor Carlos Finlay, of Havana, that yellow fever was transmitted only by the mosquito, and prescribed the methods that resulted in ridding Cuba of that dread disease; it naturally followed that the Isthmus could be freed in the same way. Finally, great advances had been made in construction machinery of all kinds, making the equipment used by the French obsolete, though this was continued in use by the Americans until it could be replaced by the more modern and up-to-date appliances that experience had shown would accomplish the results.

Because of the reputation of Panama, difficulty was experienced in securing the necessary skilled and unskilled labor, but systems of recruiting had been worked out and were in satisfactory operation in 1907, when the force aggregated about 5,500 "gold" employees and 24,000 "silver," or common, laborers. Notwithstanding the fact that at this time the Isthmus had been freed from yellow fever, the dread of the tropics was still extant, making it difficult to secure American workmen. Even when I came to the Isthmus the bad name still clung to the locality, so that many of my friends took leave of me in a way to create the impression that they never expected to see me return. This condition was aggravated somewhat by a professional paper that was given wide publicity, to the effect that blondes do not get on well in the tropics. Though I had seen it, one of my colleagues, calling my attention to it, expressed the hope that I might hold out against this handicap—and when this hope was reiterated there came to mind the possible vacancy that the average service man is always anticipating!

The assembled force had to be housed

and fed. Many houses were acquired from the French, but not sufficient for the needs, nor were they always accessible to the work in progress. Extensive building operations were undertaken, including the erection of offices, storehouses of various kinds, quarters, hotels, messes, kitchens, hospitals, and schools. (The arbitrary nomenclature that became current on the Isthmus is of interest. The terms "gold" and "silver," the former designating the high-grade employee, usually American, and the latter the lower grades, usually West Indian or European, are well known. A "hotel" in the Zone, excepting the Tivoli and the Washington, is not a hotel at all in the ordinary sense of the word, but is merely a mess-house, which may or may not have quarters attached, for serving meals to "gold" employees. "Mess," on the other hand, as used on the Isthmus, always means a mess for Europeans, and "kitchen" a mess for West Indians.)

New settlements were located and constructed with a view of accessibility to the work. The terminal cities of Panama and Colon were without pavements, sewers, or running water, and under the treaty these were to be provided by the United States, reimbursement to be accomplished at the end of the fifty-year period. This work was in progress as well as similar improvements in the various settlements that were building or completed. Machine-shops were rehabilitated or added to, and new ones constructed for assembling the machinery purchased in the United States, for manufacturing parts in order to avoid the delay incident to securing them from the manufacturers, and for making repairs.

The commissary of the Panama Railroad was enlarged and an adequate cold-storage plant for the proper care of meats and the manufacture of ice was in course of construction; local commissaries were established at the various settlements; and a system of supply was in operation between the main commissary and those at the different localities, as well as with the hotels, messes, and kitchens.

Probably the most difficult problem was the feeding of the force. Boarding-houses and restaurants thrived, but not so the men, and the stories told, exaggerated no doubt with the passage of time, are of conditions which, to say the least, were decidedly unpleasant. A local contract was made for running a hotel at Culebra, and the subsistence privilege for the entire force was advertised and bids were received. No doubt the controversy over the Markel contract is still fresh in the memory of many. Mr. Stevens protested so vigorously that this proposed method of furnishing meals was abandoned and the commission undertook the work itself. To Mr. Jackson Smith is due the credit for the system that was introduced and made effective for feeding the "gold" force in hotels at an expense to the men of thirty cents per meal, the European labor in messes at forty cents per day, and the West Indian labor at thirty cents per day.

Thought and attention were given to the storage and distribution of construction supplies. A system was instituted for shipping material and equipment direct from the dock to the places where needed, preventing congestion and saving double handling. A large storehouse was erected for reserve supplies of all kinds that might be needed and without which delays to the work would result. The great distance from the source of production and supply, and the necessity for keeping the work going, made the supply of material a very important feature.

The Panama Railroad, constructed in 1850–5 by Americans with American capital, constituted a part of one of the through routes between the east and west; its commercial interests had to be continued, and, in addition, it must assist in the construction of the Canal. The roadbed, equipment, and facilities were scarcely adequate for the former alone, and, with the immense quantities of supplies required for the Canal, they became totally inadequate. The road was double-tracked and rebuilt to suit the heavier equipment that had been ordered, round-houses were constructed, docks erected, and yards built at the terminals and at various places along the line for the handling of freight of all kinds and spoil from the Canal.

All of these various branches of the work came directly under the control of the chief engineer, and it was necessary

to co-ordinate them with the construction of the Canal. Under these circumstances, it can readily be seen that Mr. Stevens's conclusions, that the administrative problems were greater than those of engineering, were correct.

In addition to the various questions that arose in the work under the control of the chief engineer, there were other administrative problems which were handled directly by the chairman of the commission, Mr. Theodore P. Shonts, who occupied the position from April 1, 1905, to March 4, 1907. They included the purchase of supplies, which were bought on requisitions and specifications prepared on the Isthmus, the employment of skilled labor of all kinds, the accounting for moneys and property, legal matters affecting the Canal and its adjuncts, general supervision of the various departments on the Isthmus, keeping the President, Secretary of War, and other interested parties informed as to the progress of the work, and the settlement, after conference with the President, the Secretary of War, and the commission, of all questions of policy.

One of the departments on the Isthmus not yet touched upon, and a very important one, was that of government. Under the treaty, the United States obtained from Panama the control and jurisdiction of a strip of land across the Isthmus ten miles wide, five miles on either side of the centre line of the Canal to be constructed, so that there were required, as soon as the transfer of the strip was effected, a code of laws, a fiscal system, and the other machinery necessary for the establishment of a form of government. While the Spooner Act gave the President authority to make such regulations and establish such tribunals as might be required to exercise the control under the treaty, Congress, by specific enactment, delegated to the President the exercise of civic, judicial, and military functions in the Zone, to be exercised through such person or persons as he might determine, but such delegation of authority was to cease with the expiration of the Fifty-eighth Congress (March 4, 1905). The President exercised this authority through the Isthmian Canal Commission, which became the legislative body, announced that the laws of the land would continue in force until changed by competent authority, and appointed a member of the commission as governor of the Canal Zone—Major-General George W. Davis, U. S. A., who brought to the task valuable experience gained in Porto Rico and the Philippine Islands. At that time the Zone was divided into municipalities, each with its mayor, secretary, treasurer, and municipal council, so that a political organization was established for the government of the strip, but without the elective franchise. Laws were prescribed, courts established, police, fire force, postal system, customs service, and schools were organized as the needs of the situation demanded. This department also had charge of all questions that arose between the republic of Panama and the Canal Zone. The governor was given the power of reprieve, pardon, and deportation. The Fifty-eighth Congress adjourned without legislating for the Canal or continuing the authority it had vested in the President, so that the commission lost its legislative functions. A *de facto* government had been established, however; the work had to proceed; new conditions as they arose had to be met; so that President Roosevelt continued the government but legislated through the medium of Executive Orders. Attention was called in a previous article to the abolition of the old municipalities, with their organizations, and the substitution of administrative districts; the political form of government disappeared and was replaced by one of Executive Order. There resulted from this a unique autocracy which continued in force throughout the construction period.

With the concentration of the functions of the chairman and chief engineer under Mr. Stevens on March 4, 1907, his administrative duties were enlarged, so that his conclusions were still further justified. When the third commission assumed charge, a vast amount of preparatory work had been completed or was well advanced toward completion. In fact, at the time that he submitted his resignation, Mr. Shonts was credited with saying "there only remained the construction of the Canal." Notwithstanding this, sufficient administrative work remained to

make me agree with Mr. Stevens's conclusions.

The engineering side of the enterprise was necessarily of very great importance, for the success of the undertaking was dependent upon the proper solutions of the problems involved, both theoretically and practically. The construction of the locks presented no new problems, though some novel features were introduced in the operating machinery for the locks and spillways; neither did the dams, dredging, or dry excavation; the methods adopted had been in use elsewhere. The difficulties were due to size and were sufficiently great in themselves; there is no desire or intent to detract from them or to belittle their importance. There were also questions concerning the plans of the Canal and methods of construction that required administrative action, and to these were added the problems or questions which arose in all the other departments and divisions, so that on the whole the administrative side of the work, including the co-ordination of its various parts, was the greater. This is more especially true if there be embraced under administration, where it properly belongs, the problem caused by the "human element."

In any line of endeavor this is always the uncertain factor. It can be told with a great degree of accuracy what a particular piece of machinery will do under specified conditions, or, knowing a man, what that man will do under normal circumstances, but take 40,000 men gathered from all parts of the world, place them in a tropical country, many miles from home and away from the ties and associations which have more or less guided and restrained them, and the "human element" straightway becomes a problem heavily charged with uncertainties and difficulties. I have been asked frequently what part of the work I considered the most difficult, and the reply was, invariably, the human problem; it extended from the highest to the lowest.

That contentment leads to efficiency was fully recognized at the beginning of the enterprise, and had resulted in the adoption of a broad, generous, and what seemed to me a very wise policy in regard to the force. Steps were taken to provide comfortable quarters, the men were encouraged to bring their families to the Isthmus when the quarters available permitted, and, as an additional inducement, reduced rates of transportation on Panama Railroad steamers were established, sufficient only to pay subsistence and service. The necessary furniture for the quarters was provided at the expense of the commission, with the exception of linen, table and kitchen ware, which could be brought from the United States at reduced freight rates or purchased from the commissary at practically cost price. About one-third of our "gold" employees were married men occupying family quarters. Taking into consideration the plant expenditure, water, fuel, light, medical attendance, and other privileges which were granted free, it was estimated that the families cost us $40 and the bachelors $14 per month. This was only a rough calculation, but the ratio of cost as between the married employee and the bachelor which it gives is no doubt nearly correct, and affords an idea of the large expense that was incurred in making our settlements semi-permanent communities rather than mere construction camps. The size of the job, the length of time required for its execution, and the results attained in increased efficiency and stability of the force fully justified the cost. Furthermore, the presence of women was necessary, not only for their influence in their respective home lives, but, in a larger way, for their influence on the social fabric as a whole. I do not believe, as has been claimed by some, that a body of American men would, during a few years, become absolute savages if left without the influence of good women, but I do believe, for so experience has shown, that there would be a marked social and moral deterioration.

Notwithstanding the large percentage of "gold" employees in family quarters, there was always demand for more family quarters than could be supplied. On October 1, 1907, the number of applications for family quarters in excess of those completed, under construction, or authorized, was three hundred and nine, and it was estimated that the construction of quarters to accommodate these applicants, including furniture, light, water, and sewer-system extensions, would entail an

expenditure of upward of a million dollars, with no assurance, because of the constant changing of the force, that this amount would be sufficient. It was this estimated expenditure and the uncertainties of the future which led to the change in the existing policy noted in a previous article, whereby employees would be provided with bachelor quarters, but there would be no obligation to supply family quarters to an employee who entered the service after January 1, 1908. With this change in policy, it was decided to carry two lists of applicants for family quarters—list No. 1 for men who entered the service prior to January 1, 1908, and list No. 2 for men who were employed subsequent to that date and therefore, according to the conditions of their employment, not entitled to family quarters, but who might be supplied after all applicants on the No. 1 list had been assigned. These lists of applicants for quarters and the interest taken in them formed one of the prominent features of domestic life on the Isthmus. They were kept at the several stations by the district quartermasters and were required to be posted so that they might be inspected at any time. And they were inspected; they were watched with hawklike attention, and if through any error the name of an applicant did not occupy its proper place no time was lost by the person concerned in bringing the circumstance to the attention of the authorities.

Ministers of various denominations were employed by the commission, and suitable buildings erected in the settlements for religious services and Sunday-schools. These buildings were of two stories; the lower was used for church purposes and assigned to the different denominations by the district quartermaster, while the upper stories were lodge halls assigned to the use of different lodges, also by the district quartermaster.

The policy outlined was not confined to American, or "gold," employees, but was extended so far as possible to the so-called "silver" class, though some discrimination was made because the latter were not so thoroughly among strangers as the whites and their needs, consequently their demands, were fewer.

Americans were recruited from all parts of the United States. On arrival, they were met by a representative of the department having charge of such matters, sent to the localities where their services were needed, and housed in a community where, as a general rule, they were among total strangers. There were no traditions other than the stories of the earlier days on the Isthmus, which time magnified and enlarged, so that what little ground for truth might have existed for them originally could scarcely be discerned; no social coteries of any kind; no so-called public sentiment to form rules of living; on one, outside of the natives, had grown up in any of the communities; and though the grown-ups found themselves brought together for one common purpose, yet each one's particular interest in that purpose differed in a great measure from that of most of the others. They found that everything was determined in accordance with the rules of the commission and their interpretation; that their status as to the selection of quarters, as well as other privileges, was determined by the wage they earned, so that money became rather the dominant factor in determining a man's position, and necessarily his family's, in the community in which he lived, causing rivalries, with attendant jealousies and heartburnings.

The efforts to make the Zone a more comfortable and attractive place in which to live, and thus secure greater stability of the force, were not entirely successful. After the Isthmus had been put in a healthful condition and the danger of a yellow-fever or other epidemic had been entirely eliminated, there was a constant stream of employees leaving the Isthmus, compelling the employment of other men to take their places. In the year 1907, for instance, referring to the "gold" force, 5,804 men were employed and there were 4,367 separations from the service for all causes; or, stating the matter another way, in order to increase the force by 1,437 men during that year, it was necessary to employ four times as many.

The climate and the distance from home were not conducive to contentment; on the whole, a general clearing-house became an important factor in the common desire to secure harmony, and the "Sun-

day court," which seems to have attracted attention, was established more for this purpose than with the idea of meting out justice. All employees, irrespective of color, were accorded a hearing; but soon the demand on available time became so great that I was obliged to have the assistance of Mr. McIlvaine, chief clerk of my office, and Mr. May, my secretary, confining my attention to the "gold" employees and those negroes whose cases could be settled by no one else. The troubles were generally due to some misinterpretation of the rules, misunderstanding of the regulations, complaints concerning the behavior of neighbors, the treatment received from officials, or the lack of proper appreciation of the services of the caller as indicated by the pay he was receiving.

The quarters question gave the greatest trouble, and the difficulties increased when, in 1908, family quarters were no longer promised. The houses acquired from the French were of various sizes and types, and the new buildings erected were built in accordance with type plans that had been adopted. Trouble arose from the fact that certain employees had a greater amount of room than others doing the same class of work. Mr. Jackson Smith evolved the method of determining the assignment of quarters on the basis of the wage earned. Rules were formulated governing their assignment and occupation which, while they worked hardships in certain individual cases, covered the situation very satisfactorily on the whole, notwithstanding that bickerings and grumblings continued. Early in my career on the Isthmus I made an exception to the rules in a case which appealed to the sympathies—contrary to the recommendation of Mr. Smith, who predicted trouble—and I learned to regret it. Since then the rules governing quarters have been like the laws of the Medes and Persians.

The large majority of the quarters were of the four-family type, two families below and two above, those on each floor separated by vertical partitions. With the floors and partitions of single planks, with sounds penetrating to all parts of the building, with water flowing through from the floors above on the neighbors below, with Mrs. Jones's company disturbing Mr. Smith's sleep (he being on night work), or the latter's children mistreating or abusing the former's, these quarters became prolific sources of trouble and complaint.

The furniture allotments gave trouble, for, though rules were formulated prescribing the allowance of furniture, it is certain that additional pieces were given to some employees and denied others. It was alleged that favoritism was shown by the local quartermasters, and the situation became so acute that an allowance was fixed for the various types of quarters, inspections were made, and furniture removed or added as the particular case might require. Similarly, stringent regulations had to be adopted governing the number of electric lights and the use of electrical appliances, such as irons, toasters, etc., because of the complaints of special privileges enjoyed by others. There was a letter written by a woman in Gorgona complaining that her neighbor had two oil student-lamps while she had only electric lights. Oil-lamps were in use prior to the installation of the electric plants, and these two had not been collected when electricity was substituted. The pay of this woman's husband was greater than the pay received by the possessor of the student-lamps, therefore there was favoritism and discrimination.

The commissaries came in for a large share of complaint, due to the quality of supplies and the treatment of patrons by employees. Quarrels with the neighbors because of the children, domestic differences, debts that were long due and could not be collected, treatment of patients by doctors and attendants, treatment meted out by foremen and others to their subordinates—questions of all kinds were brought up. I became the father confessor, and was called on to settle all sorts of questions raised by all sorts and conditions of men, women, and children.

Though it was necessary for us to have the women, and their influence has been beneficent and of great value to the work, it is a fact that their presence introduced many new perplexities. That Mrs. Jones had a more desirable house than Mrs. Smith, or that Mrs. Smith had three mission rockers while Mrs. Jones had only

two, would not appear to any one who has not lived on the Isthmus as having much to do with the construction of a canal connecting the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. However, one who had to listen to Mrs. Jones or Mrs. Smith as they narrated their grievances at length and with insistent demand for immediate redress might be forced to conclude that these matters were of vital importance. And they were of importance. If Mrs. Smith were dissatisfied, Mr. Smith was apt to be dissatisfied also, with a consequent loss of interest in his work and lack of efficiency; and if these little grievances and dissatisfactions had been allowed to smoulder they would have spread and become general throughout the force, seriously affecting the whole human machine. In building the Canal it was just as necessary to see that Mrs. Smith had a good stove, that her commissaries were delivered promptly, and that, in general, she received all the rights and privileges to which she was entitled, as it was to decide the location of the Pacific flight of locks—and the former was the more difficult task of the two.

Next to the questions of quarters and furniture, the wage scale was the source of more complaint than anything else. A table prepared by direction of Mr. Shonts in 1906, comparing the wages paid in the various trades with the average wages paid in the United States in similar employments, showed that the increases were not uniform in amounts. The same was true also in regard to positions not belonging to the trades. Under the organization in effect prior to January 8, 1908, the heads of departments were largely responsible for the wages in their respective departments, and men were induced to transfer from one to another on promise of an increase, which not only caused dissatisfaction but tended to disrupt the organization. Much thought was given to the wages for the trades; and while some minor changes were made where increases were possible, on the



New Administration Building, on Balboa Heights, in which all Canal officials and clerical forces are concentrated.

The Van Ingen paintings are placed in the rotunda in the centre of the building. The structure is of reinforced white concrete with roof of red tiles.

whole the wage scale was maintained, for to have decreased the pay of any craft would have caused trouble. It was deemed better policy to bear with the complaints and hold the wages undisturbed until the end of the construction period.

So far as the salaries attaching to other positions were concerned, a uniform wage scale was established on January 1, 1910; an attempt was made at that time to fix the pay to conform to the position and the responsibilities attached to it. Under a resolution of the commission dated September 5, 1904, officers of the army, navy, and Marine Hospital corps, while serving on duty with the commission, were to receive an increase of fifty per cent of their service pay. This was not fair to the civilians and was resented. Effective September 15, 1908, I had this resolution revoked, and officers from the various services received the pay attached to the positions filled by them; if this were greater than the service pay the incumbents received the difference, otherwise they served without extra compensation. When the law for the permanent organization was under consideration this question of the unbalanced wage scale was discussed with the committees of Congress. I believed that service on the Isthmus merited an increase over the pay for similar employment in the United States, suggested that provision be made for this, and the law provides for an increase of twenty-five per cent. The result will be that as wages increase in the United States there will be a corresponding increase on the Canal, and *vice versa*.

A number of the tangles that needed unravelling were due to nothing more or less than the braggadocio of some of the men who claimed to be receiving greater pay or more privileges than they actually were and which others felt they should also enjoy. An instance in point occurred as I was moving my belongings from Ancon to Culebra the Sunday morning after I had assumed charge. The train was crowded and the vacant place beside me was taken by a man I didn't know, who regaled me with the fact that there were to be "great doings" the following week, for a party of New York capitalists was coming down en route to South America, where the construction of a continental railroad was to be undertaken, and engineers were to be taken from the Canal. He had received an offer of $400 per month, but as this was no better than the pay he was receiving, and as he had six weeks' leave with pay due him, he was holding out for $500 and expected to get it. I had met, I thought, all the men drawing such salaries, and he certainly was not among them. We parted at Culebra. The following morning I again met this companion of mine at the site of the Sosa-Corozal Dam, carrying an instrument. We passed the time of day and met again at the Corozal Station. There was time, before the train left, for me to go to the hotel for some ice-water,



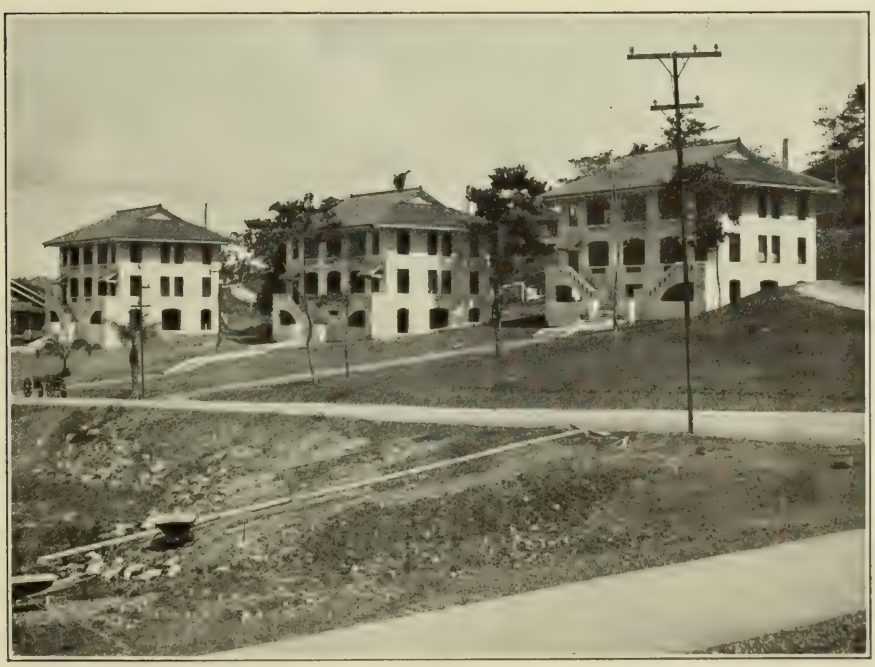
A street of one-family houses on Balboa Heights.

These are wooden houses of the Canal-construction period, removed from abandoned villages and reconstructed.

and he joined me after inquiring where I was going. At the hotel I found that the steward was a man who had served at West Point while I was there; the recognition was mutual, and he inquired what he could do for the colonel. My companion stared at me somewhat dazed, asked who I was, and, on learning, exclaimed: "My God! And I was talking with you yesterday!" It appeared that he didn't want a drink, after all, as he left abruptly. I found that he was employed as a rodman at $1,000 a year. He left the service later to accept a more lucrative position in the States, and we parted good friends. That type of man is found everywhere and his "yarns" furnish cause for discontent. Of course we also had with us the men whose services were not appreciated at the value placed by themselves; this class was hopeless, and the only advice that could be given was to try some other locality where such talents were in greater demand.



Street in the permanent town of Balboa, below the village of Balboa Heights. The houses are of reinforced concrete with red-tiled roofs and are quarters for employees.



Street in the permanent town of Balboa, with two-family houses of reinforced concrete with red-tiled roofs.

In the endeavor to make the Isthmus attractive and to secure a contented force, club-houses were built by the government and turned over to the Young Men's Christian Association management for operation. These club-houses were constructed in the larger settlements and did much to accomplish the desired end. They were in course of construction when the third commission assumed control, but the Young Men's Christian Association had appointed a superintendent to have charge of their operation and management, and he was on the Isthmus.

The first one, which was at Culebra, was opened for activities in May, 1907, followed by those at Empire, Gorgona, and Cristobal.

Each of these clubs was furnished with a library, supplied with a graphophone, billiard and pool tables, bowling-alleys, checkers, chess, card-tables, a lecture-room with piano, and a general lounging-room where were magazines and daily and weekly papers from different sections of the United States. It had been decided, prior to my arrival, that dancing would be permitted, and clubs were formed for this purpose. This, I believe, was an innovation in Y. M. C. A. establishments, and it was an excellent one, for there seemed to be a greater desire for dancing in the tropics than in the temperate zone, certainly so before the introduction of the modern dances. Each club-house was in charge of a secretary, and later on to each one an assistant secretary was added to look after the athletic features. Various teams were organized to advance and encourage sports, such as bowling and basket-ball, and competition between the various club-houses became very keen. Prior to the opening of the first club-house, I found that considerable feeling existed among the men against the institution, for there was a large Catholic element in the force, and there was an idea extant that those of this faith would be excluded from membership through the exercise of religious ceremonies to which they could not conform. The affairs of the clubs were to be in charge of an advisory board to be appointed by the chairman of the commission, and I appointed on this board a Catholic for the very purpose of overcoming this feeling. It was also arranged that Bible classes and other religious services usually held in the Y. M. C. A.'s in the United States would not be organized by the management, leaving such activities, should any develop, entirely to the membership. There were other wrinkles that required smoothing out, but they were only such incidents as are liable to occur whenever there is a lack of tact on the part of the local management, and they were soon removed. The expense of these clubs was a greater drain on our appropriations than we anticipated originally, yet they were fully justified by the results secured.

The women and children were admitted, and the children between certain ages had the privileges of the clubs during hours which would not interfere with the men. The women liked to lounge in the lobbies of these buildings in the evenings. This proved attractive to the class sometimes scornfully designated as "pen-pushers," but I fear deterred numbers of the men who, in Isthmian nomenclature, were known as "rough-necks" from taking advantage of the attractions offered by the clubs.

With all the good that the clubs accomplished, I didn't feel that they went far enough. Sunday was one of the days when some sort of amusement was required. The club-houses on Sundays afforded diversion and recreation through their libraries, magazines, and newspapers to those classes of employees who were given to reading, but the construction men—those in the ditch and on the locks and dams—found little enjoyment in that way, and could not take advantage of the games which were provided, for they were prohibited on Sundays. Their only recourse, therefore, was to seek their pleasures in the terminal cities, Panama and Colon, where the saloons, shooting-galleries, billiard and pool rooms, and bowling-alleys were open. I strongly favored the use of all the facilities of the club-houses on Sunday, but I found a strong opposition to this on the part of the management, though a canvass of the force showed that a majority preferred such a course.

When the general secretary of the Y. M. C. A. visited the Isthmus we discussed the situation, but I could make no headway with him; he felt that such a radical change in their policy would be the cause of just criticism and censure, and announced that the Y. M. C. A. would withdraw from the management of our club-houses should such a course be adopted. Conditions on the Isthmus were so entirely different from those in any locality in the United States that I argued in favor of an exception; men at home had no such cities as those at the terminals of the Canal; the temptations were greater and the restraining influences less. While admitting this, he contended that others would not understand,

and he even doubted if there would be so very many who would forsake the fleshpots and the devil, as offered in Panama and Colon, for the benefits of the club-houses. It is true that there might not have been many, but, having seen a number of men go to the bad, I felt that if one were saved it would offset the criticism that would follow. He was obdurate, and, realizing that I would be unable to effect a change of policy because of the influence that would be exerted against me, I gave up the idea for a time. When the reorganization of the force was arranged the largest Canal settlement was in such close proximity to Panama that I again took up the question, and through the influence of Mr. Cleveland H. Dodge and Mr. Cyrus H. McCormick, both of whom, fortunately, visited the Isthmus at an opportune time, Sunday opening was secured, with the proviso, to which I gladly consented, that games would not be allowed during the hours set aside for the church services.

Arrangements are made to bring to the Isthmus some of the travelling companies of entertainers which make the circuit of the Y. M. C. A.'s in the United States, and, in addition, motion-picture films are rented, thus giving the members, their families, and friends many pleasant evenings at these club-houses.

Every encouragement was and is given to tennis and baseball. For the latter an Isthmian league was formed, and employees organized stock companies, laid out grounds, and built grand stands. There was great rivalry among the teams in their efforts for the championship; professionalism crept in, finally, and practically ruined the game. With the changed conditions due to the closing down of construction work, the abandonment of old settlements, and the building of new ones, the old baseball fields disappeared as well as the league, but recently a new league was organized, lands were assigned for the fields, grand stands were built by the Panama Railroad, and good games of amateur ball are played on Sundays and holidays. The ministers on the Isthmus entered a protest against these Sunday games, but they are played at a time of day when they do not interfere with religious services. It is a form of wholesome amusement and recreation which the men can have at no other time because of the work hours, and it keeps them away from other and possibly more hurtful desecration of the Sabbath.

The tropical climate is more apt to prove injurious to a woman from the temperate zone than to a man, and, while the children thrived, the women often suffered in health. The men had their work, and therefore had only the evenings to dispose of, but the women, their household duties finished—and these were necessarily simple—had the days as well as the evenings, and with them time often dragged heavily. Those who stayed in the Zone willingly and cheerfully and proved genuine helpmeets to their husbands were also strong influences for good in the places where they lived; and they deserve high praise.

In September, 1907, Miss Helen Varick Boswell, of the Federation of Women's Clubs in the United States, came to the Isthmus to look over the field with a view to making suggestions which would encourage the women of the Zone to form organizations to be affiliated with the General Federation of Women's Clubs. As the result of this visit meetings were held in the club-houses at various places along the line, interest was stimulated, and women's clubs were finally formed in all of the principal settlements. These clubs, no doubt, did considerable good in bringing the women together, getting them acquainted, and in other ways; but with a population that shifted as ours did, not only from the Isthmus to the United States, but also from one station to another along the line of the Canal, it was difficult for any formal organization of considerable membership to retain its solidarity.

With our employees drawn from all classes and every place—from every State in the Union and from the large cities as well as the rural communities—it is not surprising that there was some discord and instances in which husband and wife failed to pull together in double harness. In the United States such cases would be carried to a law court, but this was rarely done on the Isthmus; instead, the complaining person came to my office, and, after I had heard his or her (more fre-

quently her) side, a formal investigation would ensue, with statements from those directly interested, and from others who might know whether Mr. Smith was really abusive and cruel toward Mrs. Smith, had refused to purchase for her a proper amount of clothing, had come home intoxicated the previous Saturday night and broken the dishes, had been unduly attentive to Mrs. Jones—or whatever might be the moving cause of the complaint. In some cases we were able to pour oil on the troubled waters so that the domestic ship sailed on smoothly thereafter. If this could not be done, the arrangement was made that was considered fair and best for all concerned. A lot of what amounted to alimony—an agreed sum of money given monthly—has been paid in the Zone without the intervention of a court of law. I fear that my decisions have not been uniformly wise, but the procedure has had advantages to the principals—they were not kept in suspense, but were given a quick decision, and they had to pay no court costs or attorney's fees.



Typical commission club-house with band-stand.

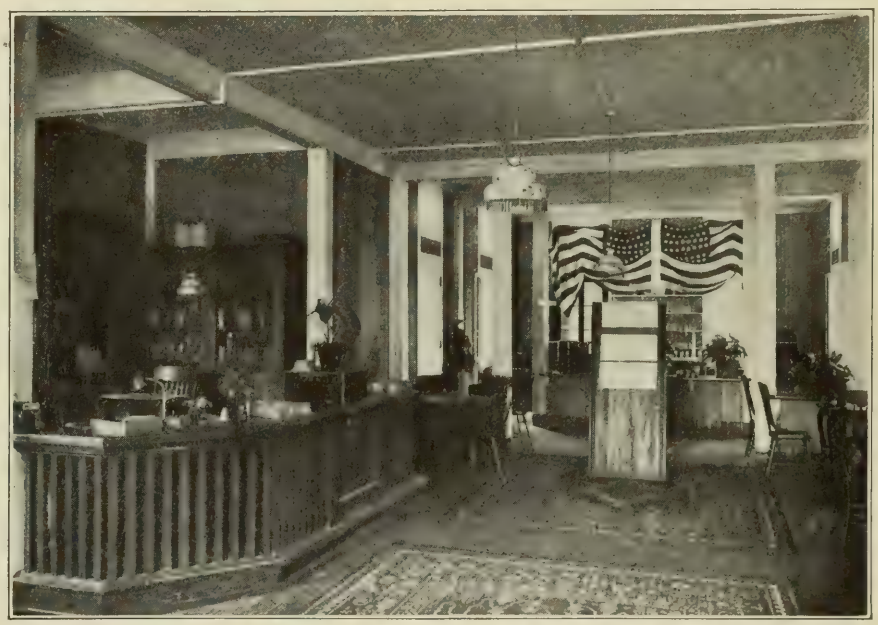
Formerly concerts were given here by the Canal commission band composed of employees.

Gambling became a serious source of complaint from the wives of employees who suffered the consequences, for rather large stakes were involved. It was difficult to break this up, but finally, by using the information obtained at these Sunday morning sessions, and appealing to the players themselves, most of the games were stopped. From information received, the games in Panama City were apparently not "straight." Whether these reports were founded on facts or resulted from the losses sustained I was not able to determine; the stakes were high and the losses were the cause of much distress. Through President Taft pressure was brought to bear on the officials of the republic, but the apparent attempt to stop the games was not effectual.

The greatest part of the force did not belong to the teetotaler class, nor did the prohibition movement have many supporters outside of the clergy. When the United States assumed control there were saloons in all the settlements that existed, and these were continued, but when new settlements were established saloon licenses were not extended to them. Consequently, we had some "wet" and some "dry" towns. The license fee was a high one, one thousand two hundred dollars a year, and an analysis of the liquor sold within the Zone was made from time to time, with the penalty of the revocation of the license in cases where adulteration was found. Licenses were limited at first to a certain number of saloons in each locality, but, as this caused charges of fa-

voritism and required discrimination, the number was unlimited, though care was exercised in their issue.

The saloons were segregated, kept under the constant surveillance of the police, and the hours for business prescribed and strictly enforced. Later regulations prohibited the use of chairs and tables in the barrooms, thus removing those comforts which might tend to loitering or conviviality. Giving of credit by the saloons to their patrons was discouraged through refusal by the authorities to render any assistance in the collection of bills. Again, all cases of alcoholism treated in the hospitals were reported and noted on the personal records, the men understanding that alcoholism was a cause for discharge from the service. It is a curious fact, but the police records showed that there were more arrests for disorderly conduct due to liquor in the towns where liquor was not sold than in the others, and this was for the reason that in the former places the men would bring the liquor out from the terminal cities by the bottle and drink until the supply was exhausted, while in the latter, being obliged to stand as they drank, there was not so much temptation to overindulgence, and the men, after they had satisfied their thirst, went to their homes or about their business.



Lobby of a commission club-house.



Social hall in a commission club-house.

The ministers employed by the commission, and others, protested against the granting of licenses within the Zone, and occasionally letters on the subject reached us from the United States. The work was of the earth earthy, and the men engaged on it were more of the sinning class than saints. We employed the ministers to look after the spiritual welfare of our people, and I suggested to them that if they would make the men more saintly through their

teachings and labors among them the saloons would disappear without the necessity of administrative action. So long as liquor was so easily purchasable in the terminal cities, I much preferred that the saloons be kept in the Zone, where our men could remain under the observation of our own people and where unadulterated liquor could be bought.

When Las Cascadas was turned over for occupation to the Tenth Infantry, the saloons in that community were closed, and later, after discussing the question with the Secretary of War, Mr. Henry L. Stimson, I agreed that at the expiration of the term of the licenses for 1913 the saloons at Empire, the nearest settlement, would be closed also, for they were too accessible to the enlisted men. I was very anxious to start a canteen for the benefit of the employees and the soldiers, but the necessary authority could not be obtained. When the closing of the saloons at Empire was discussed at the commission meeting in April, 1913, it was decided to close those at Culebra and Gatun at the same time, those being the only remaining towns in the Zone where liquor was sold. By this time the construction work was drawing to a close, making it necessary to reduce the force employed, and many of the drinkers were selected for discharge, so that the drinking element was reduced materially though it did not disappear entirely.

Sunday mornings were not the only times devoted to the human problems, nor were those presented then the only problems in connection with the human element that received attention. I was accessible to any one desiring to see me whenever I was in the office; my mornings were spent going around from one place to another inspecting the various phases of the enterprise and gathering information, not so much from the officials as from the men. These were consulted about their particular tasks and encouraged to express their views freely as to the methods employed and the manner of doing. Not only did the individual take greater interest in consequence, but I obtained a knowledge of details which could have been acquired in no other way. This knowledge of details was described by one writer as "uncanny," and was responsible for the report in circulation that "gum-shoe" men were employed and scattered over the Isthmus for the purpose of keeping me informed about everything that went on. I was amused to learn from the chairman of the labor commission which visited the Isthmus in 1908, some time after its arrival, that he had employed and brought with him a Russian, who had experience in the secret service, to ascertain if there were any foundation for the charge relative to the "gum-shoe" men.

The Executive Order governing accounting provided for time inspectors, who were engaged in checking up the men employed on various parts of the work with the time reported in the time books, and they were obliged to report any irregularities; there was also a man connected with my office who investigated complaints that had been made in order that all parties concerned might have an opportunity to present their side of the story. There was, however, no "secret service," nor was there need of any. The Isthmus was forty-seven miles of gossip; information and misinformation circulated rapidly, and through the complaints that resulted everything of the kind reached me sooner or later; furthermore, I could always get any information desired through my visitors, who, in fact, were the real and only "gum shoes."

Of the various administrative problems that had to be taken up and solved, those outlined herein were the most difficult, constituting the most tiresome and exhausting of my duties. They were assumed voluntarily and for a purpose. I had learned by experience, both in the army and on civil works, that the best results are secured through the co-operation of men who are contented and who have respect for and confidence in their leader. At the "smoker" which was given at Corozal on March 17, 1907, I realized fully that the advent of the army was by no means popular; on the contrary, that there was a strong feeling of resentment against it. The force had to be won over or the new régime would end in failure. At that gathering I made certain promises, and I kept the faith; the labor and time expended have been more than repaid by the results accomplished.

THE FREELANDS

BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

"Liberty's a glorious feast."—*Burns.*

XXIII

ON their way back to Becket, after the visit to Tryst, Felix and Nedda dropped Derek half-way on the road to Joyfields. They found that the Becket household already knew of the arrest. Woven into a dirge on the subject of 'the Land,' the last town doings, and adventures on golf courses, it formed the genial topic of the dinner-table; for the Bulgarian and his carbohydrates was already a wonder of the past. The Bigwigs of this week-end were quite a different lot from those of three weeks ago, and comparatively homogeneous, having only three different plans for settling the land question, none of which, fortunately, involved any more real disturbance of the existing state of things than the potato, brown-bread plan, for all were based on the belief held by the respectable press, and constructive portions of the community, that omelets can be made without breaking eggs. On one thing alone, of course, the whole house party was agreed—the importance of the question. Indeed, a sincere conviction on this point was like the card one produces before one is admitted to certain functions. No one came to Becket without it; or, if he did, he begged, borrowed, or stole it the moment he smelled Clara's special pot-pourri in the hall; and, though he sometimes threw it out of the railway-carriage window in returning to town, there was nothing remarkable about that. The conversational debauch of the first night's dinner—and, alas! there were only two even at Becket during a week-end—had undoubtedly revealed the feeling which had set in of late that there was nothing really wrong with the condition of the agricultural laborer, the only trouble being that the unreasonable fellow did not stay on the land. It was believed that Henry Wiltram, in conjunction with Colonel Martlett, was on the point of promoting a policy for imposing penalties on those who attempted to leave it without good reason, such reason to be left to the discretion of impartial district boards, composed each of one laborer, one farmer, and one landowner, decision going by favor of majority. And though opinion was rather freely expressed that, since the voting would always be two to one against, this might trench on the liberty of the subject, many thought that the interests of the country were so much above this consideration that something of the sort would be found, after all, to be the best arrangement. The cruder early notions of resettling the land by fostering peasant proprietorship, with habitable houses and security of tenure, were already under a cloud, since it was more than suspected that they would interfere unduly with the game laws and other soundly vested interests. Mere penalization of those who (or whose fathers before them) had at great pains planted so much covert, enclosed so much common, and laid so much country down in grass was hardly a policy for statesmen. A section of the guests, and that perhaps strongest because most silent, distinctly favored this new departure of Henry Wiltram's. Coupled with his swinging corn tax, it was indubitably a stout platform.

A second section of the guests spoke openly in favor of Lord Settleham's policy of good-will. The whole thing, they thought, must be voluntary, and they did not see any reason why, if it were left to the kindness and good intentions of the landowner, there should be any land question at all. Boards would be formed in every county on which such model landowners as Sir Gerald Malloring, or Lord Settleham himself, would sit, to apply the principles of good-will. Against this policy the only criticism was levelled by Felix.

He could have agreed, he said, if he had not noticed that Lord Settleham, and nearly all landowners, were thoroughly satisfied with their existing good-will and averse to any changes in their education that might foster an increase of it. If landowners were so full of good-will, and so satisfied that they could not be improved in that matter, why had they not already done what they now proposed to do, and settled the land question? He himself believed that the land question, like any other, was only capable of settlement through improvement in the spirit of all concerned, but he found it a little difficult to credit Lord Settleham and the rest of the landowners with sincerity in the matter so long as they were unconscious of any need for their own improvement. According to him, they wanted it both ways, and, so far as he could see, they meant to have it!

His use of the word sincere, in connection with Lord Settleham, was at once pounced on. He could not know Lord Settleham—one of the most sincere of men. Felix freely admitted that he did not, and hastened to explain that he did not question the—er—parliamentary sincerity of Lord Settleham and his followers. He only ventured to doubt whether they realized the hold that human nature had on them. His experience, he said, of the houses where they had been bred, and the seminaries where they had been trained, had convinced him that there was still a conspiracy on foot to blind Lord Settleham and those others concerning this; and, since they were themselves part of the conspiracy, there was very little danger of their unmasking it. At this juncture Felix was felt to have exceeded the limit of fair criticism, and only that toleration toward literary men of a certain reputation, in country houses, as persons brought there to say smart and irresponsible things, prevented people from taking him seriously.

The third section of the guests, unquestionably more static than the others, confined themselves to pointing out that, though the land question was undoubtedly serious, nothing whatever would result from placing any further impositions upon landowners. For, after all, what was land? Simply capital invested in a certain way, and very poorly at that. And what was capital? Simply a means of causing wages to be paid. And whether they were paid to men who looked after birds and dogs, loaded your guns, beat your coverts, or drove you to the shoot, or paid to men who ploughed and fertilized the land, what did it matter? To dictate to a man to whom he was to pay wages was, in the last degree, un-English. Everybody knew the fate which had come, or was coming, upon capital. It was being driven out of the country by leaps and bounds—though, to be sure, it still perversely persisted in yielding every year a larger revenue by way of income tax. And it would be dastardly to take advantage of land just because it was the only sort of capital which could not fly the country in times of need. Stanley himself, though, as became a host, he spoke little and argued not at all, was distinctly of this faction; and Clara sometimes felt uneasy lest her efforts to focus at Becket all interest in the land question should not quite succeed in outweighing the passivity of her husband's attitude. But, knowing that it is bad policy to raise the whip too soon, she trusted to her genius to bring him 'with one run at the finish,' as they say, and was content to wait.

There was universal sympathy with the Mallorings. If a model landlord like Malloring had trouble with his people, who—who should be immune? Arson! It was the last word! Felix, who secretly shared Nedda's horror of the insensate cruelty of flames, listened, nevertheless, to the jubilation that they had caught the fellow, with profound disturbance. For the memory of the big laborer seated against the wall, his eyes haunting round his cell, quarrelled fiercely with his natural abhorrence of any kind of violence, and his natural dislike of anything that brought anxiety into his own life—and the life, almost as precious, of his little daughter. Scarcely a word of the evening's conversation but gave him in high degree the feeling: How glib all this is, how far from reality! How fatted up with shell after shell of comfort and security! What do these people know, what do they realize, of the pressure and beat of raw life that lies behind—what do even I, who have seen this prisoner, know? For us it's as simple as killing a rat that eats our corn, or a flea that sucks our blood. Arson!

Destructive brute—lock him up! And something in Felix said: For order, for security, this may be necessary. But something also said: Our smug attitude is odious!

He watched his little daughter closely, and several times marked the color rush up in her face, and once could have sworn he saw tears in her eyes. If the temper of this talk were trying to him, hardened at a hundred dinner-tables, what must it be to a young and ardent creature! And he was relieved to find, on getting to the drawing-room, that she had slipped behind the piano and was chatting quietly with her Uncle John. . . .

As to whether men liked her or not, Nedda perhaps was not more ignorant than other women; and she had noted a certain warmth and twinkle in Uncle John's eyes the other evening, a certain rather jolly tendency to look at her when he should have been looking at the person to whom he was talking; so that she felt toward him a trustful kindliness not altogether unmingled with a sense that he was in that Office which controls the destinies of those who 'get into trouble.' The motives even of statesmen, they say, are mixed; how much more so, then, of girls in love! Tucked away behind a Steinway, which instinct told her was not for use, she looked up under her lashes at her uncle's still military figure and said softly:

"It was awfully good of you to come, too, Uncle John."

And John, gazing down at that round, dark head, and those slim, pretty, white shoulders, answered:

"Not at all—very glad to get a breath of fresh air."

And he stealthily tightened his white waistcoat—a rite neglected of late; the garment seemed to him at the moment unnecessarily loose.

"You have so much experience, uncle. Do you think violent rebellion is never justifiable?"

"Never."

Nedda sighed. "I'm glad you think that," she murmured, "because I don't, either. But some people do. I do so want you to like Derek, Uncle John, because—because—it's a secret from nearly every one—he and I are engaged."

John jerked his head up a little, as though he had received a slight blow. The news was not palatable. He kept his form, however, and answered:

"Oh! Really! Ah!"

Nedda said still more softly: "Please don't judge him by the other night; he wasn't very nice then, I know."

John cleared his throat.

Instinct warned her that he agreed, and she said rather sadly:

"You see, we're both awfully young. It must be splendid to have experience."

Over John's face, with its double line between the brows, its double line in the thin cheeks, its single firm line of mouth beneath a gray moustache, there passed a little grimace.

"As to being young," he said, "that'll change for the—er—better only too fast."

What was it in this girl that reminded him of that one with whom he had lived but two years, and mourned fifteen? Was it her youth? Was it that quick way of lifting her eyes, and looking at him with such clear directness? Or the way her hair grew? Or what?

"Do you like the people here, Uncle John?"

The question caught John, as it were, between wind and water. Indeed, all her queries seemed to be trying to incite him to those wide efforts of mind which bring into use the philosophic nerve; and it was long since he had generalized afresh about either things or people, having fallen for many years past into the habit of reaching his opinions down out of some pigeonhole or other. To generalize was a youthful practice that one took off as one took certain garments off babies when they came to years of discretion. But since he seemed to be in for it, he answered rather shortly: "Not at all."

Nedda sighed again.

"Nor do I. They make me ashamed of myself."

John, whose dislike of the Bigwigs was that of the dogged worker of this life for the dogged talkers, wrinkled his brows:

"How's that?"

"They make me feel as if I were part of something heavy sitting on something else, and all the time talking about how to make things lighter for the thing it's sitting on."

A vague recollection of somebody—some writer, a dangerous one—having said something of this sort flitted through John.

"Do *you* think England is done for, uncle—I mean about 'the Land'?"

In spite of his conviction that 'the country was in a bad way,' John was deeply, intimately shocked by that simple little question. Done for! Never! Whatever might be happening underneath, there must be no confession of that. No! the country would keep its form. The country would breathe through its nose, even if it did lose the race. It must never know, or let others know, even if it were beaten. And he said:

"What on earth put that into your head?"

"Only that it seems funny, if we're getting richer and richer, and yet all the time farther and farther away from the life that every one agrees is the best for health and happiness. Father put it into my head, making me look at the little, towny people in Transham this afternoon. I know I mean to begin at once to learn about farm work."

"You?" This pretty young thing with the dark head and the pale, slim shoulders! Farm work! Women were certainly getting queer. In his department he had almost daily evidence of that!

"I should have thought art was more in your line!"

Nedda looked up at him; he always afterward remembered that look, so straight and young.

"It's this. I don't believe Derek will be able to stay in England. When you feel very strongly about things it must be awfully difficult to."

In bewilderment John answered:

"Why! I should have said this was the country of all others for movements, and social work, and—and—cranks—" he paused.

"Yes; but those are all for curing the skin, and I suppose we're really dying of heart disease, aren't we? Derek feels that, anyway, and, you see, he's not a bit wise, not even patient—so I expect he'll have to go. I mean to be ready, anyway."

And Nedda got up. "Only, if he does something rash, don't let them hurt him, Uncle John, if you can help it."

John felt her soft fingers squeezing his, almost desperately, as if her emotions had for the moment got out of hand. And he was touched, though he knew that the squeeze expressed feeling for his nephew, not for himself. When she slid away out of the big room all friendliness seemed to go out with her, and very soon after he himself slipped away to the smoking-room. There he was alone, and, lighting a cigar, because he still had on his long-tailed coat which did not go with that pipe he would so much have preferred, he stepped out of the French window into the warm, dark night. He walked slowly in his evening pumps up a thin path between columbines and peonies, late tulips, forget-me-nots, and pansies peering up at him in the dark with queer, monkey faces. He had a love for flowers, rather starved for a long time past, and, strangely, liked to see them, not in the set and orderly masses that should seemingly have gone with his character, but in wilder beds, where one never knew what flower was coming next. Once or twice he stopped and bent down, ascertaining which kind it was, living its little life down there, then passed on in that mood of stammering thought which besets men of middle age who walk at night—a mood caught between memory of aspirations spun and over, and vision of aspirations that refuse to take shape. Why should they, any more—what was the use? And turning down another path he came on something rather taller than himself, that glowed in the darkness as though a great moon, or some white round body, had floated to within a few feet of the earth. Approaching, he saw it for what it was—a little magnolia-tree in the full of its white blossoms. Those clustering flower-stars, printed before him on the dark coat of the night, produced in John more feeling than should have been caused by a mere magnolia-tree; and he smoked steadily. Beauty, seeking whom it should upset, seemed, like a girl, to stretch out arms and say: "I am here!" And with a pang at heart, and a long ash on his cigar, between lips that quivered oddly, John turned on his heel and retraced his footsteps to the smoking-room. It was still deserted. Taking up a review, he opened it at an article on 'the Land,' and, fixing his eyes on the first page,

did not read it, but thought: 'That child! What folly! Engaged! H'm! To that young—! Why, they're babes! And what is it about her that reminds me—reminds me— What is it? Lucky devil, Felix—to have her for daughter! Engaged! The little thing's got her troubles before her. Wish *I* had! By George, yes—wish I had!' And with careful fingers he brushed off the ash that had fallen on his lapel. . . .

The little thing who had her troubles before her, sitting in her bedroom window, had watched his white front and the glowing point of his cigar passing down there in the dark, and, though she did not know that they belonged to him, had thought: 'There's some one nice, anyway, who likes being out instead of in that stuffy drawing-room, playing bridge, and talking, talking.' Then she felt ashamed of her uncharitableness. After all, it was wrong to think of them like that. They did it for rest after all their hard work; and she —she did not work at all! If only Aunt Kirsteen would let her stay at Joyfields, and teach her all that Sheila knew! And lighting her candles, she opened her diary to write.

"Life," she wrote, "is like looking at the night. One never knows what's coming, only suspects, as in the darkness you suspect which trees are what, and try to see whether you are coming to the edge of anything. . . . A moth has just flown into my candle before I could stop it! Has it gone quite out of the world? If so, why should it be different for us? The same great Something makes all life and death, all light and dark, all love and hate —then why one fate for one living thing, and the opposite for another? But suppose there *is* nothing after death—would it make me say: 'I'd rather not live!' It would make me delight more in life of every kind. Only human beings brood and are discontented, and trouble about future life. While Derek and I were sitting in that field this morning, a bumblebee flew to the bank and tucked its head into the grass and went to sleep, just tired out with flying and working at its flowers; it simply snoozed its head down and went off. We ought to live every minute to the utmost, and when we're tired out, tuck in our heads and sleep. . . . If only Derek is not brooding over that poor man! Poor man—all alone in the dark, with months of misery before him! Poor soul! Oh! I am sorry for all the unhappiness of people! I can't bear to think of it. I can't." And dropping her pen, Nedda went again to her window and leaned out. So sweet the air smelled that it made her ache with delight to breathe it in. Each leaf that lived out there, each flower, each blade of grass, were sworn to conspiracy of living perfume. And she thought: 'They *must* all love each other, they simply must; it all goes together so beautifully!' Then, mingled with the simple incense of the night, she caught the savor of woodsmoke. It seemed to make the whole scent even more delicious, but she thought, bewildered: 'Smoke! Cruel fire—burning the wood that once grew leaves like those. Oh! it *is* so mixed!' It was a thought others have had before her.

XXIV

To see for himself how it fared with the big laborer at the hands of Preliminary Justice, Felix went into Transham with Stanley the following morning. John having departed early for town, the brothers had not further exchanged sentiments on the subject of what Stanley called 'the kick-up at Joyfields.' And just as night will sometimes disperse the brooding moods of Nature, so it had brought to all three the feeling: 'Haven't we made too much of this? Haven't we been a little extravagant, and aren't we rather bored with the whole subject?' Arson was arson; a man in prison more or less was a man in prison more or less! This was especially Stanley's view, and he took the opportunity to say to Felix: "Look here, old man, the thing is, of course, to see it in proportion."

It was with this intention, therefore, that Felix entered the building where the justice of that neighborhood was customarily dispensed. It was a species of small hall, somewhat resembling a chapel, with distempered walls, a platform, and benches for the public, rather well filled that morning—testimony to the stir the little affair had made. Felix, familiar with the appearance of London police

courts, noted the efforts that had been made to create resemblance to those models of administration. The justices of the peace, hastily convoked and four in number, sat on the platform, with a semi-circular backing of high gray screens and a green baize barrier in front of them, so that their legs and feet were quite invisible. In this way had been preserved the really essential feature of all human justice—at whose feet it is well known one must not look! Their faces, on the contrary, were entirely exposed to view, and presented that pleasing variety of type and unanimity of expression peculiar to men keeping an open mind. Below them, with his face toward the public, was placed a gray-bearded man at a table also covered with green baize, that emblem of authority. And to the side, at right angles, raised into the air, sat a little terrier of a man, with gingery, wired hair, obviously the more articulate soul of these proceedings. As Felix sat down to worship, he noticed Mr. Pogram at the green baize table, and received from the little man a nod and the faintest whiff of lavender and gutta-percha. The next moment he caught sight of Derek and Sheila, screwed sideways against one of the distempered walls, looking, with their frowning faces, for all the world like two young devils just turned out of hell. They did not greet him, and Felix set to work to study the visages of Justice. They impressed him, perhaps, more favorably than he had expected. The one to his extreme left, with a gray-whiskered face, was like a large and sleepy cat of mature age, who moved not, except to write a word now and then on the paper before him, or to hand back a document. Next to him, a man of middle age with bald forehead and dark, intelligent eyes seemed conscious now and again of the body of the court, and Felix thought: 'You have not been a magistrate long.' The chairman, who sat next, with the moustache of a heavy dragoon and gray hair parted in the middle, seemed, on the other hand, oblivious of the public, never once looking at them, and speaking so that they could not hear him, and Felix thought: 'You have been a magistrate too long.' Between him and the terrier man, the last of the four wrote diligently, below a clean, red face with clipped white moustache and little peaked beard. And Felix thought: 'Retired naval!' Then he saw that they were bringing in Tryst. The big laborer advanced between two constables, his broad, unshaven face held high, and his lowering eyes, through which his strange and tragical soul seemed looking, turned this way and that. And Felix, who, no more than any one else, could keep his gaze off the trapped creature, felt again all the sensations of the previous afternoon.

"Guilty? or Not guilty?" As if repeating something learned by heart, Tryst answered: "Not guilty, sir." And his big hands, at his sides, kept clenching and unclenching. The witnesses, four in number, began now to give their testimony. A sergeant of police recounted how he was first summoned to the scene of burning, and afterward arrested Tryst; Sir Gerald's agent described the eviction and threats uttered by the evicted man; two persons, a stone-breaker and a tramp, narrated that they had seen him going in the direction of the rick and barn at five o'clock, and coming away therefrom at five-fifteen. Punctuated by the barking of the terrier clerk, all this took time, during which there passed through Felix many thoughts. Here was a man who had done a wicked, because an antisocial, act; the sort of act no sane person could defend; an act so barbarous, stupid, and unnatural that the very beasts of the field would turn their noses away from it! How was it, then, that he himself could not feel incensed? Was it that in habitually delving into the motives of men's actions he had lost the power of dissociating what a man did from what he was; had come to see him, with his thoughts, deeds, and omissions, as a coherent growth? And he looked at Tryst. The big laborer was staring with all his soul at Derek. And, suddenly, he saw his nephew stand up—his dark head thrown back against the wall—and open his mouth to speak. In sheer alarm Felix touched Mr. Pogram on the arm. The little square man had already turned; he looked at that moment extremely like a frog.

"Gentlemen, I wish to say——"

"Who are you? Sit down!" It was the chairman, speaking for the first time in a voice that could be heard.

"I wish to say that he is not responsible. I——"

"Silence! Silence, sir! Sit down!"

Felix saw his nephew waver, and Sheila pulling at his sleeve; then, to his infinite relief, the boy sat down. His sallow face was red; his thin lips compressed to a white line. And slowly under the eyes of the whole court he grew deadly pale.

Distracted by fear that the boy might make another scene, Felix followed the proceedings vaguely. They were over soon enough: Tryst committed, defence reserved, bail refused—all as Mr. Pogram had predicted.

Derek and Sheila had vanished, and in the street outside, idle at this hour of a working-day, were only the cars of the four magistrates; two or three little knots of those who had been in court, talking of the case; and in the very centre of the street, an old, dark-whiskered man, lame, and leaning on a stick.

"Very nearly being awkward," said the voice of Mr. Pogram in his ear. "I say, do you think—no hand himself, surely no real hand himself?"

Felix shook his head violently. If the thought had once or twice occurred to him, he repudiated it with all his force when shaped by another's mouth—and such a mouth, so wide and rubbery!

"No, no! Strange boy! Extravagant sense of honor—too sensitive, that's all!"

"Quite so," murmured Mr. Pogram soothingly. "These young people! We live in a queer age, Mr. Freeland. All sorts of ideas about, nowadays. Young men like that—better in the army—safe in the army. No ideas there!"

"What happens now?" said Felix.

"Wait!" said Mr. Pogram. "Nothing else for it—wait. Three months—twiddle his thumbs. Bad system! Rotten!"

"And suppose in the end he's proved innocent?"

Mr. Pogram shook his little round head, whose ears were very red.

"Ah!" he said, "often say to my wife: 'Wish I weren't a humanitarian!' Heart of india-rubber — excellent thing — the greatest blessing. Well, good-morning! Anything you want to say at any time, let me know!" And exhaling an overpowering whiff of gutta-percha, he grasped Felix's hand and passed into a house on the door of which was printed in brazen letters: "Edward Pogram, James Collet. Solicitors. Agents."

On leaving the little humanitarian, Felix drifted back toward the court. The cars were gone, the groups dispersed; alone, leaning on his stick, the old, dark-whiskered man stood like a jackdaw with a broken wing. Yearning, at that moment, for human intercourse, Felix went up to him.

"Fine day," he said.

"Yes, sir, 'tis fine enough." And they stood silent, side by side. The gulf fixed by class and habit between soul and human soul yawned before Felix as it had never before. Stirred and troubled, he longed to open his heart to this old, ragged, dark-eyed, whiskered creature with the game leg, who looked as if he had passed through all the thorns and thickets of hard and primitive existence; he longed that the old fellow should lay bare to him his heart. And for the life of him he could not think of any mortal words which might bridge the unreal gulf between them. At last he said:

"You a native here?"

"No, sir. From over Malvern way. Livin' here with my darter, owin' to my leg. Her 'usband works in this here factory."

"And I'm from London," Felix said.

"Thart you were. Fine place, London, they say!"

Felix shook his head. "Not so fine as this Worcestershire of yours."

The old man turned his quick, dark gaze. "Aye!" he said, "people'll be a bit nervy-like in towns, nowadays. The country be a good place for a healthy man, too; I don't want no better place than the country—never could abide bein' shut in."

"There aren't so very many like you, judging by the towns."

The old man smiled—that smile was the reverse of a bitter tonic coated with sweet stuff to make it palatable.

"'Tes the want of a life takes 'em," he said. "There's not a many like me. There's not so many as can't do without the smell of the earth. With these 'ere newspapers—'tisn't taught nowadays. The boys and gells they goes to school, and 'tes all in favor of the towns there. I

can't work no more; I'm 's good as gone meself; but I feel sometimes I'll 'ave to go back. I don't like the streets, an' I guess 'tis worse in London."

"I believe," Felix said, "there are more of us like you than you think."

Again the old man turned his dark, quick glance.

"Well, an' I widden say no to that. I've seen 'em terrible homesick, too. 'Tes certain sure there's lots would never go, ef 'twasn't so mortial hard on the land. 'Tisn't a bare livin', after that. An' they're put upon, right and left they're put upon. 'Tes only a man here and there that 'as something in 'im too strong. I widden never 'ave stayed in the country ef 'twasn't that I couldn't stand the town life. 'Tes like some breeds o' cattle—you take an' put 'em out o' their own country, an' you 'ave to take an' put 'em back. Only some breeds, though. Others they don' mind where they go. Well, I've seen the country pass in my time, as you might say; where you used to see three men you only see one now."

"Are they ever going back onto the land?"

"They tark about it. I read my newspaper reg'lar. In some places I see they're makin' unions. That an't no good."

"Why?"

The old man smiled again.

"Why! Think of it! The land's different to anythin' else—that's why! Different work, different hours, four men's work to-day and one's to-morrow. Work land wi' unions, same as they've got in this 'ere factory, wi' their eight hours an' their do this an' don' do that? No! You've got no weather in factories, an' such-like. On the land 'tes a matter o' weather. On the land a man must be ready for anythin' at any time; you can't work it no other way. 'Tes along o' God's comin' into it; an' no use pullin' this way an' that. Union says to me: You mustn't work after hours. Hoh! I've 'ad to set up all night wi' ship an' cattle hundreds o' times, an' no extra for it. 'Tes not that way they'll do any good to keep people on the land. Oh, no!"

"How, then?"

"Well, you'll want some laws, o' course, to prevent farmers an' landowners takin' their advantage; you want laws to build new cottages; but mainly 'tes a case of hands together; can't be no other—the land's so ticklish. If 'tesn't hands together, 'tes nothing. I 'ad a master once that was never content so long's we wasn't content. That farm was better worked than any in the parish."

"Yes, but the difficulty is to get masters that can see the other side; a man doesn't care much to look at home."

The old man's dark eyes twinkled.

"No; an' when 'e does, 'tes generally to say: 'Lord, an't I right, an' an't they wrong, just?' That's powerful customary!"

"It is," said Felix; "God bless us all!"

"Ah! You may well say that, sir; an' we want it, too. A bit more wages wouldn't come amiss, neither. An' a bit more freedom; 'tes a man's liberty 'e prizes as well as money."

"Did you hear about this arson case?"

The old man cast a glance this way and that before he answered in a lower voice:

"They say 'e was put out of his cottage. I've seen men put out for votin' Liberal; I've seen 'em put out for free-thinkin'; all sorts o' things I seen 'em put out for. 'Tes that makes the bad blood. A man wants to call 'is soul 'is own, when all's said an' done. An' 'e can't, not in th' old country, unless 'e's got the dibs."

"And yet you never thought of emigrating?"

"Thart of it—ah! thart of it hundreds o' times; but some'ow cudden never bring mysel' to the scratch o' not seein' th' Beacon any more. I can just see it from 'ere, you know. But there's not so many like me, an' gettin' fewer every day."

"Yes," murmured Felix, "that I believe."

"'Tes a 'and-made piece o' goods—the land! You has to be fond of it, same as of your missis and yer chillen. These poor pitiful fellows that's workin' in this factory, makin' these here Colonial ploughs—union's all right for them—'tes all mechanical; but a man on the land, 'e's got to put the land first, whether 'tes his own or some one else's, or he'll never do no good; might as well go for a postman, any day. I'm keepin' of you, though, with my tattle!"

In truth, Felix had looked at the old

man, for the accursed question had begun to worry him: Ought he or not to give the lame old fellow something? Would it hurt his feelings? Why could he not say simply: 'Friend, I'm better off than you; help me not to feel so unfairly favored'? Perhaps he might risk it. And, diving into his trousers pockets, he watched the old man's eyes. If they followed his hand, he would risk it. But they did not. Withdrawing his hand, he said:

"Have a cigar?"

The old fellow's dark face twinkled.

"I don' know," he said, "as I ever smoked one; but I can have a darned good old try!"

"Take the lot," said Felix, and shuffled into the other's pocket the contents of his cigar-case. "If you get through one, you'll want the rest. They're pretty good."

"Ah!" said the old man. "Shuldn' wonder, neither."

"Good-bye. I hope your leg will soon be better."

"Thank'ee, sir. Good-bye, thank'ee!"

Looking back from the turning, Felix saw him still standing there in the middle of the empty street.

Having undertaken to meet his mother, who was returning this afternoon to Becket, he had still two hours to put away, and passing Mr. Pogram's house, he turned into a path across a clover-field and sat down on a stile. He had many thoughts sitting at the foot of this little town, which his great-grandfather had brought about. And chiefly he thought of the old man he had been talking to, sent there, as it seemed to him, by Providence, to afford a prototype for his 'Last of the Laborers.' Wonderful that the old fellow should talk of loving 'the Land,' whereon he must have toiled for sixty years or so, at a number of shillings per week, that would certainly not buy the cigars he had shovelled into that ragged pocket. Wonderful! And yet, a marvellous sweet thing, when all was said—this land! Changing its sheen and texture, the feel of its air, its very scent, from day to day. This land with its billion offspring of flowers and flying folk; its majestic and untiring march of seasons: Spring and its wistful ecstasy of saplings, and its yearning, wild, wind-loosened heart; gleam and song, blossom and cloud, and the swift white rain; each upturned leaf so little and so glad to flutter; each wood and field so full of peeping things. Summer! Ah! summer, when on the solemn old trees the long days shone and lingered, and the glory of the meadows and the murmur of life and the scent of flowers bewildered tranquillity, till surcharge of warmth and beauty brooded into dark passion, and broke. And autumn, in mellow haze down on the fields and woods; smears of gold already on the beeches, smears of crimson on the rowans, the apple-trees still burdened, and a flax-blue sky well-nigh merging with the misty air; the cattle browsing in the lingering golden stillness; not a breath to fan the blue smoke of the weed-fires—and in the fields no one moving—who would disturb such mellow peace? And winter! The long spaces, the long dark; and yet—and yet, what delicate loveliness of twig tracery; what blur of rose and brown and purple caught in the bare boughs and in the early sunset sky! What sharp dark flights of birds in the gray-white firmament! Who cared what season held in its arms this land that had bred them all!

Not so wonderful that into the veins of those who nursed it, tended and watched its perpetual fertility, should be distilled a love so deep and subtle that they could not bear to leave it, to abandon its hills, and greenness, and bird-songs, and all the impress of their forefathers throughout the ages.

Like so many of his fellows—cultured moderns, alien to the larger forms of patriotism, that rich liquor brewed of maps and figures, commercial profit, and high-cockalorum, which served so perfectly to swell smaller heads—Felix had a love of his native land resembling love for a woman, a kind of sensuous chivalry, a passion based on her charm, on her tranquillity, on the power she had to draw him into her embrace, to make him feel that he had come from her, from her alone, and into her alone was going back. And this green parcel of his native land, from which the half of his blood came, and that the dearest half, had a potency over his spirit that he might well be ashamed of in days when the true Briton was a town-

bred creature with a foot of fancy in all four corners of the globe. There was ever to him a special flavor about the elm-girt fields, the flowery coppices, of this country of the old Moretons, a special fascination in its full, white-clouded skies, its grass-edged roads, its pied and creamy cattle, and the blue-green loom of the Malvern hills. If God walked anywhere for him, it was surely here. Sentiment! Without sentiment, without that love, each for his own corner, 'the Land' was lost indeed! Not if all Becket blew trumpets till kingdom came, would 'the Land' be reformed, if they lost sight of that! To fortify men in love for their motherland, to see that the harsh hands of insecurity, of grinding poverty, of interference and petty tyranny, could no longer tug against that love—this was to be, surely must be, done! Monotony? Was that cry true? What work now performed by humble men was less monotonous than work on the land? What work was even a tenth part as varied? Never quite the same from day to day: Now weeding, now hay, now roots, now hedging; now corn, with sowing, reaping, threshing, stacking, thatching; the care of beasts, and their companionship; shearing, wool-dipping, wood-gathering, apple-picking, cider-making; fashioning and tarring gates; whitewashing walls; carting; trenching—never, never two days quite the same! Monotony! The poor devils in factories, in shops, in mines; poor devils driving 'busses, punching tickets, cleaning roads; baking; cooking; sewing; typing! Stokers; stone-breakers; bricklayers; dockers; clerks! There was the great company from towns that might well cry out: Monotony! True, they got their holidays; true, they had more social life— That was a point that might well be raised at Becket: Holidays and social life for men on the soil!

And suddenly Felix thought of the long, long holiday that was before the laborer Tryst. 'Twiddle his thumbs'—in the words of the little humanitarian—twiddle his thumbs in a space twelve feet by seven! No sky to see, no grass to smell, no beast to bear him company; no anything—for, what resources in himself had this poor creature? No anything, but to sit with tragic eyes fixed on the wall before him for eighty days and eighty nights, before they tried him. And then—not till then—would his punishment for that moment's blind revenge for grievous wrong begin! What on this earth of God's was more disproportioned, and wickedly extravagant, more crassly stupid, than the arrangements of his most perfect creature, man? What a devil was man, who could yet rise to such sublime heights of love and heroism! What a ferocious brute, the most ferocious and cold-blooded brute that lived! Of all creatures most to be stampeded by fear into a callous torturer! 'Fear'—thought Felix—'fear! Not momentary panic, such as makes our brother animals do foolish things; conscious, calculating fear, paralyzing the reason of our minds and the generosity of our hearts. A detestable thing Tryst has done, a hateful act; but his punishment will be twentyfold as hateful!'

And, unable to sit and think of it, Felix rose and walked on through the fields. . . .

XXV

He was duly at Transham station in time for the London train, and, after a minute consecrated to looking in the wrong direction, he saw his mother already on the platform with her bag, an air-cushion, and a beautifully neat roll.

'Travelling third!' he thought. 'Why will she do these things?'

Slightly flushed, she kissed Felix with an air of abstraction.

"How good of you to meet me, darling!"

Felix pointed in silence to the crowded carriage from which she had emerged. Frances Freeland looked a little rueful. "It would have been delightful," she said. "There was a dear baby there, and of course I couldn't have the window down, so it *was* rather hot."

Felix, who could just see the dear baby, said dryly:

"So that's how you go about, is it? Have you had any lunch?"

Frances Freeland put her hand under his arm. "Now, don't fuss, darling! Here's sixpence for the porter. There's only one trunk—it's got a violet label. Do you know them? They're so useful.

You see them at once. I must get you some."

"Let me take those things. You won't want this cushion. I'll let the air out."

"I'm afraid you won't be able, dear, without a screw-driver. It's quite the best screw I've ever come across—a splendid thing; never lets any air escape."

"Ah!" said Felix. "And now we may as well go out to the car!"

He was conscious of a slight stoppage in his mother's footsteps and rather a convulsive squeeze of her hand on his arm. Looking at her face, he discovered it occupied with a process whose secret he could not penetrate, a kind of disarray of her features, rapidly and severely checked, and capped with a resolute smile. They had already reached the station exit, where Stanley's car was snorting. Frances Freeland looked at it, then, mounting rather hastily, sat, compressing her lips.

When they were off, Felix said:

"Would you like to stop at the church and have a look at the brasses to your grandfather and the rest of them?"

His mother, who had slipped her hand under his arm again, answered:

"No, dear; I've seen them. The church is not at all beautiful. I like the old church at Becket so much better; it is such a pity your great-grandfather was not buried there."

She had never quite got over the lack of 'niceness' about those ploughs.

Going, as was the habit of Stanley's car, at considerable speed, Felix was not at first certain whether the peculiar little squeezes his arm was getting were due to the bounds of the creature under them or to some cause more closely connected with his mother, and it was not till they shaved a cart at the turning of the Becket drive that it suddenly dawned on him that she was in terror. He discovered it in looking round just as she drew her smile over a spasm of her face and throat. And, leaning out of the car, he said:

"Drive very slowly, Batter; I want to look at the trees."

A little sigh rewarded him. Since *she* had said nothing, *he* said nothing, and Clara's words in the hall seemed to him singularly tactless:

"Oh! I meant to have told you, Felix, to send the car back and take a fly. I thought you knew that Mother's terrified of motors." And at his mother's answer:

"Oh! no; I quite enjoyed it, dear," he thought: 'Bless her heart! She *is* a stoic!'

Whether or no to tell her of the 'kick-up at Joyfields' exercised his mind. The question was intricate, for she had not yet been informed that Nedda and Derek were engaged, and Felix did not feel at liberty to forestall the young people. That was their business. On the other hand, she would certainly glean from Clara a garbled understanding of the recent events at Joyfields, if she were not first told of them by himself. And he decided to tell her, with the natural trepidation of one, who, living among principles and theories, never quite knew how those, for whom each fact is unrelated to anything else under the moon, were going to look at anything. Frances Freeland, he knew well, kept facts and theories especially unrelated, or, rather, modified her facts to suit her theories, instead of, like Felix, her theories to suit her facts. For example, her instinctive admiration for church and state, her instinctive theory that they rested on gentility and people who were nice, was never for a moment shaken when she saw a half-starved baby of the slums. Her heart would impel her to pity and feed the poor little baby if she could, but to correlate the creature with millions of other such babies, and those millions with the church and state, would not occur to her. And if Felix made an attempt to correlate them for her she would look at him and think: 'Dear boy! How good he is! I do wish he wouldn't let that line come in his forehead; it does so spoil it!' And she would say: "Yes, darling, I know, it's very sad; only I'm *not* clever." And, if a Liberal government chanced to be in power, would add: "Of course, I do think this Government is dreadful. I *must* show you a sermon of the dear Bishop of Walham. I cut it out of the '*Daily Mystery*.' He puts things so well—he always has such nice ideas."

And Felix, getting up, would walk a little and sit down again too suddenly. Then, as if entreating him to look over her want of 'cleverness,' she would put out a hand that, for all its whiteness, had never been idle and smooth his forehead.

It had sometimes touched him horribly to see with what despair she made attempts to follow him in his correlating efforts, and with what relief she heard him cease enough to let her say: "Yes, dear; only, I must show you this new kind of expanding cork. It's simply splendid. It bottles up everything!" And after staring at her just a moment he would acquit her of irony. Very often after these occasions he had thought, and sometimes said: "Mother, you're the best Conservative I ever met." She would glance at him then, with a special loving doubtfulness, at a loss as to whether or no he had designed to compliment her.

When he had given her half an hour to rest he made his way to the blue corridor, where a certain room was always kept for her, who never occupied it long enough at a time to get tired of it. She was lying on a sofa in a loose gray cashmere gown. The windows were open, and the light breeze just moved in the folds of the chintz curtains and stirred perfume from a bowl of pinks—her favorite flowers. There was no bed in this bedroom, which in all respects differed from any other in Clara's house, as though the spirit of another age and temper had marched in and dispossessed the owner. Felix had a sensation that one was by no means all body here. On the contrary. There was not a trace of the body anywhere; as if some one had decided that the body was not quite nice. No bed, no wash-stand, no chest of drawers, no wardrobe, no mirror, not even a jar of Clara's special potpourri. And Felix said:

"This can't be your bedroom, Mother?"

Frances Freeland answered, with a touch of deprecating quizzicality:

"Oh! yes, darling. I must show you my arrangements." And she rose. "This," she said, "you see, goes under there, and that under here; and that again goes under this. Then they all go under that, and then I pull this. It's lovely."

"But why?" said Felix.

"Oh! but don't you see? It's so nice; nobody can tell. And it doesn't give any trouble."

"And when you go to bed?"

"Oh! I just pop my clothes into this and open that. And there I am. It's simply splendid."

"I see," said Felix. "Do you think I might sit down, or shall I go through?"

Frances Freeland loved him with her eyes, and said:

"Naughty boy!"

And Felix sat down on what appeared to be a window-seat.

"Well," he said, with slight uneasiness, for she was hovering, "I think you're wonderful."

Frances Freeland put away an impeachment that she evidently felt to be too soft.

"Oh! but it's all so simple, darling." And Felix saw that she had something in her hand.

"This is my little electric brush. It'll do wonders with your hair. While you sit there, I'll just try it."

A clicking and a whirring had begun to occur close to his ear, and something darted like a gadfly at his scalp.

"I came to tell you something serious, Mother."

"Yes, darling; it'll be simply lovely to hear it; and you mustn't mind this, because it really is a first-rate thing—quite new."

Now, how is it, thought Felix, that any one who loves the new as she does, when it's made of matter, will not even look at it when it's made of mind? And, while the little machine buzzed about his head, he proceeded to detail to her the facts of the state of things that existed at Joyfields.

When he had finished, she said:

"Now, darling, bend down a little."

Felix bent down. And the little machine began severely tweaking the hairs on the nape of his neck. He sat up again rather suddenly.

Frances Freeland was contemplating the little machine.

"How very provoking! It's never done that before!"

"Quite so!" Felix murmured. "But about Joyfields?"

"Oh, my dear, it *is* such a pity they don't get on with those Mallorings! I do think it sad they weren't brought up to go to church."

Felix stared, not knowing whether to be glad or sorry that his recital had not roused within her the faintest suspicion of disaster. How he envied her that single-

minded power of not seeing further than was absolutely needful! And suddenly he thought: 'She really is wonderful! With her love of church, how it must hurt her that we none of us go, not even John! And yet she never says a word. There really is width about her; a power of accepting the inevitable. Never was woman more determined to make the best of a bad job. It's a great quality!' And he heard her say:

"Now, darling, if I give you this, you must promise me to use it every morning. You'll find you'll soon have a splendid crop of little young hairs."

"I know," he said gloomily; "but they won't come to anything. Age has got my head, Mother, just as it's got 'the Land's.'"

"Oh, nonsense! You must go on with it, that's all!"

Felix turned so that he could look at her. She was moving round the room now, meticulously adjusting the framed photographs of her family that were the only decoration of the walls. How formal, chiselled, and delicate her face, yet how almost fanatically decisive! How frail and light her figure, yet how indomitably active! And the memory assailed him of how, four years ago, she had defeated double pneumonia without having a doctor, simply by lying on her back. 'She leaves trouble,' he thought, 'until it's under her nose, then simply tells it that it isn't there. There's something very English about that.'

She was chasing a bluebottle now with a little fan made of wire, and, coming close to Felix, said:

"Have you seen these, darling? You've only to hit the fly and it kills him at once."

"But do you ever hit the fly?"

"Oh, yes!" And she waved the fan at the bluebottle, which avoided it without seeming difficulty.

"I can't bear hurting them, but I *don't* like flies. There!"

The bluebottle flew out of the window behind Felix and in at the one that was not behind him. He rose.

"You ought to rest before tea, Mother."

He felt her searching him with her eyes, as if trying desperately to find something she might bestow upon or do for him.

"Would you like this wire——"

With a feeling that he was defrauding love, he turned and fled. She would never rest while he was there! And yet there was that in her face which made him feel a brute to go.

Passing out of the house, sunk in its Monday hush, no vestige of a Bigwig left, Felix came to that new-walled mound where the old house of the Moretons had been burned 'by soldiers from Tewkesbury and Gloucester,' as said the old chronicles dear to the heart of Clara. And on the wall he sat him down. Above, in the uncut grass, he could see the burning blue of a peacock's breast, where the heraldic bird stood digesting grain in the repose of perfect breeding, and below him gardeners were busy with the gooseberries. 'Gardeners and the gooseberries of the great!' he thought. 'Such is the future of our land.' And he watched them. How methodically they went to work! How patient and well-done-for they looked! After all, was it not the ideal future? Gardeners, gooseberries, and the great! Each of the three content in that station of life into which—! What more could a country want? Gardeners, gooseberries, and the great! The phrase had a certain hypnotic value. Why trouble? Why fuss? Gardeners, gooseberries, and the great! A perfect land! A land dedicate to the week-end! Gardeners, goose—! And suddenly he saw that he was not alone. Half hidden by the angle of the wall, on a stone of the foundations, carefully preserved and nearly embedded in the nettles which Clara had allowed to grow because they added age to the appearance, was sitting a Bigwig. One of the Settleham faction, he had impressed Felix alike by his reticence, the steady sincerity of his gray eyes, a countenance that, beneath a simple and delicate urbanity, had still in it something of the best type of schoolboy. 'How comes he to have stayed?' he mused. 'I thought they always fed and scattered!' And having received an answer to his salutation, he moved across and said:

"I imagined you'd gone."

"I've been having a look round. It's very jolly here. My affections are in the North, but I suppose this is pretty well the heart of England."

"Near 'the big song,'" Felix answered. "There'll never be anything more English than Shakespeare, when all's said and done." And he took a steady, sidelong squint at his companion. 'This is another of the types I've been looking for,' he reflected. The peculiar 'don't-quite-touch-me' accent of the aristocrat—and of those who would be—had almost left this particular one, as though he secretly aspired to rise superior and only employed it in the nervousness of his first greetings. 'Yes,' thought Felix, 'he's just about the very best we can do among those who sit upon 'the Land.' I would wager there's not a better landlord nor a better fellow in all his class, than this one. He's chalks away superior to Malloring, if I know anything of faces—would never have turned poor Tryst out. If this exception were the rule! And yet—! Does he, can he, go quite far enough to meet the case? If not—what hope of regeneration from above? Would he give up his shooting? Could he give up feeling he's a leader? Would he give up his town house and collecting whatever it is he collects? Could he let himself sink down and merge till he was just unseen leaven of good-fellowship and good-will, working in the common bread?' And squinting at that sincere, clean, charming, almost fine face, he answered himself unwillingly: 'He could not!' And suddenly he knew that he was face to face with the tremendous question which soon or late confronts all thinkers. Sitting beside him—was the highest product of the present system! With its charm, humanity, courage, chivalry up to a point, its culture, and its cleanliness, this decidedly rare flower at the end of a tall stalk, with dark and tortuous roots and rank foliage, was in a sense the sole justification of power wielded from above. And was it good enough? Was it quite good enough? Like so many other thinkers, Felix hesitated to reply. If only merit and the goods of this world could be finally divorced! If the reward of virtue were just men's love and an unconscious self-respect! If only 'to have nothing' were the highest honor! And yet, to do away with this beside him and put in its place—What? No kiss-me-quick change had a chance of producing anything better. To scrap the long growth of man and start afresh was but to say: 'Since in the past the best that man has done has not been good enough, I have a perfect faith in him for the future!' No! That was a creed for archangels and other extremists. Safer to work on what we had! And he began:

"Next door to this estate I'm told there's ten thousand acres almost entirely grass and covert, owned by Lord Baltimore, who lives in Norfolk, London, Cannes, and anywhere else that the whim takes him. He comes down here twice a year to shoot. The case is extremely common. Surely it spells paralysis. If land is to be owned at all in such great lumps, owners ought at least to live on the lumps, and to pass very high examinations as practical farmers. They ought to be the life and soul, the radiating sun, of their little universes; or else they ought to be cleared out. How expect keen farming to start from such an example? It really looks to me as if the game laws would have to go." And he redoubled his scrutiny of the Bigwig face. A little furrow in its brow had deepened visibly, but he nodded and said:

"The absentee landlord is a curse, of course. I'm afraid I'm a bit of a one myself. And I'm bound to say—though I'm keen on shooting—if the game laws were abolished, it might do a lot."

"*You* wouldn't move in that direction, I suppose?"

The Bigwig smiled—charming, rather whimsical, that smile.

"Honestly, I'm not up to it. The spirit, you know, but the flesh—! My line is housing and wages, of course."

'There it is,' thought Felix. 'Up to a point, they'll move—not up to *the* point. It's all fiddling. One won't give up his shooting; another won't give up his power; a third won't give up her week-ends; a fourth won't give up his freedom. Our interest in the thing is all lackadaisical, a kind of bun-fight of pet notions. There's no real steam.' And abruptly changing the subject, he talked of pictures to the pleasant Bigwig in the sleepy afternoon. Of how this man could paint, and that man couldn't. And in the uncut grass the peacock slowly moved, display-

ing his breast of burning blue; and below, the gardeners worked among the gooseberries.

XXVI

NEDDA, borrowing the bicycle of Clara's maid, Sirrett, had been over to Joyfields, and only learned on her return of her grandmother's arrival. In her bath before dinner there came to her one of those strategic thoughts that even such as are no longer quite children will sometimes conceive. She hurried desperately into her clothes, and, ready full twenty minutes before the gong was due to sound, made her way to her grandmother's room. Frances Freeland had just pulled *this*, and, to her astonishment, *that* had not gone in properly. She was looking at it somewhat severely, when she heard Nedda's knock. Drawing a screen temporarily over the imperfection, she said: "Come in!"

The dear child looked charming in her white evening dress with one red flower in her hair; and while she kissed her, she noted that the neck of her dress was just a little too open to be quite nice, and at once thought: 'I've got the very thing for that.'

Going to a drawer that no one could have suspected of being there, she took from it a little diamond star. Getting delicate but firm hold of the Mechlin at the top of the frock, she popped it in, so that the neck was covered at least an inch higher, and said:

"Now, ducky, you're to keep that as a little present. You've no idea how perfectly it suits you just like this." And having satisfied for the moment her sense of niceness and that continual itch to part with everything she had, she surveyed her granddaughter, lighted up by that red flower, and said:

"How sweet you look!"

Nedda, looking down past cheeks colored by pleasure at the new little star on a neck rather browned by her day in the sun, murmured:

"Oh, Granny! it's much too lovely! You mustn't give it me!"

These were moments that Frances Freeland loved best in life; and, with the untruthfulness in which she only indulged when she gave things away, or otherwise benefited her neighbors with or without their will, she added: "It's quite wasted; I never wear it myself." And, seeing Nedda's smile, for the girl recollected perfectly having admired it during dinner at Uncle John's, and at Becket itself, she said decisively, "So that's that!" and settled her down on the sofa. And just as she was thinking, 'I have the very thing for the dear child's sunburn,' Nedda said:

"Granny, dear, I've been meaning to tell you—Derek and I are engaged."

For the moment Frances Freeland could do nothing but tremulously interlace her fingers.

"Oh, but, darling," she said very gravely, "have you thought?"

"I think of nothing else, Granny."

"But has he thought?"

Nedda nodded.

Frances Freeland sat staring straight before her. Nedda and Derek, Derek and Nedda! The news was almost unintelligible; those two were still for her barely more than little creatures to be tucked up at night. Engaged! Marriage! Between those who were both as near to her, almost, as her own children had been! The effort was for the moment quite too much for her, and a sort of pain disturbed her heart. Then the crowning principle of her existence came a little to her aid. No use in making a fuss; must put the best face on it, whether it were going to come to anything or not! And she said:

"Well, darling, I don't know, I'm sure. I dare say it's very lovely for you. But do you think you've seen enough of him?"

Nedda gave her a swift look, then dropped her lashes, so that her eyes seemed closed. Snuggling up, she said:

"No, Granny, I do wish I could see more; if only I could go and stay with them a little!"

And as she planted that dart of suggestion, the gong sounded.

In Frances Freeland, lying awake till two, as was her habit, the suggestion grew. To this growth not only her habit of putting the best face on things, but her incurable desire to make others happy, and an instinctive sympathy with love affairs, all contributed; moreover, Felix had said something about Derek's having

been concerned in something rash. If darling Nedda were there it would occupy his mind and help to make him careful. Never dilatory in forming resolutions, she decided to take the girl over with her on the morrow. Kirsteen had a dear little spare room, and Nedda should take her bag. It would be a nice surprise for them all. Accordingly, next morning, not wanting to give any trouble, she sent Thomas down to the Red Lion, where they had a comfortable fly, with a very steady, respectable driver, and ordered it to come at half-past two. Then, without saying anything to Clara, she told Nedda to be ready to pop in her bag, trusting to her powers of explaining everything to everybody without letting anybody know anything, when, having left the girl at Joyfields, she should come back alone. Little difficulties of this sort never bunkered her; she was essentially a woman of action. And on the drive to Joyfields she stilled the girl's quavering with:

"It's all right, darling; it'll be very nice for them."

She was perhaps the only person in the world who was not just a little bit afraid of Kirsteen. Indeed, she was constitutionally unable to be afraid of anything, except motor-cars, and, of course, earwigs, and even them one must put up with. Her critical sense told her that this woman in blue was just like anybody else, and her father had been a colonel of a Highland regiment, which was quite nice, and one must put the best face on her.

In this way, pointing out the beauty of each feature of the scenery, and not permitting herself or Nedda to think about the bag, they drove until they came to Joyfields.

Kirsteen alone was in, and, having sent Nedda into the orchard to look for her uncle, Frances Freeland came at once to the point. It was so important, she thought, that darling Nedda should see more of dear Derek. They were very young, and if she could stay for a few weeks, they would both know their minds so much better. She had made her bring her bag, because she knew dear Kirsteen would agree with her; and it would be so nice for them all. Felix had told her about that poor man who had done this dreadful thing, and she thought that if Nedda were here it would be a distraction. She was a very good child, and quite useful in the house. And while she was speaking she watched Kirsteen, and thought: 'She is very handsome, and altogether ladylike; only it is such a pity she wears that blue thing in her hair—it makes her so conspicuous.' And rather unexpectedly she said:

"Do you know, dear, I believe I know the very thing to keep your hair from getting loose. It's such lovely hair. And this is quite a new thing, and doesn't show at all; invented by a very nice hairdresser in Worcester. It's simplicity itself. Do let me show you!" Quickly going over, she removed the kingfisher-blue fillet, and making certain passes with her fingers through the hair, murmured:

"It's so beautifully fine; it seems such a pity not to show it all, dear. Now look at yourself!" And from the recesses of her pocket she produced a little mirror. "I'm sure Tod will simply love it like that. It'll be such a nice change for him."

Kirsteen, with just a faint wrinkling of her lips and eyebrows, waited till she had finished. Then she said:

"Yes, Mother dear, I'm sure he will," and replaced the fillet. A patient, half-sad, half-quizzical smile visited Frances Freeland's lips, as who should say: 'Yes, I know you think that I'm a fuss-box, but it really is a pity that you wear it so, darling!'

At sight of that smile, Kirsteen got up and kissed her gravely on the forehead.

When Nedda came back from a fruitless search for Tod, her bag was already in the little spare bedroom and Frances Freeland gone. She had never yet been alone with her aunt, for whom she had a fervent admiration not unmixed with awe. She idealized her, of course, thinking of her as one might think of a picture or statue, a symbolic figure, standing for liberty and justice and the redress of wrong. Her never-varying garb of blue assisted the girl's fancy, for blue was always the color of ideals and aspiration—was not blue sky the nearest one could get to heaven—were not blue violets the flowers of spring? Then, too, Kirsteen was a woman with whom it would be quite impossible to gossip or small-talk;

with her one could but simply and directly say what one felt, and only that over things which really mattered. And this seemed to Nedda so splendid that it sufficed in itself to prevent the girl from saying anything whatever. She longed to, all the same, feeling that to be closer to her aunt meant to be closer to Derek. Yet, with all, she knew that her own nature was very different; this, perhaps, egged her on, and made her aunt seem all the more exciting. She waited breathless till Kirsteen said:

"Yes, you and Derek must know each other better. The worst kind of prison in the world is a mistaken marriage."

Nedda nodded fervently. "It must be. But I think one knows, Aunt Kirsteen!"

She felt as if she were being searched right down to the soul before the answer came:

"Perhaps. I knew myself. I have seen others who did—a few. I think you might."

Nedda flushed from sheer joy. "I could never go on if I didn't love. I feel I couldn't, even if I'd started."

With another long look through narrowing eyes, Kirsteen answered:

"Yes. You would want truth. But after marriage truth is an unhappy thing, Nedda, if you have made a mistake."

"It must be dreadful. Awful."

"So don't make a mistake, my dear—and don't let him."

Nedda answered solemnly:

"I won't—oh, I won't!"

Kirsteen had turned away to the window, and Nedda heard her say quietly to herself:

"'Liberty's a glorious feast!'"

Trembling all over with the desire to express what was in her, Nedda stammered:

"I would never keep anything that wanted to be free—never, never! I would never try to make any one do what they didn't want to!"

She saw her aunt smile, and wondered whether she had said anything exceptionally foolish. But it was not foolish—surely not—to say what one really felt.

"Some day, Nedda, all the world will say that with you. Until then we'll fight those who won't say it. Have you got everything in your room you want? Let's come and see."

To pass from Becket to Joyfields was really a singular experience. At Becket you were certainly supposed to do exactly what you liked, but the tyranny of meals, baths, scents, and other accompaniments of the 'all-body' régime soon annihilated every impulse to do anything but just obey it. At Joyfields, bodily existence was a kind of perpetual skirmish, a sort of grudged accompaniment to a state of soul. You might be alone in the house at any meal-time. You might or might not have water in your jug. And as to baths, you had to go out to a little whitewashed shed at the back, with a brick floor, where you pumped on yourself, prepared to shout out, "Hallo! I'm here!" in case any one else came wanting to do the same. The conditions were in fact almost perfect for seeing more of one another. Nobody asked where you were going, with whom going, or how going. You might be away by day or night without exciting curiosity or comment. And yet you were conscious of a certain something always there, holding the house together; some principle of life, or perhaps—just a woman in blue. There, too, was that strangest of all phenomena in an English home—no game ever played, outdoors or in.

The next fortnight, while the grass was ripening, was a wonderful time for Nedda, given up to her single passion—of seeing more of him who so completely occupied her heart. She was at peace now with Sheila, whose virility forbade that she should dispute pride of place with this soft and truthful guest, so evidently immersed in rapture. Besides, Nedda had that quality of getting on well with her own sex, found in those women who, though tenacious, are not possessive; who, though humble, are secretly very self-respecting; who, though they do not say much about it, put all their eggs in one basket; above all, who disengage, no matter what their age, a candid but subtle charm.

But that fortnight was even more wonderful for Derek, caught between two passions—both so fervid. For though the passion of his revolt against the Mallorings did not pull against his passion for Nedda, they both tugged at him. And

this had one curious psychological effect. It made his love for Nedda more actual, less of an idealization. Now that she was close to him, under the same roof, he felt the full allurement of her innocent warmth; he would have been cold-blooded indeed if he had not taken fire, and, his pride always checking the expression of his feelings, they glowed ever hotter underneath.

Yet, over those sunshiny days there hung a kind of shadow, as of something kept back, not shared between them; a kind of waiting and menace. Nedda learned of Kirsteen and Sheila all the useful things she could; and the evenings she had with Derek, those long evenings of late May and early June, this year so warm and golden. They walked generally in the direction of the hills. A favorite spot was a wood of larches whose green shoots had not yet quite ceased to smell of lemons. Tall, slender things those trees, whose stems and dried lower branch-growth were gray, almost sooty, up to the feathery green of the tops, that swayed and creaked faintly in a wind, with a soughing of their branches like the sound of the sea. From the shelter of those Highland trees, rather strange in such a countryside, they two could peer forth at the last sunlight gold-powdering the fringed branches, at the sunset flush dyeing the sky above the Beacon; watch light slowly folding gray wings above the hay-fields and elms; mark the squirrels scurry along, and the pigeons' evening flight. A stream ran there at the edge, and beech-trees grew beside it. In the tawny-dappled sand bed of that clear water, and the gray-green dappled trunks of those beeches with their great, sinuous, long-muscled roots, was that something which man can never tame and garden out of the land: the strength of unconquerable fertility—the remote deep life in Nature's heart. Men and women had their spans of existence; those trees seemed as if there forever! From generation to generation lovers might come and, looking on this strength and beauty, feel in their veins the sap of the world. Here the laborer and his master, hearing the wind in the branches and the water murmuring down, might for a brief minute grasp the land's unchangeable wild majesty. And on the far side of that little stream was a field of moon-colored flowers that had for Nedda a strange fascination. Once the boy jumped across and brought her back a handkerchief full. They were of two kinds: close to the water's edge the marsh orchis, and farther back, a small marguerite. Out of this they made a crown of the alternate flowers, and a girdle for her waist. That was an evening of rare beauty, and warm enough already for an early chafer to go booming in the dusk. An evening when they wandered with their arms round each other a long time, silent, stopping to listen to an owl; stopping to point out each star coming so shyly up in the gray-violet of the sky. And that was the evening when they had a strange little quarrel, sudden as a white squall on a blue sea, or the tiff of two birds shooting up in a swift spiral of attack and then all over. Would he come to-morrow to see her milking? He could not. Why? He could not; he would be out. Ah! he never told her where he went; he never let her come with him among the laborers like Sheila.

"I can't; I'm pledged not."

"Then you don't trust me!"

"Of course I trust you; but a promise is a promise. You oughtn't to ask me, Nedda."

"No; but I would never have promised to keep anything from you."

"You don't understand."

"Oh! yes, I do. Love doesn't mean the same to you that it does to me."

"How do you know what it means to me?"

"I couldn't have a secret from you."

"Then you don't count honor."

"Honor only binds oneself!"

"What d'you mean by that?"

"I include you—you don't include me in yourself, that's all."

"I think you're very unjust. I was obliged to promise; it doesn't only concern myself."

Then silent, motionless, a yard apart, they looked fiercely at each other, their hearts stiff and sore, and in their brains no glimmer of perception of anything but tragedy. What more tragic than to have come out of an elysium of warm arms round each other, to this sudden hostility! And the owl went on hooting, and the larches smelled sweet! And all

around was the same soft dusk wherein the flowers in her hair and round her waist gleamed white! But for Nedda the world had suddenly collapsed. Tears rushed into her eyes; she shook her head and turned away, hiding them passionately. . . . A full minute passed, each straining to make no sound and catch the faintest sound from the other, till in her breathing there was a little clutch. His fingers came stealing round, touched her cheeks, and were wetted. His arms suddenly squeezed all breath out of her; his lips fastened on hers. She answered those lips with her own desperately, bending her head back, shutting her wet eyes. And the owl hooted, and the white flowers fell into the dusk off her hair and waist.

After that, they walked once more enlaced, avoiding with what perfect care any allusion to the sudden tragedy, giving themselves up to the bewildering ecstasy that had started throbbing in their blood with that kiss, longing only not to spoil it. And through the sheltering larch wood their figures moved from edge to edge, like two little souls in paradise, unwilling to come forth.

After that evening love had a poignancy it had not quite had before; at once deeper, sweeter, tinged for both of them with the rich darkness of passion, and with discovery that love does not mean a perfect merger of one within another. For both felt themselves in the right over that little quarrel. The boy that he could not, must not, resign what was not his to resign; feeling dimly, without being quite able to shape the thought even to himself, that a man has a life of action into which a woman cannot always enter, with which she cannot always be identified. The girl feeling that she did not want any life into which he did not enter, so that it was hard that he should want to exclude her from anything. For all that, she did not try again to move him to let her into the secret of his plans of revolt and revenge, and disdained completely to find them out from Sheila or her aunt.

And the grass went on ripening. Many and various as the breeds of men, or the trees of a forest, were the stalks that made up that greenish jungle with the waving, fawn-colored surface; of rye-grass and brome-grass, of timothy, plantain, and yarrow; of bent-grass and quake-grass, foxtail, and the green-hearted trefoil; of dandelion, dock, musk-thistle, and sweet-scented vernal.

On the 10th of June Tod began cutting his three fields; the whole family, with Nedda and the three Tryst children, working like slaves. Old Gaunt, who looked to the harvests to clothe him for the year, came to do his share of raking, and any other who could find some evening hours to spare. The whole was cut and carried in three days of glorious weather.

The lovers were too tired the last evening of hay harvest to go rambling, and sat in the orchard watching the moon slide up through the coppice behind the church. They sat on Tod's log, deliciously weary, in the scent of the new-mown hay, while moths flitted gray among the blue darkness of the leaves, and the whitened trunks of the apple-trees gleamed ghostly. It was very warm; a night of whispering air, opening all hearts. And Derek said:

"You'll know to-morrow, Nedda."

A flutter of fear overtook her. What would she know?

(To be continued.)

THE RISE AND FALL OF NEGRO-MINSTRELSY

By Brander Matthews

ILLUSTRATED WITH FACSIMILE REPRODUCTIONS OF MINSTREL SONG-BOOKS

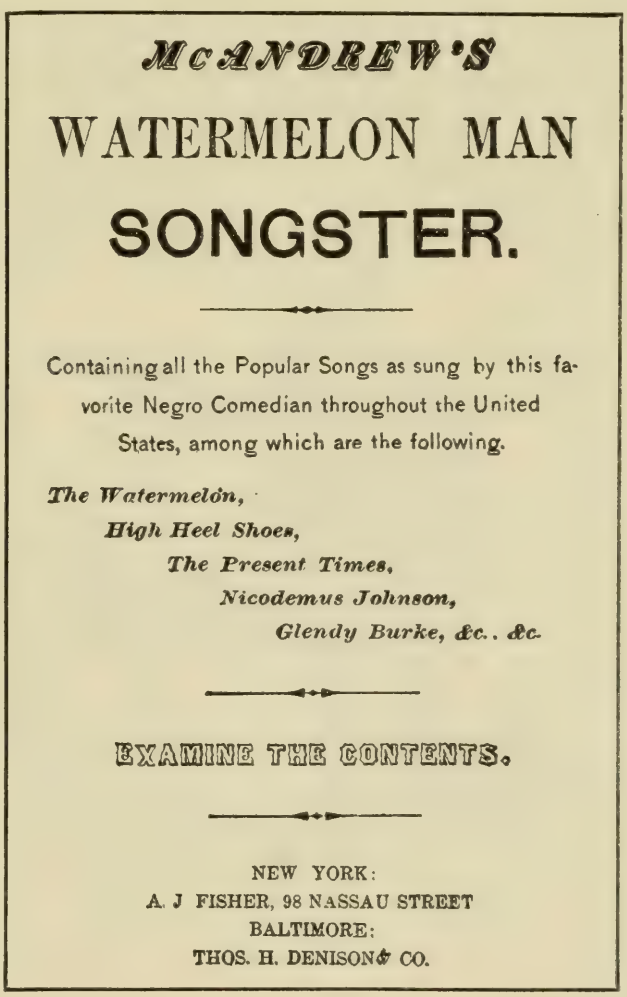
OF all the varied and manifold kinds of theatrical entertainment negro-minstrelsy is the one which is absolutely native to these States and which could not have come into existence anywhere else in the civilized world. Here in America alone has the transplanted African been brought into intimate contact with the transplanted European. Other nations may have disputed our claim to the invention of the steamboat and the telegraph, but negro-minstrelsy is as indisputably due to American inventiveness as the telephone itself. Here in the United States it had its humble beginnings; here it expanded and flourished for many years; from here it was exported to Great Britain, where it established itself for many seasons; from here it made sporadic excursions into France and into Germany; and here at last it has fallen into a decline and a degeneracy and a decay which seem to doom it to a speedy extinction. Its life was little longer than that vouchsafed to man, threescore years and ten, for it was born in the fifth decade of the nineteenth century and in the second decade of the twentieth it lingers superfluous on the stage with none to do it reverence.

Time was when the negro-minstrels held possession of three or four theatres in the single city of New York and when a dozen or more troupes were travelling from town to town; and now they have long ago surrendered their last hall in the metropolis and only two or three companies wind their lonely way from theatre to theatre throughout the United States. The few surviving practitioners of the art are reduced to the presentation of brief interludes in the all-devouring variety shows or to the impersonation of sparse negro characters in occasional comedies. The Skidmore Guards who paraded so gayly at Harrigan and Hart's are disbanded now these many years; Johnny Wild, of joyous memory, is no more; and Sweatnam, bereft of his fellows in sable drollery, is seen only in a chance comedy like "Excuse Me" or the "County Chairman." George Christy and Dan Emmett and Dan Bryant have gone and left only fading memories of their breezy songs, their nimble dances, and their flippant quips. Edwin Forrest and Edwin Booth blacked up more than once, Joseph Jefferson and Barney Williams besmeared themselves with burnt cork on occasion; but it is not by these darker episodes in their artistic careers that they are now recalled; and the leading actors of to-day think scorn of negro-minstrelsy—whenever they deign to give it a thought. And yet it must be noted frankly that when the Lambs wanted to raise money for their new club-house they did not disdain the art of the negro-minstrel; and more than twoscore of them went forth to conquer willingly disguised in the uniform blackness assumed long ago by George Christy and Dan Bryant.

It is to be hoped that some devoted historian will come forward before it is too late and tell us the history of this very special form of theatrical art, the only one indigenous to our soil. Indeed, now that our American universities are paying attention to the drama, what more alluring theme for the dissertation demanded of all candidates for the doctorate of philosophy than an inquiry into the rise and fall of negro-minstrelsy? In the late Laurence Hutton's conscientious and entertaining volume on the "Curiosities of the American Stage" there is a chapter in which the subject is treated historically, although the chronicler wasted much of his precious space in considering the succession of sable characters in the regular drama—Shakespeare's *Othello*, Southerne's *Oroo-*

noko, Bickerstaff's *Mungo*, Boucicault's *Pete* (in the "Octoroon"), *Uncle Tom*, *Topsy*, *Eliza*, and their companions (in the undying dramatization of Mrs. Stowe's story). These were all parts in plays wherein white characters were prominent. The first performer of a song and dance, that is, of a sketch in which the darky performer was sufficient unto himself and was deprived of any support from persons of another complexion, seems to have been "Jim Crow" Rice—the title of whose lively lyric survives in the name bestowed upon the cars reserved for colored folk on certain Southern railroads. Rice found his pattern in an old negro who did a peculiar step after he had sung to a tune of his own contriving:

"Wheel about,
turn about;
Do jus' so:
An' ebery time
I turn about,
I jump Jim Crow."



Rice carried Jim Crow to England and he made a specialty of dandy darkies. But he was not the discoverer of negro-minstrelsy, as we know it, although he blazed the trail for it. Indeed, it was quite probably due to the influence of Rice and his darky dandies that the negro-minstrels confined their efforts to the imitation of the town negro rather than of the plantation negro, the field-hand of the Uncle Remus type. Rice first impersonated Jim Crow in the late twenties, and it was in the middle of the thirties that he went to England. And it was in the early forties that Dan Emmett, Frank Brower, Billy Whitlock, and Dick Pelham happened to meet by accident in a New York boarding-house and amused themselves with songs accompanied by the banjo, the tambourine, and the bones. Pleased by the result of their exercises, they appeared together at a benefit; and negro-minstrelsy was born. At first there was no differentiation into interlocutors and end-men; they all took an equal share in the more or less improvised dialogue; they sang and they played and they danced the "Essence of Old Virginny."

Probably Emmett began early to provide new tunes for them. He was the composer of "Old Dan Tucker" and the "Boatman's Dance," of "Walk Along, John" and "Early in the Morning"; and one walk-around which he devised in the late fifties for Bryant's Minstrels, "Dixie," was introduced by Mrs. John Wood into a burlesque which she was playing in New Orleans just before the outbreak of the Civil War. The sentiment and the tune took the fancy of the ardent Louisianians and they carried it with them into the Confederate army, where it soon established itself as the war-song of the South. And then when Richmond had fallen at last, Lincoln ordered the bands of the victorious army to play "Dixie," with the wise explanation that as we had captured the Southern capital we had also captured the Southern song. And "Dixie," which had begun life so humbly as a walk-around in a minstrel show in New York, bids fair to survive indefinitely as the musical testimony to the fact that the cruel war is over and that these States are now one nation.

It was only a year or two after the quartet of Emmett, Brower, Whitlock, and Pelham had shown the possibilities of the new form of amusement that troupes of negro-minstrels began to supply an entire evening's amusement. The regulation "first part" was devised with its row of vocalists, instrumentalists, and comedians. The dignified interlocutor took his place in the middle of the semicircle and uttered the time-honored phrase: "Gentlemen, be seated. We will commence with the overture." Bones captured the chair at one end and Tambo pre-empted that on the other; and they began their wordy skirmish with the middle-man, in which that pompous presiding officer always got the worst of it. This device for immediate and boisterous laughter, this putting down of the middle-man by the end-man, the negro-minstrels appear to have borrowed from the circus, where the clown is also permitted always to discomfit the stiff and stately ringmaster.



As sung by the Minstrel Band in the side Pavilion attached to Spalding and Rodgers's Circus Company.

But although the minstrels may have taken over this effective trick from the circus, with which some of the earlier performers had had intimate relations, the trick itself is of remote antiquity. The side-splitting colloquy of the end-man with the middle-man may be exactly like the interchange of merry jests between the clown and the ringmaster, yet it is far older than the modern circus. It existed in Paris, for example, in the sixteenth century, when the quack-doctor was accompanied by his jack-pudding. Many of the dialogues heard on the Pont-Neuf between Mondor and Tabarin have been preserved; and their method is precisely that of the dialogues between ringmaster and clown, interlocutor and end-man, even to the persistent repetition of the question which contains the catch. "Master," Tabarin would begin, "can you tell me which is the more generous, a man or a woman?" And the quack-doctor would solemnly reply: "Ah, Tabarin, that is a question which has been greatly debated by the philosophers of antiquity, and they have been unable to decide which is truly the more generous, a man or a woman." Then Tabarin would briskly retort: "Never mind the old philosophers. I can tell you." And with great contempt the ponderous quack-doctor would return: "What, Tabarin, do you mean to say that you can tell us which is the more generous, a man or a woman?" Tabarin promptly responds that he can. "Then," asked Mondor, "pray do so. Which is the more generous, a man or a woman?" And thereupon, to the great disgust of Mondor, Tabarin would proffer his ribald explanation. Unfortunately the explanation he gave is frankly too ribald to be given here, for nowadays we are more squeamish than the idlers who gathered around the quack-doctor's platform in Paris three or four centuries ago. The dialogues of Mondor and Tabarin were brief enough, but they often made up for their brevity in their breadth.

This kind of catch-question was known in England under Elizabeth as "selling a bargain"; and it is not infrequent in the plays of the time. It will be found more than once in earlier plays of Shakespeare; for example, when his "clowns" (as the low comedy characters were then called)

were allowed to run on at their own sweet will. Not a little of the dialogue of the two Dromios is closely akin in its method to interchange of question and answer between the interlocutor and the end-man. We may be sure this method of evoking laughter was employed also by the improvising comedians of the Italian comedy of masks, with which negro-minstrelsy has other points of resemblance. It must have been popular in the rude middle ages; and now that negro-minstrelsy is disappearing, and now that our circuses have burgeoned into three rings under a tent too vast for any merely verbal repartees, it has not departed from among us, for it still survives as the staple of the so-called "side-walk conversationalists" who swap personalities in our superabundant variety shows.



We do not know with historic certainty how soon the first part crystallized into the form which has long been traditional—the opening overture, the catch-questioning of end-man and middle-man, the comic songs of Bones and Tambo in turn, the sentimental ballads by the silver-throated vocalists, and the final walk-around. The rest of the evening's entertainment never took on any definite framework, although the final item on the programme was likely to be a piece of some length, often a burlesque of a serious drama then popular, and this little play "enlisted the whole strength of the company." Between the stately first part and the more pretentious final sketch the minstrels presented a variety of acts in which the several members exhibited their specialties. A clog-dance was always in order, although the mechanical precision of this form of saltatorial exercise was wholly foreign to the characteristics of the actual negroes whom the minstrels were supposed to be representing. A stump-speech was certain of a warm reception, although this again departed from the true negro tradition and indeed often degenerated into frank burlesque, wholly unrelated to the realities of life. Sketches, like those which Rice had earlier composed for his own acting, were likely to have a little closer relation to the genuine darky.

Yet here again the negro-minstrel was not avid of overt originality. He was willing to find his profit in the past and to translate into negro dialect any farce, however ancient, which might contain comic situations or humorous characters that could be twisted to suit his immediate purpose. He seized upon the ingenious plots of certain of the pantomimes brought to America from France half a century ago by the Ravels. And on occasion he went unwittingly still farther afield for his prey. There is in print, in a collection of so-called "Ethiopian Drama," an amusing sketch entitled the "Great Mutton Trial"; and the remote source of this is to be sought in the oldest and best farce which has survived in French literature. "Maître Pierre Pathelin" is now acted occasionally by the Comédie-Française in Paris in a version which preserves its original flavor; but in the eighteenth century an adaptation, made by Brueys and Palaprat, and called "L'Avocat Pathelin," was popular. It is this later perversion which served as the basis of an English farce, entitled the "Village Lawyer"; and

the "Great Mutton Trial" is simply the "Village Lawyer" transmogrified to suit the bolder and more robust methods of the negro-minstrels.

And here we may discover the real reason why negro-minstrelsy failed to establish itself. It neglected its opportunity to devote itself primarily to its own peculiar field—the humorous reproduction of the sayings and doings of the colored man in the United States. To represent the negro in his comic aspects and in his sentimental moods was what the minstrels pretended to do; but the pretense was often only a hollow mockery. Even the musical instruments they affected, the banjo and the bones, were not as characteristic of the field-hand or even of the town darky as the violin. Indeed, the bones cannot be considered as in any way special to the negro; they were familiar to Shakespeare's *Bottom*, who declares "I have a reasonable good ear in music; let us have the tongs and the bones." And the wise recorder of the words and deeds of Uncle Remus declared that he had never listened to the staccato picking of a banjo in the negro quarters of any plantation.

"I have seen the negro at work," so Harris once asserted, "and I have seen him at play; I have attended his corn-shuckings, his dances, and his frolics; I have heard him give the wonderful melody of his songs to the winds; I have heard him give barbaric airs to the quills (that is to say, to the Pan's pipes); I have heard him scrape jubilantly on the fiddle; I have seen him blow wildly on the bugle and beat enthusiastically on the triangle; but I have never heard him play on the banjo." Mr. George W. Cable thereupon came forward with his evidence to the effect that although the banjo was to be found occasionally on a plantation it was far less frequently seen than the violin. It will be noted that Harris was speaking of the Georgian negro and that Mr. Cable was talking about the negro in Louisiana; and perhaps the true habitat of the banjo is to be found further north and nearer to the border States. At any rate, there is a footnote to one of Thomas Jefferson's "Notes on Virginia," published in 1784, which informs us that the instrument proper to the slave of the Old Dominion is "the banjar, which they brought hither from Africa, and which is the origin of the guitar, its chords being precisely the four lower chords of the guitar."

Now and again some one negro-minstrel did make a serious study of a negro type; such a performer was J. W. McAndrew, the "Watermelon Man." But the most of them were content to be comic without any effort to catch the special comicality of the darky; and sometimes they strayed so completely from the path as to indulge in songs in an alleged Irish brogue or in a dislocated German dialect. Now, nothing could well be conceived more incongruously inartistic than a white man blacked up into the semblance of a negro and then impertinently carolling an impudent Irish lyric. Yet the general neglect of the opportunities for a more accurate presentation of negro characteristics is to be seen in the strange fact that the minstrels failed to perceive the possible popularity of rag-time tunes and failed also to put the cake-walk on the stage. Even at the height of its vogue in the sixties negro-minstrelsy did not occupy its own field and did not try to raise therein the varied flowers of which they had the seed.

Instead of cultivating the tempting possibilities which lay before them and devoting themselves to a loving delineation of the colored people who make up a tenth of our population, they turned aside to the spectacular elaboration of their original entertainment. The clog-dances became more intricate and more mechanical —and thereby still more remote from the buck-and-wing dancing of the real negro. The first part was presented with accompaniments of Oriental magnificence and of variegated glitter. The chorus was enlarged; the musicians were multiplied; the end-men operated in relays; and at last the bass drum which towered aloft over Haverly's Mastodon Minstrels bore the boastful legend: "40. Count Them. 40." And when the suspicious spectator obeyed this command he discovered to his surprise that the vaunt was more than made good, since he had a full view of at least half a dozen performers in addition to the promised twoscore.

At the apex of his inflated prosperity Haverly invaded Germany with his mastodonic organization; and one result of his

visit was probably still further to confuse the Teutonic misinformation about the American type, which seems often to be a curious composite photograph of the red men of Cooper, the black men of Mrs. Stowe, and the white men of Mark Twain and Bret Harte. And it was reported at the time that another and more immediate result of this rash foray beyond the boundaries of the English-speaking race was that Haverly was for a while in danger of arrest by the police for a fraudulent attempt to deceive the German public, because he was pretending to present a company of *negro*-minstrels, whereas his performers were actually white men. It should be recorded that while the vogue lasted there did come into existence sundry troupes of minstrels whose members were all of them actually colored men, although they conformed to the convention set by those whom they were imitating and conscientiously disguised themselves with burnt cork to achieve the sable uniformity temporarily attained by the ordinary negro-minstrels. Perhaps the most obvious parallel of the blacking up of veritable colored men to follow the example of the white men who pretended to imitate the negro is to be found in the original performance of "As You Like It," when the shaven boy actor who impersonated *Rosalind* disguised himself as a lad, and then had to pretend to *Orlando* that he was a girl.

For the decline and fall of negro-minstrelsy it is easy to find more than one sufficient explanation. First of all, it may have been due to its failure to devote itself lovingly to the representation of the many peculiarities of the darker people. Second, it is possible that negro-minstrelsy had an inherent and inevitable disqualification for enduring popularity, in that it was exclusively masculine and necessarily deprived of the potent attractiveness exerted by the members of the more fascinating sex. And in the third place, its programme was limited and monotonous; and therefore negro-minstrelsy could not long withstand the competition of the music hall, of the variety show, and of the comic musical pieces, which satisfied more amply the same tastes of the public for broad fun commingled with song and dance.

Whatever the exact cause may be, there is no denying that negro-minstrelsy is on the verge of extinction, however much we may bewail the fact. It failed to accomplish its true purpose; and it is disappearing, leaving behind it little that is worthy of preservation except a few of its songs. This at least it has to its credit, that it gave Stephen Collins Foster the chance to produce his simple melodies. Perhaps we might even venture to assert that the existence of negro-minstrelsy is justified by a single one of these songs—by "Old Folks at Home," which has a wailing melancholy and an unaffected pathos lacking in the earlier and more saccharine "Home, Sweet Home," based on an old Sicilian tune. After Foster came Root and Work; and "My Old Kentucky Home" was succeeded by "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys Are Marching," and by "Marching Through Georgia"—which last lyric now shares its popularity only with "Dixie" as a musical relic of the Civil War.

It would be pleasant to know whether it was one of Foster's songs and which one it may have been that once touched the tender heart of Thackeray. "I heard a humorous balladist not long ago," the novelist recorded, "a minstrel with wool on his head and an ultra-Ethiopian complexion, who performed a negro ballad that I confess moistened these spectacles in a most unexpected manner. I have gazed at thousands of tragedy-queens dying on the stage and expiring in appropriate blank verse, and I never wanted to wipe them. They have looked up, be it said, at many scores of clergymen without being dimmed, and behold! a vagabond with a corked face and a banjo sings a little song, strikes a wild note, which sets the heart thrilling with happy pity."



THE FREEDOM OF EDITH

By Mary Guérin

Illustrations by Charles Sarka

IT was Edith who found a significance in the fact that Zelda's window gave on the spot where the very edges of Asia and Europe face each other. A striking demonstration of the psychological situation! The benighted Woman transformed into the New Woman by the light of civilization!

Zelda, who relished the psychological, carried it even further; the window was barred, and necessitated the militant hand. But Zelda knew her father was still under the delusion that a hand soft and yielding, particularly that of the daughter of Sindi Pasha of Beylerbey, was altogether desirable. She knew, too, that it would offend him to hear his delicately carved lattices called bars; nevertheless that was what she was thinking as she stood looking out one afternoon.

Her eyes were alert and expectant, but rejected indifferently the old familiar procession of ships below. It might continue to ply the waters of the Bosphorus forever as far as she cared, just so the greatest of all things happened. As if torn by dual interests, the girl turned to the room within, where on end in a corner stood a large and new Emancipation trunk. Near by, on a wooden crate improvised as pedestal, was a huge plaster cast of the Winged Victory, and carefully pinned to the wall above it, a little banner: "Votes for Women." At these the daughter of Sindi Pasha lovingly gazed until the noise of a motor-launch reached her ears, causing her again to rush to the window. The girl waved her hand. A short, hoarse whistle responded as the boat with its tiny pennant of red, white, and blue was brought to the water-gate.

Zelda lost no detail, as its occupant sprang ashore and made fast a rope. The individual, a fair, slender girl, pulled at the brim of her Panama and squinted a smile up at the onlooker. Calling out gayly, "Hallo, darling," she hurried past the black eunuch lounging in the doorway. The porter, accustomed to this familiarity, made a jerky obeisance as the visitor stepped past him into the cool interior. A door overhead was flung open, and the two girls embraced upon the stairway.

"Well, Edith?" interrogated Zelda, when they had sat down in the middle of a divan. "Well?"

"Oh, everything's settled, for of course

I've arranged it," the other replied crisply. "Papa is to take us to Paris, before we go to Rome."

"Paris! the Opera together at last!" The Moslem girl rapturously clasped her hands, then, encircling her friend's waist, drew her over to the corner and pointed to her latest acquisition.

"An Emancipation trunk!" exclaimed Edith, and they both laughed.

"It's rather magnificent for Long Island. I mean next year when we go to New York."

"New York!" repeated Zelda. "Yes, I must go to your America—your wonderful land of freedom."

"Where we do exactly as we are told!"

"But not about marriage!"

"Oh, no, not about that. At home a woman marries the men she wants to."

"The men?" echoed Zelda.

"Not all at once, of course," Edith explained.

Zelda regarded her American friend a moment, then inquired: "What of Monsieur Arnold? Your father greatly desires a marriage for you with Monsieur Arnold."

"Oh, Hal's all right—and I'm afraid that's the reason I'll never marry him. Now, Zelda," Edith went on, "if you insist upon being serious, I must repeat what for months I've been trying to make clear. It is not one's father who is to be considered in deciding such questions. In short, I simply refuse to have anybody pick out a husband for me."

"But when I am liberated, should I find a man to marry me, I am afraid he would never understand me, never know that I wanted only to make him happy."

"Of course not," replied the American. "Why spoil a perfectly good husband?"

The two friends moved arm in arm toward the outstretched wings of the Victory.

"Edith," the Turkish girl burst forth, "I have a feeling, a terrible suspicion, that my father will make me marry a—that even now he has found for me a spouse."

"Zelda," Edith spoke sternly, "if you weakly yield to any such nonsense, you will end by being a wretchedly unhappy woman. If you remain here and marry, you will be a prisoner, a prisoner, I say, for life. Yes," she persisted, at Zelda's mild reproach, "this land makes just that of its women. You are coming away with me, and I will show you how to choose as I shall choose—and be as I shall be—an unbound woman!"

Edith stood erect, the collar of her white blouse flaring widely, exposing her splendid throat. She had unconsciously inflated her chest and squared her shoulders.

"You are right, and oh, when you speak like that," Zelda admired, "you are like *her!*" and she nodded at the plaster figure. "She has been such a comfort to me," the Eastern girl sighed, "the symbol of freedom, the type of the American woman!"

"That's sweet of you, darling," Edith smiled.

Edith gave Zelda many injunctions and explicit directions regarding their prospective plans, reminding her in conclusion that they would take the Orient Express, on the morrow, "through to Paris." And when Zelda assured her she was already packed, they bade each other an affectionate *au revoir*.

"To-morrow!" she called in response to the flutter of Zelda's handkerchief, when Edith had quit the mooring. She was late, but lingered, lost in the compelling beauty around her. On both shores the miles of marble palaces, now pale gold and violet, were reflected in the Bosphorus, while the light shimmering on the domes of Stamboul was gathering behind them into deep shadows. A tinkling of little cymbals and the rhythmic chant of rowers from a passing fishing-boat stirred the girl's pulses.

This land appealed to her strongly. She was subject to its spell and felt its enchantment, but not its so-called "mystery." During her happy sojourn here, covering the period of her father's official position, the only problem that she had recognized was the one upon which her attention already hung: the woman question; or, as she put it, how to be free though married. She was elated that, through his transfer to Rome, she and Zelda would be given the opportunity, in all probability, to demonstrate her theories. Yes, she loved the beauty and romance of this land. There was much to beguile, to allure, but nothing, so the American girl thought, to baffle.

But the meditative mood of the navigator was obliged to yield to the task in hand of threading her way among the river craft, as she headed for the European shore. At the landing, turning the care of her launch over to an attendant, the girl stepped into her car, which she drove herself, with characteristic assurance. Her father, Mr. Wellman, was in the garden of their villa when she arrived, and came to meet her.

"Hallo, papa dear. Sorry I'm so late, but you know I love sunsets."

"Beylerbey?" Mr. Wellman inquired as they crossed the terrace.

"Yes; Zelda, that is, the 'Cause,' is ready. It's all packed!"

"And afire to try her wings in Paris, I suppose?"

"To try her voice, poor darling; she's dying to study with Crébonne. I'll take her to him the first thing!"

"Well," said her father, "I am glad you seem to feel able to see it through. I don't know that I shall ever get over the anxiety of taking Zelda——"

"Remember how much there is at stake," Edith warned him. "You've agreed not to consider the case from the standpoint of the individual."

But he did not anticipate with pride, as Edith told him he should, the possibility of giving poor Turkish women the opportunity to find the proper consorts. Zelda's father was a very lenient parent, but there would be a limit even to his indulgence.

"Sindi Pasha will undoubtedly retain his traditional right to arrange that little matter himself," Mr. Wellman told his daughter; "and I agree with him."

"And, of course, I don't. Husbands," Edith persisted, "are one of the things of which one must make a personal selection —like dentifrice."

Edith claimed that it is the expected which happens. But the contents of the letter brought to her next morning from Sindi Pasha's daughter was certainly not the expected. Zelda, however, made tear-stained reiterations that it was the irrevocable. Edith read with incredulity the assertion that one who had only a few hours before been ready to canvass for votes, now refused to take even the preliminary step to freedom. Zelda deliberately to refuse it, at the crucial moment, not only for herself, but for hundreds of others!

Where was her New-Womanly spirit! Edith's efforts to be cast aside as lightly as though Causes were trifles to be purchased in the bazaars, and "Give us Both Liberty and Marriage" not even worth considering! All of feminine Turkey, then, was to continue to be dragged off to the harem, and because Zelda's father had received a proposal for his daughter's hand from a stranger whose name she didn't even know!

"But Zelda has not failed you," Mr. Wellman protested; "she is obeying her father. He hasn't been willing to see her detach herself so completely from her old life, and has seized this opportunity to prevent it. I suppose she will call it Fate."

"Not Zelda! She'll do nothing so benighted; she'll say it's the psychological moment, though it's hard lines, for she's always been dying for a psychological moment."

"Indeed!" laughed Mr. Wellman; "then the kindest thing you can do will be to help her to bear it with resignation. After all, she may as well expect happiness."

"Zelda's making the mistake of her life. I could do better with my eyes shut."

"Pray don't; though I admit that is the way the step is oftenest taken."

The Broken-Hearted One, as Edith now termed Zelda, had in her letter besought her friend not to make things harder by urging her to further resistance. Edith wrote pages of criticism and reproaches, as well as pitying consolation, dashed off in her firm, uncompromising hand. "I fear I shall not return for some time," she wrote, "so that when I again see you, you doubtless will have married and met your husband. You have my address, and as soon as you know your name, write me."

II

Many months had passed since her parting with the Moslem girl, and Edith Wellman had not returned to the Bosphorus. Nor had she received even so much as a word from Zelda. Her own letters unanswered had at first caused her

as much distress as disappointed curiosity.

With the coming of hot weather she felt the need of a rest after the laborious pleasures of a winter in Rome. Longing for simplicity, she took a palace in Venice for the summer. Her father's observation that such establishments and ease were not generally synonymous was met by the cheerful reply that she did not think Aunt Charlotte would find it so. Of course, she meant to take her! Aunt Charlotte was as much a necessity as the servants, her grand piano, and motor-launch, but she should dispense with luxuries.



"You are like *her!*" and she nodded at the plaster figure.—Page 761.

On an afternoon a few weeks after having taken up her abode in Palazzo Varni, Edith was having tea with her friend, Mrs. Mason. The hour was a favorite one on the loggia of the consulate, for here, overlooking the Grand Canal, with its wide sweep of air from the sea, it could be cool in Venice even in August.

"She's a fair goddess all right," declared one youth, as he slipped into a chair not far from where Edith sat, the centre of a group of men. "An heiress, you say?"

"Of course; she's an American, isn't she?" answered his companion.

"Who is the fellow trying to get next?

—the lank one in flannels, wearing a fez?"

"The Turk? Captain Ali Bey. He's commander of the *Tewfik Pasha*. A lot of these naval chaps come here on leave every summer. Ali Bey's a guest on Count Cassini's yacht."

"If it wasn't for the eye-glass you might take him for an Englishman."

"He affects everything swagger," his companion laughed. "He's a familiar type around here. Oriental—deep-dyed, you know—but a product, as they say, of modern culture and European capitals."

"He's not bad-looking—and he's making good, I should say."

"Think so? Here's Mrs. Mason," and jumping up, the youths saluted their hostess.

Edith Wellman had risen and, with a nod and informal little wave of the hand, smilingly took her leave, with the naval officer in her wake.

"Louie," confided Harry to his companion when they had themselves reached the water-landing, and had seen the foreigner put the girl into her gondola, "the East may be a red fez, but the West isn't white flannels, though that Turk can make Miss Wellman think so, if she doesn't look out."

"I'm sorry to disappoint you, Edith," Mrs. Mason declared a few days later, "but I must refuse to be led about further by the vagaries of Captain Ali Bey. Were I to consent again to-night to Turkish coffee on the yacht, we should end by finding ourselves several days hence adrift somewhere in the Mediterranean."

"I prefer dinner at the Lido, myself," Edith condescended.

"You know it is not a question of preference. Don't speak to me of the Lido! Fancy our arriving home at two o'clock the other morning, crawling all the way by gondola because we'd missed the boat."

"I thought him capable of more ingenuity," confessed Edith.

"I don't care to sample any more of his ingenuity, thank you," affirmed Mrs. Mason.

"At least," suggested Edith, "you don't find him dull."

"No, that's just it, I don't *find* Ali Bey at all; he is obscure, elusive. I don't understand him, or, rather, I do; he is unfathomable."

"Yes, he *is* interesting," agreed Edith suavely.

The two women were in the cool morning-room of Palazzo Varni. They had met to go over some duets, but Mrs. Mason had laid aside the music without glancing at it. She believed that Edith Wellman had spoken truly. She had revealed the charm of this stranger for her, which was that he had aroused her curiosity.

But as she lay back in her lounging-chair watching the other woman's face, Edith told herself that the reason she had never before "taken on" a Turk was that she had not found one who amused her.

"Won't you tell me why you think Ali Bey obscure and elusive, as you say?"

"My dear girl," she replied, "I've been in his company hours at a time of late, and, excepting the fact that he is Count Cassini's friend, I know nothing whatever about him. I've made him talk—yes—of foreign lands, of books, occasionally of people, but of himself, his convictions, his life, never! He's so casual I've wondered if he has any absorbing interests, and you know the times, I think, that I've endeavored to draw him out, with an infinite variety of subjects."

"Let's see," began Edith, "art, music, literature——"

"But with no success," continued Mrs. Mason.

"Well," suggested Edith, "why not try him on—sugar! Dear Mrs. Mason," the girl went on coaxingly, "you're too serious. Why bother as long as he's amusing? Besides, Ali Bey's not different from any other man if one knows how to manage him."

"In darkest Ali Bey again?" Edith inquired, when the following afternoon found Mrs. Mason still endeavoring to explore the unknown.

The naval officer had been, as usual, persevering. As Palazzo Varni would not go to Turkish coffee, Turkish coffee must come to Palazzo Varni, and so they were expecting him.

"Well, I'll show you what *I* think," Edith yawned, and seating herself at the piano, ran a finger from one end of the



Edith refused to play more.—Page 766.

keyboard to the other. "Ali Bey is as difficult as that."

She sat there when he was announced, and remained idly watching proceedings as the room became filled with the delicious aroma of his concoction. He had robed himself for the occasion in the rich silks and embroideries of his native garb. Their beauty and grace embellished his own subtle charm, which to-day strongly evinced itself as he regaled the two women with whimsical small talk while presiding over the tiny jewelled cups.

But Edith, distrait, with her hands yet upon the piano keys, softly touched a chord. The visitor, who sat facing her, did not look up. She struck another chord, and, unobserved, watched him while she

went through a nocturne. When she ceased playing, Ali Bey's fascinating eyes went to hers with a message, but not one in response to the music.

"So," thought Edith, "the inscrutable one shall be revealed!" She tried one or two of her favorites in which she knew she was at her best, but with no response from the Oriental save his solemn gaze from time to time in her direction. Then, suddenly, the girl threw herself into a crude arrangement of her own of the ballet music from "Gioconda." As she dashed on, now with furious zeal, the Eastern man hurried to her side, audibly aroused and captivated. That Edith had got exactly what she expected was apparent in the flushed look of exultation she flung at the other woman. Ali Bey applauded with almost boyish ardor, his accustomed languor dropping from him like a cloak. Edith refused to play more, and when he had gone, exclaimed triumphantly to Mrs. Mason:

"You see, do you not, that I am right? It required only some such thing as that barbaric rhythm, so like his own East, to uncover the primitive. I've never seen anything so naïve! Under his assumed sophistication he is utterly untutored—a child of nature. Absurd to call him complex, 'dangerous.' I tell you he's a baby!"

Mrs. Mason then and there had made up her mind to try a "coup."

To execute this project, Mrs. Mason sought the co-operation of Miss Charlotte Wellman, choosing an hour in which she felt pretty certain of finding Edith absent. She learned in an interview with the good spinster that she, too, was aware of the presence of a "situation," and gathered that what she felt was most needed was a policeman.

"That Turk!" she exclaimed. "If my brother were here he'd have the fellow thrown out!"

"He might," replied Mrs. Mason; "but what we want is finesse." She then proceeded to explain that it was best that Mr. Wellman should come to Venice. But he must be brought so adroitly that neither he nor Edith would suspect that anything more existed than a desire for his company. "The mere presence of her father will write protection for her," she concluded.

"My niece's independence is scandalous!" the aunt cried with indignation.

Mrs. Mason had already risen and bade adieu to her still perturbed hostess when a servant appeared at the door and ushered into the room, unannounced, Captain Ali Bey. Only a flash of remembrance of the newly installed domestic was needed to explain this to the two women. Mrs. Mason watched with sudden trepidation the flame of anger in Charlotte Wellman's cheek as she was called upon to receive the object of their mutual antagonism. Mistrusting the other woman's ability to conceal this, she contrived to engage the man's attention after his first vain search of the room. Extremely desirous of avoiding any show of hostilities, she succeeded in being fairly gracious; she was not surprised at the uncompromising negative with which the aunt responded to the man's inquiries for her niece. But she was staggered to hear the thoroughly exasperated lady proclaim:

"I have made up my mind to send for my niece's father. I intend that my brother shall come to Venice at once!"

Mrs. Mason inwardly groaned. The intruder, however, looked the speaker straight in the eye, and made some remark to the effect that that "would doubtless greatly please Mademoiselle Wellman."

"Forgive me," fluttered the poor lady, when the naval officer had left, "if I said the wrong thing."

Mrs. Mason did not tell her she had done more; she had said it in the right place. She had threatened the man.

To bring Mr. Wellman to the scene of action at the earliest possible moment the two women now agreed was imperative. Miss Wellman alleged the terrible Turk already brandished the weapons of war!

But the handsome and dashing enemy who was laying siege to Edith's heart did nothing so melodramatic.

He merely stepped languidly into a gondola. When with a brief direction he found himself under way, he produced a packet of papers which he leisurely opened upon his knees. He would now, he persuaded himself, resume what an hour be-

fore he had begun—read the business letter received that day from Kerri Bey, at home. Discarding his eye-glass, he followed with ease the assertion that he would recall—for so the letter ran—that in the work now being done at the Dar-

raised to the distant horizon had narrowed into subtle ambiguity.

"Um-m—" he muttered, his long fingers fondling his cigarette. "Why not?" and a humorous smile spread itself over his face. But the idea which had presented



"Um-m—" he muttered, his long fingers fondling his cigarette. "Why not?"

danelles, considerable American equipment was to be installed. Would Ali Bey therefore, begged the writer, give his valuable advice about the important investigations which must be made, etc.? Should he, asked Kerri Bey, request Whitehead Effendi, American representative at Trieste, to assist, etc.?

"Um-m-m—I suppose he'll do," sighed the reader, and extracting a telegraph form from among his papers, began in a desultory way to outline his reply. "Whitehead, Trieste, best man to get——"

Here Ali Bey dropped back against the cushions of his bark, but the eyes he itself to the man's mind was a crucial one. His interest in the matter before him became almost feverish, though it was with characteristic deliberation that he returned to his telegram. With something akin to a chuckle, he struck out what was there, and wrote instead:

"*Wellman, Rome, preferable to Whitehead for work at Dardanelles. Persuade him to meet you. Make it urgent, imperative. Wire him immediately.*"

Having sent this message, no doubt Ali Bey reviewed with undisturbed calm the events of the afternoon. In all probability a vision of Edith Wellman's fair form rose

before him, and with it a placid gratitude for the hint her aunt's impetuosity had thrown him. Fate had been kind to him, and he might flatter himself he had not thrown away the chance which had come so opportunely to use it to advantage.

"Why not?" as he had said! Either American would serve Kerri Bey's purpose equally well, although one did chance to serve his better!

Therefore the man doubtless congratulated himself that the day's work "had not been half bad!"

III

Whenever Miss Charlotte Wellman chaperoned her niece through an embassy dance, her survival was a fit! It was in this state that she went to Edith's room a few mornings after Mrs. Mason's visit. She found the girl in a mood similar to her own, for she had spent the night—what was left of it after the fête—in trying to forget that there had not been a moment the previous evening that Captain Ali Bey's consuming glances had left her. During the restless hours that had followed, the suggestion was borne in upon Edith Wellman that from the first this Eastern stranger had been half mockingly, half gallantly watching her while she defended herself against the ever-increasing assertiveness of his courtship, this tantalizing silence of his, this attitude of inevitable possession.

When Miss Wellman had told her niece of the hoped-for visit of her father, Edith's feelings were paradoxical. At the prospect of again seeing him she experienced a sudden sense of relief, and of annoyance that she had. She realized fully, for the first time, that a father might be a very handy article, yet never resented more the idea of using him.

Nevertheless, when Aunt Charlotte entered her room that morning with a telegram, Edith felt she would be thoroughly glad to see him. It was not until she learned he was not coming that she knew how much she cared.

"*Sorry—impossible to come at present—urgently called to important work at Dardanelles—must postpone the pleasure, etc.*"

His daughter was sure that, duties or not, one word from her would bring him to her side. It took her no less than the long hot afternoon to know that she would never send that word. Where was her pride—more than that, her doctrine? If this lazy, drifting life had made her forget, it had not at least put her in the position to weep on her parent's coat-collar. No; but she must get back to work!

At dinner Edith concluded her sentiments by announcing to Aunt Charlotte that she had decided to leave Venice.

"What's the use? I'm bored. I've wanted for some time to get back to real life," she confided, "to the Cause; everything else is an obsession."

It was now Aunt Charlotte's turn to be relieved.

"Obsession!" She was delighted with this new name for Ali Bey.

Edith soon found herself smiling at the absurd simplicity of her move. Since her decision to make it, she had applauded Aunt Charlotte's superintendence of the preparations for immediate departure. Adieux would be brief. The colony, like herself, was always on the wing, and a line to Mrs. Mason was sufficient considering their now rather strained relations.

As for Captain Ali Bey, he might think any old thing he chose; she'd never see *him* again, anyway!

How much truth there had been in Edith Wellman's feeling when she said she would never see Ali Bey again might be difficult to tell. But to have uttered it yesterday, and to-day be sitting with him on the deck of a steamer which was fast conveying her to his home as his wife, was surely something even she might call sudden. It was intoxicating to remember how, in a few short hours, she had allowed herself to be swept off her feet by the ardor of her romantic lover, and had given herself to him as his own. How glorious to have acted thus in perfect accord with her theories; to realize the joy that came from voluntary choice!

"You know," Edith smiled, "I've always supposed the moment would come when I'd promise to love, honor, and feed a husband, but somehow that fat old priest made it seem—" She shivered and pulled her rugs more closely about her,

as the Oriental eyes fixed her with their deep look of possession.

"Anyhow," she went on, "I'm now a happily married woman, and you're—



And later . . . stood looking out over the shining water while the moon rose.

you're a happily managed man! It's the same thing," she laughed, as his handsome brows lifted.

As the man paced the deck, the girl gazed expectantly ahead. They had already come into the Sea of Marmora, and with the familiar scenes her thoughts turned to her father. His only wish was for her happiness, she told herself, and now she had gained it in the one way possible for her. And Zelda! Poor little thing; how different was her lot, indeed that of all her Eastern sisters! How long ago it seemed, and how she had neglected them even though she had missed them. But at last they should learn through her example what she had tried to tell them.

With the evening splendor of the Golden Horn the steamer cast anchor. An ecstatic dream began for Edith when, in her husband's six-oared caique, straight and swift as a swallow, they sped up the Bosphorus.

And later, by his side, from a lofty chamber in her new home, Edith and the

man of her choice stood looking out over the shining water while the moon rose.

Life in the old palace which was now her home soon found Edith a prey to her craving for activity. There seemed much at hand to begin with! Her walks in the gardens augmented the prevailing air of dilapidation. The carved fountains, chanting in their marble basins, were crumbling into decay, and the vines of roses drooped in confusion. She felt the charm of it as she had liked the faded colors and pale silks and tinsels of her apartments. But it was all too significant of neglect, and possibilities of restoration were everywhere suggested to the American girl's fancy.

This, as well as curiosity, prompted her to eagerly investigate the vast and numerous corners of her new abode a day or two after her arrival. Having wandered down the great hall, from one end of which her apartments opened, she tried at random the first door beyond. It opened, and she was stupefied at beholding one—two—a whole suite of spacious rooms opening out, elegantly and luxuriously furnished in the modern French manner.

With a consciousness of intrusion, she hastily withdrew, as from one of the further chambers a woman's laugh rang out. With beating heart Edith lingered as she again heard the happy laughter, this time joined by the gay cooing of a child.

Was it a dream! Edith stood irresolute, then, closing the door, found her way to a window in the hall. Standing there, she heard Ali Bey's commanding voice in the garden below, giving some directions to a servant. She climbed to a seat and gazed as in a trance through the barred window at her husband. But she giddily turned her head, as the mysterious door was thrown open, and the mother and child emerged, coming toward her down the hall.

Edith stood transfixed, and staring into the woman's face, gasped: "Zelda!"

Zelda also stared in blank amazement.

"Edith!" The Turkish girl recognized her friend, but could scarcely believe her eyes. Finally, very quietly, she asked: "Why are you here?"

"Why?" Edith repeated. "This is my home!" Then, impulsively: "Yes, my dear, I've married one of your countrymen!"

As Zelda's eyes opened wider and wider, Edith was reminded of the extraordinary circumstances of the situation. "But you, Zelda, why are you here—here in this house?" she demanded.

"I," replied Zelda calmly, "why, it is my home. I am the favorite wife of the lord of the palace."

The voice of the Turkish officer was again heard in the garden.

Edith pointed to him and asked, slowly: "Zelda, who is that man?"

"The lord of the palace—Ali Bey," she answered, "my husband."

MISSING

By Edward Shillito

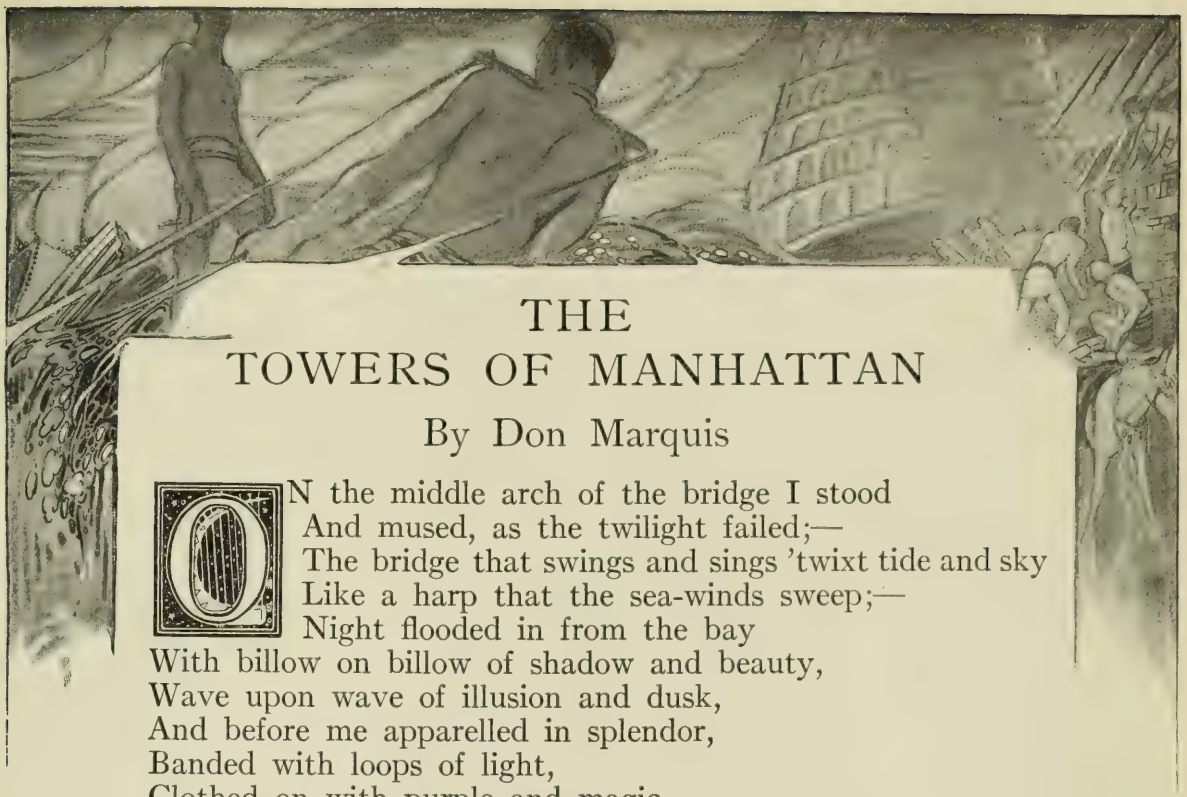
Forsaken by his company
To-night another boy must die.

And with him dies—his art long-planned,
For which the ages shaped his hand.

And with him fails the godlike brain,
For which the æons toiled in vain.

And with him many a secret dies,
And many a sweet divine surprise.

But, oh, in him when night shall fall
Some broken heart will lose her all!



THE TOWERS OF MANHATTAN

By Don Marquis

ON the middle arch of the bridge I stood
And mused, as the twilight failed;—
The bridge that swings and sings 'twixt tide and sky
Like a harp that the sea-winds sweep;—
Night flooded in from the bay
With billow on billow of shadow and beauty,
Wave upon wave of illusion and dusk,
And before me apparelled in splendor,
Banded with loops of light,
Clothed on with purple and magic,
Rose the tall towers of Manhattan,
Wonderful under the stars.

WHENCE has this miracle sprung
To challenge the skies?
From the plinth of this girdled island,
Guarded by sentinel waters,
How has this glory arisen?
Whence is the faith, what is the creed, that has dowered
The dumb brute rock and the sullen iron
With a beauty so bold and vital,
A grace so vivid and real?
Whence the strong wings of this lyric that soars like a song in stone?

FOR the builders builded in blindness;
Little they thought of the ultimate
Uses of beauty!
Little they kenned and nothing they recked of the raptures
Of conscious and masterful art;
They builded blinder than they who raised
The naïvely blasphemous challenge of Babel;
For they wrought in the sordid humor
Of greed, and the lust for power;
They wrought in the heat of the bitter
Battle for gold;
And some of them ground men's lives to mortar,
Taking the conqueror's toll
From the veins of the driven millions;
Of curses and tears they builded,
Cruelty and crime and sorrow—
And behold! by a baffling magic
The work of their hands transmuted
To temples and towers that are crowned
With a glamour transcendent
That lifts up the heart like the smile of a god!



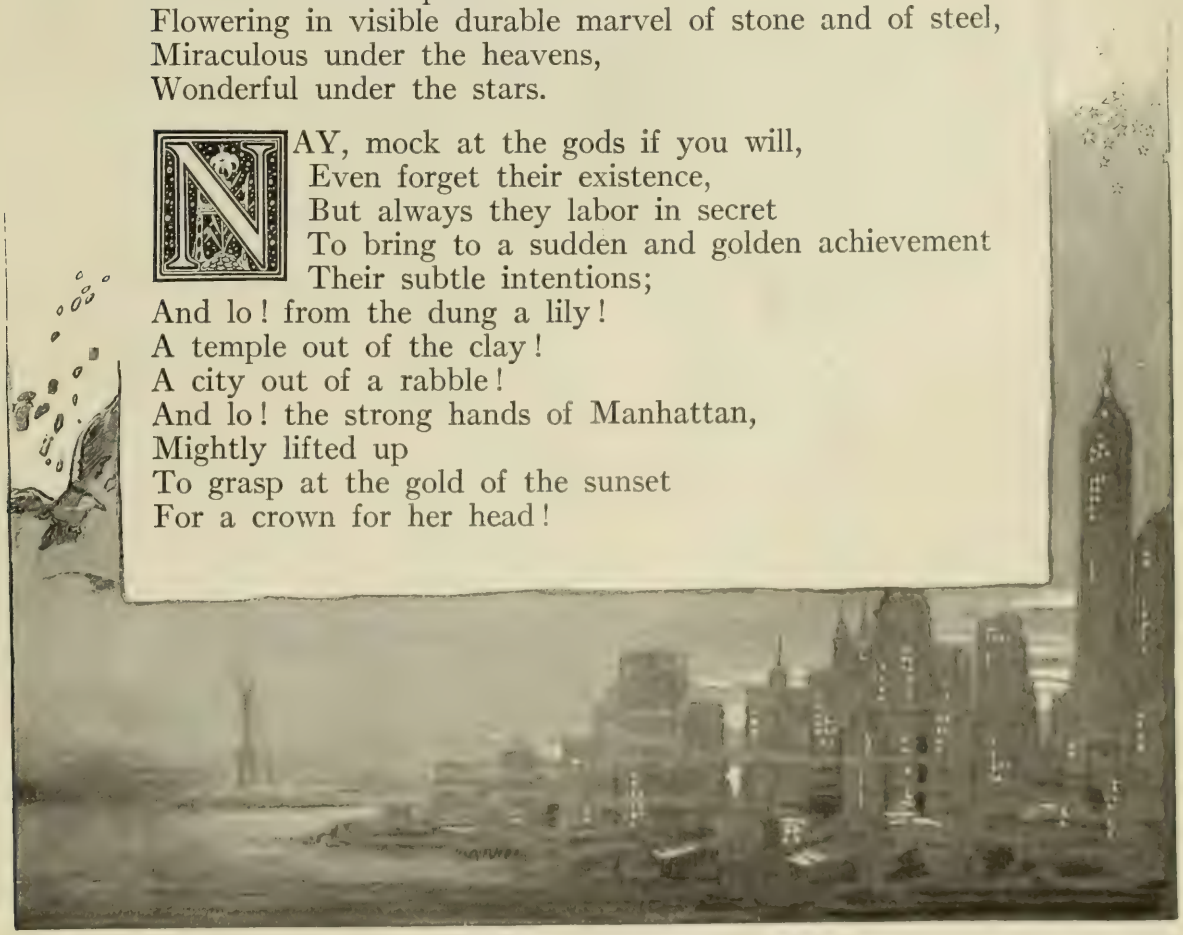
Drawn by Charles H. Cullen.

Rose the tall towers of Manhattan,
Wonderful under the stars.

THE dust is the dust, and forever
Receiveth its own;
But the dreams of a man or a people
Forever survive;
These builders, their crimes and their curses,
Their greed and their sordid endeavor,
Lie in the dust,
Dead in the dust,
But the vision, the dream, and the glory
Remain;

TRIUMPHANTLY over all
Rises the secret hope,
Rises the baffled illusion,
Rises the broken dream
That hid in the heart of the conquered,
That dwelt in the conqueror's breast;
By the side of each man as he labored,
Unseen and unknown,
Labored his dream;
Now, eminent, fronting the morning,
Mysterious, clothed with the night,
Rises the crushed aspiration,
The unconscious and scarcely articulate prayer,
Rises the faith forgotten,
Triumphs the spurned ideal,
Rises the god denied,
Conquers the creed betrayed,
Rises the baffled spirit
Flowering in visible durable marvel of stone and of steel,
Miraculous under the heavens,
Wonderful under the stars.

NAY, mock at the gods if you will,
Even forget their existence,
But always they labor in secret
To bring to a sudden and golden achievement
Their subtle intentions;
And lo! from the dung a lily!
A temple out of the clay!
A city out of a rabble!
And lo! the strong hands of Manhattan,
Mightly lifted up
To grasp at the gold of the sunset
For a crown for her head!





The Appeal to the Great Spirit. By Cyrus E. Dallin.

In front of the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, Mass.

—"The Field of Art," page 779.

· THE POINT OF VIEW ·

THERE is really no need for any one to write about gardens—so much has already been written, so many wise folk, poets, philosophers, gardeners, have set forth in verse and in prose the charm of gardens, the plans of gardens, the symbolism of gardens, the needs of gardens. I grasp my pen tightly, turning back to culture of the mind, but the sweetest west wind of all the year, the wind of June, blows my papers away, and my bit of a garden will not let me alone. Chasing my papers, I am compelled to stop to arrange a tendril about a cord, to free a struggling shoot of rose-bush, to pick one long grass stem from among the California poppies. My garden has a thousand feminine wiles for keeping my mind upon itself, distracting ways of demanding attention, jealous lest it be forgotten for a moment.

Gardens—Imagined

It is not a respectable garden, like those of our neighbors, for we tamed a bit of the wilderness, and we keep it wild at the edges. On one side is a thicket of trees, where woodland things grow—ferns, moccasin plants, running pine, Solomon's-seal, and shy anemones. There is a little tangle where we coax sweet-fern to life, and reluctant Scotch heather, resentful of our summer heat and homesick for its native mists; wild roses also, brought from the seashore; least pines and cedars, gathered by the wayside and in woods. Here, and in the untilled spaces about us, through the wilderness grass we sow goldenrod, asters, and daisies, and other vagrant things.

Our garden, to tell the truth, is somewhat undefined; it is hard to tell the garden from the yard, the yard from the wilderness. The bad habit of planting things in the grass has grown upon us, making increasing difficulty for the man with the lawn-mower in distinguishing the desert from the sown. Mowing day is a day of many a gallant dash to rescue some shrinking green thing from the unregarding knives; and the big Irishman, rubbing his forehead in perplexity when he finds a huge bit of ragweed or a stray mullein, calls out despairingly: "Lady, did you plant that?" Even so, he guillotined a choice fern, some lady's-slippers, and two seedling birches. May the gods be kinder to him than he deserves, and spare his own red neck in time of peril!

But the charm of blossoming things growing out of the green needs no apology. Our crocuses wear a look, when, blue, white, or yellow, they open after the snow, as if God, and not a kind young friend, had planted them. Not all at once, but after long winter waiting and early spring days of suspense lest frost has killed them, we year by year see "a crowd, a host, of golden daffodils"—not a marching host, but a straggling host, a hundred strong, here, there, everywhere, in and out among the white birches in the wakening green of the grass. Ah, if the ghost of William Wordsworth would only wander this way some sunny April day! One, by the south porch, comes long "before the swallows dare," and "takes the winds of March," and us, with beauty.

Our garden would never do as a basis of an article in a gardening-book or a lady's magazine. It is not one of those methodical, unnatural gardens where all the seeds that are sown germinate, where all blossoms turn out in expected colors, where a whole row of hollyhocks come up without gaps. It is no placid spot, of gradual growth, but a thing of wild hopes and sudden fears; of quick inspirations unknown to the careful husbandman; of unparalleled successes; of blasting defeats. It seems almost at times as if it too had fleet, imaginative glimpses of what might be, and shared our sense of triumph or mood of failure. For nature is by no means the orderly, inch-by-inch personage we are taught in scientific text-books to think her. She also has her moments of inspiration, of rapid and luxuriant growth, and my garden makes me aware of her swift divinings, her blind hopes, her passionate impulses that wax and wane.

If it is the gardening of ignorance, at least it is full of the joy of discovery. To well-instructed friends I should be ashamed to confess that, busy for many years with mere books and ideas, I knew not annuals from

perennials. Biennials are still a puzzle; though the theoretical meaning is clear, I find it hard to discover the moment of bloom. When that guaranteed to flower every second year does not blossom at all, what are you to think of the book? Puzzles enough to make one lose one's wits spring up in one's own garden; there is no need to tramp the Andes nor traverse the rings of Saturn for nature's riddles to read.

Of our defeats, where are the hundred many-colored crocuses, planted in that mild November that led to the wickedest of cold winters? Where are the seven-and-twenty least pines, none more than six inches tall, that were to grow into a wild hedge, sweet-smelling in the sun? There was a pathos about them as they perished in sleet and snow as of babies dying in this European war. Alas for my little field of wheat, one of the sudden inspirations, sown on the vacant lot—of wheat and scarlet poppies, scarlet English poppies, glowing in anticipation as they glow in memory from fields of Oxfordshire long ago! Burning heat and drought withered the fresh young grain, and the poppies rested forever in poppy-seed. One cries aloud for unachieved tulip, peony, roses, full of a sense of pathos in "all things sown and mown!" Yet, after all, perhaps it is from the flowers that never grow that one has the greatest delight—those that one sees with the mind's eye, yet to be, lovely in line and in color; those that, in fancy, send out odors more appealing than we find when reality cheats us of the fairness of the vision.

With the quiver of life about us in tendril and shining leaf our present joy in growing things grows deeper, as colors and fragrances of our actual garden blend with colors and fragrances from long ago. Woodbine over the rafters takes on the semblance of *la petite chambre verte* in Normandy where we lunched one September noon, many years gone by, French grace of phrase and skill in cookery lending a charm to the rudest of arbors, the simplest of omelets, the whitest crisp bread in all the world, the most ascetic of red wines. Do those vines too turn to glorified scarlet in October frost, or has the little green chamber turned a more awful red in that great fighting line? In April the clear crimson of our tulips brings back those plucked wild in March on hills near Florence in long-vanished spring sunshine; and little pink-tipped daisies make one see again those in Alpine grass, high on the great slopes above Lausanne, with the glory of the lake, and Savoy, and Mont Blanc spread out before; and those in English meadows in sweet, chill early summer. What subtle associations come on the breath of lilacs, of lilies-of-the-valley, of a few sprigs of blossoming heliotrope, recalling an almost tropical riot of color in a great bed of heliotrope on the shore of Lake Como, with every soft shade of lavender, deepening to richest purple, and a cloud of many-tinted purple butterflies hovering above!

It is but a step from that bed to the paths of the villa garden in which it grew; and so I tread again in memory stately Italian gardens by the Tiber, luxuriant gardens by the Italian lakes; and Rome, Tivoli, Frascati, Val D'Arno come back in memory with perpetual freshness in their sound of running water, their brimming fountains in the cool shade of ilex-trees. One, near Florence, I had, seemingly, all to myself in a fortnight of convalescence. Here were gravelled paths, where grass straggled beyond the edges; here neglected roses grew in loveliness over crumbling walls of pale yellow. There, evening by evening, a nightingale sang, and the little owl that says "Q," the owl that Shelley loved, came night by night. So these humble paths of my garden, which are hardly paths at all, lead into greater; unforgotten gardens come back in sound, color, fragrance; and these slip into the gardens of history, poetry, story—all because of this wayward bit of earth, at which I gaze in pride of possession, a "poor thing, yet my own."

But there is a better refuge still when all goes wrong with the tilled garden, when you cannot keep pace with the weeds, or when you pull up by mistake cherished plants; when many waterings fail. Moments come when, impatient of ownership and of responsibility, you run away to wood or to meadow. Our garden extends to the grass and the goldenrod growing on the hillside, the blue asters by the way, the yellowing fern in the woodland. Many are the hidden garden paths, green-grown with moss, or brown with autumn leaves, where we venture reverently in the cool of the day not touching leaf or flower. Here the first fernlets uncurl in the spring, and hepatica and anemone open in the wind. In such hidden sanctuary one wins escape from worry, and recog-

nizes anew, through the silences and the murmur of the leaves, that the burden of this blundering universe is the Creator's, not one's own.

GREATER than the joy of memory is the joy of the present moment, when one seems to put down roots, to put out tendrils with one's growing things, and finds an absolute content in coming alive with one's garden. If some of our hopes have withered, on the other hand many have come to happy maturity, sharing with us their summer glory. What could be more responsive than our vines—honeysuckle, ampelopsis, bittersweet, actinidia, wistarias, and those tangled woodbines transplanted from the thicket and running riot over porch and roof? One must be forever busy, tying a tendril here, loosing one there, in the constant vine-pedagogy needed by these impulsive things, so swift to put out unnumbered shoots, so slow in finding something to cling to, so piteously at the mercy of the wind.

An Actual Garden

Our lilacs and syringas grow apace; poplars flourish at the edge, with little leaves that make a rippling noise in the wind, as of pattering rain. Royal golden tulips deign to give us of their magnificence; larkspur blossoms in misty blue; hollyhocks, by the old-fashioned door, grow tall and flower in "wind-dark" red, in gold, in white, in soft, roseate colors. Foxglove invitingly swings its bells for wandering bees; and climbing roses, red and pink, climb and blossom, blossom and climb, almost wantonly; grapevines show the soft bloom of purple clusters under the sheltering green. Iris grows in the mid-tangle and about the bird-bath, tall and protecting; and white madonna lilies bring the silence of perfect beauty to summer afternoons.

Here are fragrances that create Oriental moments in hard-working days: the old-fashioned honeysuckle, our joy and pride, over the pergola; quaint pinks from old-time gardens; delicate columbine; roses, roses, thyme—a little veering of the wind and it is the breath of the sweetbrier that comes; then the wildwood odor of fern, moss, and pine, and an oozy meadow-smell from the tangle. Moments of sweetness come in sultry midsummer noons and in the coolness of twilight; from the swift spattering of summer rain upon the earth; and from charmed afternoons of autumn when mellow sunshine falls upon ripening grapes.

A garden deepens your sense of friendliness with the whole green earth, and is, moreover, a great promoter of good-fellowship with humankind; the friendships that you make over your garden have sweetness and enduring roots. What generosities grow in gardens! What interchange of blossom and fragrance! Old friends bring you bulbs and roots, so that you have something of them growing green beside you; new friends come, bearing gifts of seed and stalk. One gave me blue iris; one yellow pansies for the grave of a four-footed friend; one hepaticas for the thicket; another lilies-of-the-valley and columbine; another violets, blue and white. The sweet, old-fashioned pinks and the older-fashioned mint came from the most lovely little old lady the world has ever known. Friends steal in with trowels, and plant for us, God knows what, God knows where! I come home dragging a market-basket filled to overflowing by the autumn generosity of a neighbor; rich in hollyhock plants, lilies, dahlias, chrysanthemums—so heavy that I have to sit down on the old stone wall to rest. Here I open a little packet of seed—an odd little white flower, he told me, like a forget-me-not, from the pope's garden in Rome. I have since sowed it, breathing a prayer over my stubborn Protestant soil that the world may not forget him, Pius X, for we have need of such as he!

So one reaches the hand of fellowship among the blossoms, and flower-roots and deeper roots grow down into the soul together; the fellowship of humankind and flowerkind are one. Back of each blossom I see the friendly face of the giver, and, if the friendly faces grow fewer as one grows older, one but values them the more.

Nor do our lesser comrades lack welcome here. Little toads hop in and out among the green stalks; squirrels chatter in neighborly fashion from the trees; we are not altogether inhospitable to that uninvited guest, our neighbor's quacking hen, which renders us a rough version of "The Lotus-Eaters" at hot noontides. Birds come and go; we are never without the companionship of wings, swift or slow. Bumble-bees visit foxglove and rose; humming-birds and

butterflies blossom there; and day by day the honeysuckle pastures the village honeybees. Sometimes a little voice breaks the stillness, and we know that our friend the cricket has crept near, to warn us that all summers pass.

Gardening makes one aware of a certain personality in plants; the lines of individuality seem little less definite than in human beings. Our Boston ivy, growing on the stone wall, is as methodical, as logical, as you would expect it to be; the tiny tendrils, once having, with well-considered purpose, found their appointed place, cling firmly for all time. On the other hand, there are our wayward wistarias; who knows the mind of a wistaria? One, the most interesting, is a live thing of sudden inspirations, sprung from some wild impulse at nature's heart. Planted in the spring, it waited, to all appearances dead, until late July, then burst into sudden leaf, and grew as if it could not stop growing; as if the soul of an artist, alive with the glory of creating, were making itself visible in the quickening stem and the fernlike leaves. Each year we mark in it a period of swift and splendid growing, a period of fertile quiescence.

One could marvel long over this plant individuality of life and of habit. Some are too vagrant and too free to domesticate: that wild and beautiful thing, the cardinal flower, died in captivity; how had we ever dared to think we could tame her? It was a moist and sheltered spot, with, we hoped, associations that she would find familiar, but who could ever capture that regal, elusive creature?

The sense of personality in growing things is intensified by many of the processes you go through in your relationships with them. The garden comes alive, in almost human ways, if you work at it long enough; and you lose yourself in pondering on the humanity of all growing things, or the vegetableness of humanity. There is joy in giving plants water and yet more water, when the pallor of thirst is on them, and in watching them raise their heads again in radiant freshness. In autumn you must wrap many of them warmly, putting them to bed, gathering leaves in brown, still days of calm, trying to make them stay down, spite of the wilful wind. Wrappings must be tied about rose-tree and vine; rebellious wistaria must be swathed; and newly planted little pines must be, remembering the infant mortality among the others, swaddled and bandaged like Italian babies of the North End. Here is no shame if the garments do not come off all winter long! With the appearance of the first crocus in the spring, with the discovery, as coverings are thrown off the flower-beds, of green shoots just peeping through the dark earth, comes the inevitable thrill that welcomes new life, human or other.

Strange questions come to mind in garden paths, springtime and autumn both. Of nature's waste of seed, shown in the great heaps of elm and of maple, winged seeds all, what is the cause? what the result? I stop and ponder, when seeds from all the hillsides blow hither on the winds of God. Does all this floating thistledown, this silken-winged drift of milkweed, take root and spring anew? That reckless sowing of the seed, that thwarting by clod and stone, give "thoughts that lie too deep for tears."

I seem to know the mind of the Creator better for my gardening: the yearning, quickening desire, the strange obstacles—do not things turn out wrong for him also? Of that seed he sows in mind and soul, what proportion comes up? Do strange and unexpected things grow, too, in his garden? Does he have difficulty in telling the difference between weeds and flowers, wheat and tares?

So many garden walks, like all walks, lead you to infinity, that infinity of wonder wherein we begin and wherein we end. For a garden is a hope, an expectation, and an uncertainty, where little turns out as was expected; where many a joyous surprise and many a disappointment await; where results are incalculable beforehand. If some of your annual hopes wither, yet some are perennial. You are ever on the *qui vive*, the alert; you walk on the borders of the unexplained, in the presence of the mystery of seed.

In a garden we began, the seed of human life first set in that Garden of Eden, as sacred story tells us; and in a kind of solemn garden we end: "That which thou sowest is not quickened except it die." So, in deepest thought, may time be annihilated, and the first moment of the race blend with the last upon one's garden path!

·THE FIELD OF ART·



The Indian Hunter.
Fountain figure at Arlington, Mass.

MR. DALLIN'S INDIAN SCULPTURES

IMPRESSIONS received in early childhood are primarily the determining cause of the direction taken by Cyrus Edwin Dallin's art. As a boy in Utah he was brought into contact with the Indians, and they were the romantic, picturesque element that appealed to his mind, in a place where perhaps the heroic human being was seldom visible, and there was little that was romantic or picturesque, if we except the mountains and the desert. The Indians who were wont to come into the little village where Dallin was born brought him his first intimation of something that was not commonplace. Their dress gave him æsthetic enjoyment; they were superb specimens of manhood; and their strange stoicism and dignity impressed the boy's mind. He soon discovered in them rare personal qualities. He noticed that they were gentle to their horses and their children; that they possessed primitive traits of loyalty and courtesy; that they abode by their word; their strong artistic instincts were shown by their costumes and the beautiful things that they made; and, finally, that they were full of fun, and had a marked sense of the ludicrous, as is shown by the descriptive names that they confer on themselves and others, as "Rain-in-the-Face" or "Man-Afraid-of-His-Horse." Thus the boy, like his father before him, who had received many kindnesses from the Indians, came to have a great admiration for them; and, added to that, as he grew up, he felt keenly the injustice of the white man's attitude toward them, the general inability or unwillingness to understand that the red man had feelings that could be hurt, and sacred traditions and institutions that were wantonly flouted and trampled underfoot regardless of his sensibilities.

The brutal treatment of the so-called savage by the civilized white man, then, aroused righteous indignation in the boy's soul, and he dimly felt the tragedy of it all, not realizing, of course, that the pathos of exile and contumely, the dignified and silent endurance of the victims, this progressive debasement of a proud and brave race, was in itself a superb art motive, full of human

interest and historic significance. Out of his admiration for the Indian, the noblest type of savage of which we have any record, was destined to spring the creation of the series of monuments, a series having a relationship of logical development, continuing the same story, of which I am to speak.



The Medicine Man.
In Fairmount Park, Philadelphia.

When young Dallin first left his home in Utah, to go to Boston, in 1880, he fell in with a deputation of Crow Indians from Idaho, on their way to Washington to lay some of their wrongs before the Great Father; and he travelled all the way from Ogden to Omaha in company with them, making the acquaintance of Chief Plenty-coose (Many Honors), the leader of the group. They were fine, big men, but the first time the train plunged into a tunnel, a new experience for these untravelled red men, they were much frightened, and when the train emerged from the darkness two of the braves were found under the car-seats, in prayer. Dallin explained to the party the nature of a tunnel, and, the fright soon being forgotten, there was much good-natured badinage of the two Indians whose terror had been so plainly revealed. At Omaha the chance acquaintances parted with mutual expressions of esteem. Twenty years later Dallin was in Washington and met another deputation of Crows, among whom was Chief Plenty-coose, by now an old man, but when he accosted the veteran in the Capitol, and reminded him of the tunnel incident of 1880, the old chief greeted him with marked affection, and they laughed together over the episode of long ago.

My purpose in alluding to Dallin's personal relations with and interest in the Indians is simply to show that his Indian sculptures have been a direct, natural, and inevitable outgrowth of his youthful Western experiences in close contact with the red men, his admiration for their character, and his pity for their misfortunes, and not merely the deliberate intellectual objective illustration of an effective theme for statuary. As a corollary we find that the series of Indian statues has been produced purely because the artist wished to do it and not in response to any order. There is no need of arguing the advantages of this spontaneity of impulse, so rare under the present conditions of the sculptor's profession. These exceptionally favorable circumstances help to account for the great success achieved by Dallin in his four equestrian statues of Indians. The first of these in order of time is "The Signal of Peace," now standing in Lincoln Park, Chicago. The second is "The Medicine Man," in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia. The third is "The Protest," which occupied a conspicuous position in the grounds of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, Saint Louis, 1904. The fourth is "The Appeal to the Great Spirit," which stands in front of the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston.

"The Signal of Peace" was modelled while Dallin was a student under Chapu at Paris in 1890. He made his début with it in the salon of that year, where it received an honorable mention. It happened that Buffalo Bill was in Paris with his Wild West show

in 1899, and Dallin spent nearly every day of the summer at the camp in Neuilly, where he had excellent Indian models to pose for him. It was there that he completed his first clay model and made all his preliminary studies for the equestrian group. Rosa Bonheur was also a frequenter of the Wild West camp that summer, where she was busy sketching the Pinto horses belonging to the outfit. "The Signal of Peace" was a reminiscence of the sculptor's boyhood days in Utah, recalling the scenes he had witnessed as a lad of ten, when a treaty of peace was concluded between the whites and the Indians, and he was an interested spectator of all the strange ceremonies of the drawing-up of the pact and the smoking of the pipe of peace. The reserve power and fine plastic sense manifested in "The Signal of Peace" marked the maturing of the sculptor's talent and the opening of a distinct period of original productiveness. The work shows a Sioux chief in moccasins, breech-clout, and feathered war bonnet, with one hand resting on the neck of his pony, and with the other hand raising aloft his feathered spear, the point upward, a recognized signal among the Indians. The pony's ears are directed forward, and all four feet are planted on the ground.



The Protest.

This work, after being cast in bronze, was exhibited at the World's Fair, Chicago, in 1893, and was medalled there. It was bought by Judge Lambert Tree, of Chicago, who offered it to the city of Chicago as a fit memorial of the aboriginal Americans; and the monument, having been gratefully accepted, was erected and unveiled in Lincoln Park, in June, 1894. It stands on a granite pedestal, a short distance from the equestrian statue of General Grant. "I fear the time is not far distant," wrote Judge Tree in his letter to the commissioners of Lincoln Park, "when our descendants will only know through the chisel and brush of the artist these simple, untutored children of nature who were, little more than a century ago, the sole human occupants and proprietors of the vast northwestern empire of which Chicago is now the proud metropolis. Pilfered by the advance-guards of the whites, oppressed and robbed by government agents, deprived of their land by the government itself, with only scant compensation, shot down by soldiery in wars fomented for the purpose of plundering and destroying their race, and finally drowned by the ever westward tide of population, it is evident there is no future for them except as they may exist as a memory in the sculptor's bronze or stone and the painter's canvas."

In this statue, then, the opening chapter of the Indian's relations to the white man is given. It illustrates the historic fact that upon the arrival of the first Europeans in America the Indian manifested a friendly disposition, that he was unsuspicious and ready to extend the hand of fellowship. That the newcomer should entertain any unlawful or unjust designs against the natives' inalienable rights as the possessors of the land did not occur to the ingenuous savage mind. This is the historic significance of the equestrian statue in Chicago.

"The Medicine Man" may be called the second chapter in the plastic story of the Indian's early relations with the white man. It is to be borne in mind that the medicine man is the seer of his people, the mystic, whose function it is to guard the well-being of his tribe and race, to warn and counsel them. Here he is seen with his right hand held warningly aloft, as much as to say: "Be careful in your dealings with the stranger!" Vaguely he feels the coming of danger, and each line in his lithe figure seems to partake of the feeling of apprehension. The modelling of the horse in this statue is strong, and the manner in which the man sits on the horse reveals a lifelong habit and a perfect identity of purpose and sentiment. The work was well esteemed by the French artists, and it was given a good place in the salon of 1899, having no other statuary near it and for background the green shrubbery, showing it to the best advantage. The critics of several of the Paris journals cordially praised it, and it was a favorite with the visitors to the sculpture court.

In "The Protest" we have the forewarned warrior fully cognizant of his peril and plight. His peaceful advances have been of no avail. He must accept the prophecy of the seer of his tribe. He now arrays himself against the enemy, and, with clinched fist, his steed rearing on its haunches, he hurls defiance at his foe. This is the war stage; the conflict with the frontiersmen has begun.

Finally, in the "Appeal to the Great Spirit" [page 774], the Indian, finding that his efforts to hold his own are futile, looks above for deliverance. To place a man in prayer on horseback is the note of innovation in this monument, which forms the climax of the series. The gesture of the rider is as significant as it is unusual. The restraint and reserve of the group are noteworthy; nevertheless, it apparently impressed the public more than any of its predecessors, and when it was set up in front of the Museum of Fine Arts, in Boston, there was a prompt popular verdict in favor of retaining it in that site, in spite of the evident discrepancy of scale between the statue and the building. The explanation of this is simply that behind the technical merit of the work lies a real emotion on the part of the artist. It symbolizes a lost cause. It reveals the Indian as a human being, with sentiment and imagination, a fellow creature who, suffering wrongs, remains unabased and unenslaved.

Mr. Dallin has made other Indian sculptures besides the equestrian statues mentioned. A recent work is the colossal crouching figure of "The Indian Hunter," erected as a memorial to the late Winfield Robbins, in Arlington, Mass. This is a fountain figure, and depicts the hunter bending over a spring and scooping up water in his hand to take a drink. The new town hall in Arlington was presented to the town by Mr. Robbins, and this decorative feature grew out of the desire of his cousins, the Misses Robbins, to erect a memorial to him which would have been congenial to him.

The site and surroundings of this memorial fountain are unusually happy. The figure of the Indian bending over the spring, with his bow and arrows in his left hand and a dead wild goose on the ground beside him, is placed on a grassy slope, amidst shrubs, back of a finely kept lawn which lies between the town hall and the public library of Arlington. From the basin where the hunter kneels to drink the water flows down into a lower pool of considerable size over a gently inclined slide, the cement bottom of which is arranged with lateral impediments that give the water a charmingly rippled surface.

Another recent Indian statue is that of "The Marksman," which represents a sinewy and supple figure, almost nude, standing in a pose of calm but keen observation, and holding a rifle in one hand. There is latent energy in this form, under an aspect of perfect repose. The head is typical and a fine piece of character-study; and as for the modelling of the torso and limbs, it marks a distinct advance in regard to the subtle expression of physical power and vitality over all the preceding works of the sculptor.

Mr. Dallin's professional activities have not, however, by any means been limited to Indian subjects alone. An important soldiers' and sailors' monument by him adorns the city of Syracuse; his portrait statue of Sir Isaac Newton stands in the rotunda of the Library of Congress at Washington; and we must mention his delightfully romantic bronze equestrian statuette of Don Quixote, first exhibited in the salon of 1897, a truly personal and imaginative piece of work, presenting an amusing yet pathetic type of the noble old crank mounted on a bony wreck of a prehistoric nag.

William Howe Downes.

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